

THE ATLANTIS QUARTERLY

A Journal devoted to Atlantean and Occult Studies

EDITED BY
LEWIS SPENCE
AND
CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

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"THE PROBLEM OF LEMURIA"

By

LEWIS SPENCE

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GOETHE

From a drawing by Maclise

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FOREWORD

THE centenary of the death of Goethe, which occurs this year, could scarcely be permitted to elapse without due acknowledgment of the surpassing mystical gifts of the greatest of German writers. There is published in this issue an article on "Goethe and the Faust Legend" from the pen of Mr Charles Richard Cammell, which intimately discusses the arcane knowledge of Goethe as illustrated in his immortal philosophic drama. Mr Cammell, who is widely known as a poet and writer, has brought to the consideration of Goethe's work an exhaustive knowledge of the literature which discusses its origin, and profound insight into its supernatural associations. His contribution will appeal to all mystics because of the personal research he has lavished upon it, and for the light it casts on the central figures of the legend and on Goethe's allegorical exposition of it.

Some misunderstanding of this Journal's position is noticeable in a short review of its first issue by our valued French colleague, M. Paul Le Cour, in his organ, *Atlantis*, for July-August. M. Le Cour seems to be under the impression that we cultivate the propaganda of spiritism and superstition in connection with our Atlantean studies, and naturally fails to see the connection between these subjects. But we must repeat that we are affectionate only to the Magic of the higher cultus, as expressed in Hermetism and the ancient wisdom of the Platonic and neo-Platonic schools which studied the Atlantean subject—an attitude M. Le Cour

himself assumes. Nor do we believe that clairvoyance or "automatic writing" will assist our researches. The manifest incongruities in the numerous existing clairvoyant accounts of Atlantis make this self-evident.

If any contributions which have appeared in *The Atlantis Quarterly* seem to deal with the less philosophical side of the Occult, that is simply because we are convinced that the mysterious requires study in all its branches in order that a just estimate of its higher significance may be arrived at.

S.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE OF MAGIC

An Appeal to Mystics

ABOUT the true significance of Magic every possible misapprehension seems to have gathered, as clouds surround the sovereign majesty of the sun. Popular ignorance has conceived it as a species of sleight-of-hand, even knowledgeable opinion has regarded it as a mere evolutionary phase in the development of modern thought and science. By the anthropologist it is classed as of similar genus with the degraded superstition of the African or Australian witch-doctor. At the best, many educated people think of it as a primitive conception which failed to survive the epoch of the Renaissance as a civilising factor of potency in human affairs.

The confusion of thought manifest in the modern world concerning the attributes and essential principles of the great art of Magic and the urgent need for its rehabilitation in an afflicted world, are mainly due to the rise and spread in recent centuries of that crass materialism which ever designed its destruction, which received an extraordinary impulse from the "rationalist" movements which had been gathering force onward from the twelfth century, and which culminated in an era of geographical discovery, and with the invention of printing.

The art of printing, though essentially a dignified one, has, indeed, not been a blessing unminged. Put to base uses, it admitted the entrance to the forum of thought of the "criticisms" of ignorance and inexperience. The gross vulgarity of pent-up centuries of that type of materialism which is the sign of common folly, and which believes itself superior to noble wisdom, was, by this double-edged device, loosed upon the world, to the detriment of that superlative Art which is comprehensible only by lofty and princely minds.

Unhappy is that man—the allusion is to the nobler of the species—whose experience has not embraced at least the partial comprehension of the great Art of Magic in such degree as makes for the realisation of its essentials. Assuredly has he lived almost in vain. More easily might he have dispensed with the sister sciences, Music and Poetry, two of the spiritual forces which overlap it and are scarcely to be understood without some general acquaintance with its principles. The witness of Goethe, Shelley, Coleridge, Wagner, and De L'Isle Adam among moderns is surely sufficient to vouch for the heightened comprehension of the arts which a consideration of Magical economy confers upon the gifted and spiritual man.

And what, in the focus and centre of it, is the significance of this potent and lordly knowledge, which confers upon him who possesses it not only an unusual distinction of understanding, but a placidity almost supernatural concerning temporal broils and turmoils?

Pen may not write nor tongue express the royalty, the majesty of its glorious secret. There are no words in human lexicons to describe adequately its exalted meaning. If human phrase be crudely employed, it may be baldly explained as the search for communion with the Ineffable.

“Communion with,” for on this plane, “this bank and shoal of time,” anything approaching complete unity is impossible. The Godhead awaits the response of His creatures. His whole intention is that they should be sufficiently conscious of His grand purpose to co-operate with it. Magic is the divine staircase betwixt man and God, and once the first step be found, a gradual ascent is possible. Only a few gradations may be accomplished in this our little life, but these it behoves us to attempt.

From what has been said it is plain that Magic, the Grand Art, is the nucleus as well as the compendium, not only of all other arts, but of all faiths, of all nobility, of all science. Moreover, it is manifest that throughout the ages has ever appeared an illustrious descent of its

experients and hierophants, whose mission, even in times as dark as these presently seem, has been to subserve and carry out the commission of their Lord and Master, that Divine Magician, on whose behests they humbly wait.

With great earnestness may the writer urge upon mystics of all kinds the vital necessity for the better comprehension and practical cultus of that mighty central art, its re-edification and renewal. When all is said, it lies at the very core and heart of every one of the world's genuine mystical movements, which are but its broken lights. Let each and all of us, to whatever section of arcane experience we have given our loyalties, join in one grand endeavour of united strength and purpose for the reclamation and universal witness of that glorious central truth which we seek in common. Theosophists, Spiritualists, Astrologers, Magicians, Mystics of all denominations, do our general principles not all cast back to one common source, and have not our divisions and alienations done more hurt to the central aim than all the floutings of materialism?

Our seemingly diverse ideals centre in that ancient Magic which is older than any of its parts. It is the supreme endeavour of this journal to impart to the world of arcane philosophy a message of unity which might powerfully assist the cohesion and force of its spiritual endeavour. And we believe that this can be accomplished most potently and successfully by a recognition of the principles and practice of that majestic cultus which is the mother of all arcane systems.

Little indicative of plan or method as this appeal may be, it will in future issues be strengthened by a greater precision of scheme. Presently our hands will be strengthened if those affectionate to our efforts for united action will communicate with us and seek to encourage what they surely cannot but believe is the grand requisite of the arcane world to-day.

GOETHE AND THE FAUST LEGEND

By CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

OF all the myths, legends, and histories with which mankind has instructed or delighted itself, none has taken greater hold on the human mind than the Legend of Faust, the learned Doctor Faustus, who sold his soul to the Devil, thereby attaining to the profoundest secrets of Nature, and obtaining for a fixed period every worldly wish and desire, till, at the appointed hour, Satan claimed his own, and the Magician perished by the hands of the Familiar Spirit who had served him. The quest of Knowledge, the call of the Unknown, the fascination of the Mysterious are implanted in the human mind. They have been there from the beginning : Eden was lost for them ; Prometheus stole the fire from Heaven ; and, since supreme Knowledge and supreme Power are one, the Titans were ruined and Lucifer fell through following the same Quest, the same Call. Such a story, then, as the Faust Legend has a peculiar potency over all kinds and conditions of men : the lesser minds, who look wonderingly and fearfully up at the Tree of Knowledge, are held enthralled by this legend of infinite daring and dreadful punishment, in the same way as those who dwell in the humbler walks of life are ever captivated by histories of the fortunes and misfortunes of the rich and titled ; while giants like Marlowe and Goethe, seeing in the story its vast possibilities, took it to themselves and carried the legend to the loftiest poetic heights and (in the glorious hands of Goethe) to the profoundest depths of philosophy.

At the root of every legend there is a more or less substantial element of truth. Of the ancient myths, the old legends, the foundations lie far back in the dim twilight of civilisations. They are perceptible, but

unattainable. The Faust Legend, however, which is comparatively modern, being one of the rare post-Reformation legends, with a definite Protestant undercurrent, and therefore one of the latest, in point of time, of all the legends, properly so called, has an historical, not a prehistorical foundation.

The existence of an historical Faust has long been admitted: in fact, it has never been seriously denied. That there were actually two Fausts does not seem to have been hitherto realised, at least not generally; yet it can be clearly established.

Between 1507 and 1587, the year of publication of the first Faust Book, we meet with a number of historical records and references bearing the name of Faustus. These records have been generally considered to refer to one and the same person, although their subject is described, in some, as a charlatan and impostor, "a mere braggart and fool," "a man, indeed, entirely devoid of education," obtaining money by fraudulently duping the credulous, and, in others, as a "philosophus," a revered and feared Astrologer, Magician, and Necromancer. What is more, two prænomens are given in these records. Sometimes we find *Georgius* Faustus, at others *Johannes* Faustus, and it is to be remarked that whenever these names appear, that of *Georgius* is associated with the impostor, that of *Johannes* with the Magician. *Johann* is invariably given as the wizard's Christian name in the Faust Books: it was "Doctor *John* Faustus" whose "Damnable Life and Deserved Death" grew with the rapidity of a Fakir's mango seed into the formidable fabric of the Faust Legend.¹

¹ The first extant record of Faustus, the magician not the impostor, is an entry in the account-book of the Bishop of Bamberg, 12th February 1520, by the bishop's chamberlain: "Item 10 gulden given and presented to Doctor Faustus *philosophus* in honour of his having cast for my gracious master a nativity or indicium, paid on Sunday after Scholastica by the order of Reverendissimus." He reappears in the "Sermones Convivales" of Johann Gast, 1548; and, with his full name of Johannes Faustus, in the "Locorum Communium Collectanea" of Johannes Manlius (Johann Mennel), 1563. Manlius was councillor and historian to the Emperor Maximilian II., and his above-mentioned work consists chiefly of reported conversations with

Life of Saint Clement" (who is mentioned in the Epistle to the Philippians, and who is believed to be the same Clement who succeeded St Peter in Rome and there suffered martyrdom). In the Saint's "Life" "a personage named Faustus figures in company with Simon Magus, beneath whose magical influence he has fallen." "This (says Mr Edwards) carries back the story of Faustus in its simplest form to the first century, and makes Simon Magus the original Mephistopheles." It is possible, even probable, that the story of Simon Magus brought its tributary waters to the main stream of the Faust Legend, but the facts already established regarding the historic Johannes Faustus of the sixteenth century dismiss its claim to be considered the foundation-stone of the Faust Legend. Even the analogy between the two stories is slight. Doctor Faustus was not the disciple in magic of Mephistophiles, as the Faustus of "St Clement's Life" was of Simon Magus, but, like Simon himself, a magician, and, till the hour appointed, the lord and master of Mephistophiles. If the Simon Magus story contributes anything to the Faust Legend, it is in the name of the woman Helen, who accompanied Simon on his travels, and who, in the view of Mr Edwards, is the original of the reincarnate Helena of Troy, whom Doctor Faustus demanded and obtained of Mephistophiles. But here again the analogy is at fault, for it was to Simon Magus that Helen was paramour, not to his disciple Faustus. There is a possibility that Johannes Faustus—Faustus Senior himself—may have adopted the name of the Faustus who learned magic of Simon Magus, for, as Mr Edwards remarks, "Faustus is not a German name Latinised, but simply a Latin name: it occurs frequently in Roman history," but it is extremely improbable. The name of Simon the Magician might have tempted him, but not that of Simon's scholar.

As the Faust Legend, which arose from the genuine history of Johannes Faustus, grew with the years, it followed the invariable course of legendary development and evolution. Every legend, every myth, has (as I have said) its foundation in fact, from which it expands in the

popular imagination and gradually assumes a legendary or mythical character. This process entails not only an extraordinary expansion of the marvellous element found in the original story, but the collecting around that original of a quantity of kindred tales, which are, one by one, absorbed, their actors either losing their individualities more or less entirely, while their actions become attributed to the heroes of the original tale, or taking their places beside them in a composite legend. This latter process is characteristic of the Arthurian Legend, where we find a number of romances of entirely independent origin, but kindred in spirit—*Lancelot*, *Tristan*, the *Sangreal*, and others—successively absorbed in the story of Arthur and the Round Table. The Faust Legend, on the other hand, is a typical example of the former process: magicians, astrologers, and philosophers, many of them of great antiquity, pay their toll, and lend, in whole or part, their story to the popular tradition, being, not in this case gradually, but rapidly absorbed in the powerful personality of Doctor John Faustus. Their features can be traced in the composite portrait evolved. From the lordly, enigmatic countenance of the great Paracelsus to the impudent mask of Georgius Sabellicus they can, each and all, be seen and recognised in the complete Faust picture.

