PARABOLA

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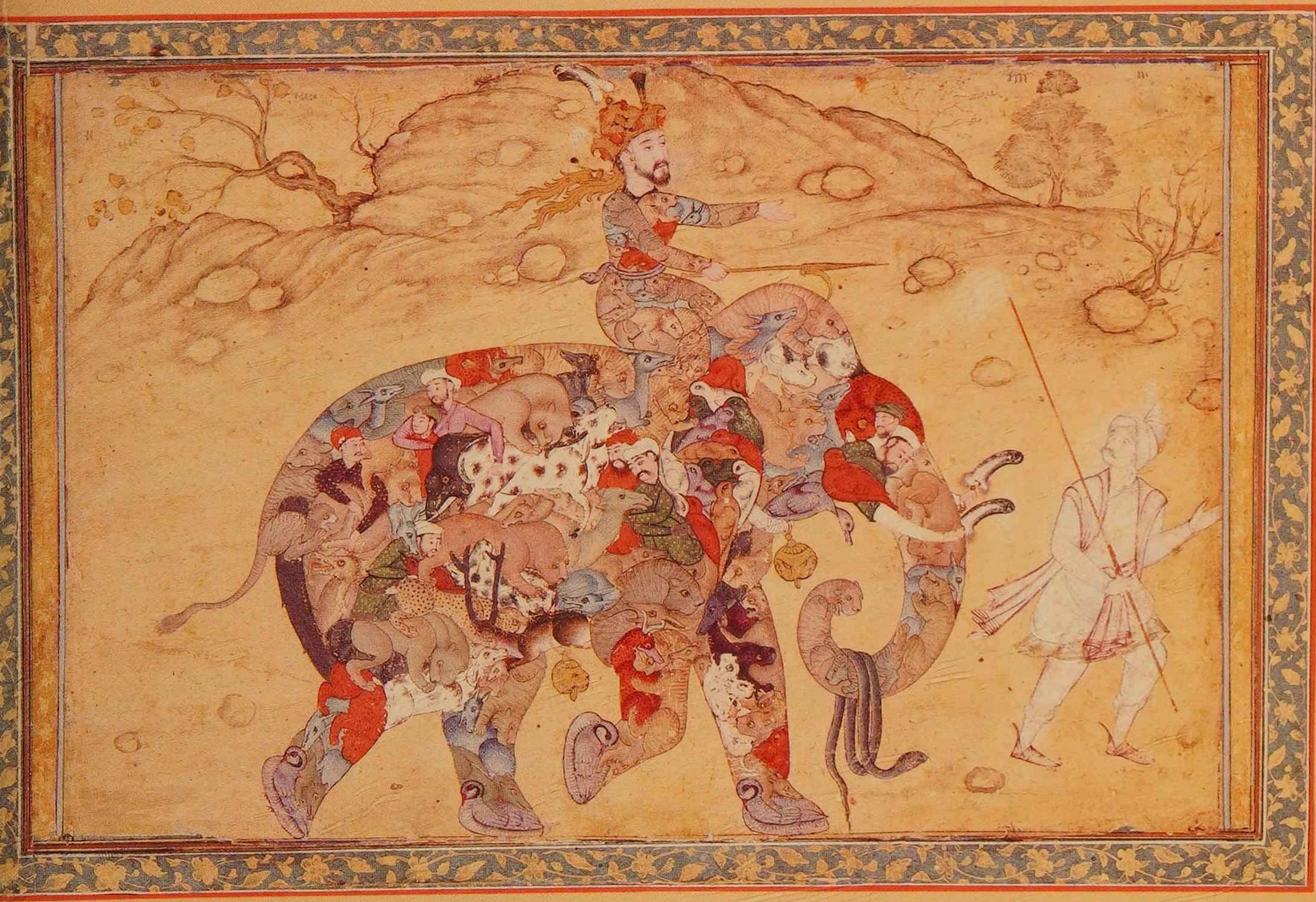
MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING



ANIMALS

Joseph Epes Brown on the Sioux / Philip Kapleau on the Buddhist vision / Interview with James Hillman

& A PARABOLA BESTIARY

with contributions by Ursula Le Guin, P.L. Travers, Janwillem van de Wetering, Peter S. Beagle and others

Vol. VIII
No. 2

PARABOLA

MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

ANIMALS

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VOLUME VIII, NUMBER 2, MAY 1983

Cover: "An Elephant of Many Parts," a 17th century Indian miniature from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, reprinted with his permission.

Inside cover: "Adam Naming the Animals," from an illustrated manuscript of the 14th century. From the collection of the Leningrad State Public Library.

FOCUS

Animals have played an enormous role in human thought and culture, in our spiritual and natural history. They inhabit our myths, fables, proverbs, and stories. Yet despite the growing advocacy of animal rights, despite extensive research conducted by biologists and zoologists, animals remain a mystery. Fundamental questions about animals need to be examined. Who are they? What is their place on this planet? What is the relationship between humans and animals? What might it be?

While preparing this issue of PARABOLA, we found that attitudes towards animals are nearly as varied as the animals themselves: their energies symbolize stages of human development; they don't symbolize anything, but are manifestations of forces in themselves; they are accidents of natural selection, reduced to curiosities now that humans have arrived. To look at animals, we discovered, was to take a journey to a far continent; and with all such journeys, one is always surprised to learn more than expected about the place one has left behind. The way we see animals reflects the way we see ourselves.

Traditional cultures devote themselves to a passionate and intense observation of animals, and the strength of their societies owes a great deal to what the animals reveal to them. Joseph Epes Brown, in his article on the Sioux in this issue, quotes Black Elk: "One should pay attention to even the smallest crawling creature, for these too may have a valuable lesson to teach us, and even the smallest ant may wish to communicate with a

man." As the contributors to our "PARABOLA Bestiary" show us, observation and contact with animals can still put us in touch with the deep currents of life and—perhaps for a reason we don't fully understand—give us hope.

The fact that so many of us are increasingly isolated from the presence of animals contributes to the growing despair we feel for both other creatures and ourselves. In his article, Paul Shepard asserts that encounter with the vital presence of animals "is our best defense against the conspiracy that animals are only machines or artifacts, and therefore against the lie that we ourselves are made of cogs, wheels, and wires." Until recently this contact was extensive and deep, bringing with it an organic faith in order and purpose. Observing animals on their own ground, meeting them eye to eye, evokes a sudden wonder and respect. Their vivid life brings us alive to the source that creates and sustains all being.

Today, the prevailing attitudes of science and culture seem to be squeezing human beings into an even more limited and tentative position than the animals. We can see that animals are much better at being animals than humans are; on the other hand, computers are much more efficient at computing than humans will ever be. Both animal and computer are perfect, in the sense of being finished, complete in themselves, elegantly suited to their functions. Imperfect and incomplete, we humans have lost our sense of what value resides in our unfinished state, what enormous possibilities it conceals.

Each human is not one animal, but all animals at once. Within us are the wolf, the rabbit, and the lion. Whether we express one or another of these energies in turn, or become able to harmonize them, determines our slavery or our freedom. Dominion over animals in this sense is not a gift to humanity, but its highest task. Countering the common view that a human being is simply a more developed animal, Walker Percy writes in *The Message in the Bottle* that "man is not merely a higher organism responding to and controlling his environment. He is, in Heidegger's words, that being in the world whose calling it is to find a name for Being, to give testimony to it, and to provide for it a clearing."

Our cover for this issue is an example of a style of composite animal painting found in Islamic miniatures. The notes accompanying this one indicate that its meaning is obscure. We cannot know the intention of the artist, but to us it hints at a number of ways of seeing the relationship of human beings to animals—and to our own purpose and potential. The view of the men who are inside the body of the elephant is quite different from that of the man who is riding the beast; the vision of the guide leading the two is of yet another level. It is clear that human possibility is painfully constricted when limited by the level of seeing available to the men inside the elephant. But who is the rider? And where is the guide?

—Lorraine Kisly

FULL CIRCLE / A Readers' Forum

We encourage readers to use this space to share their thoughts and questions, either in response to a particular article or in order to raise matters of general interest. We are looking for letters which will help to open new ideas, and we will offer a free back issue for every contribution we publish.

About Chapter 7, Romans (verses 19-23, quoted in "Arcs," Vol. VII, No. 4): I always read these verses as the impassioned story of a man who, caught in an inner conflagration, sought and found freedom from his agony and then wrote to tell the world the way of his extraordinary deliverance.

But from PARABOLA's quotation of Paul's story, any reader (let alone myself) *must* believe Paul simply wrote these words to describe his suffering and then remained to burn on forever in the heart of his flames.

So while it may be that the focus of this particular issue of PARABOLA is well served by the omission of Paul's last two verses, I am not so sure about the magazine as a whole.

Readers of PARABOLA seem to be thorough readers. If I have been troubled by awakened doubts after reading the "Arcs" rendition, others may wonder too how much to believe, or how seriously to take any unfamiliar PARABOLA quote as they see how a familiar one can be distorted. Do I ask a Buddhist to verify the Tao? How can I really know?

Much reasoning with myself still leaves me unable to see the act of omitting verses 24-25 as simply "naughty," because I feel that doubt, once aroused, is a monster, and the reason for risking such a danger must be powerful indeed.

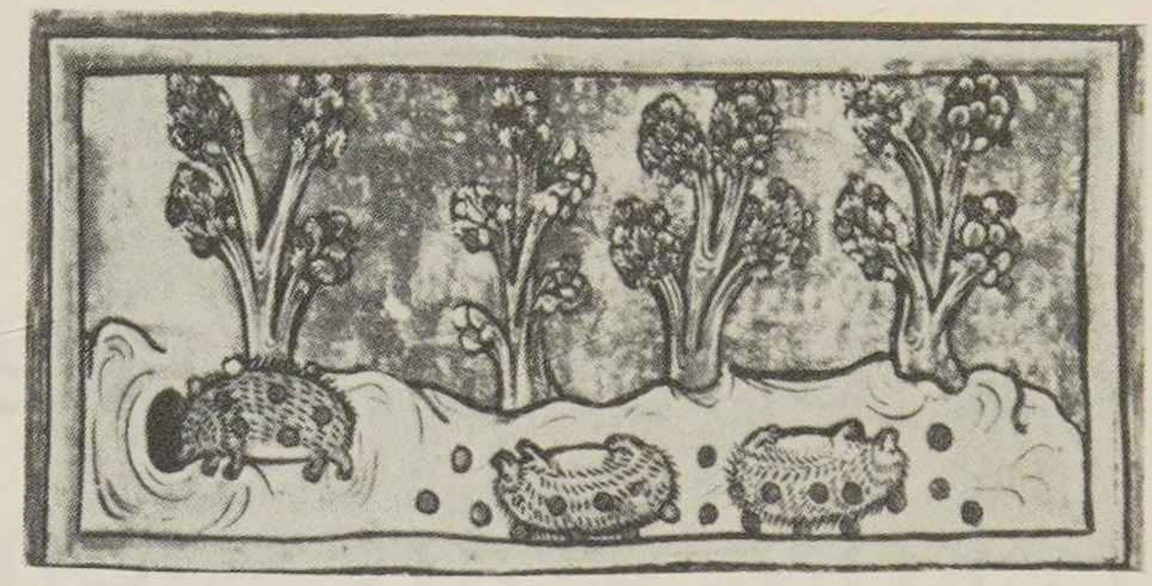
Florence Martineau
Washington, Connecticut

There was a reason for omitting Paul's last two verses, though whether it is powerful enough to satisfy the above objections must be left to our readers' judgment. The intent of the section in which Paul's words appeared was to establish conflict as a fundamental human condition—both inevitable and necessary—a condition acknowledged and accepted by representatives of all the great traditions. That Paul suffered this conflict is, in this context, an affirmation. We felt further, that it would be evident to our readers that Paul had found his way toward reconciliation. Paul's confession, "For the good I would I do not: but the evil I would not do, that I do," expresses a universal question that rings true to all seekers whether within a tradition or not. If using Paul's words to define the question more acutely is a distortion, then we are guilty. For the record, the last two verses in question:

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

"I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

The Editors



I just read Adin Steinsaltz's article on "Repentance" (Vol. VIII, No. 1). I found it interesting, even enlightening. I realize the author is describing Judaism in particular, but I have a disconcerting feeling that he does not feel anyone other than a Jew could gain spiritual insight through repentance. Perhaps I am overreacting because of my present wish to see all religions recognize each other as equals on our earth, but I wanted to write you about how I feel.

Christine Burr Correa
North Edgecomb, Maine

We obviously cannot answer for Rabbi Steinsaltz, but we would like to address this question which can apply to many articles and interviews in PARABOLA. *Rabbi Steinsaltz works, speaks, and writes as a Jew from within the Jewish tradition. Similarly, The Dalai Lama doesn't take steps to ensure Muslims won't feel "left out" when he speaks or writes from within his tradition. We doubt whether these men would insist that their way was the only "true" one, but we do not doubt that they are most effective when sharing insights derived from a deep-rooted relationship with their own particular tradition. That they, and others like them, are willing to share their thoughts in a forum such as* PARABOLA *indicates to us an implicit conviction that these insights* can *be expressed to others outside their own discipline.*

It is our view that human beings of spiritual attainment always have and always will respect and recognize each other. The concern which prompted this letter may be real enough, but the cause of the concern seems misplaced. We invite readers' comments.

The Editors

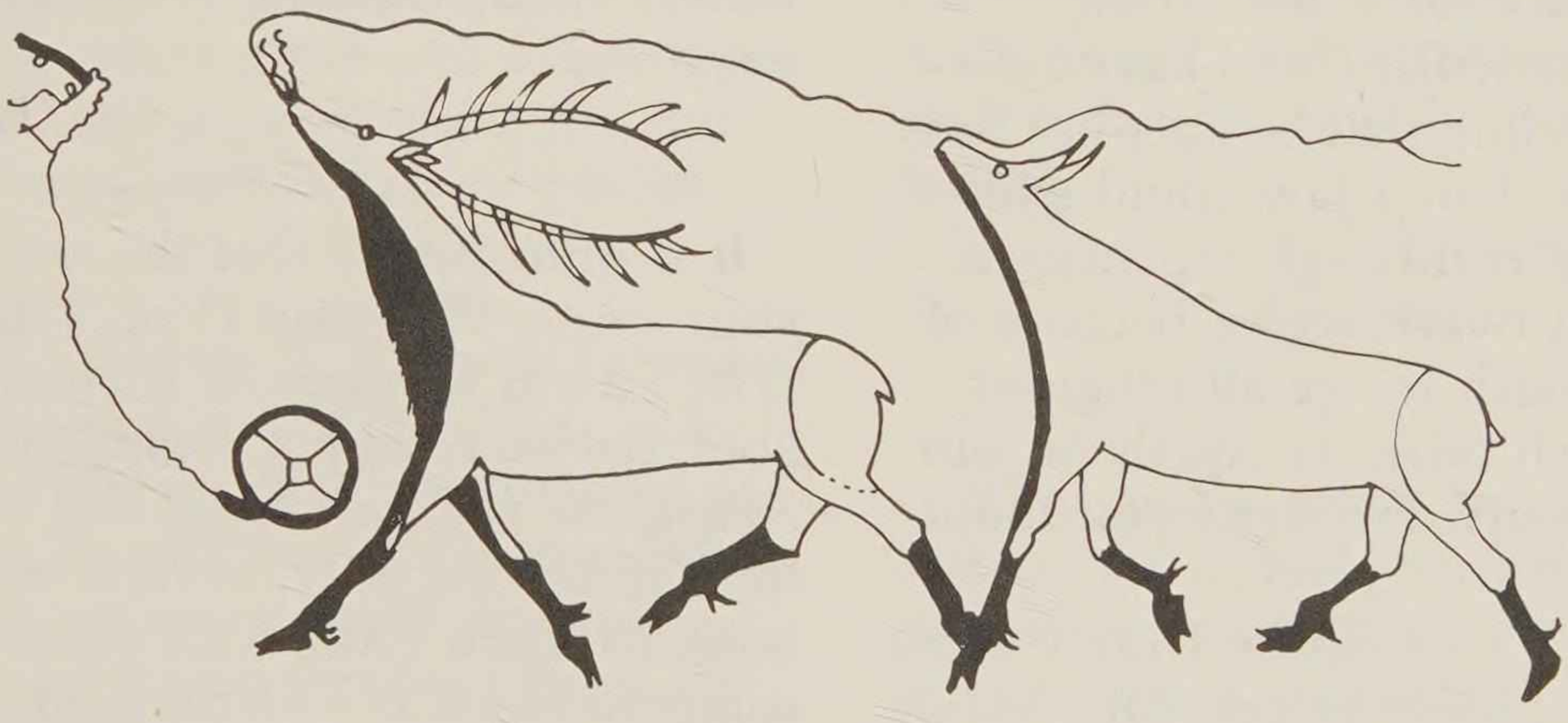
It is unfortunate that the review in your winter 1983 issue (Vol. VIII, No. 1) by Edwin Wilmsen of Richard Katz's book *Boiling Energy: Community Healing Among the Kalahari Kung* will be the first, if not the only, review of this book to reach PARABOLA's readers. As someone familiar with the field, I must point out that the review paints a highly misleading picture of this fine book. By insisting on his idiosyncratic view of Katz's work as "the 1960s flower quest pursued in the Kalahari," Wilmsen will be prejudicing potential readers enormously and unjustly.

People who do read *Boiling Energy* (Harvard University Press, 1982) will see that Katz makes no secret of the length of his stay in the Kalahari nor of the fact that anthropologist Richard B. Lee was translating for him. His honesty in reporting the incredulous comment of the curer Kinachau was meant to stress both his awareness of how little he knew and the unique combination of seriousness and humor with which !Kung themselves regard their secrets. Wilmsen has taken this anecdote completely out of context and has thereby distorted its meaning grotesquely.

(Continued on page 126)

The Bison and the Moth: Lakota Correspondences

JOSEPH EPES BROWN



To man as a hunter, the divine became transparent above all in the animals.
—Ivar Paulson

An intense interaction necessarily takes place between the people of a nomadic hunting culture and the animals of their habitat. This is evidenced in a rich variety of cultural expressions, which projects what could be called the people's total world view. The Oglala Sioux of the North American Plains are a classic example of such a culture. In the words of one of them, Brave Buffalo of Standing Rock, "When I was ten years of age I looked at the land and the rivers, the sky above and the animals around me, and could not fail to realize that they were made by some great Power. I was so anxious to understand this Power that I questioned the trees and the bushes." [1]

What precisely is the Oglala's conception of "power" as manifested through the animals? What is the relationship between the multiplicity of such "powers" and a unitary concept of a "Supreme Being"? Who, or what, is the Indian's acquired "guardian spirit," and what is the relationship between this "spirit power" and the "master" of all the animals?

Basic to the Plains Indians culture was the vision quest, the search for the power and protection of a tutelary spirit. Among the Oglala, for whom it was termed "crying for a vision," the quest was participated in by virtually all the men and, although less frequently and in a somewhat less rigorous form, often also by women. "Every man can cry for a vision, or 'lament,'" Black Elk told me, "and in the old days we all—men and women—lamented all the time." Although the quest which resulted in the attainment of a vision

need not necessarily involve formal acquisition of a "guardian-spirit," normally the successful encounter was with a bird or an animal. It was through this agency that the desired goal, or even quality of being, could be achieved if the seeker then carried out properly the specific instructions which were conveyed to him by his mentor.

For the Oglala it seems that distinguishing between dream and vision is of little or no concern, for many of the recorded encounters with animal spirits which took place in the dream state held the same "power" as if the experience had been a waking vision. I remember the emotion and intensity with which Black Elk described a dream to me one morning: "I was taken away from this world into a vast tipi, which seemed to be as large as the world itself, and painted on the inside were every kind of four-legged being, winged-being, and all the crawling peoples. The peoples that were there in that lodge, they talked to me, just as I am talking to you."

Evidently in both dream and vision there is an intensification of the interrelationships with animal forms, and these experiences go beyond and are deeper than the encounters which take place in the waking state. There is a shift to another level of cognition, on which the Oglala is no longer encountering the phenomenal animal, but rather archetypal "essences" appearing in animal forms. Although these could appear in almost any of the forms of the natural world, in an overwhelming majority of documented cases the vision encounter was with representatives of a wide range of animals and birds, any of which could become the seeker's "guardian spirit." After the quest, the "lamenter" returns to his sponsor who interprets the vision, and instructs the man as to actions which must be taken to "actualize" the power he has received.

The component elements of either the dream or vision in which the

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Let a man decide upon his favorite animal and make a study of it—let him learn to understand its sounds and motions. The animals want to communicate with man, but Wakan-Tanka *does not intend they shall do so directly—man must do the greater part in securing an understanding.*

—Brave Buffalo, Standing Rock[1]

One should pay attention to even the smallest crawling creature, for these too may have a valuable lesson to teach us, and even the smallest ant may wish to communicate with a man.

—Black Elk

The bear has a soul like ours, and his soul talks to mine in my sleep and tells me what to do.

—Bear With White Paw[2]

The bear is quick-tempered and is fierce in many ways, and yet he pays attention to herbs which no other animal notices at all. . . . We consider the bear as chief of all the animals in regard to herb medicine.

—Two Shields, Standing Rock[3]

Iktomi (the spider) was a man in the early days, just like any person. He was the first who attained maturity in this world. He is more cunning than human beings. He names all people and animals, and he was the first to use human speech.

The most important of all the creatures are the wingeds, for they are nearest to the heavens, and are not bound to the earth as are the four-leggeds, or little crawling people. Their religion is the same as ours. They see everything that happens on the earth, and they never miss their prey.

—Black Elk

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Ghost Dance dress painted with moth and dragonflies.

animals or birds appear may take a number of forms. Among the recurring patterns are association of the animal or bird "spirit-form" with the powers of the four directions, which appear in conjunction with manifestations of the terrifying aspects of these powers, notably the Thunder-Beings. (The vision quests normally take place between early spring and fall when thunderstorms are the most frequent and violent in the Plains.) Or men may turn into animals, and vice versa, or one species of animal may shift into another, or an animal may take on some plant form which is to become the sacred medicinal herb later identified and used in curing. Frequently it is the animal who finally disappears who becomes the seeker's guardian-spirit; or else, " . . . the animal that appeared . . . entered his body and became part of his *wakan* strength. He might fast many times and have many such tutelary spirits within his body."[2]

It is interesting to note that though all men were expected to seek through a vision a "tutelary spirit," certainly not all received such favor, and among those that did there were great variations in its quality. For some, experiences were of such an intense and recurring nature that the recipient might become one of a number of types of "medicine-men"; those who dreamed or had visions of the Thunder-Beings or of dogs were destined to become *hehoka*, or contraries. Although

the Oglala rarely express it explicitly, and never systematically, there is a certain ranking of the animals, or of their underlying "spirit-power." Grizzly Bear, for example, was understood to be chief of the underground earth forces, conceived in a negative and terrifying aspect; the bison was chief, in an exclusively positive sense, over all animals of the surface of the earth, and the eagle was seen to have supremacy over all the flying beings. Some animals outranked others in terms of their "attracting" powers, and the spider outranked all in terms of cleverness. So it may be said that the Oglala's conception of his guardian-animal-spirits represents *qualitatively* different manifestations of power, which may be obtained by men under certain conditions.

Success in the vision quest brought with it certain obligations. Among other things (such as the making of a fetish or a medicine bundle) the one who had received a vision was normally obliged, especially in the case of a powerful experience, to extend and share it by enacting it in some way, sometimes by a dance ceremonial, or by singing the songs learned in the vision, or in some other form. By dynamically acting out or dancing the inner, subjective experience, a reintensification of it results, and the larger social group is able to participate. This helps to influence the young people toward this quality of experience and so to preserve the central values.

An excellent example of what is probably the most complex type of dance ceremonial in enactment of a vision is provided by Black Elk's account of his "Horse Dance." The ceremonial was preceded by fasting and the ritual sweat both for Black Elk himself and for the two medicine-men who were assisting. A tipi was set up in the middle of the camp circle on which were painted images representing aspects of the vision, white geese for the North, and also horses, elk, and bison. In this sacred enclosure an altar was established, and songs received in the vision were taught to the two medicine-men. Sixteen horses were secured, four of which were black for the West, four white for the North, four sorrels for the East, and four buckskins for the South. A bay horse was provided for Black Elk similar to the one he had ridden in his vision. The horses were painted with lightning stripes and hail spots. The riders, too, were painted with lightning stripes on their limbs and breasts, and they wore white plumes on their heads to look like geese. On Black Elk's horse a spotted eagle was painted where he would sit, and Black Elk himself was painted red with black lightning, and he wore a black mask with a single eagle feather in his forehead. In the actual dance the vision songs were sung by the four teams of riders, so that the horses pranced to the rhythm as they moved to the four directions of space and circumambulated the camp, finally charging down on the central tipi. All the people in the camp danced along with the horses and all sang the sacred songs. So similar was this enactment to the original vision that Black Elk stated that the vision came to him again, for " . . . what we then were doing was like a shadow cast upon the earth from yonder vision in the heavens, so bright it was and clear. I knew the real was yonder and the darkened dream of it was here."

Evidence such as this indicates that the gradations of reality which the Oglala attribute to the components of this world represent a type of thinking, an attitude of mind, which is very different from that of the non-Indian. We find here an experienced world which sets less rigid limits than those obtaining for the non-Indian. There is a fluidity and transparency to their apperceptions of the phenomenal world which permits no absolute line

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You ought to follow the example of shunktokecha *(wolf). Even when he is surprised and runs for his life, he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything you see.*

—Ohiyesa[4]

Goats are very mysterious, as they walk on cliffs and other high places; and those who dream of goats or have revelations from them imitate their actions. Such men can find their way up and down cliffs, the rocks get soft under their feet, enabling them to maintain a foothold, but they close up behind them, leaving no trace.

—from the Teton Sioux[5]

The rabbit represents humility, because he is quiet and soft and not self-asserting—a quality which we must all possess when we go to the center of the world.

—Black Elk

The turtle is a wise woman. She hears many things and says nothing.

—from the Buffalo Ceremony[6]

The swallow's flying precedes a thunderstorm. This bird is closely related to the thunderbird. The action of a swallow is very agile. The greatest aid to a warrior is a good horse, and what a warrior desires most for his horse is that it may be as swift as the swallow in dodging the enemy or in direct flight.

—Lone Man

Each animal has its own Master Spirit which owns all the animals of its kind . . . so all the animals are the children of the Master Spirit that owns them. It is just like a large family.

—Raining Bird (Cree)[7]

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to be drawn, for example, between the worlds of animals, men, or spirits. I could cite numerous parallels from Black Elk's own lips to this statement of his quoted by Neihardt: "Crazy Horse dreamed and went into the world where there is nothing but the spirits of all things. That is the real world that is behind this one, and everything we see here is something like a shadow from that world." Sword, another great Oglala medicine man, told James Walker that "the Four Winds is an immaterial god, whose substance is never visible . . . While he is one god, he is four individuals . . . The word *Wakan Tanka* means all the *wakan* beings because they are all as if one."[3]

To the non-Indian, the Oglala world structure, modes of classification, and associative processes often appear incomprehensible; but the world of the Lakota is neither unstructured nor chaotic, for underlying the fluidity of appearances there is the binding thread of the *wakan* concept, and an ultimate coalescence of the multiple into the unifying principle of *Wakan Tanka*, whose multiplicity of aspects does not compromise an essential unity. Such seemingly disparate companions as the bison, elk, bear, dragonfly, moth, cocoon, and spider have for the Oglala a perfectly "logical" connection. The connecting concept underlying these apparently ill-assorted associates is the wind, or Whirlwind. In Lakota mythology, the Whirlwind (*Umi* or *Yum*) is the little brother of the four winds, all five the sons of Tate, the Wind. Whirlwind was born prematurely and never grew up, but remained a playful child, sometimes naughty, but much loved, especially by the beautiful Wohpe, who married his brother the South Wind and who is associated with White Buffalo Woman, bringer of the sacred pipe to the Lakota.

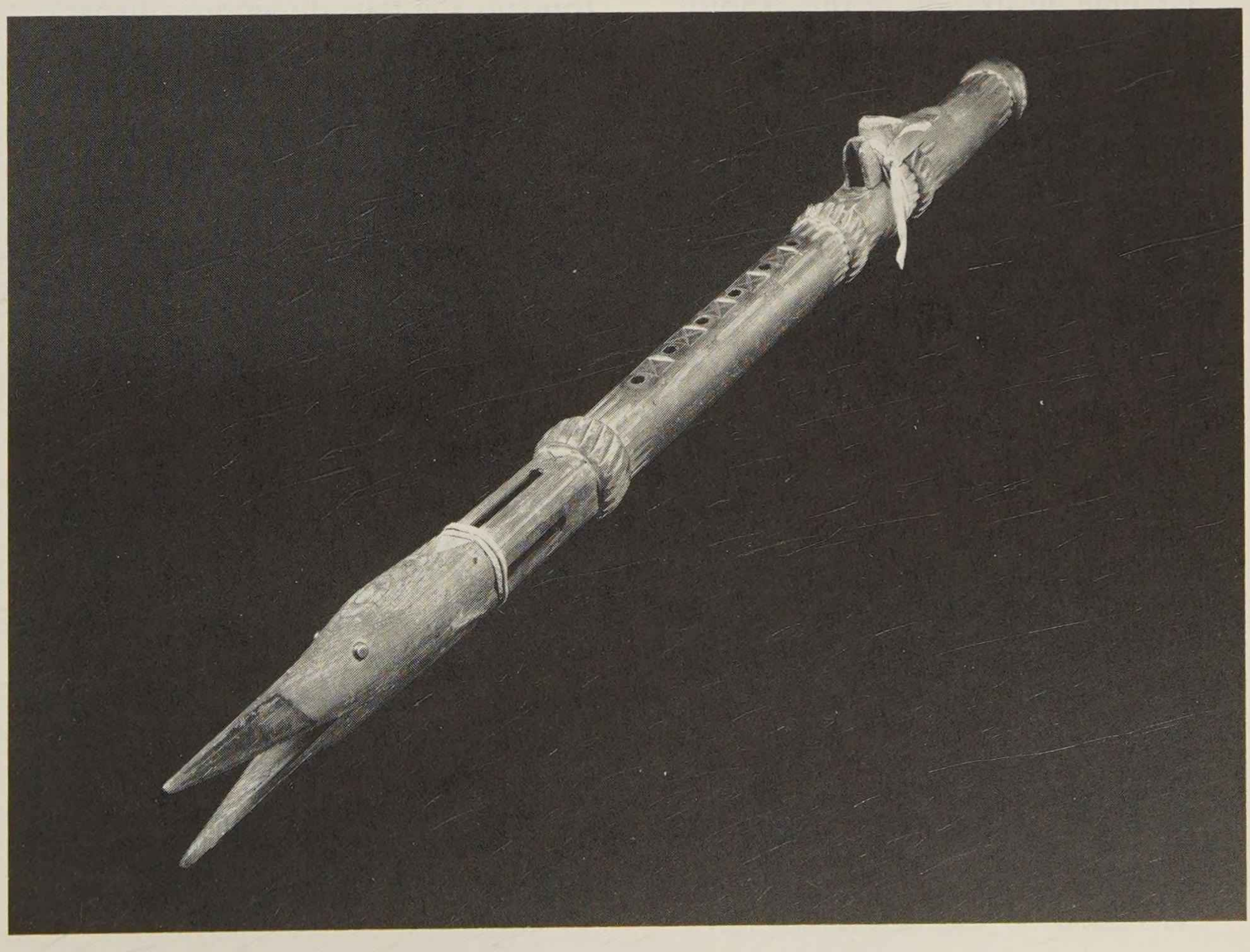
It will be appropriate to begin to examine this strange chain of associations with the cocoon; for it is from the cocoon that there emerges, in a manner

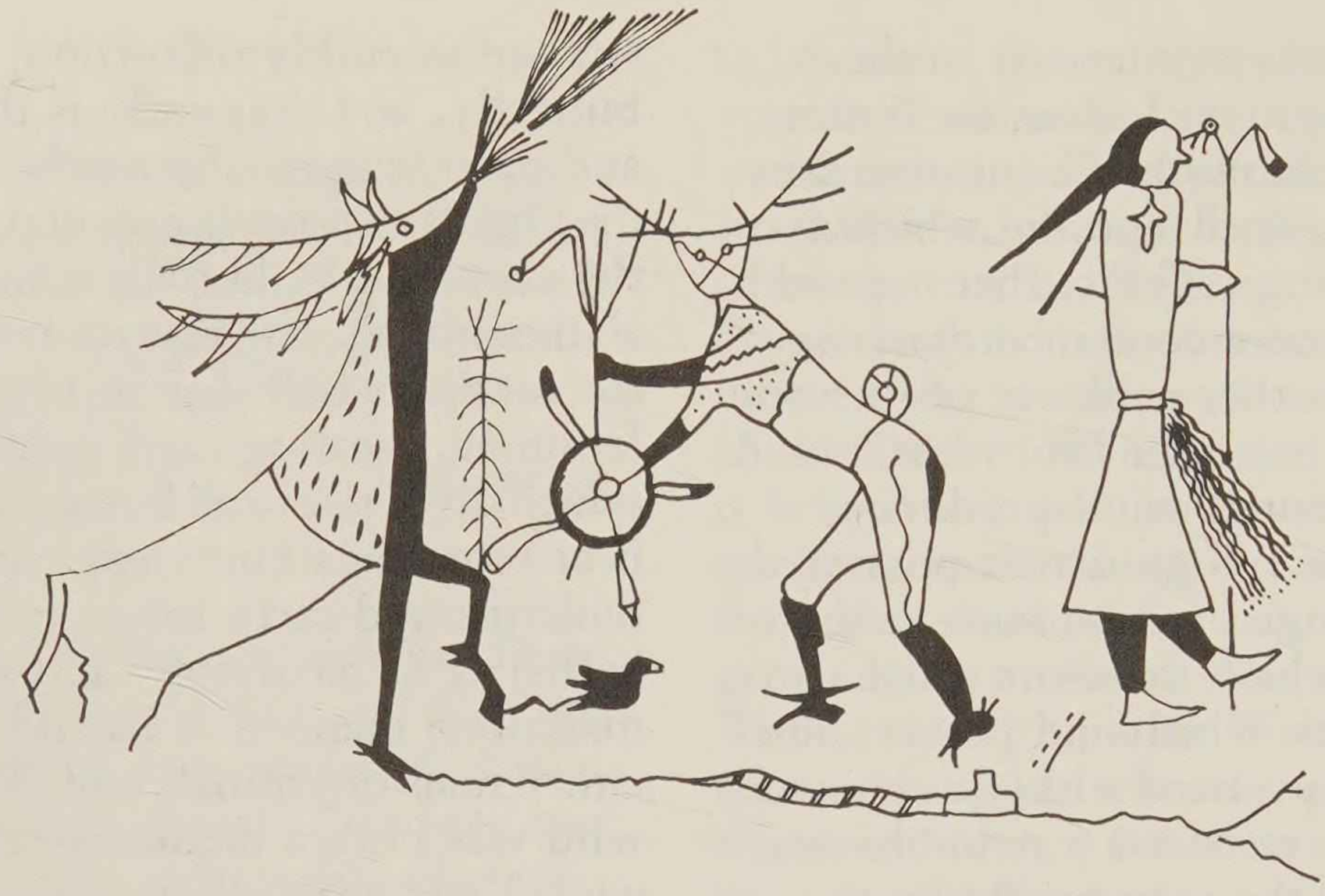
undoubtedly as mysterious to the non-Indian as to the Indian, the fluttering butterfly or moth. The moth is thus conceived as similar to the whirlwind due to the "logical" fact that the moth may be no more contained than may the wind. Further evidence of identity of this form with the "formless" wind are the fluttering, wind-producing actions of the wings, a trait possessed by other winged forms, such as the dragonfly, which therefore must also have access to whirlwind power. The cocoon-encapsulated whirlwind power is of obvious value to a warrior; having such power, the man would be as difficult to hit as the butterfly or the dragonfly. Also the Whirlwind's playful, twisting movements have power to produce confusion of the mind—according to Oglala patterns of thought, the minds of the enemy.

