

## HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Paris in the spring is a favorite vacation spot for members of international high society, but my visit was motivated by a desire to meet M. Lionel Hauser. He was for many years Ancien Membre du Conseil de Direction de la Société Théosophique de France; and he had assembled an important library of esoteric material which had been sold at auction by Sotheby's of London. I was represented at that sale and bought a number of items, including the triangular manuscript attributed to the Comte de St. Germain. M. Hauser was a genial gentleman with graying hair and a neat Vandyke. He lived on the third floor of a typical French apartment house. He spoke excellent English; and we spent an afternoon discussing alchemy, cabalism, Rosicrucianism, and St. Germain. He described the Masonic Lodge to which St. Germain belonged and said that he had seen the Lodge register with the signatures of St. Germain and Lafayette on the same page. At that time Lodge members had symbolic coins which enabled them to enter the Lodge without examination. He had St. Germain's lodge coin and also a shoe buckle set with precious stones. He possessed, as well, an alchemical manuscript which interested me but with which he did not wish to part, arranging, however, to later send me a typewritten copy.

Much was said in those days of French pastry, but it was practically impossible to find any in Paris. Seasoned travelers knew a bakery in Rouen which made the best pastry in France. As I had friends living near there, I took a bus ride through the French countryside and can testify to the fine quality of the bakery goods. Walking across a public square in Rouen, I stood in the presence of a life-size statue of Joan of Arc, which marked the place where she was burned at the stake. To see France, however, the serious traveler should take a boat trip on the canals which spread out like an arterial system through much of the country. The boats pass along the main

streets of little villages and waterways bordering cultivated fields, providing the opportunity to stop and wander through picturesque hamlets.

One of my friends had a car—not especially elegant, but practical. One day it was quite sunny; and, driving through a farming district, we saw a little house with a large well. It seemed a good time to ask for a glass of water. One of our party who spoke French like a native attracted the attention of the farmer and his wife. Obviously, both were extremely suspicious. Some evil motive must have impelled the request for a drink from their well. Finally, the farmer's wife brought a cup, through the handle of which she had attached a heavy cord, the other end tightly wound around her arm. She filled the cup two or three times but never let go of the cord. The good woman was certain we would probably start the car and drive away with her cup. The situation improved considerably when we paid rather generously for the drink.

As long as anyone can remember, and probably longer, the French art colony was entrenched in Montmartre. Quite suddenly it was decided that a new cathedral should be built there; and the art colony took refuge in Montparnasse, the mythological abode of the muses. The new cathedral, built between 1876 and 1919, came to be known as La Sacré Coeur, the Sacred Heart, and architecturally it was on the modern side, although it was inspired by the Romanesque Church of Saint-Front in Perigueux. To my mind, Notre Dame Cathedral was by far the more impressive. Its rose window is one of the most beautiful in the world and is an appropriate symbol for the rising of the spiritual sun. Naturally, I remembered the old account that the great doors of Notre Dame set forth in symbolism the complete process for the transmutation of metals. Unfortunately, however, the original doors have not survived. The whole area is rich with symbolism.

The Louvre is worthy of extensive visiting. In one of the rooms is the great stone zodiac of Dendera, which was originally the ceiling of an Egyptian temple built probably about the beginning of the Christian Era. I did not measure it but would guess that the stone was a foot and a half in thickness and some twelve feet square. One

writer on the subject suggested that the zodiac shows the positions of the planets at the time of the birth of Cleopatra's younger brother, Ptolemy XIII, who might normally have ascended the throne but perished when the Romans took over the country.

The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is one of the world's great libraries. When I was there nearly fifty years ago, however, it was best to visit between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. In those days there were no lights in the stacks; and, if you asked for an unusual volume or a rare manuscript, it was explained to you in French that you should return another day. I had heard that the Library had a rare copy of the most famous of all alchemical manuscripts, *The Book of Abraham the Jew*; and I explained as best I could that I did not live in France and that this was my only chance to see the precious work. It continued to be obvious that the attendant had no intention of going into the stacks with a candle or pocket flashlight. Near the back of the room a young priest was sitting quietly reading; but, as the conversation progressed, he got up and walked over to me. He spoke excellent English and with a wry smile remarked, "There is only one light that will get you the book you want to see. It is a shining 100 franc note. This opens the eyes of the blind, and the book will appear miraculously." Needless to say, it was handed to me about three minutes later. With this success and an English speaking Frenchman, I made arrangements to have the complete alchemical manuscript copied in photostat. The next morning a stout French lady appeared with a massive camera, but she could only work in front of a window from 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. In due course, however, she copied the five hundred page work; and it now rests securely in the vault of our Society.