Research into the origins of the Faust Legend comprises of necessity inquiry into the origin of *Mephostophiles*,¹ the *familiar* spirit to whom, or rather through whom, Faustus sells his soul.

The popular notion that Mephistopheles personifies the Supreme Spirit of Evil, as does the Satan of Milton, is erroneous and has arisen from misunderstanding of the Faust Legend² and ignorance of its origins. In the first Faust Book, which was published at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1587, in which for the first time the name of Mephostophiles appears, we read that when Doctor Faustus commenced his Incantation in the Spisser

¹ The name has many forms: Marlowe writes *Mephistophilis*; Goethe, *Mephistopheles*.

² For this Goethe himself is partly responsible.

Waldt "he began to call for Mephostophiles the Spirit, and to charge him in the name of Beelzebub to appear there personally without any long stay," and that he "began again to conjure the Spirit Mephostophiles in the name of the Prince of Devils to appear in his likeness." Later, when Faustus demands of Mephostophiles his agreement to the Articles drawn up by the Doctor, we read: "Here-upon the Spirit answered and laid his case forth that he had no such power of himself until he had first given his Prince (that was ruler over him) to understand thereof, and to know if he could obtain so much of his Lord: therefore speak farther that I may do thy whole desire to my Prince: for it is not in my power to fulfil without his leave. Show me the cause why (said Faustus). The Spirit answered: Faustus, thou shalt understand that with us it is even as well a kingdom, as with you on earth: yea, we have our rulers and servants, as I myself am one, and we name our whole number the Legion: for although that Lucifer is thrust and fallen out of heaven through his pride and high mind, yet he hath notwithstanding a Legion of Devils at his commandment, that we call the Oriental Princes; for his power is great and infinite. Also there is an host in Meridie, in Septentrio, in Occidente: and for that Lucifer hath his kingdom under heaven, we must change and give ourselves unto men to serve them at their pleasure. It is also certain we have never as yet opened unto any man the truth of our dwelling, neither of our ruling, neither what our power is, neither have we given any man any gift, or learned him anything, except he promise to be ours." From this it is plain that "this swift flying Spirit" was a *Familiar* of the same nature as that *Orton* who served the Lord of Corasse, and of whom the Squire of Gascony told Froissart in the chapel of the Count of Foix's Castle at Orthez,¹ or of that *Redcap* of whom we read in the ballad of Lord Soulis of Hermitage.²

¹ Froissart, "Chroniques," ed. Kervyn de Lettenhove, vol. xi., pp. 189-201.

² "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (Scott). "Lord Soulis," by John Leyden.

"The origin of the conception and name (of Mephistophiles) has," according to Prof. Philipps,¹ "been much debated. In Dr Faust's 'Höllenzwang,'² 'Mephistophiel' is one of the *seven* great princes of hell; 'he stands under the planet Jupiter, his regent is named Zadkiel, an enthroned angel of the holy Jehovah.' The origin of the idea of Mephistopheles in Faust's mind is thus clear. He was one of the evil demons of the seven planets, the *Maskim* of the ancient Akkadian religion, a conception transmitted through the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, and the Jewish Kabbala to mediæval and modern astrologers and magicians." The most plausible interpretation of the name *Mephistophiel* appears to me to be that of Herr Schröer,³ who derives it from the Hebrew, *Mephiz*, destroyer, and *tophel*, liar, "a derivation which is supported by the fact that nearly all the names of devils in the sixteenth-century magic books are derived from the Hebrew."⁴

Of the *Maskim*, of whose number Prof. Philipps believes *Mephistophiel* (Mephistopheles) to be, Prof. Zénaïde A. Ragozin writes: "All the more terrible are the seven spirits of the abyss, the *Maskim*, of whom it is said that, although their seat is in the depths of the earth, yet their voice resounds on the heights also: they reside at will in the immensity of space."⁵

There is extant a Chaldean Conjunction of these Dæmons, a relique of great antiquity:

A charm of awful power, . . .
A spell that's older than the walls, long buried,
Of Babylon; ere Nineveh was dreamed
'Twas old beyond the power of computation.

¹ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 14th Edition, article "Mephistopheles."

² The "Höllenzwang," or "Conquest of Hell," purports to be one of the magical books, which, according to the Zimmern chronicle, were left behind by Dr Faustus, and which came into the possession of the lord of Staufen.

³ "Faust," ed. 1886, i. 25.

⁴ Prof. W. Alison Philipps, *Ency. Brit.* Other derivations: C. Kiesewetter ("Faust in der Geschichte und Tradition," p. 163) from Gr. *μήφως φιλεῖν*, "he who loves not light," and *μή φῶτός φίλος* (Boito, Preface to "Mefistofele").

⁵ "Chaldea": *Story of the Nations*, pp. 154-155.

¹ They are Seven, they are Seven, Seven they are !
 They sit by the way. They sleep in the deep : down, far.
Seven they are !

They are Seven, they are Seven, Seven are they !
 Out of the Abyss they rise, when day
 Sinks into darkness.

Seven are they !

Born in the bowels o' the hills ;
 Evil ones, sowers of ills ;
 Setters of unseen snares ;
 Deaf to all pity, all prayers !
 Male they are not ;
 Female they are not ;
 No wives they have known ;
 No children begot !
 The Fiends, they are Seven !
 Disturbers of Heaven !
 They are Seven, they are Seven, Seven they are !

If such an one was the spirit conjured by him, Faustus would seem to have been a man aspiring and intrepid to no ordinary degree, a figure not unworthy to become the pivot of so sinister a legend. To the historian and the scholar the Faust story appeals peculiarly, for they find it to possess a definite historic basis, while its affiliations run back to the roots of primeval religion. To the student of the Occult it has a still deeper significance and a reality transcending the importance of Faust's historic or Mephistopheles' mythological identity. He recognises the conjuration of the Spirit by Faustus, not as a myth only, but as a distinct historic narrative, like the account in the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" of a Conjunction performed among the ruins of the Roman Coliseum, at which the renowned Florentine goldsmith and sculptor assisted.

Such, then, briefly was the origin of the legend which fell successively into the hands of two masters. The earliest English version of "The Damnable Life

¹ I have made the following paraphrase of the "Incantation of the Maskim" from the prose version given in Z. A. Ragozin's "Chaldea," p. 155. There is a poetical version of the same, entitled "A Charm," by Prof. Louis Dyer, of Harvard University, in the same volume, pp. 182-183. See also "Semitic Magic," by R. Campbell Thompson, pp. 47-52; and "Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria," by Lewis Spence, pp. 264-265. *A full account of the Maskim is found in "Chaldean Magic," by Francis Lenormant (London 1877, revised & enlarged from the original French edition of 1874-5): pp. 8, 17, 18, 25-32. This book contains a powerful translation of the Incantation, p. 18.*

and Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus" must have appeared before 1592, for in that year the translation was *Newly Imprinted*. A rendering of the "Wagner Book," or Second Part of the history of Dr Faustus, was licensed in the following year, 1593, about six months after the first appearance of the original in Germany. These books appealed instantly to the imperious mind of Christopher Marlowe, whose thirst for unusual knowledge would seem to have equalled his disdain for authority. Marlowe was an avowed disciple of Machiavelli, a worshipper of the Italian *virtu*. The *Prologue* to "The Jew of Malta," spoken in the character of *Machiavel*, is a faithful picture of his bold and reckless mood :

Albeit the world thinks Machiavel is dead,
 Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps ;
 And now the Guise is dead,¹ is come from France,
 To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
 To some perhaps my name is odious,
 But such as love me guard me from their tongues ;
 And let them know that I am Machiavel,
 And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
 Admired I am of those that hate me most.
 Though some speak openly against my books,
 Yet they will read me, and thereby attain
 To Peter's chair : and when they cast me off,
 Are poisoned by my climbing followers.
 I count religion but a childish toy,
 And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
 Birds of the air will tell of murders past !
 I am ashamed to hear such fooleries.
 Many will talk of title to a crown :
 What right had Cæsar to the empery ?
 Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
 When, like the Draco's, they were writ in blood.

Fitter food than Faust for the mind of Marlowe could not have been found.

Marlowe's "Tragicall History of D. Faustus" is a work of great power. The legend is transfigured by the poet's gorgeous rhetoric. He follows the story of the Faust Books as closely as his haughty and impatient Muse will permit. His inventions are purely poetical. With Goethe it is otherwise.

¹ Henri, Duc de Guise, was assassinated at Blois in 1588.

The contrast between the conditions, characters, and conceptions of these two poets is complete. Marlowe wrote his tragedy at an early age : he was not thirty when his turbulent career closed in a tavern brawl. His dramatic genius, though immense, was immature. It is idle to speculate on what such a man might have become when purified by the fires of experience. In his short life he had " swept from the English stage the tatters of barbarism, and habited Tragedy in stately robes." ¹ Goethe, on the other hand, gave to " Faust " all that was best and greatest, not of his genius alone, but of his spiritual and intellectual evolution. The composition of Faust synchronised with the whole poetic life of Goethe. Scenes of the *First Part*, in their primitive form, were written in the poet's early manhood ; the obscure allegories of the *Second Part* were the work of the sage's latest years. Throughout that long and wonderful life, the colossal mind of Goethe meditated his supreme Poem, his Song of Songs, his epitome of the Divine Magic.

At once a Comparison and a Disparity might properly be made between Goethe and that extraordinary man Leonardo da Vinci. No other was, surely, more gifted, at once physically, intellectually, and spiritually, than were these two. A comparison would reveal, among much else, a common belief in the Secrets of Nature beyond what is called Natural Philosophy, a common thirst for the hidden springs of Knowledge. Goethe's interest in the *Arcane* evolved with the gradual yet uninterrupted and truly marvellous growth of his mind and character. A *Mage* in the true meaning of the word, he never lost himself in the dangerous practice and vain speculations of lower forms of magic, but followed the Higher, and wrestled with its problems in the profound recesses of his own Mind.

Nowhere, perhaps, in Goethe's writings are we more aware of his comprehension of the *Magical* than in some remarkable and " lofty reflections " in the last book of

¹ A. H. Bullen, " The Works of Christopher Marlowe " (3 vols. London, 1885.) Introduction.

the autobiography of his early life and development, "Dichtung und Wahrheit" (Poetry and Truth). He tells us that ¹ "He thought he could detect in Nature—both animate and inanimate, with soul or without soul—something which manifests itself only in contradictions, and which, therefore, could not be comprehended under any idea, still less under one word. It was not godlike, for it seemed unreasonable; not human, for it had no understanding; nor devilish, for it was beneficent; nor angelic, for it often betrayed a malicious pleasure. It resembled chance, for it evolved no consequences; it was like Providence, for it hinted at connection. All that limits us it seemed to penetrate; it seemed to sport at will with the necessary elements of our existence; it contracted time and expanded space. In the impossible alone did it appear to find pleasure, while it rejected the possible with contempt. To this principle, which seemed to come in between all other principles to separate them and yet to link them together, I gave the name of *Demonic*, after the example of the ancients and of those who, at any rate, had perceptions of the same kind. I sought to screen myself from this fearful principle by taking refuge, according to my usual habits, in an imaginary creation.² . . . Although this Demonical element can manifest itself in all corporeal and incorporeal things, and even expresses itself most distinctly in animals, yet, with man, especially does it stand in a most wonderful connection, forming in him a power which, if it be not opposed to the moral order of the world, nevertheless does often so cross it that one may be regarded as the warp and the other as the woof. For the phenomena which it gives rise to there are innumerable names: for all philosophies and religions have sought in prose and poetry to solve this enigma and to read once for all the riddle which, nevertheless, remains still unriddled by them. But the most fearful manifestation of the Demonical is when it

¹ The following translation is that of Morrison. "Goethe's Autobiography, etc.," translated by John Oxenford and the Rev. J. A. W. Morrison. (London: Bohn. 1848-49.)