Another member to be added to this strange assembly of cocoon, moth, butterfly, and dragonfly is the bison, and even tangentially the bear, said by the Oglala to possess power to confuse the enemy. The buffalo is the chief of all the animals, and represents the earth, the totality of all that is. It is the feminine, creating earth principle which gives rise to all living forms. The bear represents knowledge and use of underground earth forces (roots and herbs) in a "terrifying" and strongly masculine manner. It has no fear of either man or animal, and Black Elk, who was both a medicine-man (*pejuta wicasa*) and a holy-man (*wicasa wakan*) explained that many of his powers to cure were received from the bear.

It has been observed that in winter when a bison cow drops a calf, she is able to blow out from her nose and mouth a red filmy substance which envelops and protects the calf, just as

A Sioux love flute from the 19th century.





the cocoon protects the developing moth. The imagination of the Oglala has also been stimulated by the trait of the bison bull, who "paws the earth, every now and then deftly scooping up the dust with his hoof and driving it straight up into the air . . . the buffalo is praying to the power of the whirlwind to give him power over his enemies."[4]

Graphic illustration of this affinity with whirlwind power has been noted on a Gros Ventre ornament where a line is seen connecting the horn of a bison to an insect, explanation being given that this represents "a rapport between the buffalo and the moth . . . these were two great powers . . . and they were in sympathy with each other."[5] A double function, from the Oglala's point of view, may be seen in this dust-throwing trait, for it may also be used to lure bison cows away from the herd during the rutting season; this attracting power quality is regarded as especially *wakan* since among bison it is normally the cow who acts as leader of herds. Similar power over women was sought after by young Oglala males.

The spider is associated with the other beings of our mixed assembly, again through association with the winds. One natural cause of this is the trait, which most certainly has been observed by the Oglala, for the young of certain spiders to send out long filaments which are caught by the wind and which carry them for long distances. Further concrete expression for the Oglala of this wind-relationship is found in the observed fact that at least certain types of spiders lay out their webs on the ground in rectangular shapes with the four corners extended towards the four directions of space. Within the larger context of Oglala mythological belief, the four directions of space are identified with the "homes" of the four winds, and these winds and their appointed directions are under the control of Thunder-Beings.

These conceptions are based on the fact that the spider's web cannot be destroyed by bullets or arrows, which pass through without leaving a hole, and further that as a "friend" of the Thunder, the spider or his web has power to protect from harm. The application of these principles is made specific in the Oglala custom of stringing up a web-like hammock between four trees upon which a young child is placed, which is thought to bring him good fortune. Also, since spider is seen as particularly cunning and industrious—the latter trait being especially desirable in women—and since his nets have the capacity to ensnare, it is conceived that this power may be

drawn upon by the men for attracting women to them. It has been recorded that a "courting robe" of bison hide was painted with figures of the spider, along with the whirlwind and elk, and this robe was so manipulated that the desired girl would step upon the design and thereby be ensnared.

The final member to be treated in this assembly of unlikely associates is the elk (whose operating powers are clearly depicted in the accompanying plates.) The elk plays a dominant role for the Plains peoples generally. There are explicit references to a "hypothetical," supernatural Elk—a "spirit" animal that lacks a heart, or rather, has a space where the heart should be, an animal without a heart being conceived as immortal and supernatural. Such a belief is undoubtedly associated with the rites of the Oglala Elk Festival, where an elk is painted over the door of the ceremonial tipi in such a manner that all who enter must pass through the very body of the animal.

The characteristics of the phenomenal elk are essentially based on the mysterious power of the bull to attract cows to him through his whistling call, or "bugle," which again represents control over the air or Wind principle. The bull elk is therefore considered to be the incarnation of power over the female, which is sought for by the men. The man's further identity with such power is achieved through the simulated call of the bull elk through the use of the flageolet, which is thought to draw irresistibly the young women of the camp to the man playing the instrument. Such Plains "love flutes" frequently have carved upon them the figure of the elk.

In all these interrelationships it is evident that the historical-cultural tradition plays an important role in determining the forms selected, their use, and the nature of the values attached to them. These values are expressed with an extraordinary aptness; the correspondence between levels of reality are as if one were the reflection of the other; they flow into each other in a manner that expresses a total, integrated environment.

Intercepting the horizontal dimension to the world of appearances, there is always, for the Oglala mind, the vertical dimension of the sacred, and in this sacredness there is the sense of "mystery." In sacramentalizing his world of experience, and in recognizing levels of abstraction within and transcendent to this world, the Oglala give place to all components within what for them must be an eminently coherent world view. ■

NOTES

1. Frances Densmore, *Teton Sioux Music*, Smithsonian Institution, bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology (Washington, D.C., 1918).
2. Edward S. Curtis, "North American Indians," vol. 3 (Cambridge, Mass., 1909).
3. James Walker, *The Sun Dance and Other Ceremonies of the Oglala Division of the Teton Dakota*, American Museum of Natural History Anthropological Papers, vol. 16, part 2 (New York, 1917).
4. Clark Wissler, "The Whirlwind and the Elk in the Mythology of the Dakotas," *Journal of American Folklore*, XVII, (1905).
5. *Ibid.*

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1. *Frances Densmore,* Teton Sioux Music, *Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin (Washington, D.C., 1918).*
2. *Ibid.*
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Renegotiating the Contracts

BARRY LOPEZ

In an essay in *Harper's* several years ago, Lewis Lapham wrote that democracy was an experiment, a flawed enterprise that required continued human attention if it was to serve us well. The philosophy of our relationship with animals in the Western industrialized world is also flawed and in need of continued attention.

In the simplest terms, our relationships with animals were once contractual—principled agreements, founded in a spirit of reciprocity, mythic in their pervasiveness. Among hunting peoples in general they consisted of mutual obligations and courtesies.

Over the past two decades in particular, our current relationships with animals have been energetically scrutinized by anthropologists, moral philo-

sophers, and field biologists. A renewed interest in the mythologies and values of hunting peoples—Valley Bisa in Africa, Yanomamo in South America, the Inuit of Baffin Island—has caused us to question the moral basis for a continuation of hunting by industrialized cultures. Use of the Driaze test (to determine the corrosiveness of cosmetics) in animal laboratories, the commercial harvest of infant harp seals, and research on cetacean brains have provoked heated debate over animal rights. The proliferation of animal images in advertising, and their dominant presence in children's stories, have brought thinkers such as Paul Shepard to wonder how animals affect the very way we conceptualize.

We once thought of animals as not only sentient, but as congruent with ourselves in a world beyond the world we can see, one structured by myth and moral obligation, and activated by spiritual power. The departure from this original conception was formalized in Cartesian dualism—the animal was a soulless entity with which people could have no moral relationships—and in Ruskin's belief that to find anything but the profane and mechanistic in the natural world was to engage in a pathetic fallacy. Both these ideas seem shortsighted and to have not served us well.

Today, commerce raises perhaps the most strenuous objections to the interference of animals—their mere presence, their purported rights—in human activity. Wilderness areas the world over, the only places where animals are free of the social and economic schemes of men, are consistently violated for their wealth of timber, minerals, and hydrocarbons. And to fill zoos. Fundamentalist religions and reductionist science deny—or persist in regarding as "outdated"—the mythic aspects of our relationships with animals, and that animals themselves have any spiritual dimension.

If we have embarked on a shared path in reevaluating this situation as humanists and scientists, it has been to inquire how we are going to repair the original contracts. These agreements were abrogated during the agricultural, scientific, and industrial revolutions with a determined degradation of the value of animal life. Once indefensible acts became over the centuries only what was acceptable or expeditious. Such a reconsideration bears sharply on the fate of zoos and the future of animal experimentation, but it is also fundamentally important to us as creatures. Whatever wisdom we have shown in deriving a science of ecology, whatever insight we have gained from quantum mechanics into the importance of *relationships*, urges us to consider these issues without calculation and passionately. We must examine a deep and long-lived insult.

I believe there are two failures to face. I speak with the view of someone who regards the human being as a Pleistocene rather than a twentieth-century phenomenon; and who also believes that to set aside our relationships with animals as inconsequential is to undermine our regard for the other sex, other cultures, other universes. Animals exist apart from us. The balance here between self-esteem and a prejudice directed toward what is different is one of the most rarefied and baffling issues of anthropology. Our own direction as a culture has been to enhance self-esteem *and* dismantle prejudice by eradicating ignorance. No culture, however, including our own, with its great admiration for compassion and the high value it places on a broad education, has erased prejudice. (No one for that matter has proved it a worthless aspect of cultural evolution and survival.) What is required—or our Western venture is for naught—is to

rise above prejudice to a position of respectful regard toward everything that is different from ourselves and not innately evil.

The two ways we have broken with animals are clear and could easily be the focus of our repair. One is that we have simply lost contact with them. Our notions of animal lives are highly intellectualized, and no longer checked by daily contact with their environs. Our conceptions of them are not only bookish but stagnant—we do not permit them to evolve as cultures. We allow them very little grace, enterprise, or individual variation. On the basis of even my own meager field experience—with wolves in Alaska, with mountain lion in Arizona, and with musk oxen, polar bear, and narwhal in the Canadian arctic—this is a major blind spot in our efforts to erase ignorance. By predetermining categories of relevant information, by dismissing what cannot be easily quantified, by designing research to flatter the predilection of sponsors or defeat the political aims of a special interest group—field biologists have complained to me of both—we have produced distorted and incomplete images of animals.

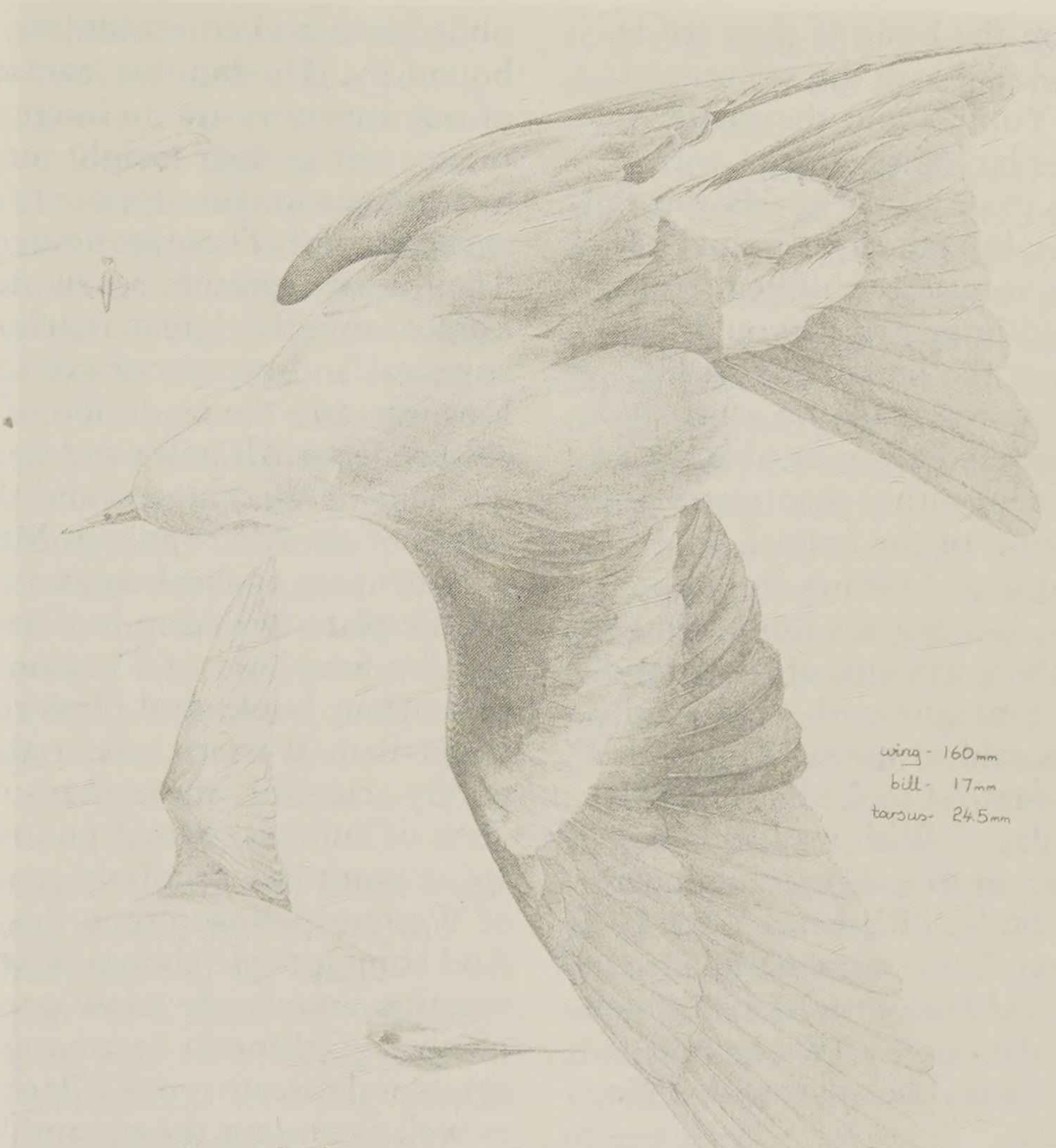
We have created, further, mathematical models of ecosystems we only superficially grasp, and then set divisions of government to managing the lives of the affected animals on the basis of these abstractions. We come perilously close in this to the worst moments of our history, to the events we regret most deeply: the subjugation of races, the violent persecution of minority beliefs, the waging of war. With animals, all that saves us here is Descartes's convenience. Of course, he could be right and this firm ethical ground. But we skirt such imperious condescension here, such hubris, that we cannot help but undermine our principles of behavior toward ourselves, toward each other.

I do not doubt the validity of these themes. I have often heard at grave and hopeful meetings eloquent talk of the intellectual and social crises of our times—suppression in a patriarchal society; the inhumane thrust of industry; the colonial designs of Russian foreign policy. With the change of only a word or two people could have been speaking of animals. These prejudices inform each other.

If the first failure is one of principle, where our attitudes toward animals have become those of owners and our knowledge skewed because we no longer meet with them, and rarely enter their landscapes, the second is a failure of imagination. We have lost our understanding of the place of awe and mystery in adult life, though it is still maintained by aboriginal peoples. I would suggest, on the basis again of my own short time with Eskimos, that to step beyond the realm of the superficial—eating rotten meat, a lack of neatness or cleanliness, no intellectual conversation—is to enter a realm where what has meant our survival for the past 40,000 years becomes clear. This knowledge of fundamental requirements and their application is bound up in that miniature ecosystem, the story. We have subsisted on mystery and awe, actively sought in the hunting experience and intricately preserved in our oral literatures, as much as we have on the flesh of the caribou, the amino acids in corn and beans.

The cultivation of mystery and awe has kept our capacity for metaphor intact. And our capacity for metaphor has allowed us to grasp the several layers of meaning in, say, a story about polar bear, to perceive animals not only as complex physiological organisms but as elements of a coherent and shared landscape.

Our second failure with animals, then, has been to banish them from our minds, as though they were not capable of helping us with our predicaments, the myriad paradoxes of our existence.



Leach's Petrel Oceanodroma leucorhoa 1/1

4th December 1980

plumage details from a dead bird given to me by Dr Mike Harris, I.T.E., Banchory

plumage, upperparts blackish brown, pale brown wing coverts, white tail coverts underparts brown, lesser underwing coverts more rufous.

It is as though we had told the polar bear his solitary life and the implacable hunger that makes him a persistent and resourceful hunter had no meaning for us. I believe this is a false sophistication of mind, and ultimately destructive.

I am aware of having written here without reference to the incidents of day-to-day life by which most of us corroborate our beliefs. I think of several images. There is a group of sea ducks called scoters. They are thick-bodied, dark birds. With the exception of the males, with their bright, oddly shaped bills, they are of undistinguished coloration. The casual spring visitor to Cape Cod, or Cape Flattery on the other coast of North America, would be likely to see a few, but we know very little about them. Like the ribbon seal and the narwahl, we can't easily find them again once they leave these accustomed meeting places. They are not really known to us.

Taxonomists took years to finally differentiate the spotted seal (*Phoca largha*) from the harbor seal (*Phoca vitulina*). They distrusted the statements of Eskimos in the same Bering Sea region who had always separated the

two seals on the basis of their ice-related behavior. Now the scientists speak like Yupic about the matter.

A marine biologist, armed with a prestigious grant, went to Hawaii to study a certain crab. The animal's behavior was so utterly different from what he had imagined it would be from reading the literature that his research proposal made no sense. To maintain his credibility he abandoned the experiment rather than restructure his conception of the animal.

One morning, walking through fresh snow, looking for mountain lion tracks on the north rim of the Grand Canyon, a biologist with years of this behind him said to me suddenly, "It's not in the data." I looked at him. "It's not in the data." With his hands he made a motion to indicate the upper part of his body. "It's here. What I know is here." We went on in silence. "But as a field biologist," I said, "you must offer data or—" "We are not really biologists," he answered. "We are historians."

A final moment. In the Sea of Labrador one summer a sperm whale approached our ship dead-on. I was standing in the bow with a retired Danish master mariner. The calm green sea broke over the whale's brow as he closed at ten or twelve knots. His approach was unwavering. I wondered out loud if they were aware on the bridge. The whale surged past suddenly to port, crashing across our bow wave. I turned—the mate shrugged from the superstructure several hundred feet away—who knows? The retired captain had not moved. He had not loosened the tenacious grip he had on the ship's rail. He began to tell me about a convoy in the North Atlantic in 1942, the night they were torpedoed.

If we are to locate animals again at the complicated ethical and conceptual level of our ancestors, where they seem to have such a bearing on our state of mental health, we must decide what obligations and courtesies we will be bound by. The hunting contracts of our ancestors are no longer appropriate, just as their insight into natural history is no longer superior to our own at every point. These are new contracts. They must represent a new decorum, born of our aboriginal attachment to ancestral landscapes, our extraordinary learning, and the evolution of our culture from Altamira and Lascaux to the halls of Washington and the corridors of the Metropolitan Museum.

Enormous as these steps are to contemplate, we seem in diverse ways to have firm hold of a beginning. The best of our books and films reflect a wider-than-Western, wider-than-purely-scientific, more-than-utilitarian view of animals. Moral philosophers are at work in a scholarly remodeling of Western philosophy in this area. And some people choose now to vacation among the snow geese of northern California or among the egrets and roseate spoonbills of Florida, as well as among the pyramids, or the creations of the Medici.

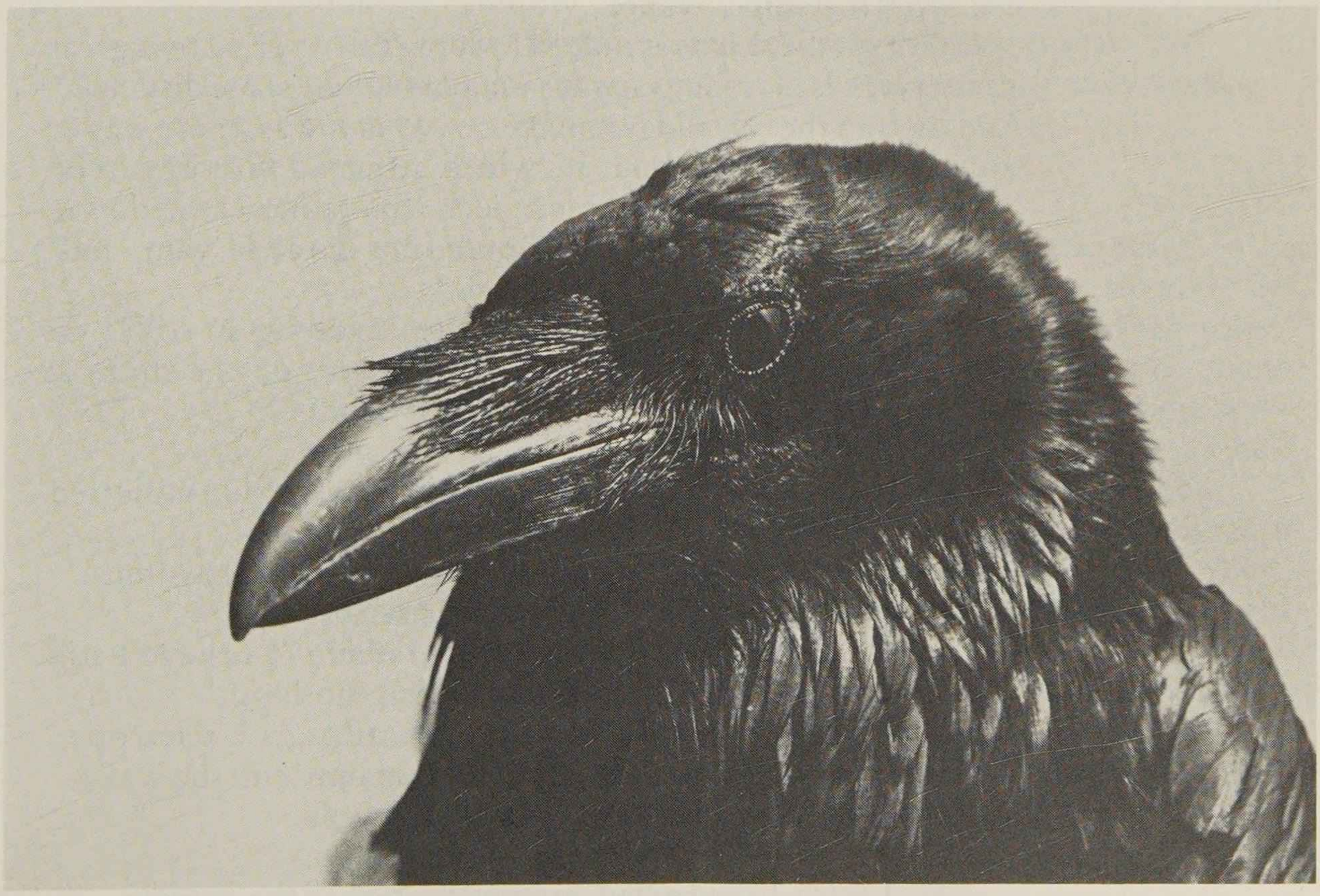
However new agreements are drawn up, they must reflect as the old ones did an atmosphere of mutual regard, some latitude for mystery, and a sense of hope. As a European people we have taken great intellectual risks and made at various times penetrating insights—Aquinas's theology, Leibnitz's calculus, Darwin's concept of evolution, Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, Lévi-Strauss's anthropology. We have in common with all other people in the world an understanding of how animals inform our intellectual, physical, aesthetic, and spiritual lives. From this reservoir of knowledge and sensitivity we could hope to forge a new covenant, fiercely honest, with other creatures.

In the time I have spent with native peoples in North America I have observed a deceptively simple event—how superstition, a slight, seemingly

irrational prohibition, can undercut sometimes fatal arrogance in a young, headstrong hunter. To see it once is to be reminded forever that all life is a great gamble; wisdom is not simply erudition; and to behave in an irrational manner can, in fact, be life-enhancing. We tore up the animal contracts when the animals got in the way of our agriculture, our husbandry, and our science. We are now tearing up and rewriting our contracts with native peoples, because they block our political and industrial development. We cannot keep doing this. We will find ourselves with a false and miserable existence, a hollow probity, isolated far from our roots.

We will never find a way home until we find a way to look the caribou, the salmon, the lynx, and the white-throated sparrow in the face, without guile, with no plan of betrayal. We have to decide, again, after a long hiatus, how we are going to behave. We have to decide again to be impeccable in our dealings with the elements of our natural history.

A convenience of rational thought allows me to say there are but two places where our relationships with animals have been severed; audacity perhaps moves me to state that we must repair these breaks. I say so out of years of coming and going in a world inhabited largely by animals and aboriginal peoples, and out of repeated contact with human despair and loneliness in my own culture. What we do to animals troubles us—the horror of laboratory experiment, trophy shooting, factory farming—and our loss of contact with them leaves us mysteriously bereaved. If we could reestablish an atmosphere of respect in our relationships, simple awe for the complexities of animals' lives, I think we would feel revivified as a species. And we would know more, deeply more, about what we are fighting for when we raise our voices against tyranny of any sort. ■



Photograph by the author

The Colomber

DINO BUZZATI

When Stefano Roi was twelve years old, he asked his father, a sea captain and owner of a fine sailing ship, to take him on board as his birthday gift.

"When I am grown up," the boy said, "I want to go to sea with you. And I shall command ships even more beautiful and bigger than yours."

"God bless you, my son," the father answered. And since his vessel had to leave that very day, he took the boy with him.

It was a splendid sunny day, and the sea was calm. Stefano, who had never been on a ship, happily wandered around on deck, admiring the complicated maneuvers of the sails. He asked the sailors about this and that, and they gladly explained everything to him.

When the boy had gone astern, he stopped, his curiosity aroused, to observe something that intermittently rose to the surface at a distance of two to three hundred meters, in line with the ship's wake.

Although the ship was indeed moving fast, carried by a great quarter wind, that thing always maintained the same distance. And though the boy did not make out what it was, there was some indefinable air about it, which attracted him intensely.

No longer seeing Stefano on deck, the father came down from the bridge after having shouted his name in vain, and went to look for him.

"Stefano, what are you doing there, standing so still?" the captain asked his son, finally perceiving him on the stern, as he stared at the waves.

"Papa, come here and see."

The father came, and he too looked in the direction indicated by the boy, but he could not see anything.

"There's a dark thing that rises in the wake every so often," Stefano said, "and it follows behind us."

"Despite my forty years," said the father, "I believe I still have good eyesight. But I see absolutely nothing."

After the boy insisted, the father went to get a telescope, and he scrutinized the surface of the sea, in line with the wake. Stefano saw him turn pale.

"What is it? Why do you make that face?"

"Oh, I wish I never had listened to you," the captain

exclaimed. "Now I'm worried about you. What you see rising from the water and following us is not some object. That is a colomber. It's the fish that sailors fear above all others, in every sea in the world. It is a tremendous, mysterious shark, more clever than man. For reasons that perhaps no one will ever know, it chooses its victim, and when it has chosen, it pursues him for years and years, for his entire life, until it has succeeded in devouring him. And the strange thing is this: no one can see the colomber except the victim himself and his blood relations."

"It's not a story?"

"No. I have never seen it. But from descriptions I have heard many times, I immediately recognized it. That bison-like muzzle, that mouth continually opening and closing, those terrible teeth. Stefano, there's no doubt, the colomber has ominously chosen you, and as long as you go to sea, it will give you no peace. Listen to me: we are going back to land now, immediately; you will go ashore and never again leave it, not for any reason whatsoever. You must promise me you won't. Seafaring is not for you, my son. You must resign yourself. After all, you will be able to make your fortune on land too."

Having said this, he immediately reversed his course, reentered the port, and on the pretext of a sudden illness, he put his son ashore. Then he left again without him.

Deeply troubled, the boy remained on the shore until the last tip of the masts sank behind the horizon. Beyond the pier that bounded the port, the sea was completely deserted. But looking carefully, Stefano could perceive a small black point which intermittently surfaced on the water: it was "his" colomber, slowly moving back and forth, obstinately waiting for him.

From then on the boy was dissuaded from his desire to go to sea with every expedient. His father sent him to study at an inland city, hundreds of kilometers away. And for some time, distracted by his new surroundings, Stefano no longer thought about the sea monster. Still, he returned home for summer vacations, and the first thing he did, as soon as he had some free time, was to hurry to the end of the pier for a kind of verification, although he fundamentally considered it unnecessary. After so many years, even supposing that all the stories his father told him were true, the colomber had certainly given up its siege.

But Stefano stood there, astonished, his heart pounding. At a distance of two to three hundred meters from the pier, in the open sea, the sinister fish was moving back and forth, slowly, raising its muzzle from the water every now and then and turning toward land, as if it anxiously watched for whether Stefano was coming at last.

So, the idea of that hostile creature waiting for him day and night became a secret obsession for Stefano. And even in the distant city it cropped up to wake him in the middle of the night with worry. He was safe, of course; hundreds of kilometers separated him from the colomber. And yet he knew that beyond the mountains, beyond the forest and the plains, the shark was waiting for him. He might have moved even to the most remote continent, and still the colomber would have appeared in the mirror of the nearest sea, with the inexorable obstinacy of a fatal instrument.

Stefano, who was a serious and eager boy, profitably continued his studies, and as soon as he was a man, he found a dignified and well-paying position at an emporium in that inland city. Meanwhile, his father died through illness, his magnificent ship was sold by his widow, and his son found himself the heir of a modest fortune. Work, friends, diversions, first love affairs—Stefano's life was now well underway, but the thought of the colomber nonetheless tormented him like a mirage that was fatal and fascinating at the same time; and as the days passed, it seemed to become more insistent, rather than disappear.

Great are the satisfactions of an industrious, well-to-do, and quiet life, but greater still is the attraction of the abyss. Stefano was hardly twenty-two years old when, having said good-by to his inland friends and resigned from his job, he returned to his native city and told his mother of his firm intention to follow his father's trade. The woman, to whom Stefano had never mentioned the mysterious shark, joyfully welcomed his decision. To have her son abandon the sea for the city had always seemed to her, in her heart, a betrayal of the family's tradition.

