

1207 00

Tom  
27 Aug 82  
12.45

29° N

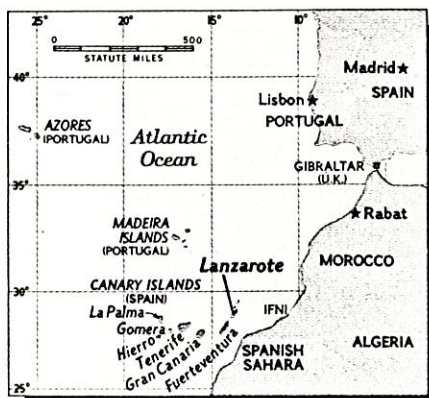
Q

Abnt.  
Coard migrier

1207 00

TBM  
27 Aug 82  
1245

29° about



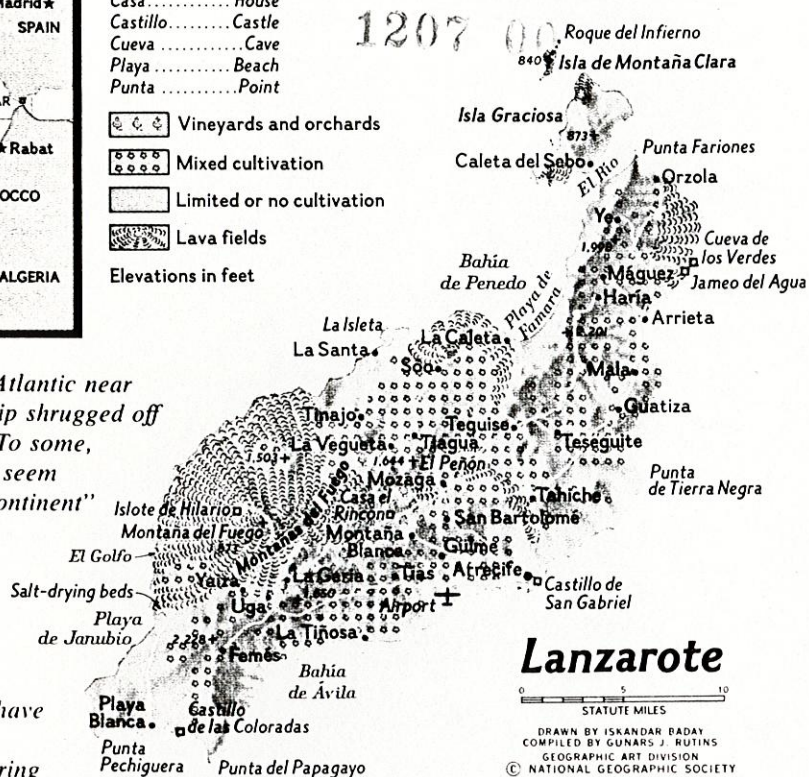
LANZAROTE SMOLDERS in the Atlantic near the Sahara coast like a burnt chip shrugged off the feverish shoulder of Africa. To some, Lanzarote and its 10 sister isles seem possible remnants of the "lost continent" of Atlantis, which—according to Plato—sank into the sea nearly 12,000 years ago. Geologists point out, however, that the Canaries have existed, much as they are today, for at least 15 million years. Since Plato, men have speculated on the location of Atlantis—the latest theory centering on the island of Thira in the Aegean Sea.

**EMPTY CITADEL** commands the entrance to the harbor of Arrecife, Lanzarote's capital. The Spaniards built the 16th-century Castillo de San Gabriel and other island fortresses to guard against European and Moorish pirates, who plied these waters for centuries. Fishermen's boats rest on the harbor bottom at low tide.

Spain occupied the island in the early 1400's and subdued the original inhabitants, the Guanches. Today Lanzarote and the other Canary isles still fly the Spanish flag—not as colonies but as politically integral provinces of the mother country. Air and ship lines link the Canaries with Europe and Africa.

- Bahía..... Bay
- Casa..... House
- Castillo..... Castle
- Cueva..... Cave
- Playa..... Beach
- Punta..... Point

- Vineyards and orchards
  - Mixed cultivation
  - Limited or no cultivation
  - Lava fields
- Elevations in feet



the cinders that blanket its slopes (pages 116-17). Visitors make the ascent on camels rented from nearby farms, where they are the common beasts of burden.

Hans and I arranged to join a caravan, and Antonio drove us to the foot of a steep, featureless slope of black cinders where 13 camels knelt in a row, glowering. The camel's reputation for being surly and contemptuous is only partly attributable to his facial expression, and he is customarily muzzled. As the tourists descended from their bus and approached to climb aboard, the beasts began to roar like a pride of lions.

Each camel was equipped as a two-seater, with a little chair dangling on either side of the hump (pages 136-7). Camels arise in three mighty jerks, calculated to send passengers flying unless they have been told how to hold on. The driver usually instructs his passengers while standing with a foot pressing on one of the camel's knees to keep him from getting up too soon—an indignity which any respectable camel considers grounds for roaring.

The beasts are not without finer sensibilities. A female tourist, awaiting the signal to mount, was wearing with the customary slacks and sweater a cloud of French perfume that even the 30-mile-an-hour wind could not take away. When her camel got his first whiff of Paris, he opened his mouth, the better to inhale. Suddenly he swooped out with his great neck, farther than anyone would have thought