² The Drama of "Egmont."

is seen predominating in some individual character. During my life I have observed several instances of this, either more closely or remotely.¹ Such persons are not always the most eminent men, either morally or intellectually, and it is seldom that they recommend themselves to our affections by goodness of heart ; a tremendous energy seems to be seated in them, and they exercise a wonderful power over all creatures, and even over the elements ; and, indeed, who shall say how much farther such influence may extend ? All the moral powers combined are of no avail against them ; in vain does the more enlightened portion of mankind attempt to throw suspicion upon them as deceived if not deceivers—the mass is still drawn on by them. Seldom if ever do the great men of an age find their equals among their contemporaries, and they are to be overcome by nothing but by the universe itself ; and it is from observation of this fact that the strange, but most striking, proverb must have risen : *Nemo contra Deum nisi Deus ipse.*”

We are here clearly in presence of that elemental power which belongs to Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer*, and in a still higher degree to Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni* ; the influence that, in a form less subtle and conscious, constitutes the *virtu* of Marlowe's creations : Tamburlaine, the Jew of Malta, and the Duke of Guise, as much as Doctor Faustus. In the writings of Goethe it is to be met with under various aspects, from Egmont to Faust and Mephistopheles. Goethe's conception of these last two characters is infinitely subtle and complex. All that is expressed or even indicated of their personalities in the Faust Books and in Marlowe's tragedy, which Goethe greatly admired, was transplanted into the new Faust, and there combined with a legion of super-added characteristics and attributes culled from the vast storehouse of Goethe's learning and imagination, which also furnished the drama with its rich gallery of supplementary characters, among whom the lovely and pathetic figure of Gretchen is pre-eminent. The

¹ Goethe clearly associated this *Demonic* element with the personality of his friend *Merck*, a man of remarkable character and attainments.

idea of this perfect type was suggested to Goethe by a popular chap-book, published in 1725,¹ in which "Faust tries to seduce a servant girl, but she is proof against temptation, and he offers to marry her; Lucifer, however, dissuades him and gives him Helena instead." ² On so small and commonplace a stem grew the exquisite flower of the episode of Margaret.

Goethe adopted the idea of Faust's ultimate salvation, which has no place either in the Faust Books or in Marlowe, from Lessing. Prof. Phillips has remarked that, philosophically, "Goethe's Faust departs widely from the orthodox standpoint. Faust shows no signs of 'repentance'; he simply emerges by the innate force of his character from a lower into a higher state. The triumph, foretold by 'The Lord' in the opening scene, was inevitable from the first, since though

'Man errs so long as he is striving,
A good man through the obscurest aspiration
Is ever conscious of the one true way.'

This idea, which inspired also the kindred theme of Browning's 'Paracelsus,' is the main development introduced by Goethe into the Faust Legend." The doctrine of *Predestination*, held not only by Luther and Calvin but by Augustine also, is sublimated by poetic inspiration and consequent understanding.

Any attempt at analysis of the Faust Drama of Goethe, or discourse of its profound philosophical import and transcendental poetry, is altogether beyond the limitations and intentions of this article. Some of the brightest intellects of Germany have employed themselves on the task, while scholars and poets of every nation and language have contributed to the library of critical research that has collected about this stupendous monument of human genius. The infinite humanity, in all its wonderful variety, of the First Part, and the sublime, if almost indecipherable, allegory of the Second, are nobly presented to the English reader in Prof.

¹ This was an abbreviated edition of Pfitzer's "rearrangement" (1674) of Widman's version of Faustus (1599), *vide* Rose.

² Rose, Introduction.

Anster's translation,¹ the unequivocal recognition of which in Germany indicates it as a faithful interpretation, and, as such, a work of poetic excellence. With this guide to the Original, and a host of eminent Commentators, we leave the student of *Faust*. Our object has been to briefly indicate the growth of a marvellous legend from its historic origin to its ultimate mystical fulfilment. The sinister, shadowy figure of the wizard Faustus, flitting transiently across the leaves of those heavy sixteenth-century German tomes, is the seed whence sprang a tree, the branches of which stretched to the ends of the Earth, a tree that grew till, mingling with the laurels of Goethe, its topmost bough reached Heaven, while its roots struck down to the hidden depths of the *Great Arcanum* which lies in the secret places of the Human Soul.

¹ First Part (London, 1835) ; Second Part (London, 1864).

WHERE WAS ATLANTIS?

Modern Theories Regarding its Site

By LEWIS SPENCE

A PART altogether from the numerous sites to which Atlantis has been relegated in the past, the last thirty years, and especially the last decade, have witnessed numerous attempts to place the island-continent in a situation other than that granted it in the Platonic writings. As it is necessary to our quest to clear the ground as far as possible in an effort to fix the location of Atlantis, this article will be devoted to a review of certain of those hypotheses which aim at giving to Atlantis a non-Atlantic situation. In the last issue of this journal I dealt with several such theories, and now extend an examination to still others.

Under the title, "Was Homer a Greek?" M. Marcel Pollet published a couple of interesting articles in the *Revue Contemporaine* for 15th December 1923 and 1st January 1924, in which he made allusion to the circumstance that Homer "sings of his country, the country of the gods, Atlantis." Suidas, writing of the life of Hesiod, says that not only was Hesiod an Atlantean, but Homer also.

Homer, says M. Pollet, placed the Elysian Fields at the extremity of the earth, which, according to Vergil, is the country of the Morini and the double estuary of the Rhine. "Atland," the land of the divine folk (Mann-man-os, Minos, Manes), is, in M. Pollet's estimation, the ancient Belgium and Holland, the Low Countries. Atlantis was situated in that part of Gaul which Cæsar called Belgium, and which stretched from the Seine to the Rhine.

M. Pollet upholds his thesis by linguistic proofs.

This country was, of course, subject to numerous and grievous diluvian visitations in the course of its history, and the general character of the land, with its low coast-line, its frequent submergences, and its natural tendency toward the disposal of soil and water in zones, gives it a certain general likeness to Plato's Atlantis. Legends of submergence also abound in Holland.

But the points of dissimilarity are equally numerous. The Low Countries are not a sphere of seismic disturbance, nor are they the *milieu* of a civilisation such as was described by Plato. Anciently they contained no great city, and what we know of the antique law and religion of these parts bears no resemblance to the systems outlined in the "Critias" and the "Timæus." Nor does the "feudal" system alluded to by Plato as obtaining in Atlantis appear as part of the old Belgic economy.

An equally bold effort to locate Atlantis in Persia was that made by M. Latreille in a lecture read by him at the French Academy of Sciences on 5th July 1919. Calling to his aid an extensive acquaintance with ancient geography, natural history, and eastern traditions, he advanced the theory that the Hyrcania and Bactriana of the ancients were the earliest seats of the human race and the last retreats of civilisation at a period when the waters covered the greater portion of the earth. Thence all the religions of mankind proceeded—Egyptian, Babylonian, Chinese, Phœnician, Scythian, and Atlantean, whose peoples, for all practical purposes, had a common origin.

The known world at the era of the Deluge comprised Persia, the regions betwixt the Caspian and the Black Seas, Asia Minor a part of Arabia, Egypt, and Libya. The Caucasus, for M. Latreille, was the primitive Atlas, although it had other denominations, such as Dyris, Pal, Caf, and so forth. That of Atlas was the last, and was transferred by classical writers to the mountain-chain in North Africa. Caucasian people had migrated and had established themselves in the African Atlas, and to the Greek and Roman writers were known as

"Atlanteans." They carried with them the traditions of flood and cataclysm, and thus was the Atlantean "myth" planted in North Africa.

Finally, avers M. Latreille, "Persia entirely satisfies in an exclusive manner the solution of the problem posed by Plato." The Caspian, the Oxus to the north, the Indus to the east, the Euphrates to the west, the Indian Ocean to the south, circumscribe Persia, which in this sense seemed a veritable island, affording the aspect of an oblong plain, strewn with lakes and traversed by rivers. Its dimensions corresponded with those of Plato's Atlantis.

The affluents which united the Tigris and Euphrates represented the canals spoken of by Plato. For the rest, Minotcher, or Manougeher, the seventh or eighth King of Persia, cut great canals which led the branches of the Tigris and Euphrates into Chaldea. According to M. Latreille, this king was the same with Menes, and his empire was assigned by Plato to the territories of Atlantis. The orichalcum, or "copper," which was so outstanding a feature of Atlantean architectural embellishment, was a carbonate of iron; the Amazons who attacked Atlantis were ape-men, like those who attacked Hanno on his memorable voyage; and the causes which inspired Jupiter to destroy Atlantis were the same as those which moved the Deity of Genesis to call down the Deluge—the wickedness of the inhabitants of an ancient land.

All this is, of course, special pleading of the most flagrant description, one of those recurring attempts to fit the Platonic myth to the circumstances of another *milieu*, which appear as inspired by the merest love of perversity. Indeed, it bears a strong resemblance to the theory of Borchardt, reviewed in our last issue. Neither geology nor tradition uphold the thesis, and one wonders in what circumstances of phantasy it originated. Probably it had its rise from the mischievous notion that all civilisation and tradition was generated in the East. It has been the aim of the writer in more than one of his published works to demonstrate that

the European West may equally rank as the cradle of modern civilisation, and in that thesis he is supported by his French colleagues of *Atlantis*.

Equally unscientific in its outlook is the theory of M. Joseph Bosco in the *Memoirs of the Société Archeologique de Constantine* for 1922, that the vestiges of Atlantis are to be found in the neighbourhood of Malta. This was, indeed, the thesis of the archæologist, George Grognet de Vasse, who died in 1862, and who gave forty years of his life to the study of the problem. He bequeathed two manuscripts to the library of Valetta, in Malta, as well as a work entitled "Atlanta," in which his ideas are set forth.

A Phœnician inscription, discovered at Malta, was said by Grognet de Vasse to have reference to the disappearance of Atlantis, but Gesenius, the learned German Hebraist, found that it had been re-edited in Maltese, and bad Maltese at that !

In 1900 Swift Balch and James Baikie advanced their hypothesis that the Crete of the Minoan period was none other than the Atlantis of Plato. They believed Atlantis to have been a large island, situated near other islands and in proximity to a great continent, and the Pillars of Hercules the high rocks which stand in the Ægean Sea. The disappearance of the island in a single night signified for them the extermination of the Minoans by the Athenians and Egyptians.

Swift Balch insisted upon the now time-worn theory that if an Atlantis had existed in the Atlantic Ocean it must have been at a period of at least half a million years ago, and that it could only have been peopled by man in the stage of the "Eoanthropus" of Dawson. He arrived at the conclusion that the story of Atlantis was merely a legendary reminiscence of the downfall of the Minoan civilisation of Crete. A writer in *The Times* of 14th February 1909 stated that : "The disappearance of the island corresponds to what archæology tells us of the utter collapse of the empire of Knossos, followed by the replacement even of Cretan sailors by Phœnicians at Egyptian ports."

It is, however, unlikely that a cultural collapse, which took place about 1200 B.C., should have been magnified only 600 years later by Egyptian priests into a cataclysm which had occurred 9,000 years before ! It is as if we of to-day were to place the fall of Constantinople away back in the Neolithic Age ! The ancients, even without the aid of documentary evidence, knew their history better than that, and had a better conception of chronology than some modern historians seem to think. It is frequently forgotten that documented history, as we know it, is merely a thing of the last two or three centuries. Tradition, aided by meagre written records, took its place formerly, and became as much an art as documented history is to-day.