Stefano began to sail, giving proof of his seaworthiness, his resistance to fatigue, and his intrepid spirit. He sailed and sailed, and in the wake of his ship, day and night, in good weather and in storms, the colomber trudged along. He knew that this was his curse and his penalty, and precisely for this reason, perhaps, he did not find the strength to sever himself from it. And no one on board, except him, perceived the monster.

"Don't you see anything over there?" he asked his companions from time to time, pointing at the wake.

"No, we don't see anything at all. Why?"

"I don't know. It seemed to me . . . "

"You didn't see a colomber, by any chance, did you?" the sailors asked, laughing and touching wood.

"Why are you laughing? Why are you touching wood?"

"Because the colomber is an animal that spares no one. And if it has begun to follow this ship, it means that one of us is doomed."

But Stefano did not slacken. The uninterrupted threat that followed on his heels seemed in fact to strengthen his will, his passion for the sea, his courage in times of strife and danger.

When he felt that he was master of his trade, he used his modest patrimony to acquire a small steam freighter with a partner, then he became the sole proprietor of it, and thanks to a series of successful shipments, he could subsequently buy a true merchantman, setting out with always more ambitious aims. But the successes, and the millions, were unable to remove that continual torment from his soul; nor did he ever try, on the other hand, to sell the ship and retire to undertake different enterprises on land.

To sail and sail was his only thought. Just as soon as he set foot on land in some port after a long journey, the impatience to depart again immediately pricked him. He knew that outside the colomber was waiting for him, and that the colomber was synonymous with ruin. With nothingness. An indomitable impulse dragged him without rest, from one ocean to another.

Until, one day, Stefano suddenly realized that he had grown old, very old; and no one around him could explain why, rich as he was, he did not finally leave the cursed life of the sea. He was old, and bitterly unhappy, because his entire existence had been spent in that mad flight across the seas, to escape his enemy. But the temptation of the abyss had always been greater for him than the joys of a prosperous and quiet life.

One evening, while his magnificent ship was anchored offshore the port where he was born, he felt close to death. He then called his second officer, in whom he had great trust, and ordered him not to oppose what he was about to do. The other man promised, on his honor.

Having gotten this assurance, Stefano revealed to the second officer the story of the colomber that continued to pursue him uselessly for nearly fifty years. The officer listened to him, frightened.

"It has escorted me from one end of the world to the other," Stefano said, "with a faithfulness that not even the noblest friend could have shown. Now I am about to die. The colomber too will be terribly old and weary by now. I cannot betray it."

Having said this, he took his leave of the crew, ordered a small boat to be lowered into the sea, and boarded it, after he made them give him a harpoon.

"Now I am going to meet it," he announced. "It isn't right to disappoint it. But I shall struggle, with all my might."

With a few weary strokes of the oars, he drew away from the side of the ship. Officers and sailors saw him disappear down below, on the placid sea, shrouded in the nocturnal shadows. In the sky was a crescent moon.

He did not have to work very hard. Suddenly the colomber's

horrible snout emerged at the side of the boat.

"Here I am with you, finally," Stefano said. "Now it's just the two of us." And gathering his remaining strength, he raised the harpoon to strike.

"Uh," the colomber groaned, imploringly, "what a long journey it's taken to find you. I too am wasted with fatigue. How much you made me swim. And you kept on fleeing. You never undersood at all."

"What?" asked Stefano, with the point of his harpoon over the colomber's heart.

"I have not pursued you around the world to devour you, as you thought. I was charged by the King of the Sea only to deliver this to you."

And the shark stuck out its tongue, offering the old captain a small phosphorescent sphere.

Stefano picked it up and examined it. It was a pearl of disproportionate size. And he recognized it as the famous *Perla del Mare*, which brought luck, power, love, and peace of mind to whoever possessed it. But now it was too late.

"Alas!" said the captain, shaking his head sadly. "How wrong it all is. I managed to condemn myself, and I have ruined your life."

"Good-bye, poor man," answered the colomber. And it sank into the black waters forever.

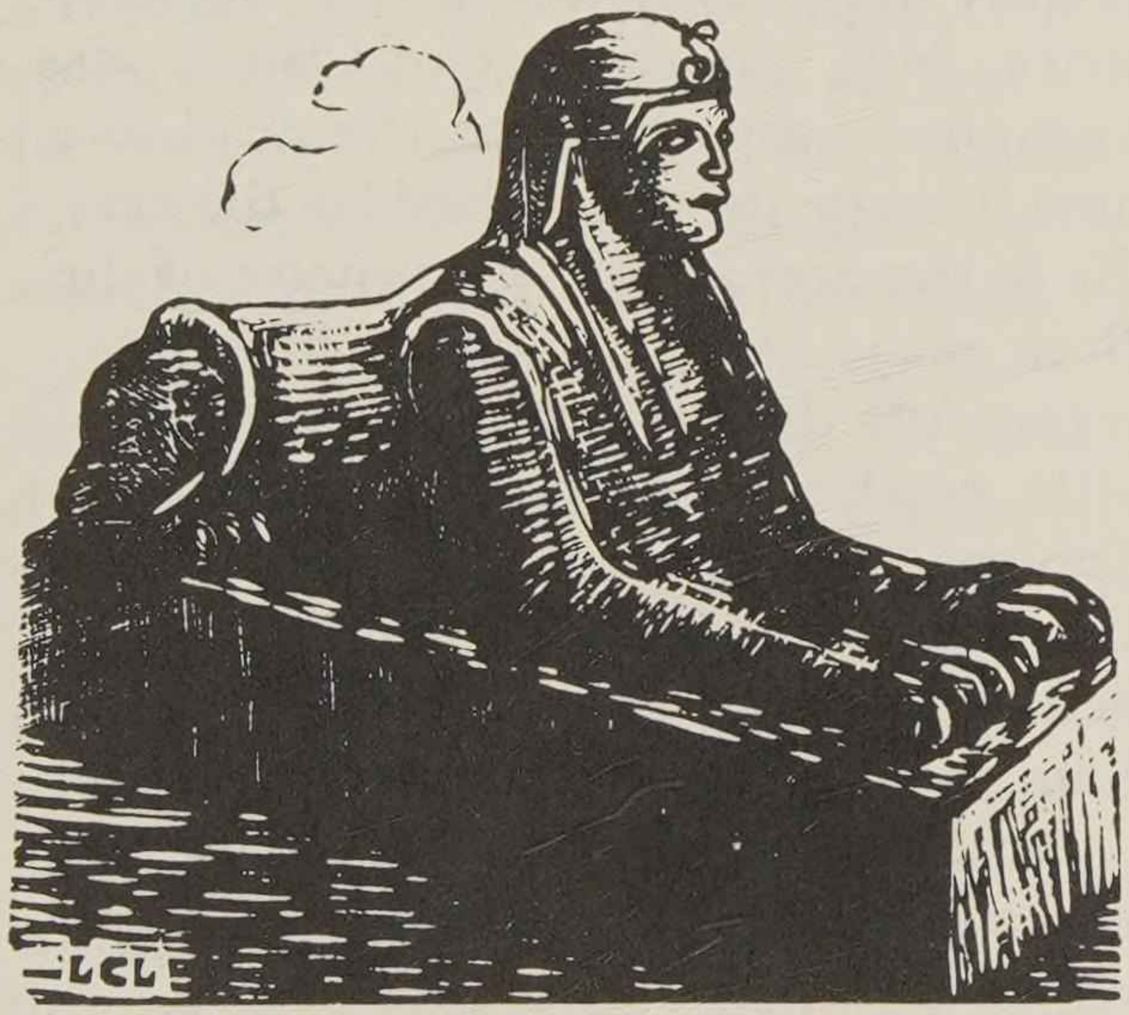
Two months later, pushed by an undertow, a small boat came alongside an abrupt reef. It was sighted by several fishermen who drew near, curious. In the boat, still seated, was a sun-bleached skeleton: between the little bones of its fingers it grasped a small round stone.

The colomber is a huge fish, frightening to behold and extremely rare. Depending on the sea, and the people who live by its shores, the fish is also called the kolombrey, kahloubrha, kalonga, kalul-balu, chalung-gra. Naturalists strangely ignore it. Some even maintain that it does not exist.

Excerpted with the permission of the publishers from the forthcoming book *Restless Nights: Selected Stories of Dino Buzzati*, chosen and translated by Lawrence Venuti. Berkeley: North Point Press.

Hieroglyph of Light

L. CHARBONNEAU-LASSAY



The following is excerpted from the little-known Le Bestiaire du Christ *by L. Charbonneau-Lassay. Subtitled "The Mysterious Symbolism of Jesus Christ," it was published in Belgium in 1940 in a limited edition by Desclée de Brouwer et Cie. In his massive work, Charbonneau-Lassay surveys the source and meaning of the symbolic animals of Christianity, illustrating the essays with hundreds of his own woodcuts. This selection has been translated from the French by Irving Friedman.*

Of all the mysteries which absorbed the thought of the Ancients, the most vital was the enigma surrounding the beginning and flowering of life. Every egg, every seed bears within it a germ which, in favorable conditions, brings forth a being resembling the one which produced it. For this gift of life bestowed on each living being, the people of antiquity displayed lively and sincere gratitude to the Creator God as they conceived him.

Among the Egyptians, the sphinx was linked to the symbolism of this concern the sages felt for life. Was it not one of the symbols of the fertilizing sun, and was the female sphinx not the image of Isis, mother of Horus? The ram-sphinx represented Amon, "considered as the power who originates and maintains the life of creation," according to Virey in his *Religion de l'ancienne Egypte*.

Sphinxes are also evident in Aegean art, in the Mycenean era, on each side of the trunk of the Tree of Life; and in many other places. In Greece, certain coins from Chios show the sphinx and the vase called the "Amphora" next to one another. This reminds us that, for

the ancient world, woman was the "Vase of Life," and that the Amphora, in particular, was one of the symbols for a pregnant woman. A fine intaglio stone pictures a pregnant sphinx, accompanied by a Greek comment about the many seeds of life it is imagined to contain. In Gaul, the Druids related the many-breasted sphinx to the Egyptian sphinx as a symbol of pregnant maternity.

For the ancient Egyptians, the earthly life of man was only a preexistence. Nut, the mother of Osiris, was thought to give birth to the dead in a new life; the mortuary bed "is the cradle of the deceased."[1] A vignette of the *Book of the Dead*, edited by Naville, represents the phases of the rebirth after death of the human being. Sphinxes take part in this transformation and one of them, reclining on a bed, personifies Harmakhis, the rising Sun, the divine symbol of resurrection.

Among the Egyptians, the sphinx was a solar divinity, despite its lack of wings until the Hellenistic period, when the people inhabiting the islands and northern shores of the Mediterranean gave it wings and showed it soaring toward the sun. On the chin-strap of a Greek helmet in the ancient Campana collection, the Phrygian sphinx rises in flight toward the heavenly light.

In his Mycenean excavations, Schliemann found sphinxes in the tombs of princes, and the first Christian centuries also preserved the ancient custom of placing in the shadows of sepulchers these ancient symbols of solar light which later became symbols of Jesus Christ, eternal light of the living and the dead.

"The astral light," says Eliphas Lévi

Etruscan sphinx from the Campana tomb.

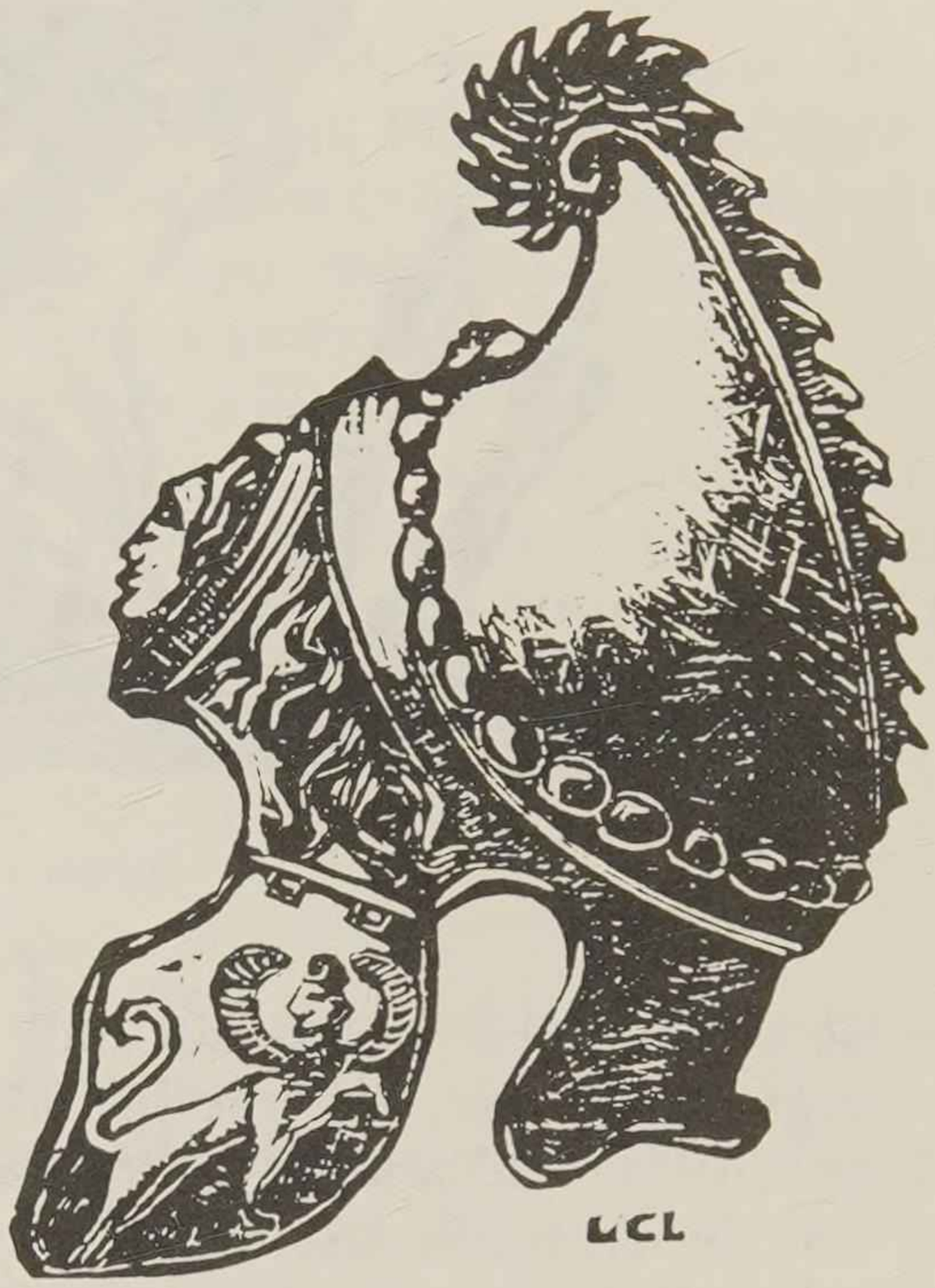
in *Histoire de la magie*, "is represented by gigantic sphinxes with the bodies of lions and the heads of magi." For the ancient Egyptian priests, this was the divine light in its most divine conception.

If we turn to the other side of the earth, to the archeology of the Aymara Indians of Peru, unexpectedly we find the sphinx again; and there once more it opened its great stone eyes toward the benevolent course of the sun.

In spite of distortion, the sphinx managed even in Rome to preserve its character as a hieroglyph of light. The sphinx which decorates the ancient frescoes of Livy's house in the Palatine carries on its forehead a diadem on which is mounted a lamplike flame.

According to Eusebius (*Histoire ecclésiastique*) there existed in Alexandria, from the beginning of Christianity, an important school for the instruction of neophytes and the preparation of the clergy. This institution, which was at the height of its powers in the 3rd century, succeeded in reconciling earlier religious ideas with the dogma, morality, and spirit of Christianity. These ideas included the old Egyptian theory of the Creative Word; the thesis of the Logos, the Divine Word intermediate between God and man, which was extolled by Philo and the Hellenistic philosophers; the divine Spirit which breathes life into the soul; the immortality of the soul, etc.

It endeavored as well to oppose "an orthodox and strictly reasonable gnosis" to the extravagant and mistaken gnosis of Basil and Valentine. Certain ancient Egyptian symbols which could be reconciled with the new religion were applied to Christ, to the Christian mysteries, or to the faithful soul: the sacred scarab, the ibis, the falcon, the frog, the mongoose, the



Greek helmet from the ancient Campana collection.

palm tree, the lotus, etc.

It could indeed be that the sphinx was made a symbol for Jesus Christ by Alexandrine gnostics without criticism by members of this school, in spite of its antagonism to their viewpoint; the ancient meanings attributed to the sphinx lent themselves so well to this adaptation. Was not Jesus, like the Egyptian Harmakhis, "Lord of the Two Horizons"—Lord of the East, which from earliest Christian times represented his birth, and Lord of the West, which symbolized his death? He is the God of increasing light, but also of the kingdom of shadows. He is in reality (and in a much wider sense than the sphinx of fable) Sovereignty, All-Powerful Force, and Divine Wisdom. He possesses all these in their full measure, in the highest degree of majestic impassivity, unalterable repose, intangible serenity.

Further, like the sphinx, Christ is the divine sun and the very source of

Sphinx of Astarte, in gold.

superabundance. He is also not only the allegorical image, like the sphinx, of Unity, of Truth, and of the Absolute, but the Absolute Itself, in Unity and in Truth.

Like the sphinx of Egypt, he is the repository and possessor of eternal secrets. Like it, but still more wisely, he has given men the perfect doctrine and the guidance of unerring wisdom for the conduct of their lives and the salvation of their souls.

The centuries that followed preserved the original reconciliation between the Savior and the symbolic meanings of the Egyptian sphinx. The mystics and even some Hermetic schools applied to the life of Jesus the Egyptian secret of supreme wisdom for the conduct of life summarized in the precept of the sphinx: "To Know, To Dare, To Will, To Be Silent." When a man governs his life by these four verbs connecting with each other, interacting to complement each other, he receives from them the maximum force that he is capable of using. They must be looked at as follows:

To know how to dare, to know how to will, to know how to be silent;

To dare to know, to dare to will, to dare to be silent;

To will to know, to will to dare, to will to be silent;

To be silent about one's knowing, to be silent about the goals of one's daring, to be silent about one's will.

And the Christian teachers regarded the Man-God as having realized more fully than any other man the precept of the sphinx, although he had no need of it.

They said, in substance:

To know—Jesus possessed Knowledge. He knew the Father and the Spirit, with whom he formed One only. Source of all lights, and so of all knowledge, he brought to earth in himself the fullness of the divine science which is that of origins and causes, of the universal and the relative. Nothing was hidden from him concerning the invisible world and invisible beings, nor concerning the visible world and the basis of human nature. He is the All-Knowing. He gave man the infallible guidance of wisdom, showing him the Way, by means of the Truth, with the vision of Eternal Life, because he himself is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and knows the mysteries of the Way, the Truth, and the Life in all their manifestations, in all their states.

To dare—Christ Jesus knew how to

dare and his daring was great. He dared to bring Matter close to Spirit; he dared, one might say, to link the two most radically opposite terms: thrice Holy God, and man the sinner—thereby reestablishing the primordial relation between the Creator and the Creature, who is rational but fallen. During his earthly mission and during his Passion, he dared, for our redemption, to brave the most formidable danger that he, as man, could confront—the ill-will of the Jewish priesthood and the power of the Roman governor. Finally, he dared to love us up to the culminating point of the agony of redemption.

To will—He knew how to will, and his entire will was directed toward the mission which he had come to accomplish. He willed as God and as man; and when, in the throes of his agony, his human will was shaken by the ordeal, he sustained it by linking it strongly with his Father's will, which was at the same time his own divine will, since he and his Father are one:[2] "My Father, thy will be done."[3]

To be silent—Jesus knew how to be silent when he deemed it proper, and his silence was often his shield against opposing wills. He was silent during the first and longest part of his life, called, because of this silence, his "hidden life." He was silent in the desert before the Adversary who wanted to test him, and to whom he gave only the reply of the Scriptures, but nothing from himself. He enveloped himself in silence before untimely questions from his disciples, even drawing the veil of enigma over certain truths which he left for the Holy Spirit to make them understand after his disappearance. He emphasized the value of silence, pointing out that we would be required to account for any useless words. Later, in front of those on whom his life or death depended, the princes of the priesthood and Pilate, he withdrew into an almost complete silence, not in gentle resignation as suggested by uninformed piety, but because he strongly willed not to respond to judges to whom he was not accountable. He broke this silence only to affirm that he would return one day to judge the earth himself, only to affirm his royalty and to proclaim that he is the Son of the living God.[4]

The characteristic which placed the sphinx in contact with the mystery of life could not prevent it from being included among the symbols of Jesus Christ. Quite the contrary, because Christianity, even more than earlier religions and in a spiritually higher manner in its ancient sacred art as well

Assyrian sphinx crowned with the tiara of the gods, in bronze.

Sphinx on a gold plate, found in Cyprus. Mycenaean art.

LCL

as in its liturgy, proclaimed a profound gratitude for the gift of life to the one constantly invoked as "Author of life," whom it called "our life." *Jesu, auctor vitae. Jesu, vita nostra.*[5]

So, it should not be a surprise to see two sphinxes surrounding a Tree of Life in the facade of a Catholic church in Athens, just as they stood in ancient Egyptian Crete. Whether or not this bas-relief was an ancient work of pagan art, its use in this place is nonetheless significant.

Jesus also said: "I am the light that illuminates every man coming into this world"; and the sphinx, solar god of the intense, pure light of the Egyptian desert, was a suitable symbol to represent it allegorically. It is therefore difficult to doubt that the first Christian symbolists of Alexandria, who were deeply interested in the ancient Egyptian symbols, were the first to reconcile Christ, light of the world, with the sphinx, ancient symbol of the Sun, the god of their country.

Like the griffin and the centaur, the sphinx has represented the union of the divine and human natures in the only Being that has ever possessed them, and his twofold sovereignty over the spiritual and material worlds. In the sphinx, as in the centaur, the divinity of the Savior is represented by the human head and upper body, because this part is animated by a soul, created, according to Genesis, in the image of God; and the body of the quadruped represents his humanity, attached like ours to the earth during his earthly life. Any commentary on the symbolism of the centaur, as it relates to this union of Christ's two natures, is equally valid for the sphinx.

But there is more: certain representations of the sphinx have the head and upper body of man, the wings of the eagle, the forepart of the lion, and the hind quarters of the bull; and it was above all this sphinx that engaged the attention of the Christian mystics, because it evoked the four sacred animals in the visions of Ezekiel and St. John, later transposed to the four Evangelists. The combined totality of these four animals was, in Christian sym-

bolism, one of the great, mysterious symbols of the Lord, which condensed in itself all the individual meanings of each of the separate animals. So the sphinx, which was made up of one part of each of the four, was a true tetramorph. The occultists of today, remote as most of them are from earlier Hermetists, recognize this: "The sphinx displays to the Christian," says one of them, "the angel, the eagle, the lion and the bull."[6] And Schuré (*L'Evolution divine: du Sphinx à Christ*) tells us that the entire evolution of animals can be seen in the human and bovine parts, while the divine nature is visible in the eagle's wings. The eagle has indeed in certain themes of Christian iconography and symbolism, such as the griffin, well represented the divine nature; however, it is the human part that represents it in the sphinx.

The twofold nature of the Sphinx suggests the presence within it of two different hearts: one belonging to its human breast and the other to its animal body. It is "the animal with two hearts." The same should apply to the centaur, but I do not believe that the ancient Christian symbolists ever gave this their attention. For them, everything arising from the spiritual element and the higher functions of the human soul were related to the first of the two hearts of the sphinx, to the heart of the human breast. In their eyes, it was from this heart that intelligence, knowledge, will, and all the noble faculties and feelings were derived. In this they agreed with the ancients—the Assyrians and especially the Egyptians who placed the seat of the soul and of reason in the heart, and not in the brain.

To the second heart of the sphinx, they related everything concerned with the physical life of man and his lower

Oedipus and the Sphinx, from a painted vase.

Oedipus and the Sphinx, antique engraved stone.

appetites—lawful or sinful—his earthly goods, his ordinary preoccupations.

As a result, they compared to the first heart the spiritual Christian, whose thoughts dwell in the more elevated realm of religion, and who gives precedence in his life to the concerns of a higher level over the mundane interests of the material world.

The heavy, sensual and commonplace Christian was compared with the second heart; the man who carries his life like a leaden weight and never raises his head higher than the hedge of his field, his dining table, or his cash box.

The superiority of the first heart, sustained by the head and upper body of man and by the wings of the eagle, over the second heart, maintained from below by the body and the gait of the quadruped, is indeed the unassailable primacy of the Spiritual over the Material. It is this which makes the faithful believer something other than a simple, commonplace Christian; for the realization in him of this primacy opens to his soul an access to higher regions, where it can approach the more abundant source of divine grace. ■

NOTES

1. Alexandre Moret, *Mystères egyptiens*, p. 56.
2. John 17:11,21.
3. Matthew 26:42.
4. Matthew 26:64 and 27:12; Luke 22:20; John 18:37.
5. Litanies of the Holy Name of Jesus.
6. Papus, *Traité élémentaire de science occulte*, p. 187. It is not the angel, but man furnished with wings like the three other animals; the texts of Ezekiel and St. John are explicit.

A PARABOLA BESTIARY

Bestiaries were traditionally works of observation and natural history. Ancient and widespread, their way of observing allowed room for elements of theology, symbolism, and moralizing that strike our modern ear as wildly unscientific. The animals in these old works were not seen in isolation, but in relation to the human sphere. They carried messages and lessons, and had a rightful place in a greater order.

Our own day has brought more detailed facts about animals and a less secure context for the new information. As we learn more about them, can the animals still teach us? We asked our contributors to listen to an animal which has always interested them. Their responses, which follow, testify to the many levels of relationship which still endure.—The Editors

My house views a river, on the verge of entering a bay. There are herons about, and seals. Raccoons gambol about the mudflats at low tide, a fox yells for his mate on the field beyond my balcony, and eagles swoop low when the chickens have chicks.

Winter is close now and I had to get the goldfish out of the pond. When it's cold the goldfish prefers my aquarium, or so I prefer to believe. He floats easy between the waterweeds and comes up to be tickled by the bubblestream or to nip at the superfood that costs a dollar a sixteenth of an ounce.

He didn't want to be caught this year and I had to swoop the net diligently. When he finally flopped on the white gauze

he was accompanied by a tadpole. The tadpole lives in the aquarium too now—a fat little fellow with dark spots on his creamy belly, and a long agile tail. Tadpoles turn into frogs after a while; the fact didn't amaze me. Until it did, when I was watching the creature again, grazing on the weeds, going up and down like a yo-yo, gaping with its impossibly large mouth, pretending it's dead once in a while, so that I touch it with my finger and it can dart away, toothlessly grinning. I've watched tadpoles before, when I was a kid and still curious, a lifetime ago, in Holland. Holland is a swamp, a soft gooey mattress, ideal to nurse frogs. Old men, Jung says, revert to their youth, they become curious again. I looked my tadpole up in the encyclopedia and studied accurate drawings, illustrating the great change. I saw how the dimpled ball, swept along by its fishy rear, gradually turns into a warted amphibian, growing hands and feet, losing its gills, adjusting its diet. There was the Chinaman who dreamed he was a butterfly, then he woke up. There's the frog who dreamed he was a fish. For a fish my tadpole certainly is. Completely aquatic, he wouldn't dream of sitting on a lily-leaf, pretending he's part of the pond's surface, watching flies until he can flick his tongue, wrap them up, swallow pleasantly, digest the insects away into his own being. The tadpole is too busy to dream, he wants to pop up and down in the green mystery of my aquarium, kept company by the golden shape of its rightful tenant. The tadpole grazes on algae, the concept of a fly is quite beyond his tiny computations.

Watching the miracle makes a man think. Am I what I think I am: part of the present top of animal evolution crawling about in the here and now, on a planet? What hidden being forms itself in me, while I busily earn my daily dollop? I can't, by definition, imagine what my being will be, for how can one imagine the unknown? Limited by three dimensions and human ignorance I have no choice, have to believe that I am what I seem to be for the moment, as the tadpole believes himself to be a tadpole, yet he's undoubtedly a future frog.

The tadpole is in pain, I can see that when I watch him through a magnifying glass with a built-in light. He rests against the aquarium's transparent and forbidding wall. The tadpole knows he's changing, as his tail diminishes and his limbs grow. His very perception is bent out of shape, preparing for an existence he knows nothing about. In fear he flattens himself against the limit of his life, warmed by the light of my magnifying glass, and a desperate still lidless eye

reflects untellable suffering. I sympathize, for my position isn't all that different. I partake in his joy too; most of my life is lived as well and a complete change should be quite adventurous. I know he'll be a frog, croaking musically under a full moon. Does he know what I'll be?

The goldfish nuzzles nearby, brought close by a single synchronized flick of his elegant fins, propelling himself within different possibilities again. He'll never be a frog but slowly changes into a gigantic carp, capable of gobbling large chunks of bread, gulping noisily, lifting his huge head into the air while I observe him, squatting on a rock at the side of the pond.

So many lives, and all part of the miracle, going on forever and refusing to be limited by definition. All lives connected, one changing into another. The tadpole shoots up, looking for my finger, touching it for a moment. The tadpole is alone, and so am I, but we can share our pain, and pleasure.

—Janwillem van de Wetering

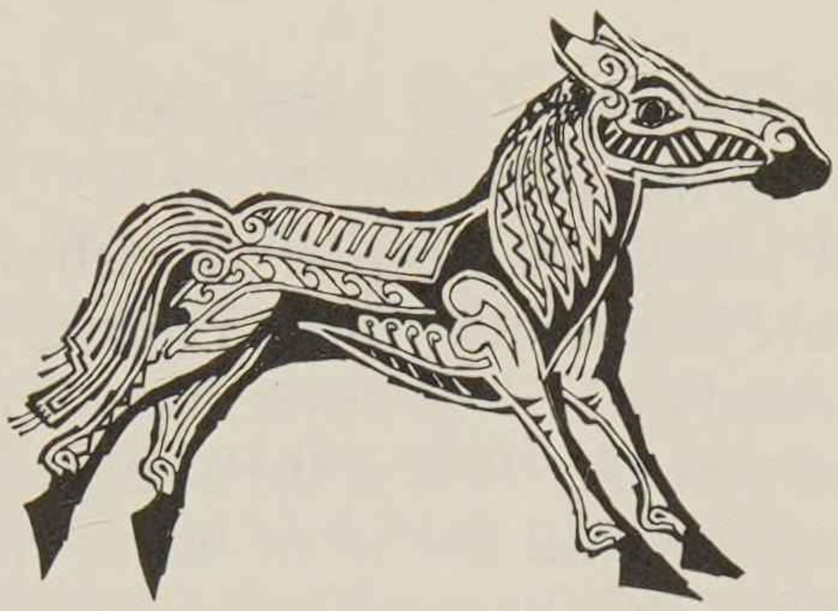
Ursula is a Latin word, the female diminutive of the root *urs–*, bear. If it were translated into English as North American Indian names have generally been translated it would be "Little Bear Woman." I have known this animal meaning of my name as long as I can remember. It is a queer thing to be named for an animal, and a queer animal to be named for. Among the stuffed animals whose characters, relationships, and politics occupied a good part of my childhood there were Teddy bears, but I never thought of them in connection with the real animal; only a handsome, solemn, non-anthropomor-

phic black one with a growl in his chest was named *Bear*. No desire to collect carved bears or wear bear jewelry or otherwise patronize my namesake ever occurred to me; and my only knowledge of the animal came from Ernest Thompson Seton's fine, sad *Life of a Grizzly*, a horrific collection of hunts and maiming called *True Bear Stories*, and Kipling's even more nightmarish *Bear That Walks Like a Man*, which is about Russia, not bears, but I did not know that. I preferred Bagheera to Baloo. I have never felt warmth or easy kinship towards bears, and do not enjoy seeing them in zoos and circuses. I do not find them funny or appealing. They are strange.

They may spend half the year in darkness, cold as the earth, the heart beating once a minute; and in the depth of that winter death the she-bear gives birth. They shamble when they walk. They are as if hidden inside the heavy, loose shag of their hide. Their feet are terrifying. The small eye looks impassively out from beside the heavy snout. It does not meet the human eye. The zoo bear is all patience and greed, pacing and hunching, standing up to catch the food thrown at it, swaying from foot to foot, the gaze not meeting ours. The performing bear of the circus is all patience and shame, the clown-monster made to lumber and cavort in clumsy imitation of human beings so that human beings can laugh at it.