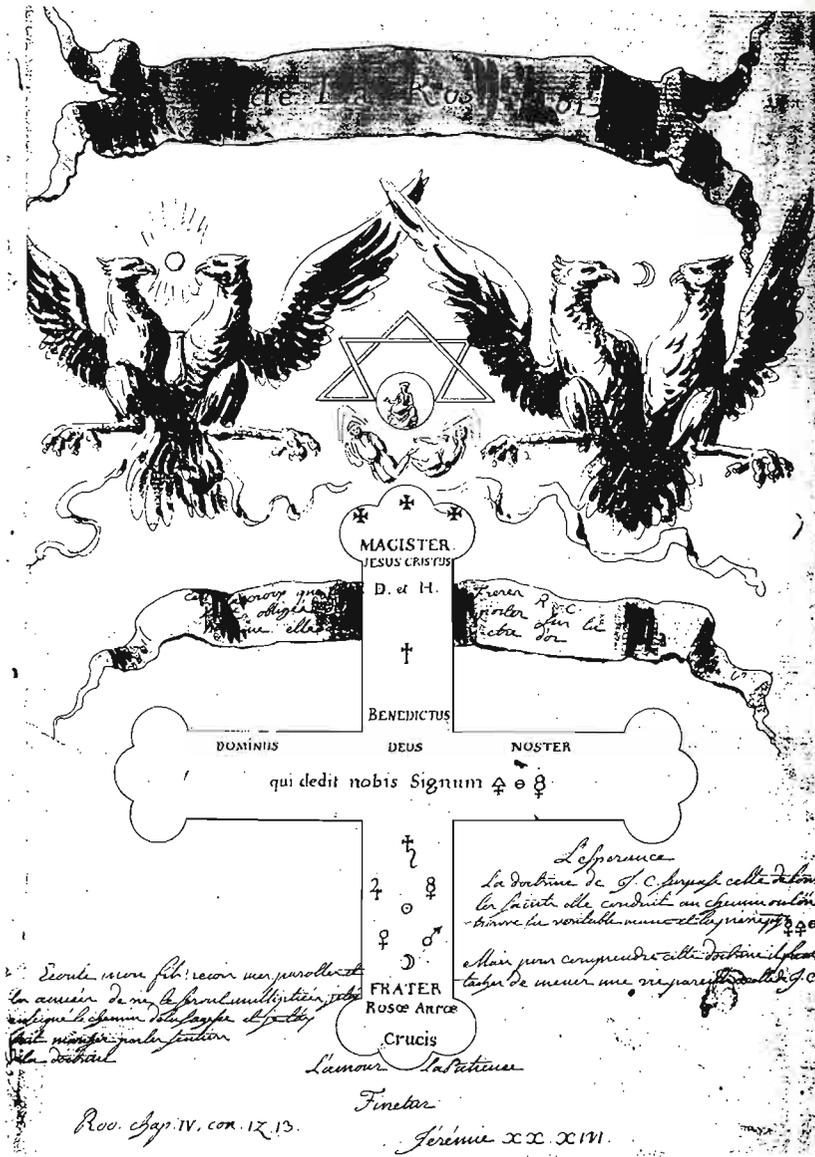
Paris was an exceptionally good source for books on esoteric matters. Two dealers functioning there in the 1930s were especially helpful. One was Dorbonne-Aine, and the other was Chacornac. I have not heard about either of them since World War II, but there is some possibility Chacornac has survived. The frontispiece of Dorbonne-Aine's catalog was from a Rosicrucian manuscript. This I purchased, together with an astrological manuscript with moveable volvelles and a hand-written work rather crudely drawn and



The great vision of the Apocalypse representing the Lord walking among the candlesticks. From a manuscript copy of *The Book of Abraham the Jew* in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

containing a list of good and bad years over a period of several centuries. Dorbonne-Aine had a large accumulation of early Masonic material, including a certificate beautifully engraved and issued by the Lodge of the Nine Muses (Sisters), which included among its membership many illustrious names. It was on the floor of this Lodge that Benjamin Franklin shook hands with Voltaire after initiating him into Masonry. Voltaire died a few months later.