It is more likely that the Minoan civilisation of Crete was modelled upon that of an Atlantis which had possibly survived to a much later date than has been thought possible until now. Civilisation in Crete was undoubtedly of very ancient introduction. Early Cretan civilisation dates, roughly, from about 3400 B.C., and certain of its phases bear a strong resemblance to Plato's picture of life in Atlantis. The bull was its sacred animal, as in Atlantis, and the great arena at Knossos was certainly used for bull-fights or sacrifices. The Cretans were largely of Iberian race, and had labyrinthine cave-temples like those of the Aurignacians of Spain and France. Our prime authority for the myth of the labyrinth is Plutarch, whose account, more or less sophisticated, ran through a maze of romantic legend quite as intricate as the extraordinary site which inspired it. It was for generations identified with the winding cavern of Gortyna, which penetrated a little hill at the foot of Mount Ida, the endless ramifications of which seemed to mark it as the veritable lair of Theseus' monster. But when Sir Arthur Evans, in 1900, first undertook his memorable excavations on the site of Knossos, he felt inclined to identify the palace of Minos itself as the true Labyrinth, basing his theory on the intricate and truly labyrinthine character of its winding passages and staircases.

As we know, the caverns which, according to good authorities, served the Palæolithic Aurignacians as temples or places of worship are rich in painted and sculptured representations of the bull, which seems to have been the chief deity of this race, or at least an object of veneration or placation by a hunting population. Doubtless the legend that a Great Bull actually haunted the recesses of those almost impenetrable caverns—that at Niaux in the Ariège is more than a mile in depth—would become an honoured tradition in the course of generations.

The Minoan civilisation of Crete had almost certainly a cultural descent from the Aurignacian, as illustrated in its wall-paintings, its Tanagran statuettes, which link up with those of Spain by way of the Balearic Islands, and its cult of the bull, the representation of which in its palaces strikingly resembles the art of the early Aurignacian painters. It was, then, probably some venerable myth of a Tauric deity dwelling in a labyrinthine cave, and anciently derived from Spain or from the common source of Atlantis, which gave rise to the Cretan tradition of the Labyrinth. This presupposes that the cave of Gortyna was the true Cretan labyrinth connected with the myth of Theseus and the Minotaur.

The theory of a northern site for Atlantis dies hard. Indeed, it still survives, for M. Gattefossé, of Lyons, has triumphantly asserted it in his "*La Verité sur l'Atlantide*," published so lately as 1923. But he had a worthy forerunner in Bailly, a contemporary of Voltaire, who, like Rudbeck, sought to discover the Atlantean region in the frozen north. Not long before Buffon had made popular the idea that the "central fire" which maintained the temperature of the earth had cooled in the course of ages, and Bailly, seizing upon the notion, boldly asserted that the now frozen north had formerly enjoyed almost tropical climatic conditions. Its inhabitants during the torrid period, he maintained, were the Atlanteans of Plato, who, upon the gradual cooling of the region, betook themselves to Asia, carrying with them their scientific knowledge and religious beliefs, which they

scattered broadcast among the nations. In his "History of Ancient Astronomy and Letters on Atlantis," he brought to bear the whole battery of his learning to prove that Spitzbergen was once a fertile and populous country, and was, indeed, the veritable Platonic Atlantis. Strangely enough, his thesis has assumed the quality of legend, and in some parts of Northern Europe the tradition still flourishes that somewhere in the neighbourhood of the North Pole fertile valleys actually exist. In fact, the belief has lately received a new lease of life from the statements of recent explorers of the Far North from the American side, who have provided glowing accounts of low-lying valleys in the polar area, fragrant with flowers and swarming with butterflies.

Bailly was a thorough-going disciple of Euhemerus of Thessaly, and believed that all myth had a historical basis. For him Atlas was a king of the once tropical Spitzbergen-Atlantis, an actual human ruler and a distinguished astronomer, the inventor of the sphere. His Hyperborean Atlanteans finally came to rest, after a prolonged migration, on the plains of Tartary. But Bailly's farrago of erudite nonsense was much too gross even for that somewhat credulous Paris which was then on the brink of a human catastrophe even more stupendous than the wreck of Atlantis. In his "Lettre Americain" the Comte de Corli, while neatly disposing of Bailly's absurdities, sprung on a readily accepting public the theory that Atlantis was none other than the American continent itself. Even the imperturbable Voltaire, who had hesitated a humorous doubt regarding the non-existence of a great Atlantic continent, was somewhat taken aback by the boldness of the Arctic hypothesis which Bailly, grasping at straws, had wantonly dedicated to him.

The patriotic Catalan poet, Jacintho Verdaguer, wished to locate Atlantis at the foot of the Pyrenees, and the Basques have not hesitated to announce themselves as the last branch of the Atlantean race—and perhaps not without reason, for it is within the bounds of probability that they are descended from the Crò-Magnon

race which would seem to have reached Iberian soil from an oceanic area. M. William d'Abartigue, the Secretary-General of the International Society for Basque Studies, believes that the African continent is not the Basque fatherland.

Along with Pruner Bey, Carl Vogt, Alfred Maury, and others, he believes the Basques to be related to the older populations of America. He founds mainly on the "History of the American Races in Europe in Pre-historic Times" of Bourgingant, and thinks that Atlantis formed a geographical bond between the continents, in which he is certainly justified.

As long ago as 1883 M. Berlioux, Professor of Geography at Lyons, published a book entitled "Les Atlantes, Histoire de l'Atlantis et de l'Atlas primitif," in which he sought to prove that Berber was the tongue of a great part of the prehistoric population of Western Europe and the Mediterranean.

But M. Berlioux situated his Atlantis in the Atlas region of Africa. It was, he thought, the seat of a prehistoric civilisation of maritime and industrial propensity, boasting a Bronze Age culture older than those of Egypt or Phœnicia. It was the centre of a vast empire which had ramifications in Asia and America, and even as far as Japan!

But the Atlantis of Plato refers to a period greatly anterior to the Bronze Age. Moreover, the Atlas country has no traditions of cataclysm or destruction. The late M. Ph. Negrès, of Athens, adopted a theory much the same as that of Berlioux when, in the *Revue Scientifique* in 1922, he urged that the Greek traditions of cataclysm, and notably those connected with the Ægean, were apparently associated with the phenomenon of the submergence of Atlantis and similar terrestrial upheavals in North Africa. But where are the veridical traces of upheaval in that region within such a period of time as would agree with the terms of the Platonic account?

Recently (in 1920) M. Rutot, the Belgian geologist, has adopted the thesis of Berlioux, and Herr Schulten has published at Berlin a treatise entitled "Tartessos-

Atlantis," in which he places the Atlantis of Plato in the south-west of the Iberian peninsula near the ancient Betica. According to this writer, Atlantis was a great island at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, in the Gulf of Cadiz.

The point is that such theories as the above are supererogatory, and far less proof is forthcoming to buttress them than for the argument of Plato. It is needless to multiply theories for the mere sake of doing so, when the balance of testimony compels acknowledgment for the Platonic statement. At the same time, as I have said before, there is no necessity to accept the Platonic statement in its entirety. It must be obvious, however, that as the first and most authentic "document" on Atlantis, it contains more of the material of probability than any later tradition or hypothesis, which, when all is said and done, can only be based upon its authority.

EXPLORING THE SITE OF ATLANTIS BY SUBMARINE

Dutch Professor's Theories

TRANSLATED BY PETRONELLA ARMSTRONG

The following interview with Prof. Vening Meinesz was published in *De Telegraaf* of Amsterdam on 4th July last, and has reference to the expedition of that well-known geographer and seismologist to the region of the Azores, for the purpose of testing his theory that disturbances in the field of gravity occur in those areas most subject to earthquakes. The expedition is to sail in the Dutch submarine "Or13."

WE have been privileged with an interview with Prof. Dr F. A. Vening Meinesz, who leaves for the Atlantic Ocean to-morrow in the submarine "Or13," to make experiments in oscillation.

"What is the real purpose of your trip?" we asked our kind host at Huize de Bremberg.

"I want to try and determine very exactly the attraction of the earth in those places," was the answer. It was not long before he supplemented his simple reply by a detailed explanation in popular science. "The attraction exercised by the body of the earth is really the same as what we call gravitation," the Professor continued. "If there is any sort of deviation, that shows the mass (of the earth) to be of abnormal density. It is my intention to follow up these differences in density by the determination of the disturbances in the attraction.

"In 1929 and 1930 my researches in the Dutch East Indies proved to me that great disturbances in the field of gravity occur in those areas most subject to earthquakes. These disturbances prove that the earth's outer crust is gradually being bent inwards. Now, in this respect, we must not consider as the chief outer crust a thickness of 1 to 2 kilometres, but a thickness of

from 25 to 30 kilometres. The changes appearing on its surface in the form of mountains, creases, or islands are an accompanying symptom of more important happenings at a greater depth.

"While the surface-creases form outwardly, the thick principal crust bends inward; and it is in the area where this phenomenon takes place that all the great earthquakes have their centre. An area of this kind runs from India, along the outside of the large Soenda Isles, around the smaller Soenda Isles, over Timor and Ceram, northward between Halmaheira and Menado. This phenomenon, observable in India, is probably continued along the whole Eastern Coast of Asia, and probably appears also along the West Coast of America. The earthquakes in California and the West Indies probably have some connection with it too.

"The cause may be explained either by the old theory based on the earth's contraction through gradual cooling, or the newer one (of Wegener) which holds that continents are shallow floes, with the sea-bottom a more or less plastic mass upon which the continents are horizontally movable. According to the latter theory, the Atlantic Ocean appeared as the result of a moving apart of North and South America on the one hand, and of Asia, Europe, and Africa on the other. Both the above theories would explain the creased areas, as according to both there would be pressure in this particular region. According to the theory of pressure through contraction, as according to the theory of Wegener, the earth-crust would exert attraction in the Atlantic Ocean. Herein lies, therefore, the criterion of the whole problem.

"Now, there is a ridge which runs through the Atlantic Ocean (and upon which the Azores are situated) in which are the centres of many great earthquakes. I should not be surprised," the Professor continued, "if the same phenomenon of creases were to be found there. We shall obtain proofs through our experiments in the field of gravitation on this trip. If we find the same disturbances as in India, we may safely conclude that here again identical creases of the earth's crust are the cause.

"According to the above statement such a conclusion would appear to be opposed to the theory of Wegener, though it could be combined with the theory of contraction. I shall make a detailed 'gravitation profile' over that particular area of the Atlantic Ocean ridge," the Professor continued, "besides making a more detailed research with the aid of three 'profiles' of the region lying between the Azores and Gibraltar. It is also a centre of earthquakes, and it is not impossible that here again we may find the same symptoms of bending."

"How long will your trip last?" we finally asked.

Prof. Vening Meinesz brought out a map which, besides showing many signs of having been frequently used for submarine navigation, clearly showed the proposed route.

"Our first lap will be to Punta Delgrada on the Azores, and from there we propose to trace a wide loop, returning to Funchal, Madeira. The whole trip should take about five weeks. I shall not be bored, for besides being continually occupied with my observations, the extraordinary interest shown by Lieutenant Rouwenhorst, Commandant of H.M. 'O13,' promises a pleasant journey. The preliminary trip with this amiable commandant proved that he also is filled with ambition as regards the present expedition, so that I am assured in advance of both security and satisfaction."

[*Note.*—Since the above was written, information has come to hand that Prof. Vening Meinesz has reported that in the South Atlantic he has found depths which are "a mere fraction of those recorded in the charts. Many changes in the existing charts," he says, "will have to be made as the result of my exploration, and possibly some light will be thrown on the mysterious question of the existence of the mythical continent of Atlantis."—Ed.]

THE "ELEMENTAL" RACES

By "ALBUFARAGUS"

SOME confusion has arisen concerning the actual nature of that class of spirit known as "Elemental" or "Elementary" through descriptions, more or less inaccurate, by writers only partially acquainted with the tradition concerning it. The very name "Elemental," by which it is so widely known nowadays, is a misnomer, and an illiterate one, employing as it does an adjective for a nominal purpose.