I saw a wild bear once at a pool by a little waterfall in a creek in the Coast Range of Oregon. It was a Western black bear, not large as bears go, though large as wild animals go. It did not see or hear or smell us or our stupid excited puppy. It was a hundred yards away down a hillside of fir and fern, altogether remote, in its world in the other time, the bear time. By being there the bear allowed me to enter its time, to be there. This is the gift of the animal, for which we have no fit response but praise. It was fishing and playing in the running water, patient and dangerous, black and quick, in the noise of the water and the quick light. I have dreamed of the bear since. I am fortunate in my name, and would not be named for any creature I did not fear.

—Ursula K. Le Guin



In a weather-soaked barn in the countryside where I live, I once met a horse that swam away with my heart. His owner, a backyard dealer in Arabian horses, had found him on a ruined estate, half-dead of neglect: a sack, she said, of beautiful bones. In proof of his instincts—and hers—she now had a small herd of colts and mares in foal, and a fully restored Arabian stud at the colossal horse age of twenty-seven that looked as if it had leapt out of the Parthenon frieze and landed in her stable, alive and intact.

The animal lived alone, apart from the mares, at the end of a corridor: a mass of white shadows that composed themselves in the darkness, becoming first stone, then skin, then a presence more cat-like in its antiquity than anything I'd ever seen on the hoof. Elderly stallions are still loud and obstreperous as a rule. This one, however, only swiveled his elegant neck as we rolled back the door, and inhaled us. Gone completely white with the years, the horse stood, nostrils open, on the legs of a deer. His back was straight, his chest was full, and his head was the sort that turns horsemen into fools: broad in the brow, square in the chin, with small cursive ears like two leaves off the vine, and the huge, soft eyes of an odalisque. Suddenly I understood why Koranic tradition puts a woman's face on the horse that flew Mohammed to heaven.

This, said the dealer with a wave of her hand, is the Bedouin war horse, fetched out of the Ottoman Empire to improve the American cavalry mount. She spoke of the blood type, and its fortunes in America, of the sums paid for such animals, of the Arabian's mystique and influence in the annals of horse history. It struck me that the thread of this conversation was spun many civilizations ago—that this was how men talked in the marketplace under the Macedonian sun, as they watched the king's boy tame this Arabian's ancestor, a horse with a brow so broad they called him Bucephalos, "bull-headed." Or how Achilles and Hector, both ardent horsemen, whiled away the noon hour outside Troy, comparing pedigrees and chariot design (Achilles

ought to have talked less; he might have heard his death prophesied in the mouth of his horse.)

As the dealer talked on, I began to wish she would be quiet. There is an entire menagerie inside a horse, but the beast that is always discussed is the war horse, the show horse, the race horse, the money horse. This is the animal made to stand for power and conquest and the id of horse-hungry girls—for what the horse has chiefly signified in history has been havoc. Until the machine took that prerogative, the horse was the means by which nation plundered nation, bringing pestilence, famine, and death. Consider the horseman of the Apocalypse or the war horse of Job, pawing in the valley, going to meet the armed men, bugling "Ha Ha" among the trumpets, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

And yet horses are only as bold as their masters, and in their chameleon souls will smell fear and feign panic, tossing riders into ditches and fences, or—like the runaway horses of Helios—out of heaven. For the horse in his wisdom is a mutable thing—a thousand pounds of animal spirits, obedient to odors and tremors and wind.

In order to know horses, it is necessary to become mute. When the telephone rang and the dealer left off talking, ran to answer it and did not come back for a quarter of an hour, her ancient white horse stepped out of the shadows, stepped into the silence, and Job's war horse became another creature entirely. Lowering his long white lashes over amorous eyes, the animal rested his chin on my shoulder and blew his warm, salty breath into my ear. He smelled like the ocean, but sweeter. The sea rocked in his chest. The insides of his nostrils were the color of conch shells. Strange, sapient lights swam in his eyes.

Bringer of war, the horse also brings revelation. The Romans kept oracular white horses in sacred groves, divining the fate of the Empire from their stamping and snorting. At the end of time, both the Messiah and Vishnu are supposed to descend from the clouds on heraldic white horses. It was a dragon-horse from heaven that revealed the forces of the universe, the Yin and the Yang, to the Yellow Emperor of China.

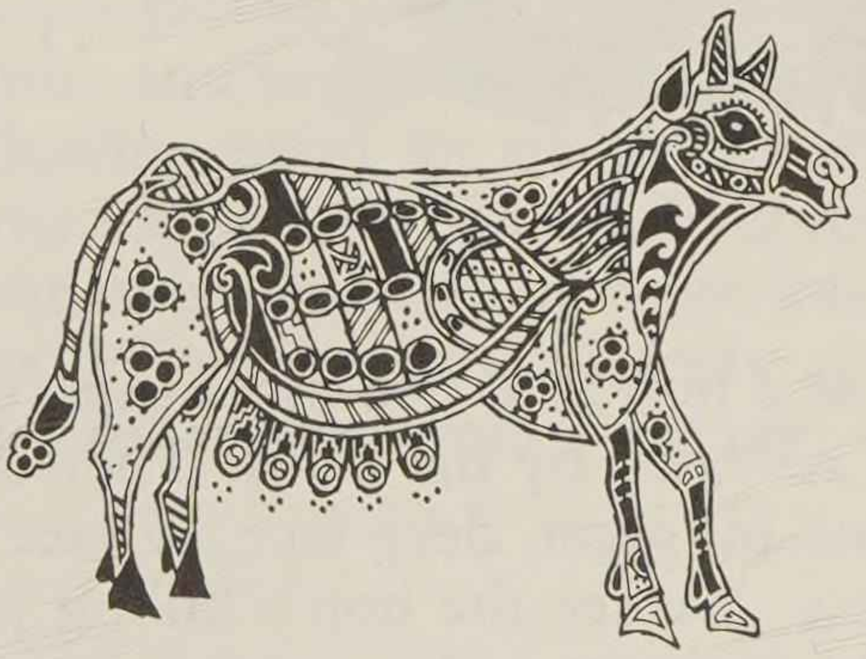
This horse, however, was made more of water than sky. I thought of the sacrificial world horse in the Upanishads; his element was the sea. I thought of Poseidon, ruler of horses. And then I recalled a fishy tale concerning white horses: lustrous, pearly white horses that come ashore on moonless nights and travel hundreds of miles on cleft hooves to court mares. These horses are tame and will do prodigious work,

but they must be kept away from rivers and lakes, or they revert to their ancient nature and swim away.

When the dealer returned, she could see that something had happened. You old flirt, she said to her horse. As she slid the door of the stall shut, the old seducer tossed his head and showed us the whites of his eyes, and I thought: yes, indeed, that's the Old Man of the Sea, and I would give my left arm to grasp that dragon, that mule, that big cat, that old fish, by the ribs and hold him to his horse shape. But there was, understandably, no invitation here to do any such thing. If I were my hostess, if I owned such a horse, I would not let any stranger climb on my antiques.

Besides, there were streams on the property and a lake down the road, and I doubt I could have been trusted, in the end, not to let the horse go.

—Alice van Buren



Behold her, single in the field, stately and royal with the coronet of horn, flowing—every joint to muscle yielding—in and out among the grasses, as she comes, punctual, to the byre. Eye and nostril, with diffident, feminine curiosity, continually alive to the outer world, she nevertheless keeps within her, ruminant, the sure knowledge of who she is—Yin incomparable, absolute. To whom or what could she be equal? She is beyond equality.

In India, they wreathe her about with marigolds, the sacred mother animal that lets down milk for man. On occasion, to honor some Personage, she is offered as a sacrifice but always with the mute and mutual understanding that her offer will, with courtesy, be rejected.

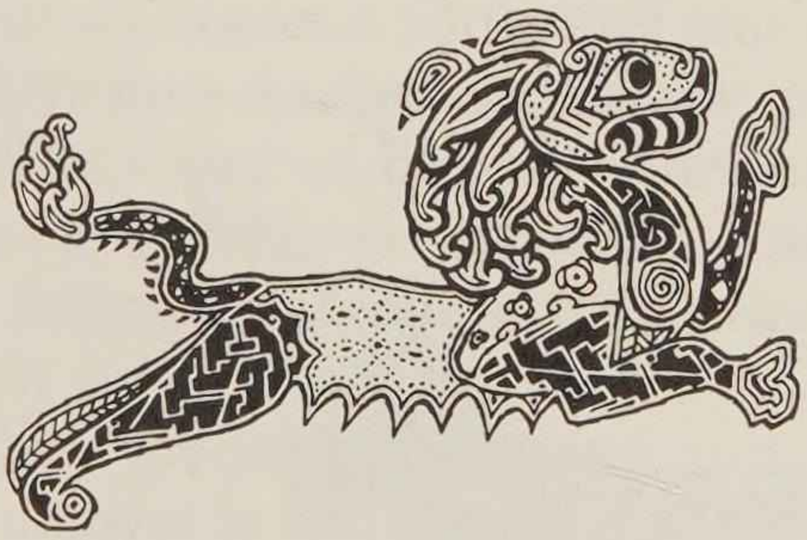
Only in the West is she sacred to no one but may, at any moment, become not merely milk but meat, or footwear. Robert Louis Stevenson, however, and may he be blessed for

it, saw her plain, her essential acceptance and forbearance, when he wrote:

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks amid the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

In Egyptian lore she is at times Hathor the moon goddess, but more often Nut the sky goddess, bestriding the earth as she arches above it, her hooves marking out East and West, her udder pendulous from the zenith. Who leans a cheek against that skiey flank? Who milks her of the stars?

—P.L. Travers



To look at a lion is to become aware of the implacable intelligence revealed by his form. The soul of the lion looks out at us from his great, deep face. We see there both kinship and otherness. We see the lion's killing power, the self-contained lawful violence of his nature, not evil, not good.

The truth the lion embodies is the symmetry of violence, beauty, and order. It is not our truth, yet humans and lions are bound by an order that includes us both. We ask, as of Blake's tiger, "Did he who made the Lamb make thee?"

Our arising and existence is sustained by the love of God, the same love that holds the lion and tiger and shark in being. "Did he smile his works to see? Did he who made the Lamb make thee?"

Like a king, the lion evokes fear and awe. Five hundred pounds of graceful and magnanimous ferocity, of relaxed and radiant power, he is master of the realm, with no enemies but us. The lion is totally self-contained, his bearing noble, his gaze steady, the glint of his eye hinting at a vast fiery inner power, banked but ever available. As the supreme animal of the sun he is linked to the heart, the center and "sun" of the body.

I have never gone to a zoo without an uncomfortable feeling of moral ambiguity, whether it is a zoo with bars or one in the more modern, "humanitarian" style. I am convinced that the lion in his soul knows it is not right, even if he was born in captivity and knows nothing else. But even behind bars the lion is capable of revealing who he is.

I once witnessed such a moment. It was in a small, old-fashioned zoo, indoors, all cages and chains. The room was dark and shadowy. An indescribable odor of cat musk, dung and urine commingled with that of sweat, popcorn, cotton candy, and soft drinks. The floor was littered with refuse, the hall packed with people. The din was terrific, the scene appalling.

The noise was especially intense around a cage holding several lions, including one large male with a magnificent mane who paced restlessly back and forth in the small space allotted to him. Boys ran up to the cage to roar mockingly or to throw wads of paper between the bars.

Suddenly the male lion stopped pacing, turned away from the people outside as though looking toward his primordial home, and began to roar—a mighty crescendo of roars, one following upon the next. The sound was tremendous, fearsome, the voice of a god. Everyone watched in silence as the great beast stood in his cage, his chest heaving, roar after roar. He stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

I am here, he seemed to say, and I am still a king.

—Vincent Rossi

Goat must be distinguished from its cousin sheep but is by no means so simple a matter as Our Lord imagines in St. Matthew, where the grand division of righteous and unrighteous on the Judgment Day is likened to a shepherd

separating his sheep from his goats, these to the right, those to the left. Every shepherd knows it is the essence of the goat not to stay in place.

Caper is Latin for goat and caper is what they do, caper *a capriccio*. Tether them and their minds still wander, capriciously. Will they act like sheep on Judgment Day? I think not. They will not be penned to the left or right. They will not wait to be judged. They will caper into their kingdom. And out again.

Even in Bethlehem they are a bother, which is why so few nativity scenes include them among the livestock. Goats lack decorum and a sense of scale, fail to see that some things are sacred. Giotto, peasant's son and profound student of the farmyard, always depicts manger goats in the act of looking elsewhere. *Christ is born and now what?* In the little Met nativity a goat is looking right out of the frame at Giotto and me and you.

Things that will not stay put are a nuisance. They disturb the peace and seem malicious. O'Grady's goat, tipper of soup and eater of shirts, is saddled with all the devilment on Shanty Row. Our nanny Bicquette leaned for hours against the fenceposts I had planted so diligently in Sakrete until the wire mesh they were meant to support was as horizontal as a hammock. It was a battle of wits and I lost. Time and again she would surpass her confines and be nibbling at the delicacy of the hour: the tomato vine, the chokecherry tree, the paperback I had laid down when I rose in my wrath to chase her. *To hell with you* I said, and really meant it. There are no goats in the Peaceable Kingdom.

Caper is Latin for goat and also for underarm odor; goats are an offense to our nostrils and often for sexual reasons. Thus goatish men are horny and satyrical; goats will do it anywhere with anyone and anything. Incontinently they caper, leaping on the mountains, skipping on the hills, jigging in the valleys, sweaty and promiscuous. Pliny says that diamonds dissolve in their hot blood; *Lyouns be pride, Foxes be fraude, Gotes be stynke of lechery*. All beasts are no doubt shameless by our standards, but goats are the most shameless of all.

Rather than safely graze like sheep, goats browse. This is to say that they love the buds and new shoots of shrubs and trees, forbidden things. Unlike sheep, goats are not content with their lot or level and will often be found trespassing casually upright on their hind legs, heads lost in a cloud of blossom or laundry. The eyes of goats, pupils dark horizontal

slots in yellow-green irises, are especially designed to see around corners into greener pastures.

Goats are nosy and inquisitive, and this is how you can catch them. Walk away and they may follow. Pretend to be tying your shoelace. I caught Bicquette by mopping my brow with my handkerchief, which she then tried to eat (she did not stay for long). Goats can no more hold a grudge than they can hold a loyalty or preserve a decency. They live, without respect or honor, in the quick of the present. How can they be judged?

You can't count on them, they are a great trouble; in fact to value the living goat you must value the trouble he is. Otherwise, good shepherd, you may farm them for milk or meat or skin or the powdered horn which makes a perfect aphrodisiac. Or you may name him Azazel and try to pack him off into the wilderness with all your sins upon his cruddy shoulders. To hell with him.

The trouble with the Peaceable Kingdom is that it makes me sleepy. The low bleat of the domestic ruminant is an excellent soporific . . . lamb lies with the lazy lion, the cow's in the corn . . . Under the haycock I dream of goats.

(Caper, billy, my devil. Bestir me. Come, my botheration: blow your horn.)

—Joseph Cary

On a mess of greenish-brown seaweed there is a rock crab; ocean water still gleams on his shell. He is all matter, all substance and *accidentia*, a sort of heavy down-falling of primitive light. The careless mottling on top suggests desert forts, where the sun hangs in the sky.

When a hand reaches out and turns it over, we see the underside, fierce, like the underside of the desert. The six

claws folded over the stomach are jointed segments of what has to be done, fierce bits of necessity. The will is strong, living without mother or father, bony, unsentimental, even on the upper legs that slope like arms. Inside the girlish arms there is cold and muscular flesh, still visionary, washed at night when seawater carries its moony splashings through the claw tunnel.

When we smell it, we feel vulnerable, as when we understand an image in a dream, and an instant later fall into night, grief, laboratory coldness, the fierce salt of the dark.

The coarse grainy skin of the flounder makes one think of remarks made too coarsely, and too quickly. The color is the grayish pale brown of wolf paws. Its petulant, rubbery mouth widens gradually, and the flesh actually is an extension or widening of the mouth. The shape becomes a thick triangle; part way up, the fins begin and continue in thought, in architectural fantasy, what the flesh itself decided not to do. Then at the peak, the fins begin to slope off, and by diminishing, make a second triangle, sliding away toward the tail; and the tail too has its fin, a sort of afterthought.

The two eyes together on the upper side, poorly balanced on the crook of the nose, look sideways discouraged, unable to make the equation come out right. And the body's oystery smell recalls a life lived utterly without ideas.

There must have been some violence to get those eyes twisted around to one side—probably violence from above. Whatever it was, the flounder ended floating along the ocean bottom, white side down, hoping not to be seen from above. The underside does not see the sun; it takes on the paleness of the cutworm, of the upper arms of women who always wear sleeved dresses.

It must be then that half of me remains on shore, with my long line and casting rod, and the other half is down there, so that what stands above remains attached to what floats down there.

Suppose Joseph had turned into a fish, and Egypt were a great river, then wouldn't Joseph, after he had fled from the plantation manager's wife, slipping away, naked, heading for the water, have glided about the legs of the fat cattle soon to rise from the river? . . . Moving slowly, as those fish whose long black feelers touch the muddy boulders. And if he became a man again, and slipped back into bed, would he be the brother on shore or the brother under the water?

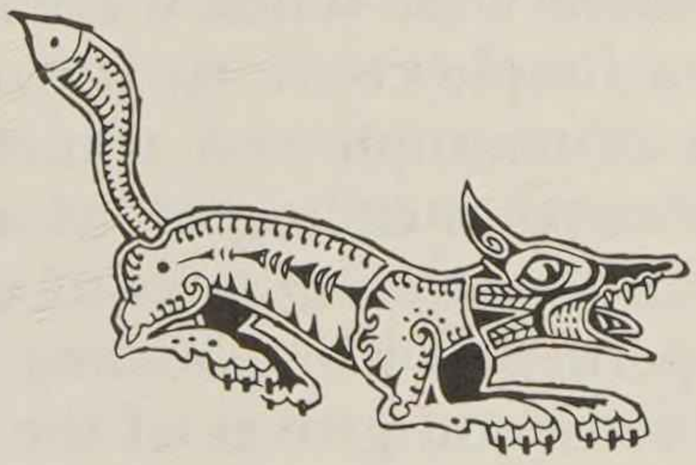
The oyster looks impenetrable and thuggy, and is the size of a baby mountain lion's paw. Its surface is flaky, breaking off, crazily staked with little abdominal errors. There are waves here, as on gypsy skirts—concealing what?

Hands, as they move to open it, feel grainy, about to violate a privacy. Small flakes of subtle calcium fall away . . . they are the grief and surprise that come away from lips closed so long. We have to call for a knife, which is the gift of those who lived before us, a strong knife, the end simple-minded but without Puritanism; it arranges its hard-ended molecules so as to recapture the past, gallop up the valley, return the dead to their former lives.

The oyster body wets the tip of the nose as one tries to gulp it up . . . the lips feel satisfied, as if they deserve what they have received.

And when we see the two empty shells, we feel it is right to praise the naked life. The shells are ready now to be thrown away into gardens, or thrown back into the ocean, as simple plates of desire.

—Robert Bly



Jimson lives in a new
small house where the view is shrouded
with hideous hoardings, a view
that is every day more crowded . . .

. . . And this is the curious prayer
that he prays when his heart sickens:
'O fox, come down from your lair
and steal our chickens.'

Lord Dunsany: *A Call To The Wild*

When I was a boy in New York City, crazy about anything with fur—and violently allergic to most of it—there were no wild coyotes in the state. Today they can be found in the

Catskills and Adirondacks, as in most of New England (indeed, an entirely new species, now generally considered to be a wolf-coyote cross, has appeared in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont within the last twenty years); and surely the Bronx cannot be far behind. I like to think about coyotes on bad days, the same way I take great comfort in knowing, rightly or wrongly, that running water purifies itself every two hundred yards. Two hundred feet? You want statistics, or you want to be able to get out of bed in the morning?

Being Jewish undoubtedly did a good deal, in my case, to enhance a natural empathy with all creatures officially pronounced vermin, to be destroyed on sight, down to the last individual, for the benefit of a superior society. Since the white man's arrival on the North American continent, the coyote has been the object of increasingly massive and coordinated efforts to eliminate it as finally as the grizzly bear, or the passenger pigeon, or the peoples who deified it and gave it sacred names like *coyotl*, "First Worker," and "God's Dog." Coyotes continue to be poisoned in great numbers, to be hunted from the air and trapped for their skins as much as for their presumed inroads into sheep herds. The body count a couple of years ago, according to the naturalist Hope Ryden, was 303,932 "harvested."

And yet there are more coyotes on the continent now, in more places, than there were when the white man got here. That is more than a simple comfort: it evokes an astonishingly visceral sense of triumph over something I cannot name, when I hear coyotes calling on Mount Madonna at night, or glimpse one sauntering across Los Angeles's Coldwater Canyon; or perhaps a pair ghosting through the brushy gullies and redwood groves of the U.C. Santa Cruz campus, wary as senior faculty who might actually have to talk to an actual undergraduate at any moment. *Still here, still here, still ourselves, how you like them apples? We still sing, too.*

In the black South there is a famous old song about the Gray Goose. Shot down, plucked, placed in the oven, he proves impossible to cook; the knife can't cut him, the fork can't stick him, the hogs won't eat him—he even breaks the teeth out of the saw at the mill. In the end the Gray Goose puts his own feathers back in, and when last seen, "he was flyin cross the ocean, lord, lord, lord, with a long string of goslins, and they was all goin *quonk-quonk*, lord, lord, lord . . ." Same animal. Same song.

Remember, if possible, that it is a god whose racket is keeping you awake, a god who ravaged your garbage cans

and tried to eat your cat. The various Native American traditions, from the Aztecs of central Mexico to the Crows in Montana, cast him eternally in the twin roles of creator and cardsharp, master and fool, world-shaper—according to the Crows, Old Coyote invented horses, hunting, sex and war—and compulsive Undoer. In keeping with his protean nature (*The Mammals of North America* lists nineteen different subspecies of *canis latrans*), the form changes at will—some of the old legends imply that there is really no such thing as a physical, earthly coyote, except as the gods need the mortal garment—but the spirit remains: always the trickster, always divine.

One of my three dogs is part-coyote. It shows clearly in her face, and in the way she moves, and it makes her uncertain about her relationships with most human beings. Nevertheless, she *is* a dog, gentle, anxiously affectionate, and queen of her small pack, going about her appointed business, which is mainly sleeping in the sun. But sometimes the mockingly seductive wailing of her cousins over the hill sends her nearly frantic, and then she howls and howls until they fall silent at last; and whether she is challenging them or crying out to be rescued from what she is, I cannot tell. When we were both younger, I used to fear that she might run away to Mount Madonna one night; now I know that I was foolish. She was never wild enough for that.

Perhaps that is finally why I think about coyotes as much as I do. I am even more domesticated than my dogs: there have been so many far calls I was not wild enough to answer, so many vital adaptations I cannot make—and such an odd handful that I have—so many changes that I fear even to consider if they mean risking what I believe desperately to be myself. The coyote is neither a god nor an anthropomorphized bedtime toy to me—one might certainly as well admire the cockroach or the lamprey eel if survival were all—but I cherish in him the restless constancy that all the old stories insist upon and celebrate. Mutability is written into his germ plasm, making him always a bit at war with himself; yet at the center there is always Old Man Coyote, with his gambler's calmness and his bone-knowledge of when to let go and what to keep. Hope Ryden suggests that the coyote, like ourselves, "may still be in the process of becoming." True or false, it is something like that that still gets me up in the morning.

—Peter S. Beagle

BESTIARY PROFILES

Peter S. Beagle's most recent book is *The Garden of Earthly Delights*. Last year his novel *The Last Unicorn* was made into a feature-length animated film.

Robert Bly is widely respected as a poet and translator. His most recent poetry collection is *The Man in the Black Coat Turns*.

Joseph Cary, a retired goat owner, lives and teaches in Connecticut.

Ursula K. Le Guin, winner of the National Book Award and the Nebula Award, is a frequent contributor to PARABOLA. Her latest novel is *The Eye of the Heron*.

Vincent Rossi is the director of the Holy Order of MANS, an ecumenical order and community of men, women, and children in San Francisco.

P.L. Travers, a Consulting Editor to PARABOLA, is the author of the Mary Poppins books, as well as *Friend Monkey, The Fox in the Manger, About the Sleeping Beauty*, and *Two Pairs of Shoes*.

Alice van Buren is a free-lance writer based in Boston. Her work has appeared in *The Boston Globe Magazine, The New Republic* and PARABOLA.

Janwillem van de Wetering has written two books about Zen Buddhism, *A Glimpse of Nothingness* and *The Empty Mirror*, as well as several well-known mystery novels, most recently *The Butterfly Hunter*.

LET THE CREATURES BE

AN INTERVIEW WITH JAMES HILLMAN

People from all over the world and from a wide variety of disciplines come to James Hillman for analysis or guidance. An analyst in private practice, he is widely respected for his originality, the compassion he brings to his patients, and his intense desire to see our society return to a graceful, thoughtful, more humane way of living. Hillman was trained as a Jungian, and he is deeply rooted in the psychologies of both Freud and Jung. But this does not prevent him from going his own way. To some he is a goad, a rebel, an outrageous romantic. Everything he touches he "revisions," whether by turning Freud's approach to dreams upside down—suggesting that we need to see waking life through the images of dreams—or by pointing out that the "blue" notes of jazz are a reminder that our own blue moods have a certain beauty and necessity.

Hillman calls his approach "archetypal psychology," a theory and style of therapy that pays more attention to the impersonal movements of the soul than to the concerns of the ego. To examine the deeper layers of the psyche, he often refers to Greek myth or to Renaissance authors who blend philosophy, religion, classical mythology, and imagery. For his revival of Italian Renaissance psychological thought, he was recently honored by the city of Florence.

The focus of Hillman's psychology is images; fantasies we have about ourselves, our families, our world; nighttime dreams; daylight reveries. Animals are among the most powerful of these images, and it is about animals that Hillman and I talked on a cool January day. We sat around the dining room table in my house, sipping tea and discussing some of the more general ways that animals reach into our hearts.

—Thomas Moore

James Hillman: People have animals in their lives, that's the first thing. These are either animals they live with—dogs, fish, a bird in a cage—or they are animals they remember—images from their childhood, fantasies, animals they saw in the zoo, or crushed on the road. The question for a psychologist is, why are these animals so important?

Thomas Moore: And it seems people are fascinated too by films and books about animals.

JH: True. Look at cats; something like six of the ten current bestsellers are about cats. What's going on? Plus *The Black Stallion* and *Bambi* and all the Disney animals. And what are animals doing in dreams? Lots of people, especially children, dream of animals—bugs, spiders, snakes, horses.

In most societies the animals were once gods. They weren't representations of gods, they *were* the gods. There was a divinity in the animal. I think we still feel that, especially in dreams. People occasionally have a dream in which an animal talks to them or saves them—a polar bear swims through the ice to rescue a dreamer or a man gets on the back of a horse and is saved.

Being saved by an animal makes the dreamer feel there's something special or holy about them.

Animals were gods because they were eternal. The American Indians saw the buffalo that appeared in the spring as the same buffalo that had disappeared in the fall. The animals went down into the earth and then came back up again, like the sun. We see the same sun rise every morning; they see the same animal always returning. That absolute perfection—that the animal is always the same—is a divine quality. So of course if you kill one to eat it, you have to propitiate it, to go through a ritual.

TM: Because it is more than human.

JH: But in our culture animals have become less than human.

TM: I remember an uncle of mine, when I was a child living on a farm, who knew animals very well. He was able to make little noises and the animals would respond and do what he wanted. It was almost magical. I think that like many people he felt animals can do many things that humans can't. We rely on them to know what the weather will be like, for instance. So there's a feeling that they are in fact more than human.

JH: But if you look at our Western tradition, we've had 2,000 years in which animals were degraded. In Rome they were property and you could do anything you wanted with them. It was a special law; they were like slaves. In the Christian world animals did not have souls. By the sixteenth or seventeenth century animals were machines. The Cartesians said that animals didn't have sense—they didn't even have sensation. It wasn't just that they couldn't think and therefore they were inferior. According to the Cartesians they couldn't feel. So it didn't matter if you kicked them. The noise they made was no sign of being in pain because they couldn't feel pain. One Cartesian argued that when he played his organ it made more noise than his cat did when he kicked it. Did that mean the organ hurt more? Animals were machines.

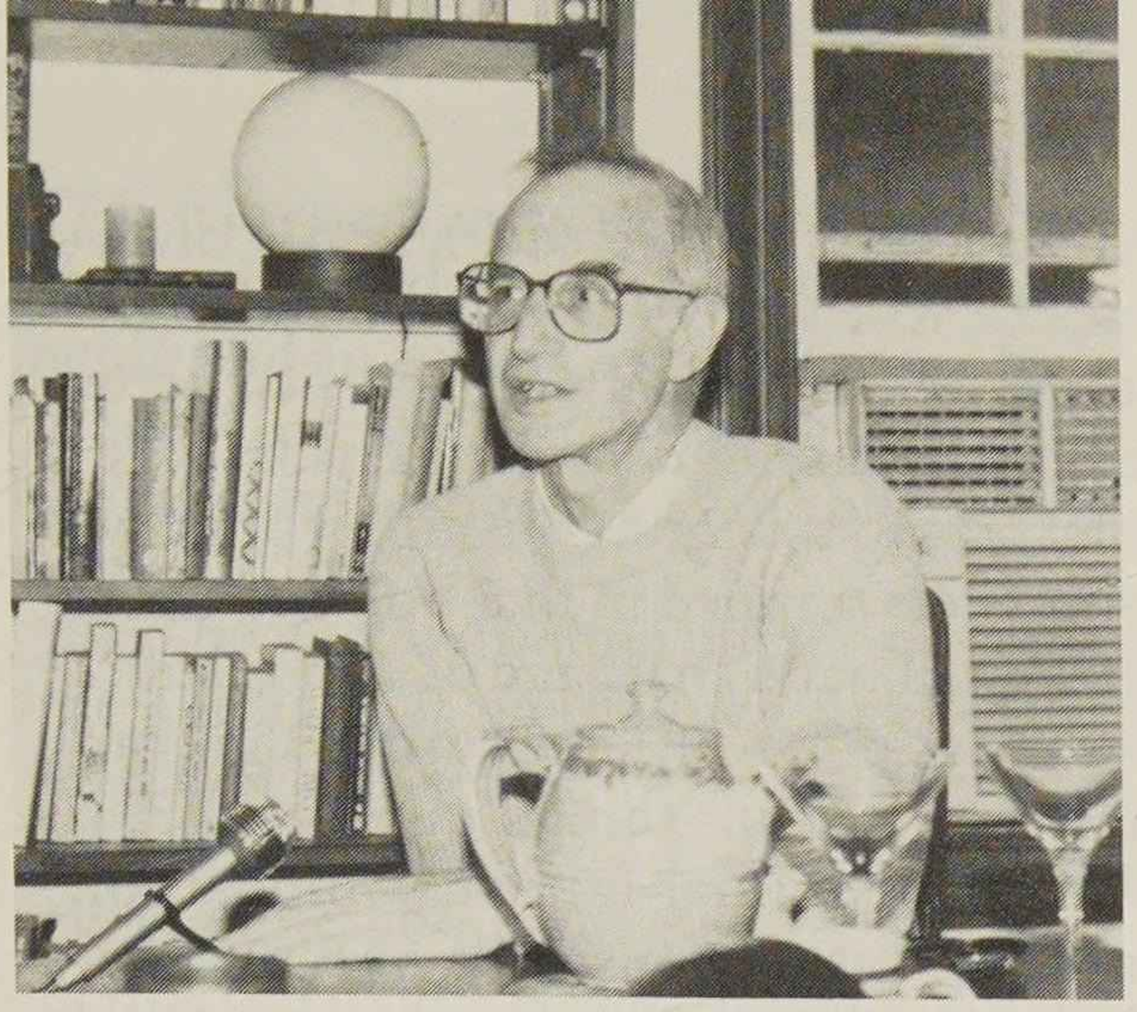
Why couldn't we allow the world, as in Japan or Egypt or even Greece, to be a continuum in which all things belong together? One Japanese critic said the only reason the West eats so much meat is because in our culture there's an ontological difference between animals and men. And so we can kill them with impunity. But in a culture where there's no ontological difference you have to ask the animal's permission. Otherwise it would mean genocide or fratricide.

TM: The classical scholastic approach was to look at the animal soul.

JH: But the soul was inferior because it didn't have reason. A great deal of Western psychology in the last one hundred years has been devoted to showing the ability to reason in animals. An octopus can go through a maze; whales sing; dolphins have an extraordinary language. In fact we're now beginning to try to understand ourselves by watching animals. Psychoanalysts say that when people dream of animals they reveal their animal nature. If you dream of a pig it shows you that you're piggish.

TM: It seems like a way of protecting yourself from the animal. If you can say the animal is there because you're piggish you don't have to stand apart and look the animal in the face.

