

Chapter 8

Delving into the psychosphere

We followed Lationusi who led us into another part of the doko - the relaxation area where one can relax completely and no external sound can penetrate. Here, Latoli and two of the 'elders' left us. Lationusi, Thao, Biastra and I remained.

Thao explained that, because my psychic powers were not sufficiently developed and refined, and, in order to participate in an important and very special experience, I would be obliged to take a special elixir. It was a matter of 'delving' into the psychosphere, of the planet Earth at the time of the disappearance of Mu, that is, 14 500 years ago, she explained.

My understanding of the term 'psychosphere' is as follows:

Around each planet, since its creation, is a kind of psychosphere *or* vibratory cocoon, which turns at a speed seven times that of light. This cocoon acts as a blotter, as it were, absorbing (and remembering) ¹ absolutely every event occurring on the planet. The contents of this cocoon are inaccessible to us on Earth - we have no way of 'reading the story'.

It is well known that, in the USA, researchers and technicians are employed to develop a 'time machine' but, up to the present time, their efforts have been without success. The difficulty exists, according to Thao, in adapting to the vibrations of the cocoon, rather than to wavelengths. The human being, comprising an integral part of the Universe can, because of his Astral body and if he is correctly trained, draw what knowledge he seeks from within the psychosphere. Of course, great training ² is required for this. 'This elixir will allow you access to the psychosphere, Michel'.

All four of us made ourselves comfortable in a special bed. I was placed in the centre of a triangle formed by Thao, Biastra and Lationusi. I was handed a goblet containing a liquid, which I drank.

96

1) Addition of Editor in agreement with the Author .

2) 'great training' - many people experience accidental contact with the psychosphere during dreams. Visions of heliographs, architecture and Nature are quite frequent. Great knowledge and practice are required to control the access to the information from the psychosphere. (Editor's note based on explanations of the Author)

Delving into the psychosphere 97

Biastra and Thao then placed their fingers lightly on my hand and my solar plexus, while Lationusi put his index finger above my pineal gland. They told me to relax completely and not be afraid, regardless of what happened. We would be travelling in Astral body and I would be under their guidance and so, quite safe.

That time is engraved on my memory forever. The longer Thao spoke to me softly and slowly, the less afraid I was.

I must confess however, that initially, I was very frightened. Suddenly, in spite of my closed eyes, I was dazzled by the colours of the whole spectrum, which danced and shone. I could see

my three companions around me, radiant with colour, but at the same time, translucent.

The village slowly blurred below us.

I had the bizarre impression that four silver cords attached us to our physical bodies, which were assuming the proportions of mountains.

Suddenly, a flash of blinding white gold crossed my 'vision' and for some time afterwards, I neither saw nor felt anything.

A ball, brilliant like the sun but silver in colour, appeared in space and approached at an incredible speed. We hurried through, I should say, *I* hurried through for, at that moment, I was no longer aware of the presence of my companions. When I had penetrated this silvery atmosphere, I could make out no more than the 'fog' that surrounded me. It's impossible to say what time period was involved but, quite suddenly, the fog dissipated, revealing a rectangular room, with a low ceiling, in which two men sat cross-legged on marvellously coloured cushions.

The walls of the room were of finely sculptured stone blocks, scenes of contemporary civilisation, with clusters of grapes which seemed transparent, fruits which I couldn't recognise and animals too - some of which had human heads. There were also human figures with the heads of animals.

I noticed, then, that my three companions and I formed a 'unit' that was a gaseous mass, and yet we were able to distinguish each other.

'We are in the main chamber of the Pyramid of Savanasa,' said Lationusi. It was incredible - Lationusi had not opened his mouth and yet he spoke to me in French! The explanation came in a flash: 'it's true telepathy, Michel. Ask no questions, all will unfold naturally and you will learn what you must know.'