The proper appellation of the class of non-human beings with which we are dealing is "Elementary Spirits," that is, they are creatures inhabiting the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water, and classed by the later Cabalists as gnomes, sylphs, salamanders, and undines. The *locus classicus* of their description is popularly believed by the uninstructed to be the book known as "The Comte de Gabalis," written by the Abbé Villars, but it is now generally accepted by knowledgeable mystics that the work in question was in some measure a *jeu d'esprit*, a rather elaborate satire upon Cabalistic doctrine.

Elementary spirits are, properly speaking, those which dwell in the four elements alone, but the names given them by the later Cabalists were probably invented for purposes of symbolic nomenclature. But it is competent to say that spirits of this class have been known to mankind in various countries under far other names, such as brownies or goblins (earth), peris or elves (air), will-o'-wisps (fire), and naiads or rusalkas (water). On the other hand, such spirits as familiars (*familiaris*, from *familia*, "a family") were usually the ancestral *penates* of a mediæval family, a bequest from an earlier age when totemic beliefs were already growing effete in Europe.

Some had, however, decidedly elementary or sylphid appearances and propensities, and had, in respect of the fairy literature of the period, altogether shed the animal forms which even in Roman times they had lost. Among certain tribes in Central and North America, however, the personal totem or guardian spirit retained its animal form, as indeed it still does in some cases, and this would give us to suppose that the familiar had altogether a different origin from the elementary spirit.

The familiar of the black magician, however, must occasionally be differentiated from the spirit of the family. In all likelihood this was almost invariably an elementary spirit, conjured up from the element to which it belonged, to aid the sorcerer. Yet not always, for we will recall that Orthon, the familiar of the Lord of Corasse, was probably a beneficent genius of ancestral association, while the goblin attendant on Lord Soulis was almost certainly an earth-spirit of evil propensity.¹

Hellenic and Christian philosophy, as well as pagan and ancient tradition, recognised the existence of elementary spirits ages before the time of Paracelsus. Porphyry, the neo-Platonist, describes them as in the main mischievous and deceitful, and as constantly seeking the company of mortals. Augustine differs from Porphyry in saying that they are not crafty by nature, but actively malicious, "*seeking to pass themselves off as gods and as the souls of the dead.*" They were, indeed, what the modern anthropologist would call "animistic" spirits.

Roughly, animism is the belief that everything in Nature has a soul or at least a personality, that trees, plants, the wind, the water, the fire, are all animated by a personal soul. Still, the process of the development of animistic belief was enormously complex. It was a factor in the development of the paraphernalia of the gods and of their many phases.

¹ There is, however, a possibility that the name "Orthon" is derived from some male Teutonic form significant of the earth and allied to the German "Hertha," just as the French Oberon is the German Alberich in disguise.

As Bulwer Lytton makes Mejnour say to Glyndon in his "Zanoni," "Common sense (if your schoolmen had it) would suffice to teach that the circumfluent infinite which you call space—the boundless impalpable which divides earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life. Is it not a visible absurdity to suppose that Being is crowded upon every leaf, and yet absent from the immensities of space! . . . The microscope shows you the creatures on the leaf; no mechanical tube is yet invented to discover the nobler and more gifted things that hover in the illimitable air. Yet between these last and man is a mysterious and terrible affinity."

Yet, by the aid of the higher chemistry, he adds, the secrets of the air may be made more clear and palpable. The millions of beings which swarm in space are not literally spiritual, but delicately material as well. Some are of surpassing wisdom, others of horrible malignity, some hostile to man, others beneficently acting as messengers betwixt heaven and earth.

This passage may be accepted as a fairly accurate description of the elementary races in a popular sense. But it fails to supply certain facts embodied in the Cabalist and Rosicrucian doctrine. These may be summarised in the statement that elementary spirits are by no means immortal in their nature, that their material forms consist in or partake of the element in which they dwell, that frequently their mentalities are of the most rudimentary kind, and do not always possess separate individuality, acting, as it were, collectively. It is possible for them on occasion to "condense" their bodies so that they may appear to mankind, and by virtue of their protean powers to assume such likenesses as they choose. It may also be added that the Rosicrucians believed that wrongous magical operations were apt to disturb the blind forces of the elementals. The rash performer will be assailed by their powers of transformation and illusion to his hurt.

The word "Elemental" is a modern coinage used by some occultists to describe the disembodied souls of

the depraved, these souls or astral bodies having become separated from their immortal spirits, and grown vicious and malignant. The popular ghost story teems with the "Elemental," and spiritualists and some other amateurs of the occult are constant in reference to him. There are said to be three classes of "Elementals"—terrestrial spirits, the antitypes of men yet to be born, and "Elementals" proper, or cosmic agents of Nature, astral forms. The first are vampires, ghouls, and the "spirit-forms" which visit the séance. But I can find little or no classical or "official" justification for such a belief save that of Augustine. It seems to me a late invention of popular modern "occultism," a tradition which has grown up along with a multitude of others, an adaptation, perhaps, of some more ancient spiritistic theory. By this I do not mean to imply that there is no evidence regarding vampires, ghouls, and so forth, but none that these were anciently classed as "Elementals."

Returning to the elementary spirits proper, we find that the Hebrew Cabala assigns to the air Cherub, to the water Tharsis, to the earth Ariel, and to the fire Seraph. These are the princes of the elements, and each has dominion over many legions. Can these be equated with the gnomes, undines, sylphs, and salamanders of Rosicrucian belief? Assuredly they can. They are thus of Jewish Cabalist provenance, casting back to a still older Babylonian past. But it is remarkable that the Hebrew terms are almost always employed in the plural, cherubim, seraphim, and so forth, and but seldom in the singular as above, thus giving the impression of viewless hosts. The cherubim are manifestly the winged air-spirits attendant upon the wind-god Jahveh, probably developed from the Babylonian Shutu, a wind-spirit, the Tharsis from some such form as the Babylonian fish-man god Ea, and so forth.

It was not Paracelsus who gave to the elementary races those names now popularly attached to them. As the late Miss Anna M. Stoddart wrote in her "Life of Paracelsus": "There survived in him an admission of elemental beings, spirits of fire, which he called *acthnici* ;

of air, *nenufareni*; of water, *melosinæ*; and of earth, *pigmaci*. Besides these, imps, gnomes, and hobgoblins had a place in his inheritance from the Teutonic realms of Faerie. Dryads he knew as *durdales*, familiar spirits as *flagæ*. He believed in the astral bodies of plants or *leffas*; in levitation, or *mangonaria*; in clairvoyance, or *nectromantia*; in wraiths, omens, and phantasms. It is, however, very possible that the book ascribed to him on these uncanny relics of paganism, published in 1566 by Marcus Ambrosius Nissensis and dedicated to Constantine Farber at Dantzic, under the title of 'Ex Libro de Nymphis, Sylvanis, Pygmæis, Salamandris et Gigantibus,' etc., may not have been his at all; it is given as an abstract of his writings on the subject, is somewhat arbitrarily arranged, and is prefaced by a dedication which is not only full of errors, but suggests as well a very vague acquaintance with Hohenheim's books."

It is, indeed, to the serio-comic "Comte de Gabalis" of the Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars, published at Paris in 1670, that we are chiefly indebted for the modern popular idea of Elementary Spirits, as apart from "Elementals." Summarised, the Abbé's notion of them is that these beings, dwelling in the elements, strive ceaselessly to gain immortality by marital union with mortals. With these "the sages" intermarry, and the children of such unions are the heroes and geniuses of humanity. But it seems probable that the Abbé, or the adept from whom he received the idea, signified marriage with these in an allegorical or spiritual sense, employing much the same kind of verbiage as did the alchemical philosophers when they spoke of metals and their properties in symbolic and not in material terms.

But do sylphs, gnomes, undines, and salamanders actually exist in their several spheres? Let it be said at once, and officially, that they do. As Rabbi Moses Maimonides has said: "Every time you find in our books a tale, the reality of which seems impossible, a story which is repugnant both to reason and common sense, then be sure that tale contains a profound allegory

veiling a deeply mysterious truth ; and the greater the absurdity of the letter the deeper the wisdom of the spirit."

Is there a deep truth underlying the obvious persiflage of "The Comte de Gabalis," which so many ladies of the seventeenth and eighteenth ages accepted as a novel ? Why, yes, in a manner there is, and he who reads it with instruction will be enabled to sift the wheat from the chaff, and will discover at least the approaches to the world of the elementary races—a world which is compound of that rapture of Faerie understood of poets and that philosophy of rapture which is not the least of the intentions and aims of the sage who is at once a hierophant and a child of Nature.

TRUE STORIES OF STRANGE HAPPENINGS

By IONA MACDONALD

II.—The Mystery of the Manor House

IN one of the loveliest counties of England there is an old manor house. I have stayed in this house and know only too well the haunted, eerie atmosphere to be felt within its walls. I shall never visit it again, because the experience which I had on the last occasion was such that the mere memory of it brings involuntarily a sense of something ill, of something dark and sinister which I would gladly banish forever to that world where all things of the dark belong.

It was in the middle of winter, when the English countryside is looking its saddest, that I went to pay a week-end visit to Treversham Manor. Against my better judgment I left London, and only the oft-repeated invitation of my friend, Mrs Treversham, would have induced me to penetrate to the depths of the country at that season. I had known her for years, and since her marriage she had been—like so many others—only comparatively happy. But, for the past year, during which time I had not seen her, I sensed in her letters to me a feeling of distress, as if something calamitous had befallen her. I had several times urged her to tell me frankly what sorrow was in her life, but always the reply would be that when we met again she would tell me all. Well, here I was in the twilight of a cold winter evening, very nearly at the door of her home, and, apart from the pleasure of our imminent reunion, all the glad feelings had gone from my heart, and a chill sensation of foreboding had taken possession of me.

Just before dinner that night I met Mr Treversham

for the third time in my life. Tall and distinguished, with hair just greying at the temples, he looked exactly what he was, a country gentleman descended from a long line of squire ancestors who had lived in this same part of the world for many generations. I was glad to renew our acquaintance, for on the two previous occasions on which we had met, I had felt, for some quite unaccountable reason, rather repelled by his personality. I was now determined, if only for the sake of Anne Treversham, who was one of my best friends, to overcome that feeling, of which I was half-ashamed, and to get to know him better, so that when I left his roof I could truly say that my former feelings were replaced by the warmth of friendship. He proved a most charming host—entertaining, attentive, and amusing; I tried to think of some quality a fastidious woman might find lacking in him, and failed. And yet, as I lay in bed that night listening to the wind howling round the old turrets of the ghostly house, and the trees sighing in mournful unison, a word leapt to my brain that shocked me, even as it convinced: that word was “sinister.” I tried to reason with myself, to analyse my feelings and discover the cause of this violent impression which would not be destroyed. There was nothing—nothing I could describe definitely, unless, perhaps, the expression on his face when I caught him in meditation, and again, a look of almost evil joy which shone in his eyes after he had bade us good-night. I shuddered, and fell asleep.

The morning came, and with it my usual buoyancy. I left my room singing and skipped down the first flight of stairs. On the landing I came face to face with Anne Treversham. She was closing her door, and as I looked at her I was struck by her worn and haggard expression and the wild unhappiness of her eyes. I stopped abruptly, and felt myself sink suddenly under a flood of disturbing thoughts. She must have seen her agonised look partly reflected in my face, for she kissed me lightly and explained that she had slept very badly. I linked my arm in hers and we went downstairs together.

My host had already had breakfast and gone out some

time before. Mrs Treversham saw little of her husband, as he generally spent the day fishing or shooting, or visiting the various people on his estate. He was wont to retire after dinner to the room he called his study, where he spent long evenings alone, and no one, not even his wife, was allowed to disturb him.