JH: Right. You don't have to take the animal as other. It's part of you, so you deal with your piggish nature. But what about the pig? Where did it come from? It would be very different for, say, an Egyptian who dreamt of a pig. He wouldn't immediately say, "that's my piggish nature." He would say that he was visited by a pig—just what a little child would say. A child will come in in the morning and say, "There's a pig in my room" or "I saw a wolf last night, don't let the wolf come back tonight." Neither the Egyptian nor the child would say, "This is my piggish self" or "I'm being wolfish."



TM: Isn't the presence of the animal without interpretation what comes through in Christian iconography and the sculpture of other religions, where you are face to face with a boar or an eagle or a snake? In the Aesculapius cult there actually was a snake in the temple. You can't say this is a symbol.

JH: No. And that's so important, because you were healed by the appearance of the god in snake or dog form. The dog came into your dream or your night vision and licked your wound and you were healed. No one took your dream down in the morning and then said, "That dog is a symbol of your underworld, your dark, doggy nature. You've been cut off from your instinct and therefore you dreamt of a dog but now that you've found your instinct again, you're better." To them, it would have been a genuine appearance by the god in animal form. That's so distant from the way we think. We look at them chiefly as representing our lower, instinctual nature.

TM: Which has to be bridled in some way like the animals.

JH: Or let out for a good run or fed well so you have a nice healthy instinct. There are even case studies where the images get more and more humanoid and therefore the therapist thinks the case is getting better and better until the animals have been done away with. The Navaho, by contrast, would say that the world begins with bugs, creeping creatures. They're the lowest level of things, not in the sense of inferior, but in the sense of providing a foundation. Yet if we dream of bugs we think we're going "bugs" or crazy.

I've collected dreams with animals in them since 1958. One of the major motifs is the dreamer trying to eradicate the animal. Another one is the dreamer seeing the animal as more dangerous than it turns out to be. But rapprochement with the animal is crucial.

TM: We could take the animal's point of view in the dream. If you're not taking the dreamer's position often there's no indication of danger.

JH: Even in a dream where it seems the behavior of the animal is dangerous you still have to see what the dreamer is doing to make the animal pursue him. An American Indian goes out hoping an animal appears to him. Being chased by an animal needs to be seen in a much wider cultural context than our Western tradition. It could be a demon that needs to be released like the frog in the fairy tale. Or the fox who stops a young boy on his way through the forest and turns out to be the king in disguise. Being pursued or held up or questioned by an animal means that animal has something to tell you. It wants something. It may want to bite you just to get under your skin, or to make you aware of your animal nature.

TM: It may bite, it may sting. But that doesn't mean that the proper reaction is to run away or exterminate it.

JH: We pay a terrible price for this extermination. My own little fantasy is that if we could change the dreams of Americans in regard to insects we would have much less toxic waste. There are statistics in California on how much money is spent on insecticides and pesticides. And there are studies indicating that if these chemicals were not used the crop loss would be less in value than the money spent on spraying. Of course some of our fruit wouldn't look as if it was made of wax. But the fear of the bug—the fear of a

crawling thing—gives us overkill. If you live in another culture, like India, you live with bugs all the time. To the Bushmen, according to van der Post, the chief of the animals is not the lion or the elephant but the praying mantis. And to the Navaho, as I said, the world starts with an insect. In Hindu mythology insects are extremely important.

TM: What's behind this fear of insects?

JH: They have an autonomous life. They go about in their own way. They have an autonomous psyche. And we have the feeling that insects will win out and take over the world. We are afraid of that autonomy—it's beyond the ego's control. You can't talk to an insect, you can't make it change its mind, you can't pet it. The more independent the animal—snakes, for example—the more anxiety associated with them. Yet that is also a key aspect of divinity. To the ancient Egyptians the fact that the animal was autonomous was evidence of its sacredness. To us it means the animal is somehow demonic.

One side of our attitude toward animals is anxiety. The other reveals itself in excessive sentimentality.

TM: I was impressed in my childhood by my uncle, who had no sentimentality about animals. They lived in their world, he lived in his. At the same time he would probably defend his horse with the same vigor that he would defend himself. So there's sentimentality toward animals on one side and distrust of animals on the other. These attitudes tend to go together.

This brings to mind another polarity, the blending of man and animal in religion and mythology. I was struck by the image from Greece of Chiron, the great educator and healer who was half-horse and half-man. In a sense our whole history of medicine goes back to that horse-man.

JH: This is a tough one. There are also images like the Minotaur where you have a bull's head and a human body. If you look at Greek images of the Minotaur, or some of Picasso's drawings of it, you get this terrible feeling—it's so sad it makes you cry—of being caught inside that bull's head. It's as if everything that goes through your own mind gets trapped in that bull and can't get out. That's an image of a monster, which is quite different from Chiron. Why are certain things monstrous? Why is the animal-human combination in some cases monstrous and in others divine?

TM: In popular culture we have films of men and women turning into wolves. And there's a great deal of sympathy for them while at the same time you see all the "beastly" things they do.

JH: In one way it belongs to a destiny to be lost or caught in an animal, to enter the animal's totem. I don't know if you ever read *The Last of the Just* by André Schwarz-Bart, about the Jews during the Occupation. It's one of the great books of the post-war period. There's one long chapter about how he becomes a dog. He lives life as a dog. You don't know whether he's imagining it or whether he is a dog or whether he is "as if" a dog. But it's part of a destiny, like Lucius's destiny to become an ass.

There's a shamanistic tradition in which to become the animal is part of the experience. That we really need to understand. The American Indians took animal names so often—Sitting Bull, Running Deer, Black Elk. Is it to take on the power of the animal?

TM: Would it also be to have some of the animal's autonomy so you're not just operating out of reason?

JH: You can yield to that autonomy. You can let the animal speak through you. But that autonomy, of course, is divine.

TM: That makes it a little clearer why getting rid of the animal is a secularization of psychology, because then you reduce all behavior to that rational part.

JH: You lose the otherness.

TM: Maybe that was expressed by philosophies that said every human being had an animal soul, and even by modern philosophy which talks about the human being as a symbol-making animal.

JH: The way we define ourselves defines the animals. If we define ourselves in terms of our senses then we begin to see the animals as gods. They know everything about the senses. But we define ourselves as *homo rationalis*. That means the animals are inferior because we define ourselves in terms of what they don't really have.

TM: Do you think the argument religious people have with evolutionary theory is that it connects them with animals? Isn't that how they usually put it—"We're not monkeys?"

JH: It's partly what the monkey symbolizes. In each major culture, the monkey carries the shadow of the culture. In the Middle Ages monkeys represented drunkenness. In Jewish religion they represented lasciviousness. The monkey in India is a redeemer but he's also a crafty trickster. Even Heraclitus remarked, "We are to the gods as the monkeys are to us." If we were closer to the horse than anything else Darwin would probably be widely accepted.

TM: What do you think about symbolic studies of animals? I've noticed that more books are coming up about animals in mythology and religion.

JH: *Spring* will be doing one, *The Archetypal Cat*, which has been out of print for thirty years. It's a remarkable collection of mythology and symbolism of the cat in different cultures. If study is a way of getting closer to the divinity of the animal then I think it's important. It's like trying to know the nature of the god. The paths of revelation are many, and one of them can be through study. It's only when study becomes knowing that it doesn't work.

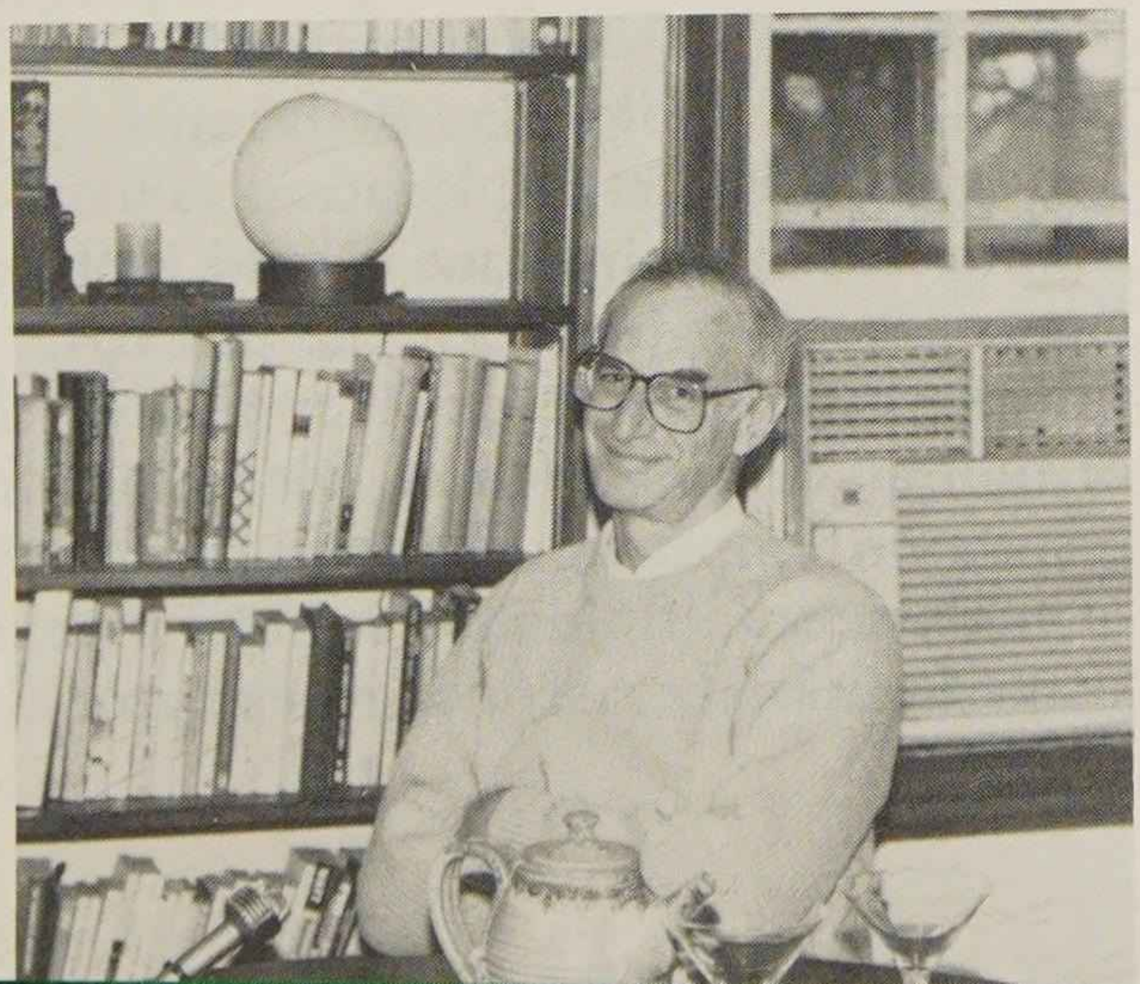
TM: As we talk we're not making much of a distinction between the animal we look at and the one of the imagination.

JH: I don't want to make a big distinction between the two. If we think they're different then we've divided the world into subject and object. I would rather think that the animal out there is also a psychic fact. When you look at a Chinese or Japanese painting of, say, a duck or a heron, is it an absolute copy of nature or is it a psychic image? There's no difference. If I go to the zoo and watch a tiger, it's like being with that tiger in a dream.

TM: Would that apply to pets?

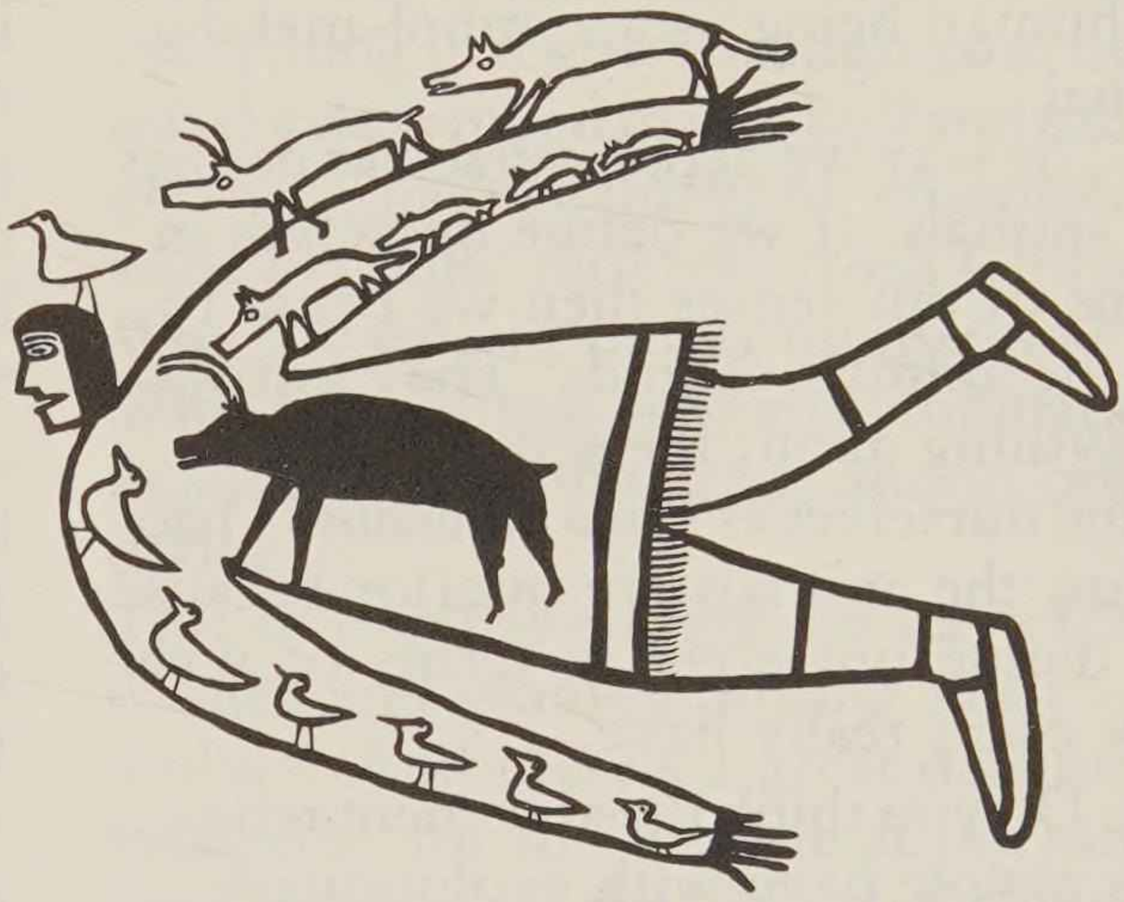
JH: I think the pet has become an anthropomorphized animal, a little freak. It's completely in the human world. That's no longer an animal as totem or fetish or *familiarus* or tribe member. It's like having a dwarf or a eunuch, as in the Middle Ages. I don't think it's the same as with your uncle. He didn't have pets. Those were *animals*.

But there are different ways of having pets. Some people's pets put them in touch with the animal world. I can think of one case in particular where the animal was the representative of the spirit world. It gave signs that were very important; the animal actually had second sight or something. It was the mediator to the other world in the shamanistic sense. The other world may not be so remarkable. It may be just what's on the other side of the wall where the cat goes out at night. Maybe that's one reason why people have pets. It's related to a religious activity. Whether they know it or not, they are still in the cult. ■



The Ark of the Mind

PAUL SHEPARD



There is a profound, inescapable need for animals that is in all people everywhere, an urgent requirement for which no substitute exists. This need is no vague, romantic, or intangible yearning, no simple sop to our loneliness or nostalgia for Paradise. As hard and unavoidable as the compounds of our inner chemistry, it is universal but poorly recognized. It is grounded in the way that animals are used in the growth and development of the human person, in those priceless qualities which we lump together as "mind." Animals have a critical role in the shaping of personal identity and social consciousness. Among the first inhabitants of the mind's eye, they are basic to the development of speech and thought. Later, they play a key role in the passage to adulthood. Because of their participation in each stage of the growth of consciousness, they are indispensable to our becoming human in the fullest sense.

In the first twelve years of every child's life, animals are seen by the imagination directly, without interpretation. Unencumbered by symbolism, they are as plain and unambiguous as their names: horse, cow, dog, chicken, bird, elephant. Each is for the child part of a fauna of behavioral conventions: whinnying eagerness, bovine nurturing, yapping pursuit, clucking anxiety, aerial capering. In its particular way of behaving, each calls up in the child a latent feeling or idea. The characteristic "message" of each animal is thus an outer reference whose corresponding inner twin is brought to life in the observing, mimicking, inchoate human polymorph.

This matching game is the first game for individual consciousness. Impressions received by the child from the intense activity of pretending, staring, and naming are forms of actual nourishment, providing sustenance for the eventual synthesis of the self and the growth of symbolic thought. Beast by beast, in the first years of life, the emotions, feelings, attitudes, intentions, and fears take their place in the forest of the self. Only through this process is the child free of the ambiguity of abstract explanation. The example of other humans is not a sufficient training ground for the perceptions. The adult's quicksilver change of mood, shading of trait, blending of response, tempering and concealment of motive, and fluid shifting of inner shape to fit outer circumstance are too

slippery. Human subtlety is important later, but for the child it can be a form of madness.

A decade, from the beginnings of speech to the onset of puberty, is all we have to load the ark. The zoology of this period must be unequivocal, without recondite allusions. Poetry and song must mean what they say; games must be nothing but play, as unmistakable as a cat chasing a ball. It is right for the child to mimic fox and goose in a game of pretended capture, or speak the lines of the little pig or Chicken Little. By "identifying" with a number of animals in turn, the child discovers a common ground with other beings despite external differences between himself and them. Anthropomorphism at this stage is essential. The true means of interspecies communication, full of invisible nuance and removed from sensory detection, is not yet pertinent to the tasks of the child. By pretending that animals speak to one another, he imposes on them a pseudo-humanity which, although illusory, is the glue of real kinship.

In such farces of socialized ecology, the vital natures of animals are encountered—and become our best defense against the conspiracy that animals are only machines or artifacts, and therefore against the lie that we ourselves are made of cogs, wheels, and wires. It is important as well for the child to literally see the animals' insides, for organs have names too, forming a fauna of stomachs, lungs, and hearts to which our own belong. Only the child who has had this experience can be pleased by his own organic nature.

Much is at stake in the first decade, for it culminates in a bonding to the matrix of the earth, a crucial step between the first infant-mother bond and formal entry into adult membership in a cosmos. Here the foundation for a poetry of ultimate meaning is based. This matrix, in which animals are the living, animate aspect, will be only as ample as observation of nature, linked to speech and mimicry in play. The metaphysical richness of the individual's eventual personal philosophy depends on it. During childhood, however, abstractions such as chemistry, physics, ecosystems, morals, and ethics are noxious.

The animals do not live in an arbitrary environment (except for zoo and barnyard). Like their bodies and behavior, their location is peculiar to each. For human beings, habitat and environment are the literal space of the ground of thought. As messages, animals come into thought trailing the dust of their associations with a particular place. What the child wants, as Edith Cobb observed, is to find a place in which to make a world the way the world is made. The home range of the ten-year-old is the first context of spatial and temporal thought, perceived unconsciously in harmonious replication of his mother's body—the first "place" in contact with which the foetus and newborn moved. The child is a "traveler" mapping out the first spatially-ordered reality of his life. The habitat of childhood is conceptualized as an ordered space inhabited by its creatures—turtles, frogs, mice, and rabbits—as events in place. For a ten-year-old, the home terrain is thus a constant pattern in which the compelling actions of animals are like moments in the life of a great spatial being.

The end of childhood is the end of that simple identity. The literal fauna have become the external expression of the child's own congeries of feelings and bodily processes, a community of self-confidence. That confidence will soon be tested, for adult life is full of contradictions. Indeed, adolescence is a preparation for ambiguity, a realm of penumbral shadows. Its language in-

cludes a widening sensitivity to pun and poetry. Appropriate to its psychology is attention to the zones between categories, zones which have their own animals. The borders from which obscenity and taboo arise are figured in creatures that embody a sense of overlapping reality: insects that crawl between two surfaces, the owl flying at dusk, the bat who seems to be both bird and mammal.

The adolescent himself is a marginal being. Between stages of life, he is on the shifting sands of an uncertain identity. In this respect his symbols are changeling species: the self-renewing, skin-shedding snake, the amphibious frog who loses a tail and grows legs, the caterpillar who metamorphoses into a butterfly. In each the thought of a new birth is manifest, the concrete expression of transformation. Human psychogenesis is such that the adolescent is, for a time, plunged back into his own natality. The concreteness of his life, literal in the maternal and natural matrices, given consciousness in speech itself, will be reexperienced in a new, metaphorical idiom. No echo of this infantile state is more crucial than nourishment. Eating, the most fundamental route from outer to inner, is to be reevoked as the ritual act at the core of transformation and relatedness. Its emotion is refocused in intellectual and symbolic ways, using incorporation as the metaphor of connectedness. Henceforth, all rites of passage—elevation in social status, marriage, the reception of spiritual life—are celebrated and sometimes represented as feasts. Sacred meals, taboo food, and dietary laws everywhere refer to that which is eaten as an agent of change in the eater.

As a collective, the animals of the natural environment comprise the metaphor of the human group. In tribal culture, each clan is committed to a particular species. This species, through its ecological relationship to other species, provides a vehicle both for the dynamic logic of myth and for the rules of society. Together the clans constitute the whole in a manner analogous to the ecology of animals. For the relationship between clans is

defined by the relationship between their totemic animals in accordance with a myth about the animals in the beginning of time. Both this myth and the observations of the creatures themselves guide the interrelationships of humans who are pledged by their clan identity to the mythic structure. The same fauna mimicked in childhood play to synthesize the individual self is, in maturity, liberated into new levels of social and metaphysical deliberation.

The use of animals in play in the first decade of life gives way in the young adult to dance, a universal human activity derived from the rhythmic imitation of animals. Through dance, in traditional societies, a particular human group acquires a style of its own, uniting its members while at the same time affirming the tutorial role of birds and mammals. Men have always suspected that certain animals are masters and keepers of important secrets: metamorphosis, birth, puberty, healing, courtship, fertility, and protection. By dancing the animal, these mysteries are assimilated into adult understanding and recovered as a power of mankind.

Part of becoming adult is the dawning realization that the principle of transformation is a major feature of the cosmos. Movement and passage-making are inseparable from consciousness of time. Dancing in the feathers of birds and the masks of mammals displays the shape-shifting capacities of the soul. The religious principle of altered states has its special animals, the greatest of which in the northern hemisphere is the bear. From its natural history comes a rainbow of homological suggestion so powerful that it may have changed the history and evolution of human thought. In circumpolar traditions across America, Europe, and Asia, south to the Gulf of Mexico, the Mediterranean and the Himalayas, for perhaps fifty millennia, festivals of the bear ceremony have recognized the bear as sacred messenger and mediator, purveyor of meat, the paradigmatic grandparent, teacher, traveler between worlds.

Many features of the bear—especially the many races of the brown bear—place it in correspondence to humanity. Its size, appearance, mobility, dexterity, omnivorousness, repro-

duction, annual cycle, length of life, social behavior, and intelligence have an eerie relation to our own. These characteristics are the source of enduring speculative analogy and psychological tension. The geography of this rapture is as wide as the distribution of the brown bears and as ancient as mankind, a whole paragraph in the zoological hieroglyphics of human consciousness.

The bear is the only familiar omnivore whose size approximates our own. Omnivorousness is not only a kind of diet but a versatile style of perception—exploratory, pushy, relentless, zetetic, analytical, risk-taking. It is like tasting the fruits of all actions, the meat of all situations, the kernel of all experiences, the root of all being. The bear is fisher, hunter, berry-picker, bulb-digger, honey-gatherer. It has an expressive face, binocular vision, vocal and gestural responses, sitting and bipedal stances, almost no tail, and a fine dexterity. Mother bears give birth secretly, tend and teach their young, and defend them fearlessly. And yet the bear is vividly other—huge, furry, long-muzzled, long-clawed, quadrupedal—in these things nothing like a man.

In winter the brown bear withdraws into the earth from which it came as a cub, this winter sleep coinciding with the death of nature. Spring comes after the bear's emergence, as though it were called by him back to life. In the perspective of years this seasonal passage into the earth becomes a rhythmic movement. The bear's trip into the earth, translated into the rhythm of the life cycle, is unmistakably about death and rebirth.

In the hunt for the bear, there is no chase; it is killed ceremonially. A terribly dangerous animal when abroad, in its den the bear is easily slain. Such a hunt of a large mammal is unique, for the animal is located as though it were a plant, seeming almost to combine the hunt with gathering. The meat of this "stepmother" is ritually distributed by the men, but the women dance and sing—reuniting what cannot otherwise be healed. The bear is given. More conspicuously than any other animal eaten by man, bear flesh is a gift to man from a distant god, showing that all hunted game allow themselves to be taken.

Spiraling in the northern sky, the celestial bear drops below the horizon in step with the seasonal sleep. In the world underground the bear dwells with his own people. To come into middle earth and provide man with sacred meat he puts on his bearskin. He is welcomed by the mistress of the hearth, who shares the bear's life-giving secret. The people who understand these things butcher him with reverence and eat him carefully, confirming his special reality in themselves. In part the message of the hunted bear is: *"Save the bones of your dead and inter them in the earth. Remember that the spirit survives and lives again. Connect this sacred quality with every individual in a ceremonial bear-meat feast of communion. There are parallel lives below and above your plane which are eternal. Passage between them is the ultimate movement by which you know life."*

The bear is the keeper of all gates: those between life and death, this world and others, flesh and spirit, man and animal form, inside and outside, even the phases of man's individual life. He is the mediator between man and woman, the natural and the sacred. All guides and travelers to the other world in human form—shamans, Orpheus, Jesus—were represented by bears first.

The warping of the animal out of the myth of resurrection is an historical development, the collapse of an instructive metaphor. Replacing the bear

exclusively with the human figure denies us each our bearskin. By zealously repudiating the animal form, omitting the middle matrix, we retreat from the polymorphic ambiguity of life. The bearless cosmos deprives us of personal experience of the sacred paradigm, substituting for it an abstract, verbal exegesis. The loss makes for autism, middlemen, desperation, the failure of the kindred species who think in us.

The carrying of a positivistic, literal attitude toward animals into the adult sphere marks the failure of initiation and maturity in human life. The totally humanized myth of immortality is part of the Zeitgeist of domestication, its ritual centered on sacrifice rather than the sacred hunt. Our dreams, however, remain true to a different world from that in which we now live. Hunger for the wild animal's significance is reflected palely in the vicarious imagery of decorative arts, virtuoso and eccentric originality, pets, and media stereotypes.

No fine words can replace the dances and feasts of participation. Those arts remind us that we were thought up by the different beasts. They are kindred and ancestors. Before men existed they worked out the round of life in thousands of variations as though anticipating the needs of style in the experiment of human cultures. Like the bear, we are selves composed of sleeping figures, each a secret that can be awakened in acts of correspondence. Self-consciousness is possible only in a world of others. We are members of a human family and society, but the presence of animal others enlarges our perception of the self beyond the city to the limits of the world, and deeply inward to that ground of being where live the lizard and monkey and fish. ■

COME INTO ANIMAL PRESENCE

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

Come into animal presence
No man is so guileless as
the serpent. The lonely white
rabbit on the roof is a star
twitching its ears at the rain.
The llama intricately
folding its hind legs to be seated
not disdains but mildly
disregards human approval.
What joy when the insouciant
armadillo glances at us and doesn't
quicken his trotting
across the track into the palm brush.

What is this joy? That no animal
falters, but knows what it must do?
That the snake has no blemish,
that the rabbit inspects his strange surroundings
in white star-silence? The llama
rests in dignity, the armadillo
has some intention to pursue in the palm-forest.
Those who were sacred have remained so,
holiness does not dissolve, it is a presence
of bronze, only the sight that saw it
faltered and turned from it.
An old joy returns in holy presence.

—Denise Levertov

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him,—did you not?
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun,—
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

—Emily Dickinson

Crowned Crane

Crowned crane
Beautiful crowned crane of power
Bird of the word
Your voice took part in creation;
You the drum and the stick that beats it
What you speak is spoken clearly
Ancestor of praise-singers, even the tree
Upon which you perch is worthy of commendation;
Speaking of birds, you make the list complete;
Some have big heads and small beaks
Others have big beaks and small heads
But you have self-knowledge;
It is the Creator himself who has adorned you!

People of this place,
Look, the crowned crane is dancing!
Crowned crane, praise-singing woman
During the day the shameless one weaves,
Astonishing!

The beginning of beginning rhythm
Is speech of the crowned crane;
The crowned crane says, "I speak."
The word is beauty.

—Bamana

War God's Horse Song

(Words by Tall Kia ahni.
Interpreted by Louis Watchman)

I am the Turquoise Woman's son.
On top of Belted Mountain
beautiful horses—slim like a weasel!
My horse with a hoof like a striped agate,
with his fetlock like a fine eagle plume:
my horse whose legs are like quick lightning
whose body is an eagle-plumed arrow:
my horse whose tail is like a trailing black cloud.
The Little Holy Wind blows thru his hair.
My horse with a mane made of short rainbows.
My horse with ears made of round corn.
My horse with eyes made of big stars.
My horse with a head made of mixed waters.
My horse with teeth made of white shell.
The long rainbow is in his mouth for a bridle
    & with it I guide him.
When my horse neighs, different-colored horses follow.
When my horse neighs, different-colored sheep follow.
    I am wealthy because of him.
        Before me peaceful
        Behind me peaceful
        Under me peaceful
        Over me peaceful—
        Peaceful voice when he neighs.
I am everlasting & peaceful.
I stand for my horse.

—Navaho Indian

Fox Matters

Always alert, faultless,
Quick runner of woods,
Foxy footing it,
Deft in corners,
I see you sly,
Red among red leaves
Moving in covert,
a shy target
To shotgun farmers
And rifle boys—
You see me too.
You vanish.

October of foxes—
The wine-bright hills are so almost your own color—
For a season grapes are not sour
As they hold ripe on the wild vine.
I do not suppose you eat them really
But it's a good story,
As is that relation about the crow and the cheese—
Did you actually work that one?
You could have and would.

Reprobate,
irrepressible,
Swiper of chickens—
Our stories malign you: that is a kind of respect
The slow-witted pay to the quick.
Since I do not maintain poultry I have good thoughts of you.
There was a time I saw you or your grandfather
In a sunny place rolling on the ground
With three cubs, teaching them the holds and the snap.
You were quite unbuttoned, quite gay
Until the leaves rustled and you heard me.

So this is our land:
We share it jointly.
I know where your den is but I am not telling.
You enjoy it and I pay the taxes.
That is as it should be. And anytime, winter or summer,
You see the moon and really wish to bark at it,
You have my permission.

—Peyton Houston

The Cave of Animals

Some of them are so much alone:
the red cow with flowers
in her mouth, and the small,
shaggy horse who
has never known a rider.

But the furious bison are dancing,
the caribou are fording a river
whose banks shelter a sunrise.

The black bull of the night bellows,
and the white bull
of sunlight answers . . .

Dawn breaks over a yellow
silence in the earth.

—John Haines

Birds and Fishes

Every October millions of little fish come along the shore,
Coasting this granite edge of the continent
On their lawful occasions: but what a festival for the sea-fowl.
What a witches' sabbath of wings
Hides the dark water. The heavy pelicans shout "Haw!" like
    Job's friend's warhorse
And dive from the high air, the cormorants
Slip their long black bodies under the water and hunt like
    wolves
Through the green half-light. Screaming, the gulls watch,
Wild with envy and malice, cursing and snatching. What
    hysterical greed!
What a filling of pouches! the mob
Hysteria is nearly human—these decent birds!—as if they were
    finding
Gold in the street. It is better than gold,
It can be eaten: and which one in all this fury of wild-fowl
    pities the fish?
No one certainly. Justice and mercy
Are human dreams, they do not concern the birds nor the fish
    nor eternal God.

However—look again before you go.
The wings and the wild hungers, the wave-worn skerries, the
    bright quick minnows
Living in terror to die in torment—
Man's fate and theirs—and the island rocks and immense ocean
    beyond, and Lobos
Darkening above the bay: they are beautiful?
That is their quality: not mercy, not mind, not goodness,
    but the beauty of God.