(Since my duty, in writing this book, is to report on my experiences, I must try to explain as clearly as possible that, in the state I was in at the time - my Astral body had passed into the psychosphere - the words *saw*, *heard* and *felt*, were not appropriate, merely useful, as sensations occur 'spontaneously' in a very different way from that which we normally experience - and even from that which we experience when we travel in Astral body.

98 *Thiaoouba Prophecy*

Events occur rather as they do in a dream, and sometimes very slowly, other times with a disconcerting speed. Afterwards, each thing seemed self-evident and I learned later, this was because of the state I was in and because of the close supervision that my mentors exercised over me.)

Very rapidly, I saw an opening in the ceiling of the room and, right at the end, a star. I was aware that the two figures were exchanging 'visible' thoughts with the star. From their pineal glands, streamed threads of what looked like silvery cigarette smoke that passed through the opening in the ceiling and went to join the star in distant space.

The two figures were perfectly immobile and, around them, floated a soft golden light. I know, thanks to the constant tutelage of my companions, that these figures not only couldn't see us, but neither could they be disturbed by us, since we were spectators in another dimension. I examined them more attentively.

One of them was an old man with long white hair falling past his shoulders. On the back of his head, he wore a skullcap of saffron-coloured fabric similar to that worn by rabbis.

He was dressed in a loose-fitting, yellow-gold tunic, with long sleeves, which enveloped him totally. In the position he sat, his feet were not visible but I 'knew' they were bare. His hands met, touching only at the fingertips and I could clearly see little bluish flashes around his fingers, bearing testimony to the immeasurable force of his concentration.

The second figure seemed to be about the same age, in spite of his shiny black hair. Apart from the colour of his tunic, which was bright orange, he was dressed in the same manner as his companion. So completely motionless were they that they didn't appear to be breathing.

'They are in communication with other worlds, Michel,' it was explained to me.

Suddenly, the 'scene' vanished, to be immediately replaced by another. A palace, in the shape of a pagoda, with roofs covered in gold, stood before us with its towers, its portals, its immense picture windows opening on to splendid gardens and its enamelled pools in which the water of fountains gushed and fell, forming rainbows under the rays of a sun at its zenith. Hundreds of birds flitted in the branches of trees scattered throughout immense parks, adding splashes of colour to an already magical setting.

People dressed in tunics of various styles and colours strolled in groups, beneath the trees or near the pools. Some sat in meditation beneath floral bowers specially provided for their comfort and shelter. The whole scene was dominated by a structure that loomed in the distance beyond the palace - a gigantic pyramid.

Delving into the psychosphere 99

I 'knew' that we had just left this pyramid and that I was now admiring the marvellous palace of Savanasa, the capital of Mu.

Beyond the palace, in all directions, stretched the plateau Thao had spoken of. A pathway, at least 40 metres wide, seemed to be made of a single stone block, led out on to the plateau from the centre of the gardens. It was bordered by two rows of massive shade trees interspersed with huge, stylised statues. On some of these statues were hats, red or green, with wide rims.

We glided along this pathway amidst people on horseback and others riding strange four-legged animals with heads resembling dolphins - animals to which I had never heard any reference made: animals whose existence took me by surprise.

'These are *Akitepayos*, Michel, which have long been extinct,' it was explained to me.

This animal was the size of a very large horse, with a multi-coloured tail, which he sometimes spread like a fan, similar to the tail of a peacock. Its hindquarters were much broader than those of a horse; its body was of a comparable length; its shoulders emerging from the body like the carapace of a rhinoceros; and its forelegs were longer than its hindlegs. All of its body, except for the tail, was covered in long grey hair. When it galloped, I was reminded of the way our camels run.

I sensed quite strongly that I was being led elsewhere by my companions. We quickly passed the people on their walks - *very* quickly, and yet I was able to 'take in' and note a feature of their language. It was very pleasant to the ear and seemed to comprise more vowels than consonants.