It is not generally known that some of the best works on Rosi-

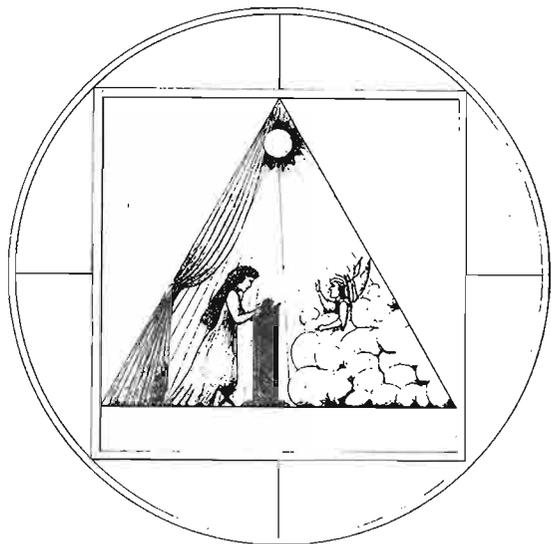


This title page of a Rosicrucian manuscript was the frontispiece in Dorbonne-Aine's catalog and was later reprinted with numerous changes by a German esoteric society.

crucianism, alchemy, the cabala, and Freemasonry were first issued in French. The catalog published by Dorbonne-Aine is not dated, but I secured it in Paris in 1934. The catalog itself is actually a major contribution to the bibliography of the esoteric arts and sciences. The book contains five hundred and fifty-six pages and lists with descriptions six thousand, seven hundred and seven books, manuscripts, medals, and certificates. Actually, this dealer's stock was incredible, and he could provide almost anything that a customer desired. Whereas English dealers borrowed from each other, Dorbonne-Aine's stock was actually held within his own premises. Occasionally, interesting items in English could be found in Dorbonne-Aine's collection.

In Paris there was also the Bibliothèque Chacornac, which specialized in publications new and old of French metaphysical societies. While there I found a number of items that had been in the Hauser sale in London. From Chacornac I secured several manuscripts associated with the teachings and writings of the Abbé Louis Constant, who wrote under the name Eliphas Levi. He had received a Roman Catholic education; but, after differing from the Church on metaphysical matters, he was censured for his unorthodox opinions. He then gave his life to transcendental magic, but was reconciled with Roman Catholicism before his death and was buried with the rites of the Latin Church. (See my "Masonic Orders of Fraternity" for a brief summary of his life.)

Levi was a talented draftsman, and many of his private instructions were illustrated with curious and remarkable diagrams. Unfortunately, many of his original manuscripts have not become available in printed form; but certain of his followers were privileged to make private copies of his writings. I secured a manuscript copy of Eliphas Levi's *Prophetic Vision of Ezekiel* in two massive volumes in folio and containing one thousand, one hundred and eight pages with numerous diagrams and drawings in the text. This unpublished and most curious work was a labor of love undertaken by the Baron de Spedalieri. The Chacornac establishment had then recently published a strange collection of esoteric symbols, hand-painted in full color. The printed version reproduced the symbols in one color



The Annunciation of the Incarnation of the Son of God. From *L'Évangile Kabbalistique, Vol. II*, a thirteen volume manuscript of Eliphas Levi copied by a disciple, Baron de Spedalieri.

only, and I purchased the original manuscript in the autograph of Nowakowski. Another of Levi's disciples made a transcript in thirteen volumes of a course of study in the cabala. These and other items are now available to specialists in the PRS Library.

It is only a short trip across the English Channel from France to England. My principal interest at that time was a search for reference books. Shortly after I arrived, it was rumored, but no proof was available, that a copy of the Gutenberg Bible had shown up in Cheapside; and it is probably still true that many treasures of art and literature can yet be found in odd corners of this old and venerable city.

I had heard that the publications of a famous English astrologer, Alan Leo, were for sale in his London shop. The first time I tried to find the store I was misdirected, and the second time it was closed. The third effort, however, was successful. A pleasant English lady, a bit on the portly side, managed the establishment. I picked out

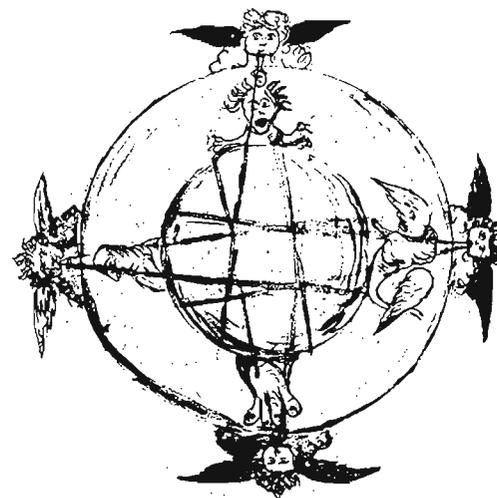


Diagram of the Vision of Daniel from a unique manuscript entitled *Les Mystères de la Kabbale contenus dans la Prophétie d'Ézékiel et l'Apocalypse de St. Jean* by Eliphas Levi copied by one of his disciples, Nowakowski, in 1867.