The day passed, and, try as I would, I could not forget my first encounter in the morning with Anne outside her door, nor could I escape what was now a conviction that something was desperately wrong. I wandered through the old house, and as I went down the long dark passages I felt the atmosphere must be surely tainted by a thousand evil presences, and it was a happy relief to get back to the bright reality of the blazing fire in the living-room. Even the servants seemed overpowered by the depressing influence of the place as they went about their tasks. That night, after dinner, Mr Treversham, who had been in his gayest and most charming mood during the meal, had recourse to his usual habit, and disappeared into his study. I have never seen him since, and it is my earnest wish that I may be spared another meeting with a creature I have come to look upon as the essence of all that is unclean and evil.

We had gone to bed at a late hour, and as I was tired I slept soundly until I was suddenly awakened in the dawn by a scream in the passage outside my door. I sat up with a start, and then I heard a low, horrible laugh. I flung open the door and saw Treversham just disappearing into his room, while his wife was leaning against the wall of the passage, pale as death. I rushed toward her, pulled her back into my room and asked her to tell me what had happened. For a moment she hesitated, and then, as if by magic, the cloak of secrecy which she had been wearing slipped from her and she laid bare the whole story of her life in this sombre house, a story which culminated in the happenings of this night.

Her suspicions that something unusual was on foot were aroused in a curious fashion some three years previously. Night after night, when he and all others were supposed to be asleep, she heard her husband go out into

the night and return in the early dawn. She questioned him, and he evaded her by explaining that he could not sleep and that he preferred to spend the hours alone outside in the night-time. This continued, and although at first disturbing, she began to get used to the habit. Then one morning one of the servants came to her in a state of agitation and fear, because, in the long passage that led from an outside door, she had found a pool of blood. Every one was questioned, and no one could explain it. A few days passed and the same servant came again to say she was leaving the house, because once more she had made the same horrid discovery, this time close to the squire's door. Mrs Treversham informed her husband immediately, but he laughed mockingly at what he called their foolish fears. No one could throw any light on the horrible affair, and it continued to grow more dark and sinister as the weeks passed, and its presence became more evident. The old servants left and the new ones soon learnt that strange things were happening in the old house, and the master's name was whispered among them. Then one morning Mrs Treversham went to her linen cupboard and when she opened the doors her horrified eyes saw the dark red stains of finger-marks on the white sheets. Inside one of the drawers were signs as of a recent horrible sacrifice

The time passed, and so far from solving the mystery, it grew more puzzling, and soon the people in the countryside spoke of little else than the squire and his devilish hidden practices. On the Sunday night of my visit his wife made up her mind that while I was in the house she would meet him on his return from his nightly prowlings. Although sternly forbidden ever to do so, she sat up for him, and as she heard the soft pad of his footsteps on the carpet, she opened the door and went towards him. At sight of her his face became livid with anger and distorted with diabolic wickedness. He held up his hands, and they were covered with blood

There are several suggestions which might throw light upon these gruesome happenings and reveal the dark secret of this man's life. One thinks of the horrible

orgies which were a feature of the Black Magic of the Middle Ages, or the Balkan stories of vampires and their prey, or again, when I see in fancy that old manor house, Moore's lines run in my head :

" 'Twould seem a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquet from the tomb."

But a stranger thing than all remains to tell : it was on that last terrible night that Anne Treversham determined to remain with her husband, hoping that through her help and the faith which her religion had given her, she might enable him to free himself from the evil spirit which she firmly believed had taken possession of him. From my knowledge of her noble nature, I believe that such a miracle is possible, and that through the intensity of her love her efforts may be crowned with success, and a human soul be redeemed.

[The first of the present series of True Stories by Iona Macdonald, which appeared in our June issue, entitled "The Sorceress of the Isles," has attracted considerable attention. Some curious information concerning the subject of that strange history has been received, and will be published in our Christmas Number.—Ed.]

ATLANTEAN RESEARCH IN FRANCE

By PAUL LE COUR

Founder of the first Atlantean Society, the *Société d'Etudes Atlantéennes*, and Editor and Founder of the French review, *Atlantis*.

THE first society for Atlantean studies was founded in Paris, amid a scene of great enthusiasm, on the 24th June 1926, after the appearance during the preceding year of several articles by me on Atlantis in the *Mercure de France*.

Before long, however, disunion appeared in its midst. As its founder, I esteemed that we could not separate the two kinds of research incidental to the problem of Atlantis: that is to say, the philosophic and traditional from research of a purely material, geological, or historical nature. In fact, I esteemed that the most important side of the question was not the body but the soul of Atlantis, the soul which, though sleeping, was ever alive.

A rupture was inevitable between those students of the Atlantis question who were solely occupied with the material aspects of the case and those who could see a much wider horizon stretching away behind the problem of the lost continent. This rupture actually occurred at the General Assembly of the 10th June 1927.

Leaving, then, this first society to carry on its obviously ephemeral existence (it shortly afterwards ceased its activities), I founded, in October 1927, the review *Atlantis*, and the group called "The Friends of Atlantis."

Free to direct our work along the lines which appeared to me would lead most surely to the goal, our activities from that moment have never been relaxed, and if we consider into how grave a crisis the world has since

been plunged, we can truly say that our undertaking has proved fortunate.

What the Resurrection of Atlantis really means is this: an attempt to recapture the original Tradition, that great Tradition which runs like a river, now on the surface of the earth, and now in subterranean channels, only to reappear, however, and restore to the world the guides it has lost. It is at the same time, as Mérejkowsky has shown, an example and a warning to men of what may be the price of losing themselves in certain very dangerous by-ways and of taking the road to suicide through excess of civilisation.

Our most difficult task is to convince "positive" minds of the *existence* of a lost continent and of a civilisation anterior to those already known. The idea is generally rejected with contempt by men of science. This attitude is in part the result of the appearance of certain writings on Atlantis which lay claim to a *clairvoyance* that pretends to read clearly the secrets of the past. Since no control whatever is possible, and the information tendered is frequently incredible, a consequent and very real discredit is reflected on those who occupy themselves with Atlantis.

Yet it is certain that the question of Atlantis is the most fertile of all fields of study for historians, whether of civilisation or of religion. Without this hypothesis we should find ourselves confronted with insurmountable obstacles, with it everything is clear.

Since 1927 we have slowly and patiently endeavoured to lift the Atlantis question out of the discredit into which it has fallen, and we have had the satisfaction of seeing members of the *Institut de France* and Professors of the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes* presiding at certain of our meetings and lecturing to our group. We are still far from the goal, but, though the ascent is steep and the problem immense, we draw a little nearer to it every day.

The greatest danger to the whole Atlantis undertaking is that of being entrammelled by Occultism: by those who pretend to possess the gift of clairvoyance, or to have obtained through mediums revelations concerning

the lost continent. Every rational attempt at restoration will be brought to nought if it is deflected by Occultism. There is here a grave danger to which we ought loyally and courageously to draw attention.¹

Our work in France consists chiefly in traditional archæological studies. We are convinced that in that field there exists an inexhaustible mine of materials for the restoration of the traditions handed down from Atlantis and subsequently from the West, which will enable us to combat victoriously those who would have us look Eastward, and help us to restore to our ancestors, Iberians, Ligurians, and Celts, who were the direct descendants of the people of Atlantis, the important place they held of old in the elaboration of those doctrines of high Metaphysic which are an indispensable element in the development of our souls, both individual and collective.

We have also received from M. Le Cour the following :—

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE STUDY OF THE ATLANTIS PROBLEM IN FRANCE IN RECENT YEARS

In 1913, M. Pierre Termier, *membre de l'Institut*, an eminent geologist, published in *La Revue Scientifique* a long article in which he declared himself favourable to the idea of the existence of Atlantis in the Atlantic Ocean as narrated by Plato.

Louis Germain, professor at the Museum, pronounced in favour of the existence of the Atlantis continent, but prior to the appearance of man (Studies published from 1911-24).

M. Jean Gattefossé and his brother Maurice published several articles and books on Atlantis and Tertiary man

¹ By *Occultism* M. Le Cour here evidently means *Spiritualism* and other forms of the Magic of the Lower Cultus. He entertains, as his writings reveal, a totally different opinion as regards *Hermetism* and the Higher forms of *Arcane Science*. We are entirely in sympathy with M. Le Cour's views regarding that species of *clairvoyance* which pretends to knowledge of Atlantean conditions and civilisation.—Ed.

(1919-25). In collaboration with M. Claudius Roux, M. Jean Gattefossé further produced, in 1926, a *Bibliography* of Atlantis comprising no less than 1,700 references.

In 1924, M. Dévigne had published his "L'Atlantide, Sixième Partie du Monde," in which he treated the question after different ancient authors.

On the other hand, in 1927-28, the late Prof. Paul Couissin, both in his articles in the *Mercure de France* and in his book "L'Atlantide de Platon," violently attacked those who believed in Atlantis. These publications gave rise to a very lively polemic.

During this period innumerable articles in the daily Press and in the reviews were devoted to Atlantis. The subject had been popularised by the romance of Pierre Benoît, "L'Atlantide," which met with considerable success, both as a work of literature and as a cinematographic film.

Since 1925, M. Paul Le Cour has published his "A la Recherche d'un Monde Perdu: l'Atlantide et ses Traditions" ("In Search of a Lost World: Atlantis and its Traditions"), as well as a number of articles and various publications on the question.

The review *Atlantis* has now been in existence for five years.

(Translated by C. R. C.)

ATLANTIS AND OTHER SUNKEN LANDS

BY PROFESSOR NICOLA RUSSO

(President of the Italian Society of Atlantean Studies)

NOW that the problem of Atlantis is always becoming more complex, yet more engaging, to speak of the submerged continent is something that awakens pleasure and enthusiasm. It is as if we were present at some wholly miraculous spectacle. Atlantis, the marvellous continent, which disappeared in consequence of a vast seismic tellurian disturbance, occupied an area about as great as Europe, Asia, and Africa together, according to the conclusions of the divine Plato in his two surprising dialogues, "Timæus" and "Critias."

In these recent times, so fulfilled with important events, two sensational pieces of information have revolutionised the existing state of belief, and have added weight to the Atlantean hypothesis. The first is that of the reappearance of two little islands in the neighbourhood of the coast of Brazil, notably near the rocks of San Pietro and Paolo. Thus might Atlantis reappear, and this extraordinarily interesting question would thus find firmer establishment in the midst of all those theories into which the greatest scientists have plunged—notably the brilliant Atlantologue, Lewis Spence, who, with acute penetration, and after most careful and attentive examination, was the first to give his valuable contribution to the reconstruction of the ancient Atlantis.

These islands are likely to initiate diplomatic complications between Brazil and Great Britain as regards their ownership and the right to fly the national flag thereon. We are reminded of the phases of possession

of the Island of Fernando, which appeared to the south of Sicily, and which disappeared almost on the eve of a declaration of war by the various Powers which ardently desired the conquest of it.

The islands were first discovered by the captain of the British steamer "Lelande," and this was the reason that made Britain order the British cruiser stationed at Georgetown, in British Guiana, to raise the flag there in the name of the British nation.

The Government of Brazil, on its side, issued its orders to a cruiser to sail from the roadstead of Rio de Janeiro to the rocks of San Pietro and Paolo, for the purpose of planting the Brazilian flag thereon.

It seems to me that in this matter of territorial rights France, too, may play a part, for the twin islands, issuing as if by magic from the bosom of the waters, are along the line of aviation between Europe and Brazil.

According to Captain Radaler de Aquino, a bold, intrepid navigator, such islands are, without doubt, of volcanic origin. The depth of the ocean in these regions, through the continual tellurian movements that shake its bed, is almost ceaselessly in motion. He maintains also, that on the 30th September 1930, the Brazilian steamer, "Belmont," passing over the place where the two islands now are, was shaken by a terrible tremor, so great that all the glass in the ship was broken.

The second fact of importance is the result of the expedition of the ship "Meteor," which has given rise to a new theory regarding the site of Atlantis.

The mythical island, which has been the object of so many studious investigators, according to the testimony of a recent German scientific expedition, must have been situated where the Azores now lie, and the peaks of the Azores must be the tops of the mountains of the submerged Atlantis.