—Robinson Jeffers

Three for Bear

1

He comes from the north
he comes to fight
he comes from the north
see him there

I throw dust on me
it changes me
I am a bear
when I go to meet him

2

Send word, bear father
send word, bear father
I'm having a hard time
send word, bear father
I'm having a bad time

3

My paw is holy
herbs are everywhere
my paw
herbs are everywhere

My paw is holy
everything is holy
my paw
everything is holy

—Working by James Koller,
from Frances Densmore

I'll tell you
how that salamander got legs.
It was a worm once.
I'll say that first.
A fat worm.
One day it came up to see
if the ground
still had sun on it.
That's when a bird came after it.
The worm crawled slow
looking for a hole.
But its tail and head found a hole
at the same time!
It was going two ways
into the ground
and stretching.
Here comes the bird!
So I wished the worm some legs
and it ran under a log.
Later, it lived in a wet stump.
Then I wished salamanders all over
sleeping under leaves
with their eyes and tails and legs.
But the worm
is still inside them somewhere.

—Swampy Cree

The Elephant

Elephant, who brings death.
Elephant, a spirit in the bush.
With a single hand
he can pull two palm trees to the ground.
If he had two hands
he would tear the sky like an old rag.
The spirit who eats dog,
the spirit who eats ram,
the spirit who eats
a whole palm fruit with its thorns.
With his four mortal legs
he tramples down the grass.
Wherever he walks
the grass is forbidden to stand up again.

—Yoruba

Possible

Something holds the world together
raggedly
like a frayed rope tethering
a cow who could break away and wander.
But the grass is good;
it is cool beneath the trees,
so she keeps her proper place,
traditionally docile
in her painter's landscape.

Remember, though,
in real meadows
cows do break and run,
their great udders lolloping—
and never think the world
mightn't do the same,
clumsily,
its brown sides heaving.

—Frances Hall

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Two African Tales

I.

When it came time to clear the land and plant crops, Frog saw that he couldn't clear his fields by himself, so he went to the village to get help. All the people in the village were glad to help, because in those days people were very willing to help one another whenever there was need. So the next day Frog looked up and saw that the entire village had come to his farm to help.

Everybody worked hard all day. It was a big farm and it took all day to clear it. When night came the land was cleared, the fields were plowed, the crops were planted, and Frog was very pleased. He was very touched when, without expecting any reward, all the villagers said good night and turned back to the village. There were so many of them, they formed a line several miles long.

Frog thought, "I can't let them go away without so much as a word of thanks. What can I do to express my gratitude?" Then he said to himself, "I know! I'll go to the head of the line and shake hands with everyone as they return home!" And that is what he did.

When the first man came to where Frog was waiting, Frog jumped forward, grabbed the man's hand and shook it enthusiastically, shouting: "Thank you! Thank you very much!"

Then, when the second villager came up, Frog jumped forward again and took the villager by the hand, shouting: "Thank you! Thank you!"

And so a third, and so a fourth, and so a fifth, until the whole line passed by. Frog's voice became very hoarse, and

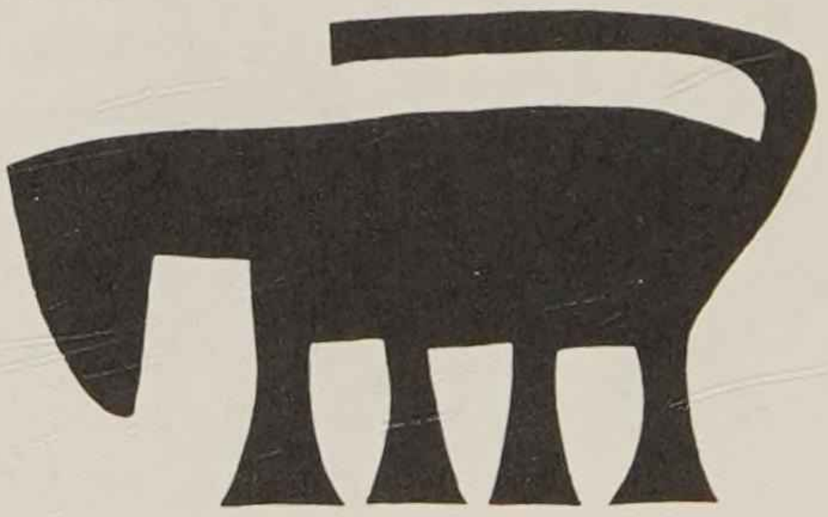
since some of the men were very strong, they grasped Frog's hand so firmly that before long his hands were squeezed flat. After everyone had gone home, Frog's hands hurt so much from shaking that he went to God to get a remedy.

Frog told God his story and God looked at Frog's hands. He saw how flat they had become, and he listened to Frog's hoarse, croaking voice until the whole story was told. When he was all through, Frog asked God for a remedy. God said:

"There is no remedy now. Next time, when you want to thank everybody, send a messenger to the village to proclaim your thanks. Otherwise your enthusiasm will bring you pain again."

So Frog went away, his hands still flat and his voice still hoarse. And sometimes to this day, he will look at his hands and say, "You don't have to shake hands with everyone!"

Liberian



II.

It is said that in the beginning, God created all the animals without tails. Then one day he called all the animals to come and get their tails. The first to come was the snake, who got the longest tail of all. After him came the monkey, then the leopard and all the other animals who have long, beautiful tails. After them came the animals who have good tails, though not so long or beautiful: the elephant, the giraffe, and those whose tails have a brush on the end. One group did not come at all. These were the hares, who are very lazy. They told the other animals to pick tails for them and bring them. That is why the hares have short and ugly tails. If you want something good, go get it yourself.

Bavenda

—Retold by Paul Jordan-Smith

The Hare-mark on the Moon

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benāres, the future Buddha was born as a hare and lived in a wood. He had three friends, a monkey, a jackal, and an otter; all these animals were very wise. The hare used to preach to the others, exhorting them to give alms and keep the fast days. On one of these fast days the hare and his friends were seeking their food as usual; the otter found some fish, the jackal some meat, the monkey some mangoes. But the hare, as he lay in his form before going out to eat his grass, reflected that if anyone should ask him for a gift of food, grass would be useless. As he had no grain or meat he made up his mind to give his own body if anyone asked for food.

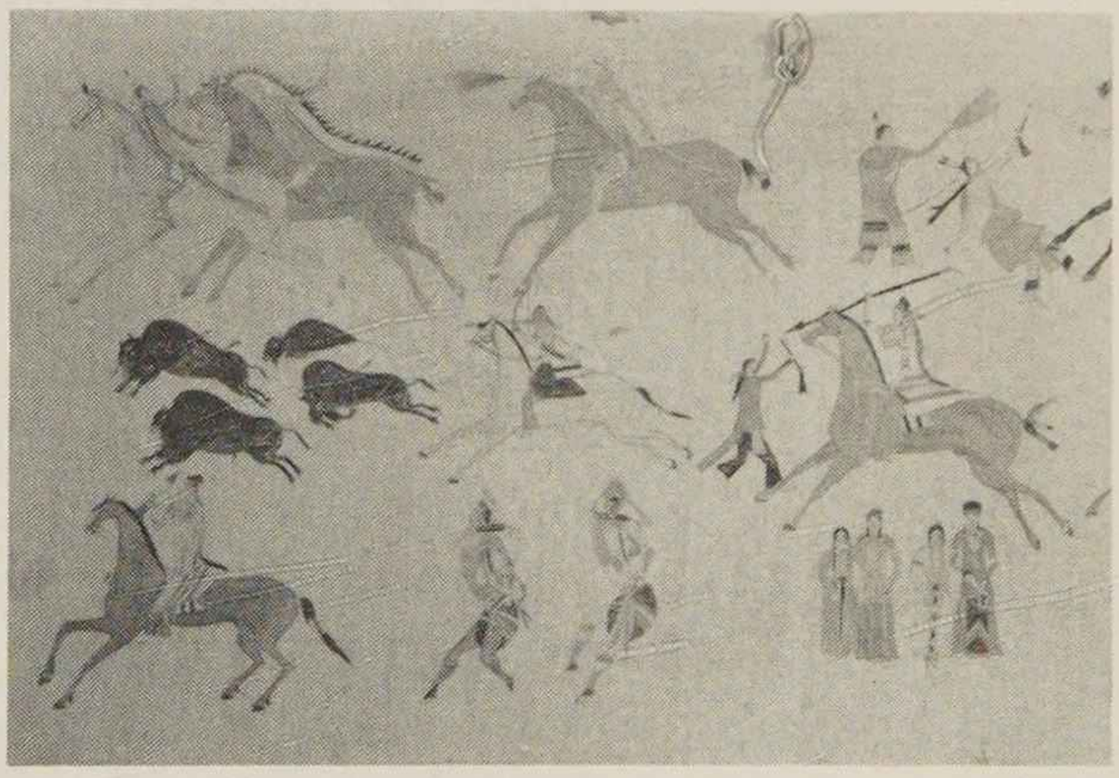
Now when any wonderful thing such as this takes place on earth, the throne of Sakra in Heaven grows hot. Sakra looked down to see what was happening, and perceiving the hare, determined to test his virtue. He took the shape of a Brāhman, and went first to the otter and asked for food. The otter offered him fish. The jackal and the monkey in turn offered him meat and fruit. Sakra declined all these offers and said that he would return next day. Then he went to the hare, who was overjoyed at the chance of giving himself in alms. "Brāhman," said he, "today I will give such alms as I never gave before; gather wood and prepare a fire and tell me when it is ready." When Sakra heard this he made a heap of live coals and told the hare that all was ready; then the hare, who would some day be a Buddha, came and sprang into the fire, as happy as a royal flamingo alighting in a bed of water-lilies. But the fire did not burn—it seemed as cold as the air above the clouds. At once he inquired of the disguised Sakra what this might mean. Sakra replied that he was indeed no Brāhman, but had come down from Heaven to test the hare's generosity. The hare replied: "Sakra, your efforts are wasted;

every creature alive might try me in turn, and none could find in me any unwillingness to give."

Then Sakra answered: "Wise hare, let your virtue be proclaimed to the end of this world cycle." Taking a mountain, he squeezed it, and holding the hare under his arm, he drew an outline picture of him on the moon, using the juice of the mountains for his ink. Then he put down the hare on some tender grass in the wood and departed to his own heaven. And that is why there is now a hare in the moon.

From *Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists* by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy and Sister Nivedita, Dover Publicatons, Inc., 1967.

The Blackfoot Genesis



All animals of the Plains at one time heard and knew him, and all birds of the air heard and knew him. All things that he had made understood him, when he spoke to them—the birds, the animals, and the people.

Old Man was travelling about, south of here, making the people. He came from the south, travelling north, making animals and birds as he passed along. He made the mountains, prairies, timber, and brush first. So he went along, travelling northward, making things as he went, putting rivers here and there, and falls on them, putting red paint here and there in the ground—fixing up the world as we see it today.

Old Man covered the plains with grass for the animals to feed on. He marked off a piece of ground, and in it he made to grow all kinds of roots and berries—camas, wild carrots,

wild turnips, sweet-root, bitter-root, sarvis berries, bull berries, cherries, plums, and rosebuds. He put trees in the ground. He put all kinds of animals on the ground. When he made the bighorn with its big head and horns, he made it out on the prairie. It did not seem to travel easily on the prairie; it was awkward and could not go fast. So he took it by one of its horns, and led it up into the mountains, and turned it loose; and it skipped about among the rocks, and went up fearful places with ease. So he said, "This is the place that suits you; this is what you are fitted for, the rocks and the mountains." While he was in the mountains, he made the antelope out of dirt, and turned it loose, to see how it would go. It ran so fast that it fell over some rocks and hurt itself. He saw that this would not do, and took the antelope down on the prairie, and turned it loose; and it ran away fast and gracefully, and he said, "This is what you are suited to."

One day Old Man determined that he would make a woman and a child; so he formed them both—the woman and the child, her son—of clay. After he had moulded the clay in human shape, he said to the clay, "You must be people," and then he covered it up and left it, and went away. The next morning he went to the place and took the covering off, and saw that the clay shapes had changed a little. The second morning there was still more change, and the third still more. The fourth morning he went to the place, took the covering off, looked at the images, and told them to rise and walk; and they did so. They walked down to the river with their Maker, and then he told them that his name was *Na'pi*, Old Man.

The first people were poor and naked, and did not know how to get a living. Old Man showed them the roots and berries, and told them that they could eat them; that in a certain month of the year they could peel the bark off some trees and eat it, that it was good. He told the people that the animals should be their food, and gave them to the people, saying, "These are your herds." He said: "All these little animals that live in the ground—rats, squirrels, skunks, beavers—are good to eat. You need not fear to eat of their flesh." He made all the birds that fly, and told the people that there was no harm in their flesh, that it could be eaten. The first people that he created he used to take about through the timber and swamps and over the prairies, and show them the different plants. Of a certain plant he would say, "The root of this plant, if gathered in a certain month of the year, is good for a certain sickness." So they learned the power of all herbs.

In those days there were buffalo. Now the people had no

arms, but those black animals with long beards were armed; and once, as the people were moving about, the buffalo saw them, and ran after them, and hooked them, and killed and ate them. One day, as the Maker of the people was travelling over the country, he saw some of his children that he had made, lying dead, torn to pieces and partly eaten by the buffalo. When he saw this he was very sad. He said: "This will not do. I will change this. The people shall eat the buffalo."

He went to some of the people who were left, and said to them, "How is it that you people do nothing to these animals that are killing you?" The people said: "What can we do? We have no way to kill these animals, while they are armed and can kill us." Then said the Maker: "That is not hard. I will make you a weapon that will kill these animals." So he went out, and cut some sarvis berry shoots, and brought them in, and peeled the bark off them. He took a larger piece of wood, and flattened it, and tied a string to it, and made a bow. Now, as he was the master of all birds and could do with them as he wished, he went out and caught one, and took feathers from its wing, and split them, and tied them to the shaft of wood. He tied four feathers along the shaft, and tried the arrow at a mark, and found that it did not fly well. He took these feathers off, and put on three; and when he tried it again, he found that it was good. He went out and began to break sharp pieces off the stones. He tried them, and found that the black flint stones made the best arrow points, and some white flints. Then he taught the people how to use these things.

Then he said: "The next time you go out, take these things with you, and use them as I tell you, and do not run from these animals. When they run at you, as soon as they get pretty close, shoot the arrows at them, as I have taught you; and you will see that they will run from you or will run in a circle around you."

Also Old Man said to the people: "Now, if you are overcome, you may go and sleep, and get power. Something will come to you in your dream, that will help you. Whatever these animals tell you to do, you must obey them, as they appear to you in your sleep. Be guided by them. If anybody wants help, if you are alone and travelling, and cry aloud for help, your prayer will be answered. It may be by the eagles, perhaps by the buffalo, or by the bears. Whatever animal answers your prayer, you must listen to him."

Adapted from *Blackfoot Lodge Tales: The Story of a Prairie People* by George Bird Grinnell, University of Nebraska Press, 1962.

Of the Same Root

PHILIP KAPLEAU

Like many others, I grieve over the ongoing torture and destruction of millions of our fellow earthlings—the animals. In my book, *To Cherish All Life*,* I had a chance to express this concern and to marshal the religious, humanitarian, and scientific reasons for abstaining from flesh foods as one way of reducing the carnage. My views were based on the first precept of Buddhism: not to kill but to preserve and cherish all life. In this article I want to focus on the origin and significance of the deep relationship between human beings and animals and to show how that relation, an outcome of the fundamental laws of karma and rebirth, is demonstrated in Buddhist scripture, art, and ceremonies.

The deeply rooted belief that buddhahood is latent in all creatures is vividly portrayed in the Buddhist art of ancient China and Japan. Of such works none is more sublime than the class of paintings depicting the Buddha's "Great Demise" or his parinirvana—that is, the attainment of perfect emancipation beyond all conditioned existence. Not surprisingly, animals figure prominently in these works of art.

Before me as I write is the original of one such painting, reproduced here. It is a scroll measuring six feet in length and four feet in width, and like most religious art of the past, it bears no signature. The artist, obviously imbued with deep religious feeling, has succeeded in conveying the grandeur and solemnity of the occasion. The body of the Buddha, painted in golden tones, is as brilliant as the sun and as commanding. Like a magnet, the figure of the Buddha draws the upper and lower halves of the picture into the person of himself, into the Buddha-nature underlying all forms of life.

Surrounding the World-Honored-One are beings from the six realms of existence: demigods (devas), humans, fighting demons (ashuras), animals, hungry ghosts (pretas), and hell-dwellers. All have come to pay their last respects to the Buddha. Among the humans one sees monks, nuns, royal personages, and ordinary men and women. Sorrow and pain are etched on the faces of the assembled multitude. Many are weeping openly.

Occupying the bottom half of the scroll is a massed group of animals. One sees an elephant, horse, ox, dog, goat, monkey, camel, badger, fox, mongoose, deer, hare, snake, crane, tiger, leopard, duck, squirrel, chipmunk, rat, quail, eagle, dove, peacock, goose, egret, heron, crow, hawk, raven, mandarin duck, cock, tortoise, crab, butterfly, and dragonfly. Also present are the legendary dragon (representing absolute Mind) and the phoenix (symbolizing rebirth and regeneration).

Animals are represented in the painting because in Buddhism they are as integral to the life cycle as man himself.

* Harper & Row, 1982.

Completing the cycle, in the upper right-hand portion of the painting, a host of demigods (devas) is descending from the heavens. Below them is the natural world of oceans, trees, and plains, with a full moon shining in the upper left-hand corner of the picture. No sun is shown because the Buddha himself embodies the Light that spreads throughout the universe and resides within all things.

The Buddha radiates sublime peace—peace within himself and with the whole world of animate and inanimate existence. The painting is a magnificent portrayal of the multiform Buddha-nature that unifies all elements of creation, and of the nobility of every creature gracing heaven and earth.

The portrayal of the status of animals in Buddhism might well begin with the Jataka birth stories, parables about the Buddha's previous animal and human existences. It is significant that the Buddha himself, narrator of these tales, regarded his own animal incarnations as no less meaningful than his human ones. Implicit in all these simple and direct stories are the Buddhist teachings of karma and rebirth—the teachings that an unbroken chain of cause and effect binds all existences, and that every creature has passed through many kinds and will pass through many more.

Writer and storyteller Rafe Martin, who has enacted these stories many times, writes:

> The Jataka tales are dramatic presentations of one of the most fundamental aspects of the Buddhist vision. They express the essential unity of all life. After entering the world of the Jatakas, one notices animals more. They live their own lives, have their own tests and purposes. And as often brief and painful as their lives can be, they are also touched with purity and clarity. The Buddha-nature, equally common to all things, can often be seen flowing transparently in them. In the Jatakas one sees their inner life revealed and finds it to be the very same as one's own. One seeks to save them all. And they too, looking out at us with golden or with black, shining eyes, yearn only to liberate us . . .[1]

What strikes us most directly about the Jatakas is the focus on compassion, the self-sacrifice which flows from compassion, and identification of oneself with all living and suffering beings. In the Jatakas, animals freely sacrifice themselves for humans and humans sacrifice themselves with equal concern for "lower" animals. Imagine humans sacrificing themselves for animals! Can we care this deeply? The first of the two Jataka tales which follow tells about such caring. It presents the future Buddha in a former life in which he sacrificed his body so that a starving tigress and her cubs might live. To many this may seem unbelievable. But is it? Animals often sacrifice themselves for humans—think of dogs who have gone to the aid of their masters in danger, even when to do so cost them their lives. Are the beasts nobler than we? To sacrifice oneself for another, even for a "lower" four-legged creature, is the purest form of compassion, the noblest attribute of man or animal. For those in whom pity and compassion flow abundantly, the response to suffering, whether in man or beast, is unpremeditated and complete. Suffering is suffering, and perhaps because animals are so much less intellectual than we, they are more, not less sensitive. Their sufferings may be greater than our own.

Of the four parts which constitute a complete Jataka—a story set in the present that gives the circumstances that led the Buddha to reveal his former birth; the story of the former birth; the original verses on which the stories are commentaries; and the Buddha's statement revealing who the characters are in their present lives—only the second is included here.

The Hungry Tigress

Once, long, long ago, the Buddha came to life as a noble prince named Mahasattva in a land where the country of Nepal exists today. One day when he was grown he went walking in a wild forest with his two older brothers. The land was dry and the leaves brittle. The sky seemed alight with flames.

Suddenly they saw a tigress. The brothers turned to flee, but the tigress stumbled and fell. She was starving and desperate and her two cubs were starving too. She eyed her cubs miserably and in that dark glance the prince sensed long months of hunger and pain. He saw too that unless she had food soon she might even be driven to devour her own cubs. He was moved by compassion for the hardness of their life. "What after all is this life for?" he thought.

Stepping forward he removed his outer garments and lay down beside her. Tearing his skin with a stone he let the starving tigress smell the blood. Mahasattva's brothers fled.

Hungrily the tigress devoured the prince's body and chewed the bones. She and her cubs lived on, and for many years the forest was filled with golden light.

Centuries later a mighty king raised a pillar of carved stone on this spot and pilgrims still go there to make offerings even today.

Deeds of compassion live on forever.[2]

The Brahmin and the Goat

A Brahmin was preparing to make an offering to his dead ancestors by sacrificing a goat, and had turned the animal over to his disciples for the preliminary bathing and garlanding. While this was going on, the goat suddenly acquired recollection of its previous existences and thereupon burst into a loud peal of laughter, like the breaking of a pot. But a moment later it fell into a fit of weeping. The disciples reported this unprecedented behavior to the Brahmin, who asked the goat, "Why did you laugh?" "Because," replied the goat, "long ago in a previous existence I was a Brahmin like you and I too celebrated just such a sacrifice for the dead. As a result I was doomed to be reborn as a goat for 500 successive existences and in each existence to have my head cut off. I have already suffered this fate 499 times, and now when my head is cut off for the 500th time, my punishment will come to an end. Therefore in my joy I laughed." "And why," asked the Brahmin, "did you weep?" "I wept," said the goat, "when I thought of the 500 existences of sorrow which you are about to bring upon yourself by cutting off my head." "Never fear," said the Brahmin, "I shall not sacrifice you and you shall escape the pain of having your head cut off." "It will make no difference for you to spare me," said the goat, "my head must inevitably be cut off." The Brahmin, however, gave orders to his disciples to see that no harm came to the goat. Once free, the goat ran over to a ledge of rock and stretched its head out to nibble the leaves on a bush growing there. At that moment out of the clear sky came a sudden bolt of lightning, which split off a sliver from the overhanging rock, and this sliced off the goat's outstretched head as cleanly as with an executioner's knife.[3]

The bodhisattvic vow to liberate all beings, central to the theory and practice of Buddhism, emerges most clearly in two ceremonies unique to Buddhism: the rescue and liberation of living beings, and the rite of administering the precepts to them.

The Brahmajala sutra, a well-known Buddhist scripture, includes this admonition: "If one is a son of Buddha one must, with a merciful heart, practice the liberation of living beings . . . and cause others to do so. And if one sees another person kill

animals, he must by proper means save and protect them and free them from their misery and danger." The practice of liberating living beings is said to originate with this scripture.

Among Indian emperors who have liberated and protected beasts of every sort, the most famous was Ashoka (268-223 B.C.). In one of his Pillar Edicts he declared, "I have enforced the law against killing certain animals and many others, but the greatest progress of Righteousness among men comes from the exhortation in favor of non-injury to life and abstention from killing living beings."[4]

In Japan, too, in ancient times, when Buddhism dominated the hearts and minds of the Japanese, animal liberation was decreed by the emperors themselves. For example, Emperor Temmu, in the year 676, having commanded a Great Purification in all the provinces of his country, ordered that "all living beings be let loose." Those freed included criminals not convicted of capital crimes, as well as animals. In the year 745, Emperor Shomu ordered that all falcons and cormorants be set free, with the double aim of liberating these birds and prohibiting hunting and fishing with them.[5]

Such practices also flourished in ancient China. Chinese emperor Hsu-tsung of the T'ang Dynasty (618-906) dedicated 81 ponds for the liberation of living beings. And a well-known Chinese Buddhist monk, called "The Cloud of Compassion," in the year 1032 made the West Lake in China a pond for liberating living beings. He held an assembly of the people of the district on the Buddha's birth date (April 8) and caused them to let loose fishes and birds.[6]

While Buddhism was still a viable force in China, up until the Communist revolution of 1949, the practice of releasing living creatures was common. Holmes Welch, who has written extensively on Chinese Buddhism, says that near the main gate of almost every large monastery there was a pool for the release of living creatures, into which the pious could drop live fish they had rescued from the fishmonger. Behind the monastery there were stables for the care of cows, pigs, and other livestock similarly rescued. Sometimes thousands of animals were set free or rescued from dinner tables in mass releases intended as offerings to the bodhisattva of compassion, Kuan yin.[7]

A remarkable incident (reported in the newspapers of China in May of 1936) concerns a fox whose every hair was snow white. It had been trapped by a hunter, but appeared to be tame; later, although not confined, the fox made no attempt to escape. The hunter gave the fox as a pet to a neighbor named Lim, who treated the fox as a member of his household, a position it readily accepted. One night Lim had a vision in which he was directed to take the fox to a Buddhist monastery called White Cloud and liberate it there. Accordingly, the next morning he took the fox to the monastery. The abbot at the time was the Venerable Hsu yun, who immediately took a warm interest in the fox. The abbot suggested that Mr. Lim open the basket in which he had brought the fox. The fox hopped out, and to the amazement of Mr. Lim and several onlookers, made what was unmistakably a bow to the holy images on the shrine table.

Hsu yun explained that he felt the fox was a reincarnation of a former resident monk who, having accumulated much negative karma, had been reembodied in this manner. The abbot spoke to the fox, asking if it would like to take the Three Refuges† and the Five Precepts.‡ The fox seemed to un-

† Refuge in Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha.
‡ Stated from the human standpoint: 1) to refrain from taking life, 2) to refrain from taking what is not given, 3) to refrain from improper sexuality, 4) to refrain from telling an untruth, 5) to refrain from taking liquors or drugs that confuse the mind.

derstand. It bowed low before the abbot, who then recited the mantra of the Great Compassion, following this with the formula of the Three Refuges and the Five Precepts. Throughout the ceremony the white fox maintained a dignified posture, and bowed when the ceremony was finished. The abbot gave the fox a Buddhist name meaning "Towards Goodness."

Within a very short time the animal became fond of a vegetarian diet. On several occasions when the cook mixed chopped meat with its food, the fox refused to eat. Thousands of devout Buddhists came to see the animal, which by now was known far and wide as the Buddhist Fox.

Once some mischievous boys chased the fox. It took refuge in a tree in the monastery gardens. The abbot, hearing the boys' shouts, went to the tree and beckoned to the fox to come down. At once it leaped onto the abbot's shoulders, taking great care not to scratch him. "A kitten could hardly have been more gentle," remarked the abbot. Observers reported that whenever Hsu yun sat too long in the cold meditation room, the fox would nuzzle his cheek until the abbot got up and went to bed.[8]

Sri Ramana Maharshi was another spiritual master who had a deep rapport with animals. Many stories are told of the dogs, cows, monkeys, peacocks, and other animals in his ashram and their unique relations with him. Speaking from his enlightened wisdom, Zen master Dogen has said, " . . . Those who experience this communion [with Buddha] inevitably take this refuge [in the Three Treasures of Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha] whether they find themselves as celestial or human beings, dwellers in hell, hungry ghosts, or animals. As a result, the merit that is accumulated thereby inevitably increases through the various stages of existence, leading ulti-

mately to the highest supreme enlightenment."[9]

The purpose in administering the precepts to an animal, then, is to raise the level of its consciousness so that it may achieve a more felicitous rebirth and eventually attain full liberation. The ceremony of giving the precepts is not primarily directed to the discriminating mind, but to Buddha-mind, the Mind inherent in all creatures. In Mahayana Buddhism the precepts are more than guidelines delineating morally desirable behavior; they are an expression of ultimate reality, of the absolute Buddha-nature. On this level we cannot speak of high or low, moral or amoral, karma or akarma, birth or death, animal or human being.

Thus from the *absolute* standpoint of Buddha-nature, every creature, just as it is, is whole and complete, a perfect expression of buddha.* A mouse here is the equal of an Einstein. But from the perspective of the senses and the intellect, all things, animate and inanimate, are temporary transformations of the one Buddha- or Essential-mind—names for the ever unnameable "it"—the substratum of Emptiness (perfection) underlaying all existences. "Heaven and earth and I are of the same root, all things and I are of the same substance," affirmed a Zen master of old. On this level each life, each thing is causally related to every other, forming an indivisible whole. No creature, whether it walks, creeps, crawls, swims, or flies, ever falls short of its own completeness. "Wherever it stands it does not fail to cover the ground."

Bodhi, the dog now lying at my feet, has been evolving and devolving in his beginningless and endless course of becoming through innumerable kalpas,* now as a mineral, now as a plant, now as a fish, now as a reptile, now as an ape, now as a demon, now as a demigod, now as one like myself—I who am what? Yet, once again, if I look at him through eyes undimmed by relativity, by such notions as karma, morality, causality, buddha, mind, he is not a dog. Furthermore, he never evolved or devolved, was never born, will never die. Suppose he were asked, "What are you? Where did you come from? What is your relation to your fellow creatures?" How would he respond?

"Woof! Woof!"

Translated into the language of humans this reads: "Throughout heaven and earth I am the only One."

* A term used in two senses: a) ultimate truth or absolute Mind, and b) one awakened to the true nature of existence.

*One of the sutras defines a kalpa, or world cycle, as the time it would take to empty a container of poppyseeds forty cubic miles in size if one took out just one poppyseed every three years.

NOTES

1. From the introduction to an unpublished manuscript, "The Hungry Tigress and Other Jataka Tales."
2. Ibid.
3. W. Norman Brown quoted in his article "The Unity of Life in Indian Religion," in *Animals and Man in Historical Perspective*, edited by Joseph and Barrie Klaits. New York: Harper & Row, 1974.
4. "The Seventh Pillar Edict," in *Sources of Indian Tradition*, translated by William T. De Bary. New York: Columbia University Press, 1958.
5. Marinus Willem deVisser, *Ancient Buddhism in Japan, vol. 1.* Leiden: E. J. Brill, Ltd., 1935.
6. Ibid.
7. Holmes H. Welch, *The Practice of Chinese Buddhism*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1967.
8. The Venerable Sumangalo, *Buddhist Stories for Young and Old*. Singapore, 1960.
9. Quoted in *Zen Master Dogen* by Yohu Yoki. New York: Weatherhill, 1976.

Other Nations

And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.

And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field.

—*Genesis 2:19-20*

And the cattle—He created them for you; in them is warmth, and uses various, and of them you eat, and there is beauty in them for you, when you bring them home to rest and when you drive them forth abroad to pasture; and they bear your loads unto a land that you never would reach, excepting with great distress. Surely your Lord is All-clement, All-compassionate. And horses, and mules, and asses, for you to ride, and as an adornment; and He creates what you know not.

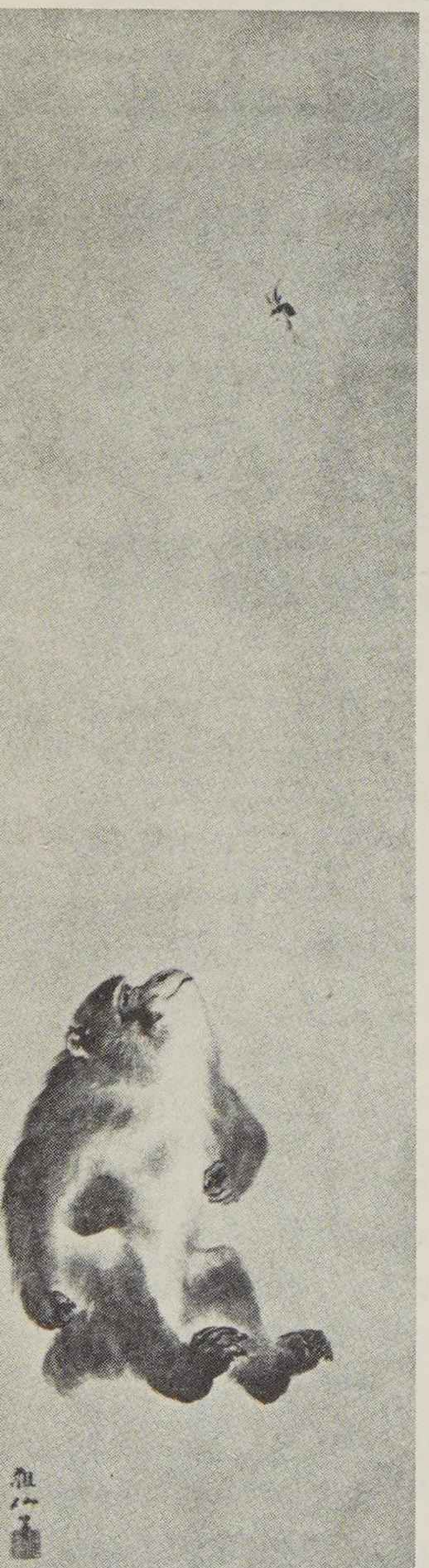
—*The Koran, interpreted by A.J. Arberry*[1]

In order to preserve living creatures, let him always by day and by night, even with pain in his body, walk carefully scanning the ground.