some books and laid a fifty pound note on the counter. This resulted in a number of complications. The saleslady could not change the fifty pound note. I suggested that I would go out and get it changed, but she responded that I might never come back. As a counter suggestion, I said that I would stay in the shop while she went out to change it; but it was obvious that she was afraid that if she left the premises I would take the books and depart without paying for them. The only solution was that the lady would keep the books and also the fifty pound note, arrange matters at her leisure, and deliver the books to me at my hotel. This seemed to make sense and averted some danger, but there was always the possibility that I might end up without the books and without the fifty pound note. This very thought offended her. I certainly should have trusted anyone working for Mr. Alan Leo. Late in the afternoon, as I was returning to my hotel, I saw the stout lady from the bookshop pedaling down the street on a bicycle. There was a little rack on the handle bars, and there neatly wrapped were my books. With a cheery smile she



The entrance to the Temple of Ezekiel with symbols found in documents of Freemasonry. From *Les Mystères de la Kabbale contenus dans la Prophétie d'Ezékiel et l'Apocalypse de St. Jean* by Eliphas Levi and copied by his disciple Nowakowski in 1867.

turned over the correct change in pennies, and with a “cheery-o” continued her way on her trusty bicycle.

Feeling it a moral duty to pay my respects to Lord Bacon, I made a leisurely trip to St. Albans. My London hotel had arranged a reservation for me with a genteel lady in St. Albans who accepted paying guests. When I reached her rather elegant looking home, I was met by a house maid who ushered me into the living room. The proprietress was lying on the floor in front of the fireplace assembling an elaborate jigsaw puzzle. It looked as though it was a scene showing Windsor Castle with appropriate trees and bushes. The lady looked up smiling and remarked, “I’ll be with you as soon as I can get this crazy thing put together.” These were not quite her words because she was addicted to stronger language.

The next day I went to the little church at St. Albans and had a chat with the custodian. When I asked him to show me His Lord-

ship’s grave, I first met with dead silence. The life-size figure of Bacon sitting in a chair occupied a niche in the wall, but there was nothing to indicate the actual location of his tomb. The sexton admitted that it was unlikely that His Lordship was buried under the floor without a visible marker. He explained that some had thought that the tomb was outside the church, perhaps as close as possible to the statue inside the building. Tentative explorations had been made, but it proved that the area was on the top of the old Roman wall where no tombs were likely. He did remark, however, that one of his predecessors entering the church on a bright morning found that the statue had been torn from the niche and lay face down on the floor of the church. There was an opening of considerable size in the back of the statue, but nothing was found in it.

Old Gorhambury, the ancestral home of the Bacon family, is a ruined structure surrounded by densely foliated trees that cast shadows on the ground. A short distance away is a modern building, the present home (at least at that time) of Lord Verulam. He is not related to Bacon, who died without issue; and the estates returned to the Crown. It is known, however, that the present Lord has many items in his collection bearing upon Francis Bacon; and the Bacon Society of England and other research groups are exploring the long continuing rumors. When I was there, however, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was not popular in that part of England.

Nearly everyone has visited the famous sights of London, and it is scarcely necessary to mention them here. There are occasional incidents, however, that will linger on in memory. I decided to buy a tailor-made suit at Burberry’s in Picadilly. It was quite an experience, especially since I wanted the suit in a hurry.

I was met at the front door under the sign “by appointment to His Majesty” by a dapper little proprietor about five feet tall. I first checked appropriate materials and narrowed the selection to a dark blue cheviot, the same as that recently chosen by His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury. I felt the fabric carefully and was assured that it was all new Scotch wool. To prove this point the bolt of material was taken out to the sidewalk, where I could see exactly how it would reflect sunlight. When I asked the tailor “Are you sure that this will

wear well?," he threw the end of the bolt over his shoulder and replied with a dignified smile: "It will see you out, sir." The suit did not actually last that long but did prove serviceable.