The soundings of the sea-bed around the Azores would seem to be in accordance with the Platonic chronology. Indeed, the contour of the upper submarine plane of the Azores sounded by the ship "Meteor" is indicated to us exactly by the situation

and the conformation of Atlantis, in accordance with what is left to us in their writings by Plato and the geographers of antiquity.

This is the reason why the learned Germans maintain that the submersion of Atlantis must be calculated as 9,500 years B.C., a period during which the earth penetrated into the moon's ray of action. Under the magnetic influence of this satellite, the waters of the ocean rose to the point of overwhelming Atlantis, so that only the tops of the highest mountains remained.

The communications of these scholars come opportunely to throw light upon the darkness of so many mysteries that enwrap the Edenic Island, they serve as a link connecting Egypt and South America, and exhibit the similarities of the characteristics of their civilisations. With this work of investigation Great Britain has associated herself; she is the pioneer in investigating all the great works which ancient times have handed down to their later descendants.

All that regards the resemblance between the different races of the Old and New Worlds will form the subject of new and most careful research on the part of the British Fleet.

And the research will be carried out with the most modern instruments, fashioned by the most technically skilled makers, in order to measure the depths of the sea and to ascertain the actual sea-bottom. This apparatus will be mounted on the oceanographic ship "Challenger," which will set sail on its new quest, with the object of studying and compiling a fresh map of the seasonal migrations of the fish in those zones of the Atlantic Ocean, for the use and convenience of the fishing industry, which for Britain has such great economic importance. At the same time the "Challenger" will begin new measurements for registration of the sea's depth in this part of the ocean, with precise and specialised instruments for acoustic measurement, wherewith to correct some mistakes contained in the Admiralty chart of 1850, from which it was found that in the zone 400 kilometres north and east from the Azores Islands there

exists a shallow space in the ocean, which at this point reduces the depth of the sea to only 48 fathoms.

This great submerged island which, according to the Admiralty chart of 1850, is surrounded on every side by depths which reach from 1,200 fathoms downwards, might well be the famous Atlantis.

We hope that the researches of the great British scientific expedition may have profitable results and give a true explanation of the complicated problem which for thousands of years has attracted the whole of humanity.

But while there is talk of the submerged Atlantis, sunk in consequence of a great seismic tellurian disturbance in the course of the centuries, punished by a universal deluge on account of the irreverence of the inhabitants towards the gods, it is good to pause for a moment to test the traditions of the various peoples and observe their likenesses, and to observe how these memories were transmitted through tradition and historians.

Berosus tells of the Chaldean deluge. He was followed by the historians Abideno and Polyhistor. The English, fifty-eight years ago, discovered tablets of clay and cylinders with cuneiform characters. The deciphering of such characters brings to one's mind the poem of Izdubar ("Gilgamest"), an episode in twelve cantos, which contains an account of the deluge. The hero, Izdubar, travels and arrives at the banks of the River Euphrates, where he meets his grandfather, Hasis Hadra, who tells him some episodes of his life and how he escaped from the flood. The gods had decided to destroy the old city of Surripak, near the mouth of the Euphrates. Hea, the god of the sea, calls Hasis Hadra and orders him to construct on dry land a ship, and to put into it all his wealth, besides provisions, the members of his family, and the domestic and wild animals. Hasis Hadra prepares a ship, with pitch and bitumen he closes the fissures, puts into it his provisions, the different animals and grain, and shuts himself up within it.

Suddenly, violent hurricanes are let loose, the vault of heaven opens to let fall torrential rain, while water gushes out of the earth.

The God of the Tempest stirs up the waves, the sky becomes black as pitch, and in six continuous days and seven nights between, comes the cataclysm. After the tempest is calmed, the sky becomes blue, the waters sink, and the ship stops on the peaks of Nizir, to the south of Nineveh. Hasis Hadra sends forth the birds, the God Bel promises not to leave the deluge unchained any longer, and the Goddess Ishtar causes the great Arch of the Winds to rise to a safer position.

According to the Bible, Noah constructs a great ark and puts into it his wife, his sons, and seven pairs of clean animals, male and female, and of the unclean animals one pair—a male and a female of each kind. The Lord in that day caused to flow out all the fountains of the great deep and opened the cataracts of heaven, causing rain on the earth for the space of forty days and forty nights.

The waters rose on the mountains to the height of 50 cubits, and they were all covered.

Famous in Samothrace is the flood of the Euxine, which submerged the country, so that the sea and land could no longer be distinguished. For sea is everywhere, there are no more shores, the mountains are covered. The measureless power of the sea has covered the tops of the mountains, and the new billows beat against the loftiest peaks. The greater part of mankind is lost in the waters; those spared by the flood perish with hunger for lack of food. Deucalion and Pyrrha are saved, who, by the counsel of the Goddess Themis, populate the waste lands, throwing stones over their shoulders by turns: those thrown by Pyrrha become women, those by Deucalion, men.

Among the Indians of Alaska, the Haida said that among the men who lived before the deluge, the man with the head of steel was the chief of all men and was held in great consideration by the Gods of Thunder, by the Bird of Thunder, and by all the divinities. The flood inundated the earth, the gods were afraid of the steadfastness of the man with the head of steel, and transformed him into a salmon which, in the days of

the flood, sought shelter in the waters of the River Nimpkish, and remained there in safety.

When the deluge was over, the salmon assumed a human aspect, and he decided to make a cottage on the river-bank. So he collected stakes and planks, but when he found himself alone, his strength began to decline. Suddenly the Bird of Thunder appeared before him with a great clamour, raised the divine mask from his head, and revealed a human face. "I am human as you are," he said. "I shall put together wood for you, then I shall remain near you to organise your tribe and to be your protector."

In the "Mahabharata," in the third book, beginning with the twelve thousand seven hundred and forty-eighth line, is found the episode of the fish.

Brahma, indeed, in the form of a fish, presents himself to the prince Satyavrata, and informs him that all that which—fixed or movable—belongs to terrestrial nature, will be subjected to universal submersion, and advises him for his own safety to build a strong, solid vessel, well put together, to go into it with the seven rishis and all the different kinds of grain. Manu collects and takes with him all the different grains, and sails in a fair vessel, which rises up in an alarming fashion. The rishis and Manu find themselves in the middle of a drowning world . . . and there, where most sublime Himadan raises its mountain peak, the vessel is drawn up, and Vishnu gives them various instructions.

The inhabitants of Formosa, says tradition, having grown rich with trade in pottery, had given themselves up to the maddest wantonness, and were thus irreverent to the gods. The latter one night warn Perem themselves that the island is about to be engulfed by the waters, and that no sooner would he see a red stain appearing on the idols, than he would do well to flee with his family. The king calls together his subjects to inform them of the order of the gods, and exhorts them to lead a good life, but they mock at him. Then one night, like the Atlanteans, they have their just punishment, for, the signal given, Perem embarks with

all his family, and those who were irreverent to the gods are all drowned in their sleep, while the island is plunged into the depths of the ocean.

From this it can be deduced that great cataclysms are always determined by the same causes, such as cloud-burst, earthquake, convulsion of the ocean-bed.

The continent of Atlantis, indeed, sinks into the depths of the sea ; Lemuria, in the Indian Ocean, does the same ; other deluges have similar characteristics, and great earthquakes are always accompanied by convulsions of the ocean-bed.

This is the fate that for thousands of years our earth has been undergoing and the eternal condemnation of the human race.

(Translated by M. E. MACDONALD CLARK.)

THE FAIRY HORSES OF THE WATERFALL

By IRIS STRICK

SOME years ago I went for a long walk in the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh. Anthea, aged about thirteen, came with me, and we planned to be out all day and see if this time we could manage to thrust our way a bit further "through." We avoided explanations as to the exact meaning of this expression.

In those days we were very closely in touch with each other, and Anthea seemed to have a strange kinship with Nature. We had been for some remarkable walks with a very special atmosphere of their own, but invariably, just as we appeared to be on the verge of some great discovery and the Gates of Faerie were about to open, all would change, the barriers closed down, and we were left with only a haunting longing for what might have been.

Actually we never saw anything on these walks that could not be easily explained, but always we felt there was something that we had only just missed, and that another time we might slip through and See.

All went well with our Pentland expedition, and about midday we stopped to rest on a hillside ablaze with bell heather. It had been rather a dour kind of grey day, but now the sun came out between the clouds, and we lay face downwards in the heather, lost in an ecstasy of Beauty, both of colour and scent; all sense of Time passed.

In Fiona MacLeod's immortal story, "The Anointed Man" lies face downwards in the ling, and we had often talked of that story and quoted passages from it; but with our lesser experience it was the bell heather that worked some ancient magic and opened our eyes to

"something that came down the Rainbow Arches of Cathair-Sith."

However that may be, we started up with one accord and, leaving the path, ran upwards into the hills. No doubt for the time being we were fey, and there was a delightful feeling that something unusual was about to happen—only it delayed its action. Nothing happened.

We went up a glen, climbed a steep bank, then downward again, and presently came to a stream which had carved its way deep into the living rock. Very strange and eerie was that valley, with the stone sculptured by Nature into weird forms overarching the burn, so that it became a dark, mysterious water.

We became obsessed with the idea that wild fruit must be found, and after much difficulty a solitary strawberry was discovered. There was only one, and how any strawberry had managed to ripen in such a position was a mystery, but there it was, and we divided it, probably with a sharp splinter of stone, and consumed it with fitting solemnity. Somehow this curious action seemed to be of real importance at the time, and perhaps it was.

The sound of falling water attracted us to the edge of a precipice. Our stream slid over the edge, and changed into a shining waterfall. Anthea lay down on a flat stone and gazed at the water as it leapt into the depths below. The sunshine had gone, and the sky was grey with hurrying clouds; a mist of spray blew back on to us from the crest of the fall.

Suddenly the child cried, "Oh! quick, quick, look at the horses!"

"Where?" I shouted against the roar of the water.

"In the waterfall."

I flung myself down on the stone in her place and watched intently. For some moments nothing was to be seen in the flying spray—and then I saw them.

How can one ever describe the entrancing beauty and gaiety of that sight? Passing down the waterfall, at the same speed as the falling water, was a procession of small horses and riders transparent as the water itself.

The horses, with their shining quarters and flying manes and tails, were more clearly defined than the riders. The latter waved their arms above their heads as though encouraging one another in the wild game they appeared to be playing. Then they were gone, and one had time to breathe, but only for a few moments. They (or others of the same type) appeared again and again at the top of the fall, repeated the same actions, and so it went on for, perhaps, half an hour.

The sky had darkened, and it had been raining hard for some time, but we took no notice, drenched as we were already with the spray. It was all such tremendous fun; the joyous abandon of the water beings made one long to plunge over the precipice and join them in their headlong rush; but that is not the way of escape for those still "caged" in an earthly body.

At length it dawned upon us that it was getting late, that we had, perhaps, seven miles still to walk, a train to catch, and that it was pouring with rain. One last look at the Nature spirits and we climbed down through the soaking bracken and ferns to rejoin the public path.

We said little at the time, the experience had been too overwhelming for immediate discussion. On that dark and dripping walk home we felt an aching longing and nostalgia for that bright world of which we had been permitted this one glimpse.

Later we discussed the incident at great length, comparing notes as to what we had each seen, and wondered if the little horsemen had galloped back up through the rocks for the sport of plunging down the fall anew, or whether each group was a separate unit making for some unknown destination.

We asked psychic friends if they could throw any light on the subject, and made the strange discovery that though one may see elves and brownies, tree spirits, leprechauns, or even mermaids, it is positively not respectable to see small horses in a waterfall; it is not done.

One solitary American has put on record a slightly similar experience, only in this case the small horses

were seen in the foam of breaking waves, but so far I have heard of no other appearance of little fairy horses in water, and no known occult theories seem to quite cover the facts.

My own belief is that all unknowingly we stumbled on some ancient Celtic ritual in which the sun, the bell heather, and, above all, the wild fruit, each played their part, and that in consequence our eyes were opened.