Immediately, we were presented with another scene, similar to a film, when one scene is cut and another shown. Machines, exactly like the 'flying saucers' dear to the writers of science fiction, were lined up in an immense field on the edge of the plateau. People were disembarking and boarding the 'flying machines' that took them to an enormous building, which no doubt served as an air terminal.

On the landing field, the flying machines emitted a whistling sound that was quite tolerable to the 'ear'. I was told that our perception of the sound and its intensity was comparable with that of the people who were part of the scene before us.

It struck me that I was witnessing the daily life of people who were remarkably advanced, and who had been *dead* for thousands of years! I recall taking note also, of the pathway beneath our 'feet' and realising that it was not one huge stone block, as it appeared to be, but, in fact, a series of large flagstones, so precisely cut and positioned that the joints were barely visible.

From the edge of the plateau, we had a panoramic view over an immense city and seaport, and beyond, the ocean. Then, instantaneously, we were in a wide street of the city, bordered by houses of varying sizes and architectural designs. Most of the houses had terraces surrounded by flowers, where at times, we glimpsed a very pretty species of bird. The more modest houses without terraces had, instead, beautifully made balconies - also flower-filled. The effect was quite delightful - like walking in a garden.

In the street, the people either walked or flew, about 20 centimetres above the road, (standing) on small (circular)¹ flying platforms that made no sound at all. This seemed a very pleasant way to travel. Yet others rode on horseback.

When, at the end of the street, we found ourselves in a large town square, I was surprised to see no boutiques or the like. Instead, there was a covered market where 'stalls' displayed all manner of goods that the heart, or palate, might desire. There were fish, among which I recognised tuna, mackerel, bonitoes and rays; there was meat of many varieties as well as an incredible assortment of vegetables. Most predominant however, were the flowers that seemed to fill the area. It was clear these people delighted in flowers, which were either worn in the hair or carried in the hands of everyone. The 'shoppers' helped themselves to what they wanted, giving nothing in exchange - neither money nor anything which might substitute. My curiosity drew our group into the heart of the marketplace, right through the bodies of the people - an experience that I found most interesting.

All my questions were answered as they occurred to me: 'they use no money as everything belongs to the community. No one cheats - communal life is perfectly harmonious. With the passing of time, they have been taught to obey well-established and well-studied laws that suit them very well'.

Most of these people were between 160 and 170 centimetres in height, with light brown skin and black hair and eyes - very similar to our present day Polynesian race. There were also some white people among them, larger in size, about two metres tall, with blond hair and blue eyes and, in greater numbers, some blacks. The latter were tall, like the whites, and appeared to be of several 'kinds', including one like the Tamils and another, strikingly like our Aborigines in Australia.

We went down towards the port where vessels of all shapes and sizes were moored. The quays were constructed from gigantic stones which I was 'told', came from the Notora quarry in the south-west of the continent.

The entire port had been artificially made. We were able to see some very sophisticated pieces of equipment in operation - ship-building equipment, loading equipment machines carrying out repairs...

1) Comments of the Editor based on the explanation of the Author.

Delving into the psychosphere 101

The vessels in port represented, as I have said, a huge range - from eighteenth and nineteenth-century-style sailing ships to modern style yachts; from steam boats to ultra modern hydrogen powered cargo vessels. The enormous ships at anchor in the bay were the anti-magnetic, anti-gravitational vessels I'd been told about.

Out of action, they floated on the water: however, when carrying their several thousand tonne loads, they travelled, at speeds of 70 to 90 knots, just above the water - and that, without making any noise.

It was explained to me that the 'classic' vessels represented in the port, belonged to people of distant lands - India, Japan, China - which had been colonised by Mu, but which did not yet have the capacity to take advantage of technological advance. In this regard, I also learned from Lationusi, that the leaders of Mu kept secret much of their scientific knowledge, for example, nuclear energy, anti-gravitation and ultra-sounds. This policy ensured that they maintained their supremacy on Earth and guaranteed their security.