—*Laws of Manu*[2]

For the animal shall not be measured by man. In a world older and more complete than ours, they move finished and complete, gifted with extensions of the senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear. They are not brethren, they are not underlings; they are other nations, caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendor and travail of the earth.

—*Henry Beston*[3]



Nowhere in a zoo can a stranger encounter the look of an animal. At the most, the animal's gaze flickers and passes on . . . They have been immunized to encounter, because nothing can any more occupy a central place in their attention.

That look between animal and man, which may have played a crucial role in the development of human society, and with which, in any case, all men had always lived until less than a century ago, has been extinguished.

—*John Berger*[4]

We are not as hardy, free, or accomplished as animals.

—*Diogenes*

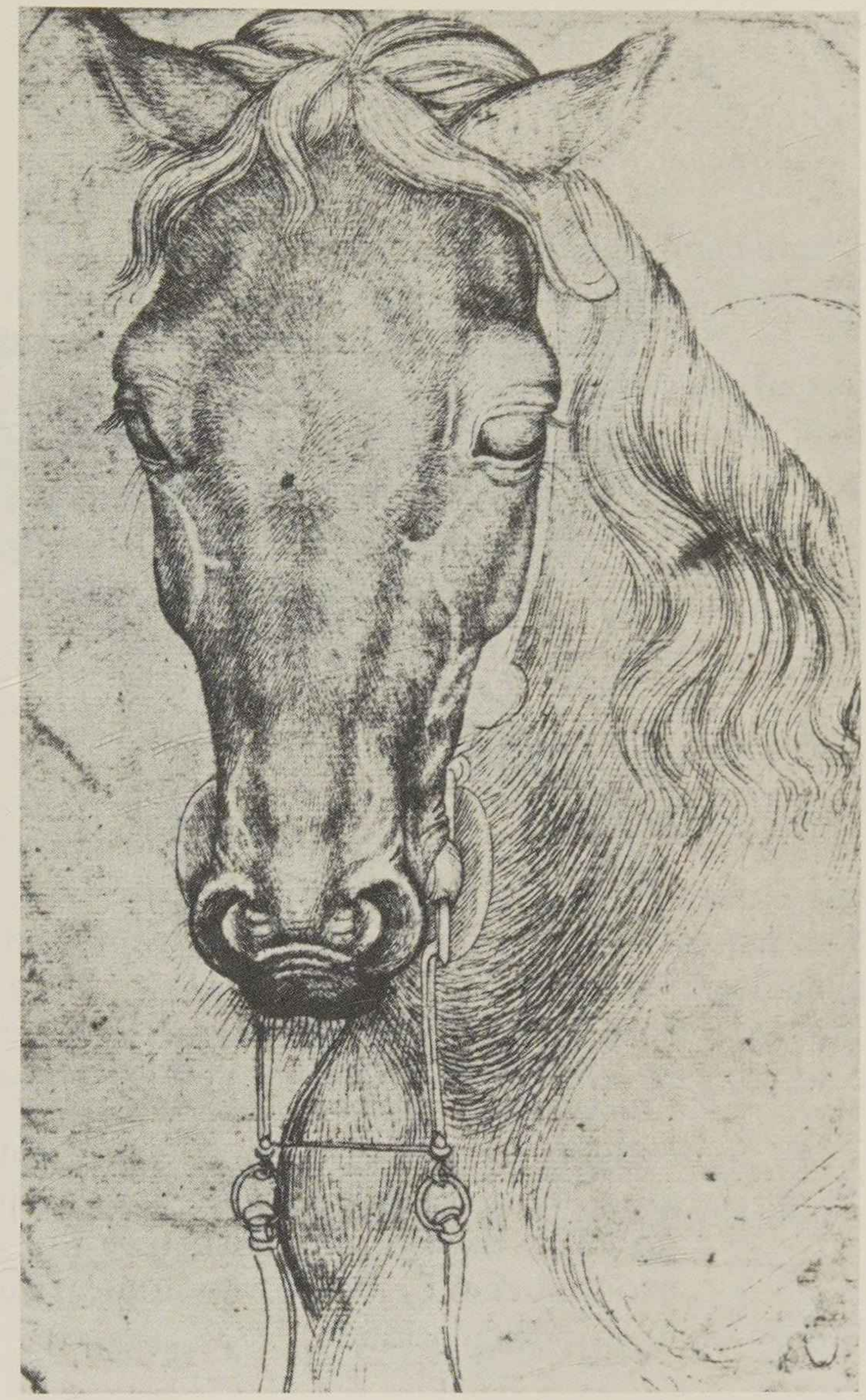
I never saw a wild thing sorry for itself.

—*D.H. Lawrence*[5]

I think I could turn and live with animals, they're so placid
and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania
of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

—*Walt Whitman*[6]



All fantasy is a failure of Sensuality. The leopard, the rose, are immediate, fatal, shameless, scandalous—rich, brilliant, perfumed, taloned and thorned, because they do not dream.

—*Lewis Thompson*[7]

Practice love first on animals, they are more sensitive.

—*G.I. Gurdjieff*[8]

Love animals: God has given them the rudiments of thought and joy untroubled. Do not trouble their joy, don't harass them, don't deprive them of their happiness, don't work against God's intent. Man, do not pride yourself on superiority to animals; they are without sin, and you, with your greatness, defile the earth by your appearance on it, and leave the traces of your foulness after you—alas it is true of almost everyone of us!

—*Father Zossima*[9]

I'm shaggy as a bear, wolfish about the head, active as a cougar, and can grin like a hyena, until the bark will curl off a gum log. There's a sprinkling of all sorts in me, from the lion down to the skunk; and before the war is over, you will pronounce me an entire zoological institute, or I miss a figure in my calculation.

—*Colonel Crockett*[10]

Fablers have always known that every animal is a moral waiting to be identified. Watch any animal: before long it will let you know something about mankind. It works the other way, too: watch any human being long enough and he will let you know something about which animal he might have been, given half a chance.

—*John Ciardi*[11]

Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats—all human life is there.

—*Henry James*[12]

A dog has the characters of eight sorts of people:

He has the character of a priest, of a warrior, of a husbandman, of a strolling singer, of a thief, of a disu, of a courtesan, and of a child.

He eats the refuse, like a priest; he is easily satisfied, like a priest; in these things he is like unto a priest.

He marches in front, like a warrior; he fights for the beneficent cow, like a warrior; he goes first out of the house, like a warrior; in these things he is like unto a warrior.

He is watchful and sleeps lightly, like a husbandman; he goes first out of the house, like a husbandman; in these things he is like unto a husbandman.

He is fond of singing, like a strolling singer; he wounds him who gets too near, like a strolling singer; he is ill-trained, like a strolling singer; he is changeful, like a strolling singer; in these things he is like unto a strolling singer.

He is fond of darkness, like a thief; he prowls about in darkness, like a thief; he is a shameless eater, like a thief; he is therefore an unfaithful keeper, like a thief; in these things he is like unto a thief. . .

He roams along the roads, like a courtesan; he is ill-trained, like a courtesan; he is changeful, like a courtesan; in these things he is like unto a courtesan.

He is fond of sleep, like a child; he is tender like snow, like a child; he is full of tongue, like a child; he digs the earth with his paws, like a child; in these things he is like unto a child.

If those two dogs of mine, the shepherd's dog and the house-dog, pass by any one of my houses, let them never be kept away from it.

For no house could subsist on the earth made by Ahura, but for those two dogs of mine, the shepherd's dog and the house-dog.

—*The Zendavesta*[13]

The primitives' view of animals . . . is mirrored in all these works, namely that while man is an equivocal, "masked" or complex being, the animal is univocal, for its positive or negative qualities remain ever constant, thus making it possible to classify each animal, once and for all, as belonging to a specific *mode* of cosmic phenomena. More generally, the different stages of animal evolution, as manifested by the varying degrees of biological complexity, ranging from the insect and the reptile to the mammal, reflect the hierarchy of the instincts. In Assyrian and Persian bas-reliefs, the victory of a higher over a lower animal always stands for the victory of the higher life over the lower instincts.

—J.E. Cirlot[14]

But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee:

Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.

Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the LORD hath wrought this?

In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind.

—Job 12: 7-10

"Upon occasion," said the sexton at length, "it is more convenient to put one's bird-self in front. Every one, as you ought to know, has a beast-self—and a bird-self, and stupid fish-self, ay, and a creeping serpent-self too—which it takes a great deal of crushing to kill. In truth, he also has a tree-self and a crystal-self and I don't know how many selves more, all to get into harmony. You can tell what sort a man is by his creature that comes most often to the front."

—George MacDonald[15]

NOTES

1. Arthur J. Arberry, *The Koran Interpreted*, London: Allen & Unwin, 1955.
2. *Laws of Manu*, translated by Gangā-Nātha Jhā, Calcutta: University of Calcutta, 1926.
3. Henry Beston, *Outermost House*, Garden City: Doubleday, 1929.
4. John Berger, "Why Look at Animals?" in *About Seeing*, New York: Pantheon Books, 1980.
5. D.H. Lawrence, "Self Pity" in *Selected Essays*, New York: Penguin Books, 1950.
6. Walt Whitman, "Songs of Myself" in *Leaves of Grass*, New York: Random House, 1930.
7. Lewis Thompson, *The Deepest Ground*, edited by Richard Lannoy, copyright Coventure Publishers Limited, London, 1982.
8. G.I. Gurdjieff, *Views from the Real World*, New York: Dutton, 1975.
9. Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*, translated by Constance Garnett, New York: New American Library, 1980.
10. Smith, Richard Penn (supposed author), *Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas*, Philadelphia: T.K. and P.G. Collins, 1836.
11. John Ciardi, *An Alphabestiary*, Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott Co., 1965.
12. Henry James, "The Madonna of the Future" in *The Madonna of the Future and Other Tales*, London: Macmillan & Co., 1879.
13. *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Mueller, Mystic, Conn.: Lawrence Verry, Inc.
14. J.E. Cirlot, *A Dictionary of Symbols*, translated by Jack Sage, New York: Philosophical Library, 1962.
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CURRENTS & COMMENTS

Museums

One hundred and eighty rare photographs of Tibet, many never before on public display, have been assembled from collections around the world by the Philadelphia Museum of Art into a traveling show, **Tibet: The Sacred Realm 1880-1950.** Most of the photographs are the work of a small number of adventurous Westerners—explorers, naturalists, mountain climbers, geologists, linguists, and diplomats—who made rigorous, often hazardous journeys over the Himalayas. Among them are Alexandra David-Neel, the first Western woman to enter the sacred city of Lhasa; American explorer and naturalist Charles Suydam Cutting; Heinrich Harrer, an Austrian who fled to Tibet during World War II and became the Dalai Lama's official photographer of festivities; and Captain John Noel, official photographer on the British Everest Expeditions of 1922 and 1924. The vintage prints capture the dramatic landscape of Tibet with its icy mountain passes, thousands of temples and monasteries, and small road markers left by pilgrims. Also pictured are the people of Tibet, from nomads in the fertile valleys to great crowds participating in religious festivals, temple dancing, and archery demonstrations.

The photographs, which are supplemented by thirty thankas, sculptures, and ritual objects, will be on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art through May 22. They will be at Rice University Museum in Houston from September 23 through December 31, and at New York's Asia Society from March 1 to May 27, 1984.

A dramatic change in the use of color by North American Indians—from subtle blendings of hue to bright, flamboyant combinations—will be the

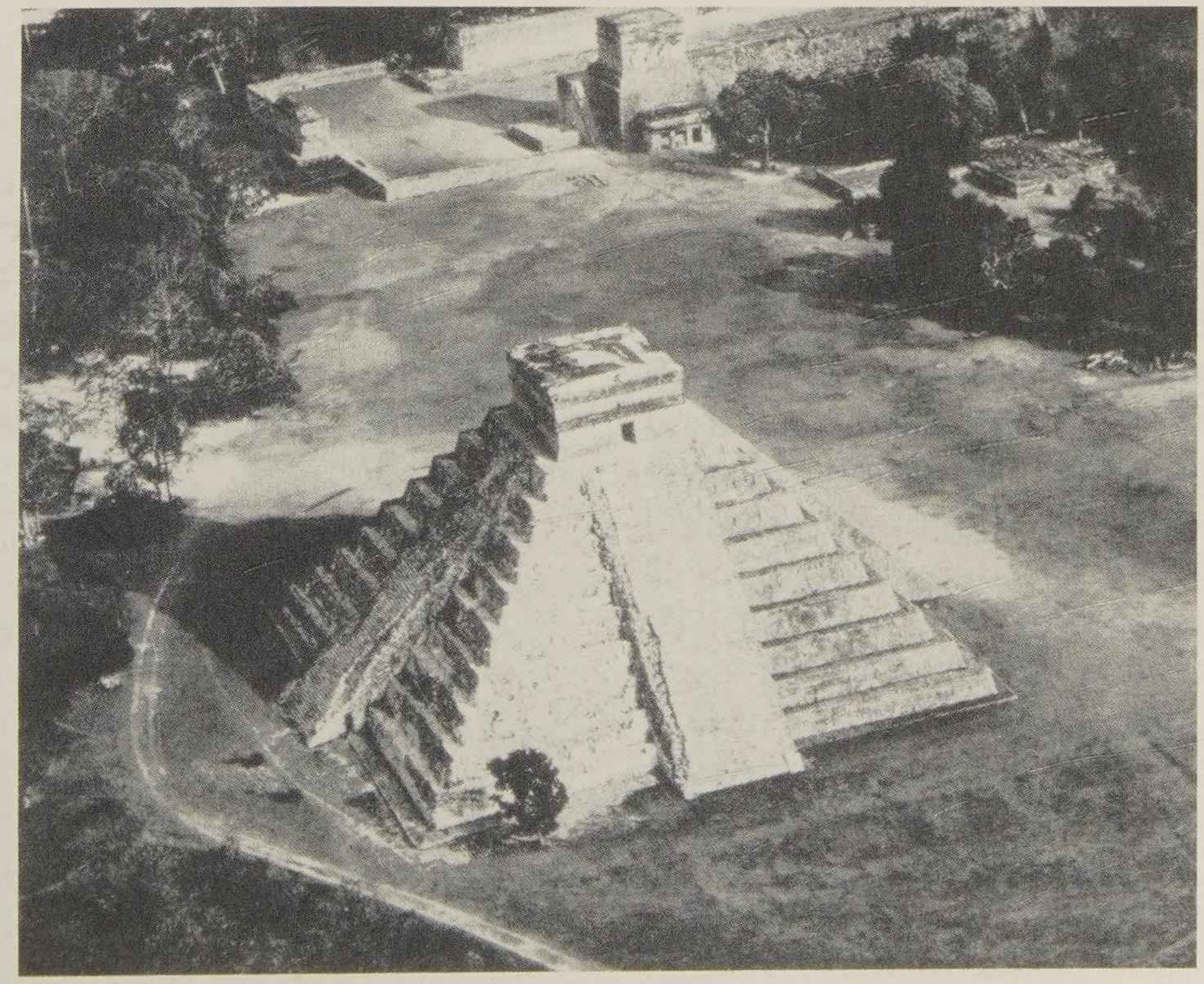
Photograph © Alexandra David-Neel

subject of **Color and Shape in American Indian Art** at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Forty-eight objects have been chosen to illustrate how this shift in color altered the appearance of bags, blankets, and bowls from the late 18th to the early 20th centuries. All areas of the United States are represented, although the majority of pieces come from the Northeast. The show will be on view in the Michael C. Rockefeller wing at the Metropolitan until July 3.

Another aspect of color in traditional Native American work can be seen at the Denver Art Museum's exhibit, **Black and Blue: Dark Stars of American Indian Art**. This show highlights subdued, black and blue coloring in art objects that are frequently overwhelmed by more brightly tinted works. Included are black-on-black pottery, textiles, carved stone, and basketry. The show runs through September 25.

PHOTOGRAPHY

The work of Marilyn Bridges (see PARABOLA Vol. III, No. 2) documents man-made marks on the natural environment. Her latest show, **Yucatan Earthscapes**, captures in forty striking black and white photographs the remnants of the great Maya civilization of Mesoamerica. These aerial images depict walled cities, pyramids, temples, and courtyards in Chichén Itzá, Cobá, Etzná, Dzibilchaltún, Sayil, Kabah, Labná, Tulum, and Uxmal. Ms. Bridges, recently the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship in Photography, believes that the aerial perspective enhances our understanding of these ancient ruins. "On the ground each site bares only its own identity," she says, "but from the air the cohesiveness of the once great civilization of the



Photograph © Marilyn Bridges

Maya again becomes clear and timeless." At Meridian House, 1630 Crescent Place, Washington, D.C., from May 5 through June 3.

Music

The Alternative Museum in New York City (17 White Street, 966-4444) continues its outstanding program of traditional music on May 30 at 8:00 P.M. ($6.00 admission), with a concert of Celtic music performed by Alan Jones and Alain Leroux. The evening will feature music and songs from Scotland, Brittany, Wales, and the Isle of Man, played on fiddle and pipes. On June 24 and 25 at 8:00 P.M. ($7.00 admission), traditional music of the Andes will be performed by **Grupo Aymara**, a five-piece ensemble from Bolivia. With pan pipes, flutes, charango, guitars, and drums, they will present folk songs from Bolivia, Peru, northern Argentina and Ecuador.

The Persistence of Unicorns

ROB BAKER

❖

The Last Unicorn
Animated feature with screenplay by Peter S. Beagle, based on his novel. Movie version released December, 1982, by Jensen Farley Pictures; videotape version, March, 1983, by CBS/Fox Video.

Merlin
Mark Hellinger Theater, New York City, opened February 13, 1983.

The very fierce animal with only one horn is called unicorn. In order to catch it, a virgin is put in a field; the animal then comes to her and is caught, because it lies down in her lap. Christ is represented by this animal, and his invincible strength by its horn. He, who lay down in the womb of the Virgin, has been caught by the hunters; that is to say, he was found in human shape by those who loved him.

—Honorius of Autun,
Speculum de Mysteriis Ecclesiae[1]

Unicorns are a stubborn lot. Just when modern man, with his niggardly and egocentric (and certainly anthropocentric) insistence on a reality prescribed by the limits of his own reason, thought he had unicorns banished forever, they keep popping up all over the place—like any symbol worth its salt, easily manifesting in the heart and being of those who believe in them and are nurtured by that belief.

Symbolic of both power and purity, strength and gentleness, nourishment and self-denial, unicorns have always stood as a kind of commerce of contrary powers, the union of the sacred and the profane—the phallic horn in the lap of the virgin, the Holy Spirit or word of God made incarnate in some non-sexual—but sexually highly symbolic—way. Jung links unicorns to the element of mercury in his writings on alchemy: hermaphroditic, uniting both sexes in order to transcend sexuality. In Jean Chevalier's *Dictionnaire des symboles*, the unicorn is seen as spiritual fecundity, "*la pénétration du divin dans la créature*." Through sexual sublimation, the unicorn acquires the "power to perceive impurities, even the small-

lest flaw in a diamond." A "miraculous sublimation of carnal life" leads to "a supernatural force, which emanates from that which is pure."[2]

Fifteen years ago, Peter S. Beagle published his fable about a time when magic had gone out of the land—so much so that only one unicorn was left on earth, and almost no human that met her could recognize her for what she was, let alone discern the fragile qualities of sustenance and hope, innocence and inner strength that she symbolized. Beagle's slender volume, *The Last Unicorn*, touched a chord with readers around the world. Louis Malle, the French director whose *My Dinner with André* was reviewed in these pages recently ("Tangents," Vol. VII, No. 1), has said that it was a major influence on his enigmatic earlier film, *Black Moon*, an Alice-in-Wonderland-like fantasy that prominently features a talking unicorn. And magician Doug Henning, who recently brought the Arthurian wizard Merlin to the Broadway musical stage, gave the young sorcerer a unicorn helpmeet—a move that he likewise has acknowledged was partly inspired by Beagle's novel. And now Beagle himself has collaborated in bringing his novel to the screen, streamlining its already simple plot into a screenplay for a feature-length animated film.

The adaptation is problematic. Those of us who love to read, and let our imaginations run wild as the pages slip by, tend to resist having our cherished tales or novels made concrete, with our favorite characters suddenly made flesh, with actual faces, actual bodies, actual voices. Animation, by its simplicity of line and its use of color to add subtlety and shading to both plot and character, is less intrusive, but still the dream is taken out of our imagination and filtered through that of someone else. Molly Grue is no longer the private image we had based on Beagle's verbal hints; she's now a thing with red, curling-iron hair and the voice of Tammy Grimes.

And the unicorn herself—what a disenchantment, all prettified and girlish and coy. The creature more nanny goat than horse on the cover of the Ballantine paperback was never quite right either. But surely, surely, closer than this. Perhaps, like Mohammed, unicorns aren't meant to be drawn.

Still, if you give her a chance, the animated unicorn isn't all bad. There are waves of light in her, echoing her kinship to the moon and the sea. At night, there is a touch of lilac or soft blue to her horn, suggesting its healing, comforting power.

Her nemesis, the Red Bull, is powerfully executed—all fire, rage, and blustering hate, the bluff snort-and-paw of brute force, easily vanquished by innocence and purity of course, though it takes those qualities a while to figure that out. Directors Arthur Rankin and Jules Bass, working with a crew of expert Japanese animators, have not done badly in their far-from-easy task of articulating Beagle's gentle, magical tale. Mommy Fortuna is especially good, her hat a whole gnarled tree complete with buzzard. Schmendrick the magician is as lovable a bungler on screen as on the page. And the butterfly is near perfection, his stream-of-consciousness flits being given a kind of absent-minded-professor excuse which works quite nicely.

Those of us who read the book first will no doubt always insist there's a richer, deeper experience to be gleaned from Beagle's novel. But the film touches almost all the same bases—and touches them in its own way of speaking. Who's to say that it may not work for many the same magic that the novel did for us? Fables have a way of doing that—of seldom getting really lost in the telling, no matter how many bunglers seem to intrude.

There was a fair amount of bungling in the early preview I saw of the Broadway musical *Merlin*, but once

again manifest magic saved the day—both the sleight-of-hand illusions of Canadian-born Doug Henning as Merlin, and magic on a higher level, which Henning plainly believes in and which audiences apparently have been more willing to tap into than have New York's theater critics, who brutally dissected the play in print and on television.

Although the music is probably the production's weakest component, the titles of the songs, by themselves, indicate its heart is in the right place: "Something More," "He Who Knows the Way," "I Can Make It Happen." Merlin's magic is posited as the exact opposite of that of the evil Queen (Chita Rivera), who thinks, instead, that magic is "about power . . . about glory . . . about winning . . . about stopping everyone who gets in my way." Like the Red Bull, her costume rages with the color of dripping blood—and there are horns on it as well.

Merlin's unicorn, a mime role danced by former Joffrey ballerina Rebecca Wright, is the magician's protector and conscience, "my eyes and ears," as he calls her, but also the one who stands by him and steers him back to the right path when he's almost lured into forbidden magic by a temptress that the Queen has fashioned out of a black panther. The dancing unicorn exhibits many of the same qualities of trust, humility, self-sacrifice, indomitability, and purity that Beagle's unicorn has.

Purity is power, though the reverse is seldom true, and the power is of a very different sort from that which *Merlin*'s Queen was after. The search for that balance of purity and power is what the unicorn quest is always about, ultimately, and it may not be that much different from Peter Matthiessen's looking for a snow leopard or Jorge Luis Borges's celebration of a white deer:

Out of what country ballad of green
    England,
or Persian etching, out of what secret
    region
of nights and days enclosed in our lost past
came the white deer I dreamed of in the
    dawn?
A moment's flash, I saw it cross the
    meadow
and vanish in the golden afternoon,
a lithe, illusory creature, half-remembered
and half-imagined, deer with a single side.
The presences which rule this curious
    world
have let me dream of you but not
    command you.
Perhaps in a recess of the unplumbed
    future,
again I will find you, white deer from my
    dream.
I too am dream, lasting a few days longer
than that bright dream of whiteness and
    green fields.[3]

Rob Baker is a Contributing Editor to PARABOLA, *a typesetter, and a free-lance writer covering dance, music, theater, film, and video.*

NOTES

1. Quoted in *A Dictionary of Symbols* by J.E. Cirlot, translated from the Spanish by Jack Sage. New York: Philosophical Library, 1962.
2. Quotes from *Dictionnaire des symboles*, vol. 3, edited by Jean Chevalier with the assistance of Alain Gheerbrant. Paris: Seghers, 1969. Translated by Rob Baker.
3. "*La Cierva Blanca*" from *The Gold of the Tigers: Selected Later Poems* by Jorge Luis Borges, translated by Alastair Reid. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1976.

Force of Conscience

GAUTAM DASGUPTA

❖

Gandhi

A film by Richard Attenborough, 1982, Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

Gandhi, a film about an Indian whose aim was to rid his country of British domination, made by Richard Attenborough, a British director—the irony is inescapable. And to compound this irony, I, an Indian born during post-independence days, a year after Gandhi was assassinated, now bring to bear upon this epic my own feelings toward the man and his place in our century. The task is by no means an easy one. And no one could further exacerbate the complexity of this critical endeavor than Gandhi himself, a man who was revered as a Mahatma in his own land, and as a symbol and a myth in the West.

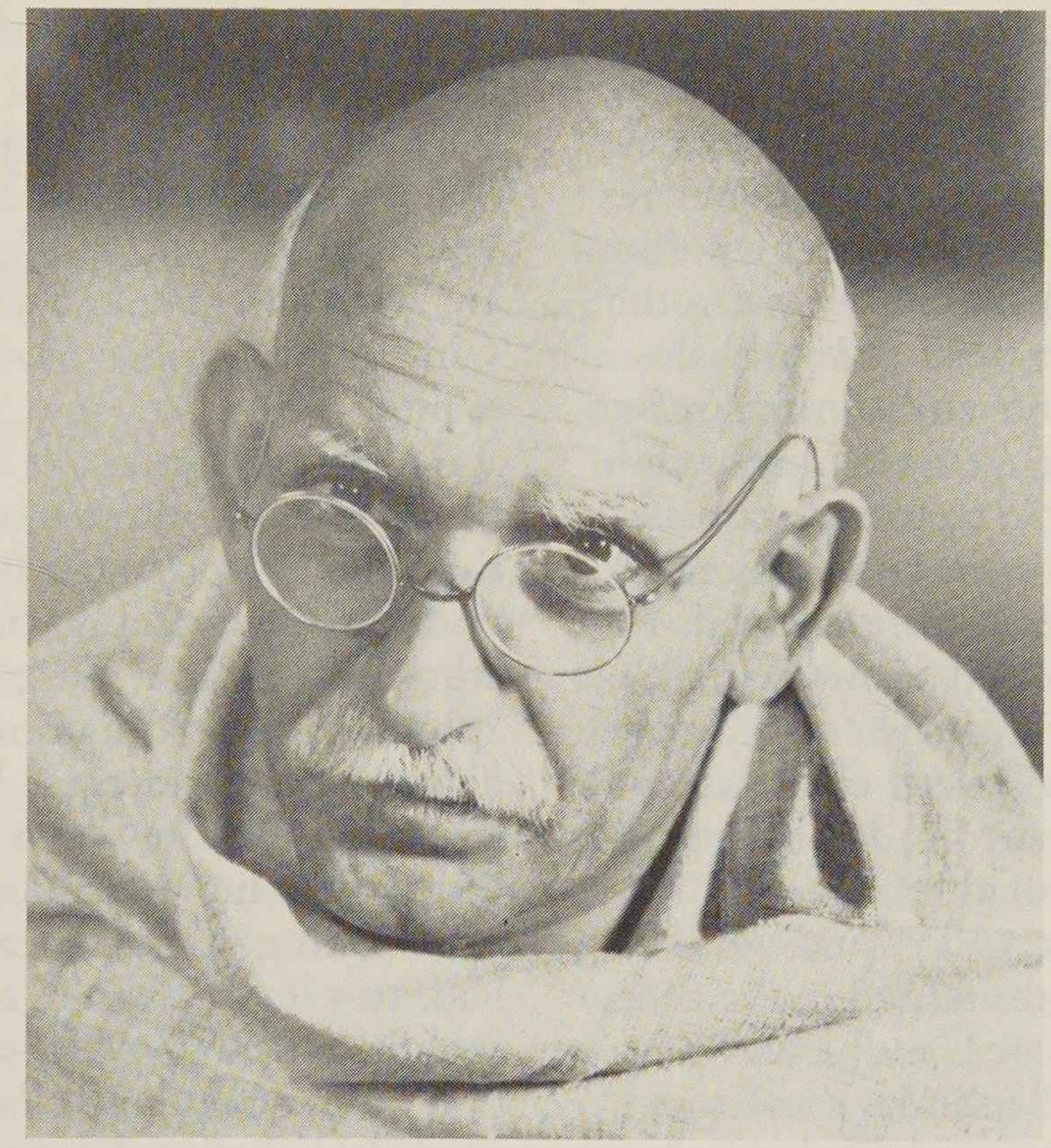
The polarities of Gandhi's life could hardly have made Attenborough's task any simpler: to extract dramatic moments from his subject's life so as to give substance to his own creation, and at the same time to ensure the realization of Gandhi's symbolic power. I do not mean to suggest that these two are incompatible. Each serves to underpin the other, daily existence laying the groundwork from which the myth may emerge, and the myth determining the ethical and social choices by which one may conduct one's everyday life. To life up to, and under, the shadow of a pervasive, internationally recognized mythic construct that was partly his own doing (although he always tried to underplay his role in this) was not an easy burden for the Mahatma. The same burden now falls on Attenborough. He tries to steer a safe passage between the private and the public man, the lawyer-politician and the spiritual leader of millions, the profane and the sacred, with—as might be expected given the nature of his subject—mixed results.

Despite Ben Kingsley's precise, elegantly crafted characterization of Gandhi, there is no escaping the reverential attitude that he takes toward his subject (under Attenborough's guidance, one assumes). This is a Gandhi whose eyes are set on eventual transcendence, a man destined, as it were, to become "Gandhi." What one gets, even when Gandhi rages at his wife Kasturba for refusing to clean the latrines, is a man whose anger gains meaning only through the final realization of his spiritual quest. One can never relish such private moments (far too rare in this film) as the temporary failings of a man among mortals. It is as if Attenborough deliberately stayed away from insights that could possibly tarnish Gandhi's image in the West. Gandhi as a man—brash, arrogant, kind, taxing, generous, and devilishly manipulative when circumstances so dictated—is excised from this sanctified version of his life.

But it is in Attenborough's portrayal of the political Gandhi that the film's shortcomings become far too evident. The relationship between Jinnah (representative of India's millions of Muslims) and Gandhi is depicted as far

tamer than was actually the case, and the Nehru-Gandhi axis, in reality full of bickering, is shown as a sentimentalized political friendship. In fact, Gandhi's status within the Indian National Congress was cause for considerable debate, particularly when the Congress saw the need to establish itself as an executive and administrative body representative of a nation, while Gandhi was content to forego bureaucratic centralization in favor of crafts-oriented, self-help communes. His was a dream opposed to industrialization, a utopia set up to stem the rushing tide of the twentieth century, and one bound to engage head-on the pragmatic politicians of the Congress Party. Such power-plays and conflicts of ideas remain submerged in the film, as if to suggest that Gandhi was beyond petty and mundane matters of political contingency. Yet it was at these moments that Gandhi's attitude toward life and country was put to its most arduous tests. Unfortunately, we never get to see or feel what Attenborough's Gandhi thinks of events that surround him on all sides. And when we do, the methods employed are woefully crude, as in the scenes with photographer Margaret Bourke-White.

The most significant omission in the film's political drama is, undoubtedly, the failure to place the figure of Gandhi within the cultural, social, and spiritual ethos of a nation. Despite the later appropriation of his non-violent, civil disobedience strategies by leaders in the West, Gandhi was a product of the Indian psyche. If millions decided to follow him, it was because they each had, to a lesser degree, something that he himself possessed—stoicism of body and soul, and a faith born from spiritual belief in the transiency of life. It is precisely this stubborn denial



of the supremacy of individual consciousness that characterized Gandhi and his countrymen. While the film glamorizes this particular trait within its omnipotent protagonist, it shies away from granting the Indian masses their due in their tortuous battle with an imperial power. In the mournful choreography of the Jallianwala Bagh massacre and the beating of the masses at the Salt Works, one perceives not a battle of wills but a dire illustration of people blindly following their leader's dicta. (Oddly enough, the important contribution of Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose, a leader who advocated armed overthrow of the British, is not dealt with at all in the film.) *Gandhi* shows us the Indians' martyrdom to the essence of Gandhi's thoughts, not to the cause of a free nation, which was indeed their goal.