VAMPIRES AND VAMPIRISM

A Terrible Superstition

By LEWIS SPENCE

AMONG the great army of the vengeful dead whose visitation overshadows the lives of peasant and barbarian, none has such a fearful fascination as the vampire, who combines the natures of both man and demon.¹ The origin of the belief in vampirism has been sought in a score of theories. The belief in it is almost universal among savage and barbarous races. It is discovered in widely separate parts of the globe, but its details, wherever they may be encountered, are more or less identical. The Balkan Peninsula is regarded, and rightly, as the home of the vampire superstition *par excellence*, and it is in Serbia and Bulgaria, the lands of the Southern Slav, that the customs connected with the belief are most profitably to be studied. But the gaps in the legend as it finds expression in "the east end of Europe" can be filled up by reference to its manifestations in regions even more remote.

Taking the Balkans, then, as the territory in which the vampire legend was first studied, we find that the phenomena, as known there, may be summarised as follows: An individual of adult age dies. Shortly afterwards another, usually a relative, shows signs of malnutrition and anæmia and also dies. Still others fall ill and declare their indisposition to arise from the repeated nocturnal visits of one of the deceased persons.

¹ Some years ago I published a work of reference in which I dealt with the folk-lore associated with the vampire, and naturally classed it as superstitious in character. Imagine my surprise, then, when from many parts of the world I received letters earnestly assuring me that, so far from his being mythical, the vampire was a very real and very horrible fact!

The ghost, they say, seizes them by the throat with front teeth which have grown exceptionally long, and sucks their blood until they become insensible. Two minute punctures found on the neck of the patient substantiate his story. Others are attacked, public opinion is aroused, and an inquiry is demanded into the cause of the mysterious plague. The inquiry is held, and the evidence points to the person first deceased as the originator of the outbreak, who, it is held, has infected the victims with vampirism, so that they, too, have become active agents in the destruction of the bodies and souls of scores of people in the vicinity. His body is exhumed and is found to be in a good state of preservation and gorged with blood. A sharpened stake is driven through the corpse; it is decapitated, or a nail is driven through the temples; but, should these measures fail, it must be destroyed by fire.

Certain official records in the Balkan countries illustrate the whole subject of vampirism with a wealth of gloomy detail. One of the most striking of these concerns a case which was vouched for by two officers of the Tribunal of Belgrade, and by an officer of the Emperor's troops stationed at Graditz, who was an eye-witness of the proceedings. In the early part of the eighteenth century there died in the village of Kisilova a peasant farmer of sixty-two. Three days after he had been buried he appeared in the night to his son and asked for food. The son supplied him with a meal, which he ate, and then disappeared. Several days later the young man was found dead in his bed, and on the same day other people in the village were seized with sudden illness and died within short intervals of each other. The circumstances coming to the knowledge of the Tribunal of Belgrade, that body dispatched two of its officers to the village to inquire into the affair. A number of graves were opened, and when the commissioners exhumed the body of the man with whom the villagers believed the outbreak to have originated, they found him with his eyes open and possessed of a fine natural colour. Moreover, although motionless, he was

still breathing. An executioner at once drove a stake through his heart, in consonance with time-honoured custom, and the corpse was then reduced to ashes. The bodies of the son and other persons who had died bore no marks of vampirism, and they were re-interred.

The "reasons" underlying the belief in vampirism are scarcely to be gleaned from a consideration of its phenomena in any one country or district, but only become apparent when the vampiric superstitions of all lands are collated. The root of the word is certainly South Slavonic, and we have in Russian the allied form *uapir*, which signifies "drinker." Russian vampirism may be regarded as similar in all its essentials to the Balkan superstition. In Greece, Armenia, Turkey, Syria, Persia, India, Burma, we find the belief in vampires almost, if not quite, as strong as in the Balkans. But—and this is a reservation of importance—the belief is not encountered in any country or among any people where sepulture of the dead is not practised in some manner. In ancient Mexico the vampire was identified with the mother who died in childbed, and who, wrathful and distressed at separation from her infant, roamed the highways at night, seeking for those upon whom she might wreak her vindictive spite. Shrines raised to her were commonly placed at four cross-roads, so that she might not be able to find her way back to the haunts of men.

Now the Mexican superstition of the vampire mother has connections with other folk-lore phenomena, for on the one hand it links with Burmese and other beliefs regarding the dangerous character of the dead mother, and on the other with the old English practice of burying the bodies of suicides at four cross-roads, "with a stake in their insides," as Tom Hood says, in order that they might not arise, and, if they should succeed in doing so, that they might be puzzled by the choice of four highways for their hauntings. But why so much trouble to "keep down" a mere suicide?

Let us glance back for a moment through the dusks of antiquity to examine ancient methods of burial,

especially the sepulchral practices of Egypt and Babylonia. In the Nile country the tomb of the dead from predynastic times until at least the Ptolemaic period was regarded as the house of the *ka* or double of the deceased, that is, not of the *ba*, or soul, but of the astral body. Like the living, the *ka* required sustenance, and for its support the filial son (as in China) periodically supplied a plentiful measure of food and drink. Did he fail to do so, he was not only branded as impious by the tenets of his religion, but it was thought that his father's *ka* starved in its tomb, a wistful and hungry ghost. An almost identical belief obtained in Babylonia and Assyria. These ideas had, of course, a much older tradition behind them, for in later "prehistoric" times we find that the buried dead were well supplied with food and drink, not necessarily for the use of the soul on its last journey. We are probably justified in the conclusion that the idea of a journey to a specialised heaven is one of relatively late origin, and that the grave was regarded in early times as the true home or "house" of the dead, whence the astral counterpart might issue, almost at will. "A hungry man's an angry man" all the world over. What, then, is a hungry spirit, actuated by all the material desires of the living and the discontented regretfulness and malevolence of the dead? What else but a vampire, uniting vengeance with the disappointed lust for sustenance? And vengeance on whom? On those relatives, preferably on those sons, whose duty it was, according to ancient ritual, degenerated into folk-belief, to see that it did not go hungry. The vampire is, in short, the spiteful dead, in active vengeance, hungry, neglected, no longer the warning ghost, but a vindictive demon resolved upon restoration and reprisal on the more fortunate living.

REVIEWS

ATLANTEAN POTTERY IN TENERIFFE

" L'Atlantide Quaternaire " : Nicolas de Ascanio. Im-
prenta Orotava, Ténérife ; en vente chez J. B.
Baillièrre & Fils, 19 Rue Hautefeuille, Paris.

THE twofold importance of M. de Ascanio's Atlantean researches has, we think, never been fully realised, even by Atlantalogues. His brochure was first published in 1924, and the second edition (which lies before us), " corrigée et augmentée," with topographical photographs and plans, bears the date May 1932. The author has contributed in a remarkable manner alike to the geological and historical studies of the Atlantis problem, and has embodied his researches in a style peculiarly pleasant and interesting. Let us add that the modesty in his manner of stating his case is as remarkable as the erudition and clarity of deduction which appear in his pages.

The conclusions arrived at by M. de Ascanio, after the detailed account of his geological studies in the Island of *Teneriffe*, are convincing. His argument is briefly the following : Of the strata, as they appear on the cliffs of Teneriffe, the lower stratum of basalt has unquestionably " solidified in the open air and cannot, in any manner, be the result of submarine eruptions," whereas the higher stratum of " volcanic products called *tova* " (*tosca* in Teneriffe) has been originally formed beneath the sea ; from which facts it is evident that there has occurred a *submergence* and subsequent *reappearance* of the island. When, as proved by the discovery of fragments of junipa wood in the lower strata, it is shown that these gigantic disturbances took place at a period " relatively recent,"

and that other islands of the group, Palma and the Great Canary, offer similar geological phenomena, the most sceptical will be constrained to admit the force of M. de Ascanio's theory that these isles formed anciently part of the eastern portion of the Atlantean continent, and that (owing probably to their superior altitude) they have emerged through some reactionary upheaval from the ocean tomb where the body of the continent still lies.

To this powerful evidence in support of the Atlantean theory, the author of this remarkable treatise has added corroborative information of the greatest historical importance. He definitely establishes the finding of pottery in Teneriffe and the Great Canary, and of a small mortar and a human lower jawbone in Teneriffe, at a depth which indicates their provenance from a period prior to the submergence of the islands. Of these objects, an earthenware jar is now in the possession of M. Juan Sanjuan of the Puerto de la Cruz. M. de Ascanio has, up to the present, been unsuccessful in his efforts to trace the other articles which have undoubtedly been removed from Teneriffe by collectors who had no suspicion of their extraordinary importance. Of the discovery of a vase, the mortar, and maxillary, a detailed account by an eye-witness has, however, been duly and legally attested and repeated on oath, while unimpeachable evidence exists of the discovery and nature of "three plates in pottery, one oval in form and two round." All the pottery discovered was, like the vessel belonging to M. Sanjuan, of exquisite proportions and workmanship, and totally unlike the rude earthenware of the *Guanche*, or native population of the Canary Islands.

M. de Ascanio does not hesitate to assert that the pottery and mortar in question are, "with the exception of arms, the most ancient products of human industry actually known." That we are here in the presence of remains of an advanced civilisation that existed long before the present race of aboriginals inhabited the islands cannot be doubted. That these aboriginals, the Guanches, took up their abode in the Canary Isles after the reappearance of those islands from the sea is also indubitable.

The conclusion that the beautiful examples of Ceramic Art under discussion are veritable relics of Atlantean craftsmanship is, we think, established, and constitutes one of the most remarkable corroborations of Plato's history of Atlantis.

C.

AN OCCULTIST'S DESK-BOOK

"The Book of Fate and Fortune: An Encyclopædia of the Occult Sciences." London: Grant Richards.
7s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH this book claims to be an encyclopædia of the occult, it is not cast in encyclopædic or dictionary form, but rather according to the order of the several sciences known as occult—Astrology, Physiognomy, Chiromancy, Graphology, Low Magic, Alchemy, High Magic, Spiritism, and so forth. It is manifestly intended for popular use, and as manifestly is largely a translation from French sources. One might ask at what time Physiognomy and Graphology were introduced into the circle of the occult sciences, and, indeed, there are so many omissions of actual occult subjects that the intrusion of such as are not seems odd enough.

The book can be of small use to a serious student of the arcane, particularly as it almost lacks references, has no index, and no bibliography. But as affording interesting if scarcely exact entertainment for the general reader it is sufficiently passable. One drawback is that the material is drawn almost entirely from French sources, English and German authorities being almost totally ignored.

By far the best portion of the volume is the Introduction by M. C. Poinset, who has made a gallant effort to place the inquiry on a philosophical and scholarly basis, but in their general confusion the contents bear but little relation to the propriety of his plan and attitude. It is, indeed, too plain that the whole is, for the most part,

a *mélange* of those paper-covered volumes on the occult sciences with which the small Parisian bookseller hopes to beguile the nimble franc from the pocket of youth or sentimentality.

So much, indeed, applies to many of the chapters, which appear to be merely a series of such pamphlets. But when we reach the second part, which includes "The Magical Sciences," we find that some attempt has been made to render a reasoned account of the great science. This again suffers from a lack of sources and inspirations other than French. It is only too well known to students of Folk-lore and Anthropology that none of their several schools is in a condition of such abject and antiquated nescience of new methods as the French, and the complete ignorance here displayed of British and German theories of Magic, which have revolutionised the comprehension of the whole subject, is indeed surprising. Thus, under "Witchcraft," there is no mention of the revolutionary theories of Montague Summers or Miss M. A. Murray, although we have a passing reference to the antiquated notions of Lombroso. "Satanism" is allotted a few brief paragraphs, and "Vampirism" is dealt with in about a hundred words or so. Above all, we actually find the Higher Magic associated with the Tarot, in the manner of Papus and Eliphas Levi!

The "Encyclopædia" is, however, entertaining enough, and doubtless many will purchase it whose predilection is for the exciting and theatrical side of the occult. It is just the kind of book for a popular novelist to read on a wet afternoon in the hope of capturing the plot of a "best-seller"—for it is of the stuff of which many best-sellers are made, and so should find thousands of readers.

S.

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