The scene was 'cut' and we found ourselves back on the landing field, looking at a night view of the city. It was lit up, quite uniformly, by large globes, as was The Path of Ra, the road which led to the palace of Savanasa. Globes positioned in the sculptured colonnades along the avenue illuminated it, as though it were day.

It was explained to me that these globes, which were spherical in shape, converted nuclear energy into light and had the capacity to be working thousands of years into the future without extinguishing. I confess I didn't understand, but I believed it must be so.

Another scene change - and it was daylight. The grand avenue and the palace gardens had been invaded by crowds of people brightly dressed and there was an enormous white ball attached to the top of the pyramid.

Apparently, the King, whom I had seen meditating in the pyramid, had died just prior to the gathering of the crowd.

With much noise, the ball exploded and a unanimous cry of joy rose from the people. This astonished me, as death usually inspires tears, but my companions explained it as follows:

'Michel! You don't remember the lessons we taught you. When the physical body dies, the Astral being is liberated. These people also know it and celebrate the event. In three days time, the Astral body of the King will leave Earth to rejoin the Great Spirit, for this King has conducted himself in an exemplary manner during this final life on Earth, despite very difficult responsibilities and tasks required of him.'

I had no answer and I felt ashamed of being caught out by Thao for my forgetfulness.

Suddenly the decor changed again. We found ourselves on the front steps of the palace. A huge crowd stretched before us for as far as the 'eye' could see, and, beside us, was an assembly of dignitaries, including a figure dressed in the finest attire imaginable. This was to be the new King of Mu.

Something about him drew my attention. He was familiar - it was as though I knew him but didn't quite recognise him, made up as he was. In a flash I had the answer from Lationusi: 'it's *me*, Michel, during another life. You don't recognise me but you are aware of my astral vibrations in that body.'

In effect, Lationusi was experiencing the extraordinary *within* the extraordinary! Lationusi was seeing himself living a previous life while he was still existing in his present life!

From the hands of one of the dignitaries, the new King received a magnificent head-piece,¹ which he put on himself.

A shout of joy rose from the crowd. The continent of Mu - the most highly developed nation on the planet and ruler over more than half of it, had a new King.

The crowd seemed delirious with joy. Thousands of small balloons, garnet-coloured and bright orange, soared into the sky, and an orchestra began to play. The musicians of the 'orchestra', who numbered two hundred at least, played from stationary flying platforms located all around the gardens, the palace and the pyramid. On each platform, a group of musicians played together on indescribably strange instruments and in such a way that the sound was distributed as though through gigantic stereophonic speakers.

The 'music' was not at all the music we are familiar with. Apart from a type of flute that produced notes of a very special frequency, the instruments all modulated the sounds of nature; for example, the howling wind, the hum of bees in the flowers, the songs of the birds, the sound of rain falling on to a lake or of the waves crashing on a beach. It was all so skilfully arranged - the sound of a wave might originate in the gardens, roll towards you, pass over your head and finish by crashing on the steps of the Great Pyramid.

I never would have imagined that human beings, no matter how advanced, could accomplish such a feat as that orchestral arrangement.

The crowd, the nobles and the King seemed to 'experience' the music from within their souls, so entranced were they. I would have liked to stay too, to listen and listen more, to allow myself to be impregnated by this song of nature. Even in my astral-psychospheric situation, the music 'penetrated' and the effect was spell binding. I was 'reminded' that we were not there for the pleasure... The scene vanished.

1) 'head-piece' - head decoration partly resembling a crown and partly a bishop's tiara.
(comment of the Editor based on the explanation of the Author)

Delving into the psychosphere 103

Immediately, I was witnessing an extraordinary meeting, presided over by the King and restricted to his six advisers. I was told the matter was serious when the King met only with these six.

The King had aged significantly, for we had leapt forward in time by twenty years. Everyone present looked grave, as they discussed the technical worth of their seismographs and I was able to understand it all within one-hundredth of a second: I could follow the course of their discussions as if I was one of them!