The next step was to be measured for the suit. The establishment's best tailor was about the same height as the proprietor, and it was necessary to find an appropriate stepladder for the upper part of the shoulders and collar. It also required both the tailor and his assistant to get an accurate reading for the waistline. Obviously, everyone was exhausted by the time the necessary measurements had been made; so, in a spirit appropriate of brothers from across the sea, we all sat down to tea.

At about this time a bit of British humor was associated with the great auction house of Sotheby's. A pompous man ambled into Sotheby's one day and said to an attendant, "I am the Grand Duke;" and, with an appropriate bow, the member of the staff replied, "Have a chair, Your Highness." The Grand Duke stood very straight; and, looking directly in the eye of the clerk, repeated in very lofty tones, "I am the Grand Duke." The baffled and confused clerk managed to stammer, "Yes, Your Highness, have two chairs."

In 1934 I received an invitation to participate in The World Fellowship of Faiths being held in London. It seemed a good idea, so I attended. Looking for a quiet hotel, I found one in Picadilly that served my purposes admirably. It was an old, but impressive, building; and, according to the advertisement, there was a bathroom on each floor. Incidentally, this same hotel was convenient for those attending the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. The ads at that time still stated that there was a bathroom on every floor.

It was while I was in London on this occasion that I met another delegate to the Religious Conference, Sir Francis Younghusband. He was a British officer knighted for his successful handling of a delicate situation which arose in Tibet. The so-called conquest was not actually a military achievement, but it was an outstanding accomplishment to lead a punitive expedition over the Himalayas to Lhasa without a gunshot or the loss of a single man. We had lunch at the Officer's Club; and, when we looked at the menu, I asked what he would recommend. "You should order scrod; it is always

delicious." After lunch I noted that one of the chairs in the lounge had a cord and tassel across the arms to prevent anyone from sitting in it. When I asked Sir Francis why the cord, he said with a large smile and a note of justifiable pride, "That is the chair that His Grace, the Duke of Wellington sat in when he returned from his victory at the Battle of Waterloo."

A few days later I asked at my hotel how to secure cards to the reader's section of the British Museum. They told me that hotels were not accepted as an endorsement or reference, and I would have to apply directly to the Library. They treated me very courteously there but said that the card to the manuscript department required special processing which would take at least two weeks. As I could not stay that long, I was disappointed and mentioned the circumstance to Sir Francis. He immediately ushered me into a cab, which deposited us at the entrance to the British Museum. He walked in with me to a room of considerable size which had shelving on all the walls except the entrance. He nodded to an attendant, and a few seconds later one of the walls opened and I was ushered into the sanctuary of a major librarian. Sir Francis introduced me to the librarian and explained the difficulty and the delay required for the processing of a reader's cards. The librarian smiled and said briskly, "Will you sit down for a moment?" He almost immediately reappeared with the necessary cards remarking, "It is always a pleasure to serve you, Sir Francis." This reveals something of the British way of life. A man who had been honored by the country received special consideration when need arose. Money was not a factor in such transactions. As might be expected, I spent the next few days in the Library.

Item 364 in the Hauser sale at Sotheby's was a manuscript in French of Michael Maier's *Atalanta Fugiens*. It was bought by Marks, a London dealer from whom I later acquired it. It was an excellent alchemical manuscript, being illustrated with fifty emblems in full color and a hand-painted portrait of Maier. The volume contained a number of other works, including a curious fragment of eight pages written in a most complicated cypher. According to Sotheby's, the manuscript was produced in Lyon in 1676. Immediately after the sale