One of the advisers was claiming that the equipment had, on occasions, proved unreliable but there was no great cause for concern. Another stated that the seismograph was perfectly accurate since that very model had proven itself at the time of the first catastrophe, occurring in the west of the continent...

As they spoke, the palace began to tremble, like leaves on a tree in the wind. The King rose, his eyes wide with surprise and fear: two of his advisers fell from their seats. Outside, a great din seemed to come from the town.

The scene changed and suddenly, we were outside. The moon was full and illuminated the gardens of the palace. All had become calm again - too calm. The only sound heard was a dull rumbling, coming from the edge of town...

Suddenly, the servants ran from the palace and scurried in all directions. Several of the columns supporting the globes that lit up the avenue lay on the ground - smashed. Emerging quickly from the palace, the king and his 'entourage' climbed on to a flying platform and headed immediately for the airport. We followed them. Around the flying vessels on the field, and in the terminal, confusion reigned. Some people were making a dash for the vessels, screaming and shoving. The King's flying platform moved quickly towards one of the vehicles that stood apart from the others: he and his followers boarded it. Other craft were already taking off, when a deafening sound rose from the depths of the Earth - a strange, continuous sound like thunder.

The airfield suddenly ripped apart like a sheet of paper, and an enormous column of fire enveloped us. The vessels that had just taken off were trapped in the middle of the flames and exploded. The people who had been running on the airfield were lost in the crevasse. The king's vessel, still on the ground, caught fire and exploded.

At this moment, as if the King's death had been a signal, we saw the great pyramid topple in a single block into the crevasse, which was extending along the plateau, widening by the second. The pyramid had balanced for a moment on the edge of the crevasse, then, with a violent shudder, it was swallowed into the flames.

104 *Thiaouba Prophecy*

Again the scene changed. We had a view of the seaport and the town, which seemed to undulate like waves on the ocean. Buildings began to collapse accompanied by screams of

terror in the scenes of horror that appeared and disappeared among the flames.

Deafening explosions occurred, originating I learned, from deep below the surface of the Earth. Entire 'suburbs' plunged into the earth; then huge pieces of the continent followed suit. The ocean rushed in to fill the immense chasms being created and suddenly, the entire plateau of Savanasa sunk into the waters, like an enormous foundering liner, but much quicker. Powerful whirlpools were formed and, within them, I could see people desperately clinging to wreckage, trying in vain, to survive.

It was horrifying for me to witness such a cataclysm, even knowing that it had occurred 14 500 years ago.

We began a very rapid 'tour' of the continent, finding everywhere, the same disasters. Water rushed in gigantic waves over the remaining plains, submerging them. We approached a volcano that had just erupted, and nearby, we saw rocks begin to move with a regular motion, as though a gigantic hand was lifting them above the lava flow and creating a mountain before our very eyes. This seemed to take as little time in happening, as the plateau of Savanasa had taken to disappear.

The scene vanished again, to be repeated by another.

'We are arriving in South America, Michel, where the cataclysm has not yet had effect. We'll have a look at the coast here and the port of Thiacuano. In time, we've gone back to just prior to the first tremor, when the King of Mu was meeting with his advisers.'

We were on the quays of the large seaport of Thiacuano. It was night and a full moon lit up the land, although quite soon it would set. In the east, a faint lightening of the sky heralded the approach of dawn. All was quiet. Watchmen patrolled the quays where numerous boats were moored.

A few rowdy revellers were entering a building on which a small night light shone. Here, we could see some of the spherical globes of Mu - but just a few.

We flew over the canal, where several ships could be seen heading in the direction of the inland sea (now Brazil).

Our group 'came to rest' on the bridge of a pretty sailing ship. A gentle breeze coming from the west pushed the vessel from behind. It carried little sail, as it negotiated a zone congested with numerous boats. There were three masts on deck, quite modern in style, and of about 70 metres in length. Judging by the shape of its hull, it would be capable of significant speed in open waters.