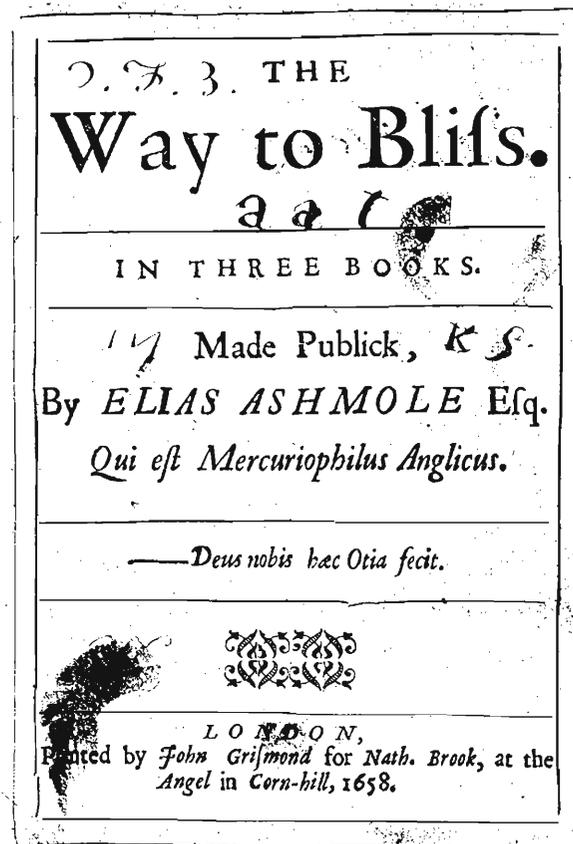




The concluding section of the Ripley scroll sent by the British Museum. No explanation is given for most writings on this subject, but it is the symbol of a messenger delivering a copy of the scroll twisted around his spear handle. The lower end of his spear has the traditional symbol of a messenger, that is, a horseshoe.

convince the skeptical inspector that the work was concerned with the sacred arts of chemistry and the transmutation of metals.

Watkins' was the coziest bookstore in London. It was not pretentious, but it was a meeting place for a select group of esoteric thinkers. The back room was dedicated to the British version of the tea ceremony. On a tall kerosine stove a teapot was always steaming, and an assortment of genuine British cookies (biscuits) was



Title page of the first edition of *The Way to Bliss* by Elias Ashmole, Esq., London, 1658. The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford is dedicated to the memory of this outstanding scholar. The text is devoted to an interpretation of the laws and processes for the purification of the spiritual life of a dedicated truth seeker.

placed temptingly nearby. Mr. Watkins had a special fondness for nineteenth century authors; and from him I secured the three volumes of the first edition of Lord Bulwer-Lytton's *Zanoni*.

On a wall of this sanctum was an intriguing photograph of one of Madame Blavatsky's teachers. I have never seen another copy of this picture. I tried to talk Mr. Watkins out of it, but with no success. Apparently, this dedicated bookman was involved in nineteenth century theosophy. At least this fitted into the dominant authors

whose works most intrigued him. Evidently, at one time he collected a group of membership papers of the Theosophical Society signed by H. P. Blavatsky as corresponding secretary. Mr. Watkins had carefully cut off H.P.B.'s signatures and thrown away the rest of the sheets. As a valued customer, I was duly presented with one of these autographs.

At that time I was very interested in securing the large printed work on Rosicrucianism, *Geheime Figuren der Rosenkreuzer*, the first edition of which is very difficult to find. He was able to produce two single leaves from the book. They were in terrible condition and did not tempt me. He later tried to get me a copy through London book dealers, but never succeeded. Mr. Watkins was indeed a gentleman and a scholar.

[To Be Continued]



Confucius was asked by his disciple Tsekung, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice all one's life?" And Confucius answered, saying, "Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

"Many people have been plunged into real poverty by winning or inheriting a fortune."

—Chinese Saying

"Prejudice springs up from a dislike for the unlike."

—Confucius

"Simplicity is often the result of very long and complex effort."

—Chinese Saying

## PSYCHIC PERSECUTION

Problems involving cases of psychic persecution are rare, and most such metaphysical persecutions are due to mental or emotional disturbances. It is usually difficult, if not impossible, to convince the victim of such phenomena that he is in desperate need of a mental housecleaning. Such disturbances are most likely to occur to persons with neurotic tendencies, and there are common complexes that can lead to possessional susceptibility and to self-delusion.

The majority of those afflicted with hallucinational phenomena are women whose lives have been embittered by various types of frustration. Men live in a world of intense competitive activity and have little time to develop long-term phobias or grievances. The pressure of economic survival is not so intense as with women who are inclined to nurse their griefs and grievances over spans of years.

Of course, the individual who has no belief in psychic phenomena is not likely to be troubled. In some cases, however, bruised souls seek consolation in religion. The old orthodoxies seldom mention witchcraft, although there are references to it in the Bible. Supported by the congregational allegiances, the distressed ones accept the burdens which the Lord casts upon them with as much dignity as possible. If lured into the clouded atmosphere of negative mysticism, the sufferer is introduced to ghosts and goblins inhabiting the invisible realms and troubles begin.

Most people assume that they were intended to suffer to a moderate degree, and they will accept responsibility for the mistakes they have made along the road of life. Others find sufficient consolation in their religious beliefs but avoid entirely the type of melancholy which leads to an inordinate fear of trivia magnified to great proportions.

A lady whom I knew lived alone for many years after the pass-