A moment later, we found ourselves in a large seaman's cabin, furnished with a good dozen bunks, all occupied.

Delving into the psychosphere 105

Everyone was asleep, apart from two men of about thirty years of age, who, by their physical appearance, probably came from Mu. They sat at a table, engrossed in a game, which might well have been mahjong. My attention was drawn to one of the pair - perhaps older than his companion - whose long dark hair was tied back in a red scarf. I was attracted to him as a piece of iron is to a magnet and, in an instant I was upon him, taking my companions with me.

As I passed through him, I felt an almost electric stimulation - and a sensation of love, such as I had never felt before, invaded my being. I felt an indefinable oneness with him and I passed through him again and again.

'This is easily explained, Michel. In this man, you are reunited with your Astral body. This is *you*, in one of your previous lives. However, you are here as an observer and no purpose is served by trying to re-live this time. Do *not* get involved.'

With regret, I 'followed' my companions back to the bridge.

Suddenly, in the distance to the west, a loud explosion was heard, then another nearer. Still in the west, the sky began to glow. Closer still, amid much sharper explosions, we watched the eruption of a volcano that lit up the western sky for about a 30 kilometre radius.

On the canal and in the port, we were aware of a feverish agitation as cries rang out and sirens sounded.

We heard running footsteps and the sailors from below spilled on to the bridge. Among them, I could see the sailor who 'wore' my Astral body, just as frightened as his companions and I felt an enormous wave of sympathy for the panic-stricken 'self'.

On the outskirts of the town, in the glow of the volcano, I saw a shining sphere fly very rapidly up into the sky, and eventually, disappear from sight.

'Yes, that was one of our spacecraft,' explained Thao. 'It will observe the cataclysm from very high. There are seventeen people on board, who will do what they can to help survivors, but this will be very little. Watch.'

The ground began to shake and rumble. Three more volcanoes surged from beneath the surface of the ocean near the coast, only to be engulfed by the waters as quickly as they had appeared. At the same time, it caused a tidal wave of about 40 metres in amplitude to surge towards the coast with an infernal noise. Before it reached the town however, the land beneath us began to rise. The port, the town and the countryside beyond - a whole section of the continent - rose rapidly, blocking the assault of the waves. In order to see better, we rose higher. I was reminded of a gigantic animal arching its back as it stretched, after extricating itself from a burrow.

106 *Thiaoouba Prophecy*

The cries of the people reached us as a Dantean screech. They were mad with panic, for they were rising with the town, as though in a lift, and it seemed their ascent would never stop.

The boats had been smashed to pieces on rocks hurled from the ocean, and I watched as the sailor we had left behind was literally pulverised. One of my 'selves' had just returned to its source.

It seemed the Earth was completely remodelling its shape. The town disappeared as thick black clouds rolled in rapidly from the west, showering the land with lava and ash, spewed from the volcanoes. Two words of description came to mind at that moment: 'grandiose' and 'apocalyptic'.

Everything blurred and I felt my companions close around me. I was aware of a silvery-grey cloud moving away from us at a dizzying speed and then Thiaoouba appeared. I had the impression that we were pulling on the silvery threads, in order to return quickly to our physical bodies that seemed to be waiting for us - huge like mountains and shrinking as we approached.

My astral eyes appreciated the beauty of the colours here on this 'golden' planet, after enduring the nightmares we had just left behind.

I felt the hands which were touching my physical body let go. Opening my eyes, I looked around me. My companion stood up, smiling, and Thao asked me if I was all right.

'Very well, thank you. I am very surprised it is still light outside.'

'Of course it is still light, Michel. How long do you think we were away?'

'I really don't know. Five or six hours?'

'No,' said Thao, amused. 'No more than fifteen lorses - about fifteen minutes.'

Then each taking me by a shoulder, Thao and Biastra guided me out of the 'relaxation chamber', bursting with laughter at my dumbfounded air. Lationusi followed, less exuberant in his amusement.