So as not to detract from the undue cult of personality that attaches to the central figure of Gandhi, the Hindu-Muslim conflict and its particular implication in the subsequent assassination of Gandhi are given short shrift. The complex political entanglements of this problem are resolved simplistically, in the belief that the rioting came to a stop to accommodate the Mahatma's self-negation and to avert his death. This banality vulgarizes the deeply-felt and deeply-hurt passions of a nation split in two.

And yet, despite my reservations about *Gandhi*, I feel a moral obligation to recommend this film about a man who did stand for what he believed in. In the face of insurmountable odds, he charted out a path for himself and his country, a path that he felt would lead him to the fullest realization of his destiny as a man on earth and in the afterlife. Politics led him in the end to an ascetic life, at peace with the soul's immortal longings. He was man and myth in one, perhaps more a myth as he grew in age and stature; while in *Gandhi*, more a myth than a man, but a radiant myth nonetheless.

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Klamath Knot

By David Rains Wallace. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1983. Pp. 149. $14.95.

The Delicate Art of Whale Watching

By Joan McIntyre. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1982. Pp. 144. $12.50.

Reviewed by Philip Zaleski

In 79 A.D., Pliny the Elder completed the first comprehensive nature study, *Historia Naturalis*. Not long after, still striving to fathom the workings of the material world, he ventured too close to the pit of Vesuvius and perished in its cataclysmic eruption—an event eerily echoed two millennia and a hemisphere away by those naturalists who died in the convulsions of Mt. St. Helens in 1980. Always, men have imperiled themselves to learn more about rocks and plants and animals, things seemingly of little consequence measured against a human life. Why run the risk? A clue lies in the derivation of "nature" from its Latin root, "nat—," meaning "to be born." By probing nature we can learn more about our lost origins, and, with luck, discern more clearly our obscure destiny.

Recent books on natural history—Lewis Thomas's *The Lives of a Cell*, Robert Finch's *Common Ground*—make this connection between outer and inner study more explicit. Unfulfilled by sophisticated knowledge of nebulae and nuclei, scientists are returning to the simple looking and learning of the very first naturalists—the hunter-gatherers of the Pleistocene, who studied herbs for food, medicine, or ritual ingestion, who plotted the migratory patterns of beasts to facilitate a successful hunt, and who bound their nature lore in a nourishing, all-encompassing mythology. In nature, these writers imply, modern man once again is discovering a world larger and older and fiercer than himself—a mirror constructed of animal skin, stars, and running streams in which he might find his native face.

The Klamath Knot by David Rains Wallace extends this tradition. A seasoned backpacker and writer (*The Dark Range*, *Idle Weeds*), Wallace in this book recounts his exploration of "the strangest landscape I have ever seen," the turbulent wilderness within the Klamath Mountains straddling the California-Oregon border. He calls the Klamaths a knot because of their queer, sometimes inexplicable geological formations ("Klamath rocks . . . prefer to speak paradoxes, obscure codes, or apparent nonsense"). But knots are for binding as well as for loosing, and here both qualities apply. The author ranges from boulder to bird song to bear scat in his efforts to translate for us the region's cryptic message, and to disclose the links between our small frame and this overwhelming environment. In his first journey to the Klamaths, in 1969, Wallace discovered "a tension in the ridges that . . . was almost an *at*tention," calling for a corresponding alertness on his part, summoning up unknown powers of perception: "I felt as though I had seen in four dimensions for a moment, as though some nascent or atrophied sense organ had given me a twinge." He succeeds in fostering in the reader a sense of nature as network, a web of forces working in cooperation or competition. Sometimes his insight

brings startling asides: "The eye that looks through the microscope teems with more cellular life than the water drop on the slide."

Wallace's vision is guided throughout by the theory of evolution. Looking at a bear, he sees "not only a black animal in a forest, but part of a long wave of black animals surging up from depths of time." In each vista, he discerns the geological forces that ground, shoved, and twisted raw material into the hills and hollows over which hikers stumble in awe. Wallace explains with great lucidity some of evolution's trickier aspects, such as symbiosis, preadaptation, and neotony. Even death receives an evolutionary benediction, for death allows a species to grow and change; angels and amoebae, being immortal, never alter their state.

For Wallace, evolutionary theory isn't just science, but myth—"an account of the origins and meanings of life." But his appropriation of mythology here is bewildering. Surely scientific evolution, as outlined by Lyell, Darwin, and a handful of other researchers, arises out of a different source from traditional mythology; yet Wallace installs Darwin "in the tradition of Moses and Jesus." Putting aside this suspect analogy, it's doubtful whether "evolution has greater scope, intricacy, and coherence" than older myths. Similar missteps abound. Wallace contends that "past myths," by which he means all pre-Darwinian myth and religion, "are psychic fossils." But what makes a myth moribund—majority vote? Is the Dalai Lama as Chenrezi dead for the Tibetan monk, or the world-shaper Cagn dead for the !Kung San? And if myths do supplant one another, and evolution has superseded earlier myths (implying that myth-making itself evolves), can we assume that evolution will fossilize one day as well?

Elsewhere, Wallace spurns the hierarchical universe of traditional myth-makers, writing that "it makes no sense to put vertebrates"—including humans—"on top of mollusks and anthropoids," since all three evolved from worms; in effect he equates, in terms of evolution, scorpions, slugs, and Socrates. He entertains the notion of "humans and their civilizations as a biological and geological force not qualitatively different from . . . volcanic eruptions, glaciations, and other catastrophes," yet this seems a curious denial of, among other things, the value of *The Klamath Knot* itself. Perhaps in the realm of rocks garnet is not "qualitatively" greater than granite, but in the human realm, valuation is an unreturnable gift. We as a species are the creators—or transmitters—of the very idea of quality. By definition, by feeling, and by common sense, we rise above the rocks.

Less exasperating if less ambitious than *The Klamath Knot* is *The Delicate Art of Whale Watching* by Joan McIntyre, a professional whale watcher who, wishing to replace "reading and talking" with "listening and silence," retired to an unnamed Pacific island to blend with the wilderness. McIntyre writes with much tenderness and humility, in the same reflective mode as Wallace. "The reality of the whales," she tells us, "is something else entirely; it is unimaginable . . . " Thus she approaches leviathan gingerly, tangentially, by way of impressions, anecdotes, clips of poetry, and parenthetical remarks that skip from folk medicine to tomatoes to dogs.

McIntyre acknowledges the limits of our information about cetaceans: "I haven't the faintest idea of what whales or dolphins are doing except what my eyes see them doing." Her eyes play a major role in this book, as she stresses the necessity of real looking, real attention, and real listening if we wish to understand animals, ourselves, and ourselves in animals. Indeed, she listens so well to her "inner voice"—"an an-

cient wisdom, greater than my own, yet my own"—that once it saved her from drowning in choppy waters by urging her to "go with the waves."

Bright aphorisms spot her pages like barnacles on a whale's broad back: "Even the most expert know nothing but their own ideas." If sometimes she hammers on an open door ("the typewriter cannot duplicate experience"), she redeems herself with a fine analysis of human emotion, delineating, for example, the difference between real fear (paddling too close to a shark) and imagined fear (reading a horror tale). Too often she relies on banal contrasts—the buzz of air-conditioning versus the sounds of the sea, an oil-spewing car versus a wild goat—yet these oppositions make a sharp point about our brutality toward animals, and about the paradoxical hunger we feel for genuine contact with them.

For all its good sense, however, this book, like Wallace's, is oddly lopsided. Rich in images of mothering and birth, it consistently sidesteps violence and death, the other basic aspect of the animal world. Nowhere do we encounter the shadow of Melville's White Whale, that ancient, avenging, inscrutable force, or even the factual, rapacious killer whale. And McIntyre couples her love for animals with a bothersome disdain for humans. She harbors "no doubt about the wisdom of nature and the confusion of human thought"; "thought," to her, "is a minor and flaccid thing compared with grace of movement or with love given and received." But is love without thought, love—or merely instinct? If thought is so useless, why write? McIntyre and Wallace try too hard to deny the source of their own accomplishments—the wondering, valuing human mind. Yet both follow with care that ancient injunction, "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee," and for that they have our thanks.

Philip Zaleski is Associate Editor of PARABOLA.

Orpheus

By Owen Barfield. Edited by John C. Ulreich, Jr. West Stockbridge, Mass.: The Lindisfarne Press, 1983. Pp. 160. $6.95.

Reviewed by R.J. Reilly

What a reader makes of a work depends on what he brings to it. It is interesting to speculate about what a reader unfamiliar with Owen Barfield's other work will make of this play, a verse drama recounting the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. Certainly he will find the verse remarkable, and will marvel at the ease with which it moves from the high style to the idiomatic and back again. He might find the play itself rather puzzling, although fascinating in its evocation of a kind of Miltonic Eden and in its echoes of the story of Christ's redemptive passion.

But for the reader who knows the work of Barfield and C.S. Lewis, the play is one more proof of Barfield's remarkable mind and versatility. One hardly needs the author's modest disclaimers in his foreword to see here an attempt to retell a myth in the way that Lewis retold the Cupid-Psyche myth in *Till We Have Faces*. Like Lewis's book, and like the Orpheus myth itself, Barfield's play gives off many auras of meaning. It proceeds on the assumption that myth is an imaginative depiction of meaning, not by a single mind but rather by the imagination of the race, or by the imagination of the natural world in and through the human imagination. We might call it a dream by the human mind, the imagination of man brooding on the world, dreaming of events and relationships occurring between the natural and the supernatural, between the human and the divine, whose meaning may only crudely be reduced to rational statements. If this is what myth is, then it follows that it may be retold indefinitely, since its depicted meanings are never outdated, though, like scripture,

the language and imagery may be of one era and the reader may be of another. Myth is a vehicle on which all humanity rides through time, rather like Whitman's Brooklyn Ferry, carrying with it all that is relevant to the human condition.

The reader acquainted with Barfield's other work will undergo many shocks of recognition as he reads the play. He will certainly see in Orpheus's travail and his eventual arrival in Elysium, for example, something of the journey of the human consciousness and imagination from the natural to the supernatural plane—as Barfield calls it elsewhere, the journey from "original" to "final" participation. But he will also see, as Barfield points out in his foreword, that there is more going on in the play. There is the matter of human love and whether or not it can lead to the higher love of agape (the concern of so much of Charles Williams's work). There is the question of egotism and altruism, of matter and spirit, the problem of evil, and the insistence on human freedom.

But beyond all this is the overall meaning of the myth. What is it really "about"? What has the human imagination dreamed about existence? Barfield, in a marvelous metaphor in the foreword, speaks of human love becoming divine love like "moonlight brightening imperceptibly into sunshine." Such metaphors suggest that the play as a whole depicts all existence as yearning for a similar metamorphosis, all of creation groaning for salvation, all of nature fixed on the notion of ascent. As Barfield points out, to see in this simply the neo-Platonic notion of the desire of matter to be spirit would be insufficient. Closer to the mark is Blake's metaphor of the marriage of heaven and hell. The imagination of the world dreamed of

Orpheus ascending, but Orpheus was not a symbol of the world; he *was* the world. The Orpheus myth is "about" things as they are and as they want to be. Barfield's play captures this elusive sense of "everything" on the one hand (men, gods, nature) and of the desire for metamorphosis on the other. The play is a speaking picture of these things—a persuasive speaking picture. If we recall our own dreams we find it hard—if not impossible—to disagree with Barfield's depiction.

R.J. Reilly is Professor of English at the University of Detroit and author of Romantic Religion: A Study in the Work of Owen Barfield, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams and J.R.R. Tolkien.

Enku, Sculptor of a Hundred Thousand Buddhas

By Kazuaki Tanahashi. Boulder: Shambhala, 1982. Pp. 122. $13.95.

Reviewed by Frederick Franck

The first Enku sculpture I saw in a little temple on the shores of Lake Biwa, circa 1970, struck me at first as a modern work, strongly influenced by German Expressionism, specifically Kollwitz and Barlach. It was a two-foot high Kannon, goddess of mercy in folk religion, but actually the Bodhisattva Avalokiteśvara. I looked again . . . Only work like the Matthias Grünewald tryptich at Colmar, the Pietà of Avignon in the Louvre, had had this impact on me: this was not just high art, it contained the essence of religious art, pure spirituality become pure art.

I was astonished to learn it to be the work of a seventeenth-century monk whose enormous oeuvre had been ignored, forgotten, until around 1950 when it was rediscovered. I could only find a book in Japanese on Enku, and I believe Shambhala should be congratulated on bringing out the first English work on this important artist. Of course, photographs, however fine, cannot conjure up the presence of Enku's art. Still, plate number 66, "One Thousand Jizos"— in which the Bodhisattva Kshitigarbha, Savior of the Sixth Realm of Rebirth, is majestically enthroned, surrounded by a throng of innumerable smaller figures of his incarnations—gives an idea of the cosmic, oceanic feeling and the inner direction of this thirty-inch-high masterwork.

Enku was born in 1632 as a farmer's son. He became a monk and joined the mystical sect of mountain ascetics, the Yamabushi, participating in its hazardous, often cruel austerities. He vowed that in his lifetime he would carve a hundred thousand Buddhas. In his early forties he studied Buddhist thought at Horyu-ji, the great temple near Nara whose treasures were recently shown in this country at Japan House (see PARABOLA, Vol. VII, No. 1).

He remained a wandering monk until his death. Much like the poet Basho, he crisscrossed Japan from temple to temple, from village to village. His haiku were carved in blocks of wood, any wood he would find in a farmyard; he cut life-sized Buddhas in gnarled tree trunks, Fudos (the central deity of the Yamabushi) in chunks found by the wayside, and tiny chip Buddhas in chips of wood a child would cut him:

The rotting driftwood
picked up
—now
The guardian gods
of children.

Every slash of his carving knife became prayer, every prayer informed a blow with his hatchet by the entire body-mind. When he had prayed/carved more than a hundred thousand Buddhas, he died in 1695.

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In my trip to Japan I discovered more Enku works, each expressing this extraordinary phenomenon: an art in which there is not a hairline split between the contemplative and the creative impulse. More and more Enkus remain to be discovered, tucked away in remote village shrines, in tumbledown temples, in shopping streets of modern Japan . . . May an Enku exhibition be part of the American future!

Frederick Franck is a Consulting Editor to PARABOLA.

The Planets Within: Marsilio Ficino's Astrological Psychology
By Thomas Moore. Lewisburg: Bucknell University Press, 1982. Pp. 227. $26.50.

Reviewed by Anne Doueihi

Marsilio Ficino was not only the translator of Plato and the Hermetic literature at the Florentine court of Cosimo di Medici; he was also an important Renaissance interpreter of Platonism and Hermetism in his own right. His thought had a considerable influence on philosophers such as Pico della Mirandola as well as on such artists as Botticelli, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. Most of his writings combine the astrological, magical, and philosophical elements of Platonic-Hermetic texts with a medical interest in the welfare of body and soul which he inherited from his father, a doctor.

While astrology remains central to Ficino's concerns and to his interpretation of Platonism and Hermetism, scholarly studies have traditionally tended, with a sense of embarrassment at such superstition, to suppress or neglect these tendencies in Ficino. Yet his astrological interests are far from unique; the reawakening of culture and philosophy during the Renaissance characteristically included the revival and reinterpretation of astrological speculations inherited from the ancient Hellenist world. Both in antiquity and during the Renaissance, astrology was intimately connected with philosophy and religion as much as if not more than with theories about the scientific structure of the universe.

With the development of a scientific astronomy that completely contradicts doctrines central to ancient astrology, such as that of the geocentric universe, ancient astrology has come to be rejected wholesale as insignificant and valueless. This rejection is not altogether warranted, for astrology's religious, philosophical, or psychological value is not contradicted by its lack of correspondence to the modern astronomical view of the universe. Just as fiction does not correspond to "factual reality" but nevertheless has value, so astrology, while not astronomically accurate, is a "text" that can be read and seen to be meaningful. Like a poem or a dream, astrology's meaningfulness does not depend on its resemblance to "fact" (debatable as that very term may be) but on its functioning as a system of language that is interpretable and capable of being significant.

Thomas Moore's study of Ficino in *The Planets Within* is an interpretation of Ficino's astrological thought in the light of depth psychology. In the first section of the book, Moore devotes himself to general topics that give the reader a background for considering more specific astrological images; these general topics center around the relation of Ficino's thought to Jungian psychology, particularly as developed by James Hillman. After a brief summary of Ficino's circle of influence and some of the Hermetic elements found in his texts, Moore discusses the importance of fantasy, metaphor, and image to the soul, interpreting Ficinian astrology as not so much a belief in planetary influ-

ence, but as a way of deepening one's awareness of imaginal patterns and structures hidden beneath the surfaces of ordinary life. Following a discussion of alchemy and its relation to Ficino's astrology, Moore goes on to look at the Dionysian and Apollonian elements of the soul in Ficino's astral psychology, leading up to a discussion of the four kinds of Platonic madness dealt with by Ficino—those of the poet, priest, prophet, and lover.

The second part of Moore's book deals with astrological-psychological interpretations of Ficino in greater detail. A chapter is devoted to each of the five planets (Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars) and to the sun and moon. In this context, Moore gives a psychological reading of Botticelli's *Primavera* in which he sees both the heavenly (spiritual) and the earthly (sensual) Venuses united through Mercury; that is, through a perspective which looks beneath literal or earthly realities to their hidden psychological or heavenly images. The final section of the book discusses the harmonies of the "well-tempered life," seen here as a horizontal tempering of tonalities in the soul, an attunement of psychological images and fantasies represented by the planetary gods of astrology. This celestial tempering allows the psyche to constellate itself in the spirit of an all-embracing polytheism.

Thomas Moore's book at last breaks the long-standing silence surrounding astrology in serious and scholarly circles, where it has for too long been regarded as an object of historical curiosity if not of scholarly condemnation. But one might wish that Moore was clearer about his own view of astrology. He is unnecessarily apologetic about Ficino's "quaint" images, and his hesitation to take magical and practical aspects of astrology seriously results in a one-sided presentation of Ficino's thought; Ficino's detailed astrological

formulas for physical and spiritual welfare are seen as having only psychological value as metaphor and image. One might also find that Moore goes too far in reducing religion to psychology, and God to psychic life.

In spite of explicit assertions to the contrary, Moore's discourse has dualistic and moralistic overtones. His psychological interpretation of Ficinian astrology seems unaware of its own foundations in a metaphysical schema that rejects the "literal" and the "surface" in favor of the "depths" and the "metaphoric." A more radical interpretation, such as might be offered by contemporary literary criticism, of metaphor as the play of the literal, an interpretation of "depth" or meaning as a play of surface, might have allowed a discussion that is closer to actual astrological texts and more critically responsible to contemporary interests. However, Moore's book offers a provocative introduction to a Jungian psychological interpretation of Ficino's Renaissance astrology.

Anne Doueihi is writing a doctoral dissertation on Hellenistic astrological literature in the graduate program in religion at Syracuse University.

The Way of the Masks
By Claude Lévi-Strauss. Translated from the French by Sylvia Modelski. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1982. Pp. *x* + 249. $18.95.

Reviewed by Wayne Suttles

In this book, a composite of *La Voie des Masques* and three separately published articles, Lévi-Strauss focuses not on mythology, as in his other recent works, but on sculpture. He takes the Swaihwé mask as his point of departure to explore the complex relationships among the Northwest Coast peoples. Worn with a costume of white feathers, and used in potlatches by the Coast Salish of southeastern Vancouver Island and the Lower Fraser River, this mask features a large round face with a long rectangular jaw, eyes protruding on cylindrical stalks, and horns carved as bird or animal heads. It is owned by a few families, each possessing a myth telling how the mask was fished up out of the water or came down from the sky, and was transmitted to other villages through marriage.

Lévi-Strauss pinpoints the reason for the Swaihwé mask's grotesque appearance not only in Salish myths and the function of the mask in Salish society, but also in the role this mask plays in a regional network in which forms, functions, and meanings become contradicted, inverted, or otherwise transformed. For the Salish, he finds, the Swaihwé mask is associated with wealth, fish, earthquakes, and copper. He then looks north to the Kwakiutl and considers their Xwéxwé, a mask similar in form to the Swaihwé and probably derived from it. In its travels toward the pole, however, the mask's meaning has been inverted, for the Xwéxwé does not represent wealth but stinginess. Its other associations are with earthquakes and a spiny deep-sea fish, the redsnapper.

Yet another Kwakiutl mask inverts the Swaihwé in form while paralleling it in meaning. This is the Dzonokwa, representing a forest ogress with deep-set, half-blind eyes, pursed lips, and black fur. She is associated with wealth and with copper, a metal treasured by the Kwakiutl and peoples of the north and cut into plaques (known as "Coppers") resembling the Swaihwé in shape. This structural similarity is reflected, much farther north, by a Dene myth in which a woman is carried off by the Eskimo, escapes, and on her way home discovers the first copper—thus inverting the Kwakiutl and Salish practice of sending a Copper or a Swaihwé with a woman in marriage.

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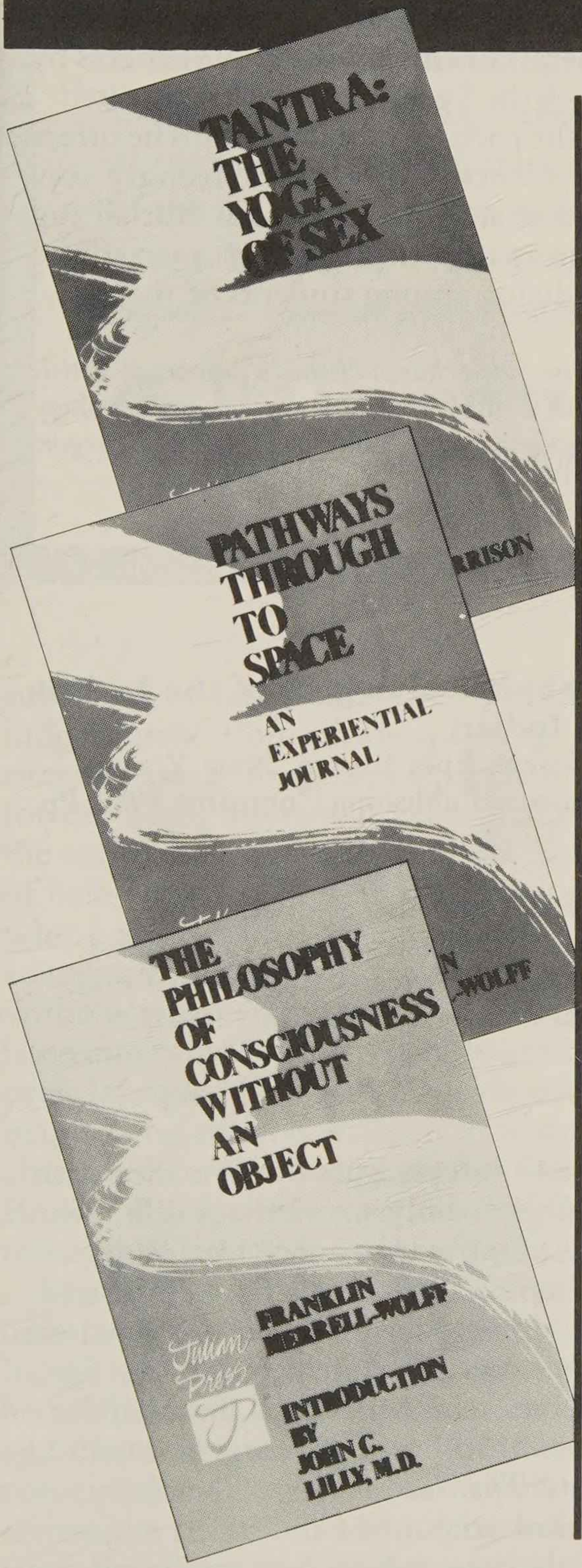

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Recurring mythological themes of incest and marriages to animals or monsters reveal both the Copper and Swaihwé as means of establishing a marriage at a good distance, neither too close (incest) nor too far (with something non-human).

Features of the Swaihwé may now be explained through this regional semantic network. Earthquakes may expose copper. Protruding eyes may symbolize imperviousness to copper's dazzle. Lolling tongues may be fish. And in its combination of fish and bird symbols, the Swaihwé reveals itself as a mediator between sea and sky.

In the first of the appended articles, "Beyond the Swaihwé" (originally "*Histoire d'une structure*"), Lévi-Strauss cites a case from the Fraser Canyon illustrating the principle that when a myth crosses a social boundary it may be so transformed that it contradicts or inverts its source. In the second, "The Social Organization of the Kwakiutl" (originally "*Nobles sauvages*"), he suggests that the basic social unit of the Kwakiutl resembles the medieval European noble house more than the clan of classical anthropology. In the third, "Hidden Traces of a Mask" ("*Les dessous d'un masque*"), he discusses the absence of Swaihwé masks north of the Kwakiutl and concludes that Swaihwé is probably drawn from a common stock of "myth, rites, and plastic works."

As a student of Northwest Coast ethnology, I find Lévi-Strauss's assumptions about the area a welcome change from standard works. He has no favorite people whom he casts in the role of first-on-the-coast and source of all good things. Aware that modern archeology suggests the Northwest Coast peoples may have been in place for millennia, he does not prejudge who influenced whom. In addition, he rejects the notion of "isolated tribes, enclosed within themselves, each living on its own account a peculiar experience of an aesthetic, mythical, and ritual order." Instead, he recognizes that native peoples were in contact through peace and war. "With few exceptions," he says, "nothing that happened in one was unknown to its neighbors, and the modalities according to which each explained and represented the universe to itself were elaborated in an unceasing and vigorous dialogue."

I would not argue with Lévi-Strauss's general conclusion about the process by which the Swaihwé mask was created. Of the particular relationships he offers as evidence, I find some strongly convincing and others less so. But all tug at the imagination and are sure to stimulate dialog among students of the area.

Wayne Suttles has published a number of articles on the Coast Salish. He teaches anthropology at Portland State University, Portland, Oregon.

The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian
By Joseph Epes Brown. New York: Crossroad Publishing Company, 1982. Pp. 176. $10.95

The Gift of the Sacred Pipe
Edited and Illustrated by Vera Louise Drysdale. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1982. Pp. xii+106. $29.95.

Reviewed by Christopher Vecsey

In 1947 Joseph Epes Brown met with the Oglala holy man, Black Elk, who was the primary source for John Neihardt's book, *Black Elk Speaks*, and whose name has become synonymous with American Indian religiosity for a generation of Americans. In collaboration with the aging Sioux, Brown wrote *The Sacred Pipe*, a faithfully detailed account of the seven major Oglala rites, which was published thirty years ago, three years after Black Elk's death. Each chapter revealed the

substance of ceremonial life—sweat lodge purification, vision questing, rites of passage for pubescent girls and for the dead, intertribal peace making, the sun dance, and a formalized game of ball—to be rooted in a religiosity whose aim was the realization and actualization of loving relationships with the whole living universe. Translated into most European languages and even Japanese, the book became a magnet for anyone wishing to learn about Indian spirituality, and earned Brown deserved renown as a careful recorder of native American traditions.

Virtually on his own, Brown has initiated the recent scholarly regard for Indian religions. Over the past decades he has devoted himself to encouraging and inspiring others to study Indians conscientiously, and he has helped rescue the study of Indian spirituality from the realm of "forgotten religions." We can be grateful, then, for his new book, *The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian*. In this collection of essays—all of them published previously—Brown treats in a sensitive manner some of the chief components of Indian religions and our perceptions of them. In his first chapter he portrays the representative features of Indian belief and worship, managing to keep in balance the diversity of Indian environmental adaptations, languages, historical experiences, and cultural changes. It is perhaps the finest short introduction to Indian religiosity.

In subsequent chapters he shows how Indians have tried to make the holy immediate, palpable, and life-sustaining through myths. Myths, he says, are not stories about old, distant events; they are nets of wonder that hold the sacred to the here-and-now. Indians have a "metaphysic of nature," nurtured by oral traditions, guided by community leaders, purified by ritual, and heightened by visions in which individual Indians learn that they are related

to the world of nature and supernature. Brown maintains that answers to profound meditative questions are sought through daily activities like hunting, basket-making, and quill decoration, and that the Sun Dance has coalesced persisting Plains spiritual values despite a half-century of religious persecution by United States and Canadian governments. He also discusses the disenchantment with the premises of Western civilization that has produced a renewal of both Indian religious traditions and non-Indian interest in them, but with characteristic humility, he neglects to mention his own role in this.

Social scientists will be disappointed by Brown's persistent refusal to reduce the kernels of spiritual insight to grist for functionalist theory-mills. Significantly, Brown has always regarded Black Elk as his teacher rather than his informant, and in his writings he has remained loyal to the teachings of his Oglala mentor.

One can only question the loyalty of the editors at University of Oklahoma Press for publishing a new version of Brown's classic work in *The Gift of the Sacred Pipe*, heavily abridged and illustrated by Vera Louise Drysdale. Drysdale's romantic drawings may be too precious for some tastes, but they do capture the drama of some key passages of Black Elk's account, e.g., the sexual and spiritual enthrallment at White Buffalo Maiden's first appearance to two Oglala hunters, or the dizzying tilt of the vision-mountain. The deletion of crucial passages from the original text, however, is unfortunate. I shall give but two of the dozens of deletions that damage the book. In the authoritative version, Black Elk explains that the first, "most important" peace "is that which comes from within the souls of men when they realize their relationship, their oneness, with the universe and all its Powers, and when they realize that at the center of the universe dwells *Wakan-Tanka*, and that this center is really everywhere, it is within each of us." He concludes, "This is the real Peace, and the others are but reflections of this." What purpose has been served by Drysdale's excision of this passage? And what was gained by her axing Black Elk's statement, regarding the ritual ball game, that "in the original rite everybody was able to have the ball, and if you think about what the ball represents [*Wakan-Tanka*, or the universe], you will see that there is much truth in it." Such deletions have not served Black Elk, Joseph Epes Brown, or American Indian textual authenticity.

Christopher Vecsey teaches American Indian Religions at Colgate University. His books include American Indian Environments.

The Woe Shirt: Caribbean Folk Tales
By Paulé Bartón. Drawings by Norman Laliberté. Translated by Howard A. Norman. Port Townsend, Wash.: Greywolf Press, 1982. Pp. *x* + 62. $5.00.

Reviewed by Diane Wolkstein

In many ways, these twelve Caribbean stories aren't folk tales; Haitian poet Paulé Bartón is their creator. The language is poetic, highly stylized, and surprising. The endings, usually neither sad nor happy, are rarely resolved and always poignant.

If anything makes this gorgeous collection of story-poems "folk," it is the warmth with which Bartón creates his people. In their whimsy, bizarre talk, and fancies, Bartón's characters resemble the folk—Gimme the Ax, Dippy the Wisp, Hot Balloons—of Carl Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories*. But Bartón's people always belong to the adult world, where the fantastic and marvelous come about for Emilie, Bélem,

read the Eternities

——Henry David Thoreau

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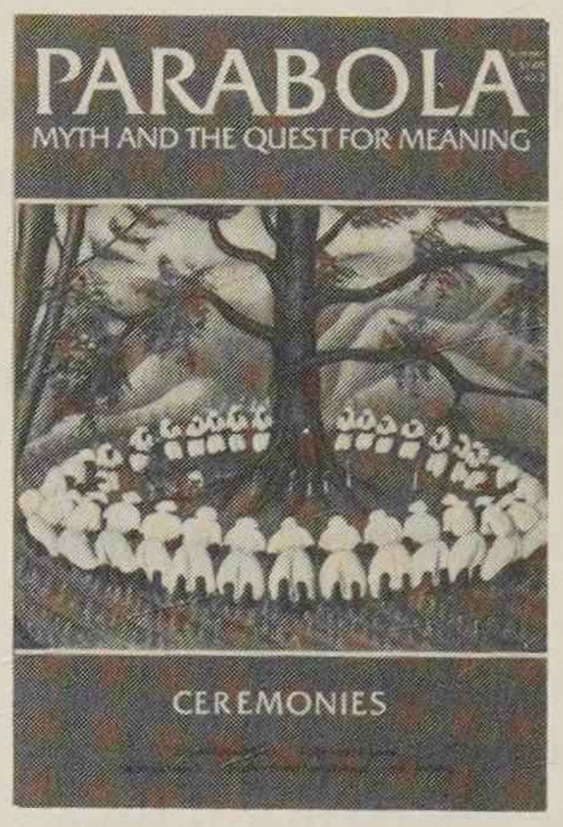

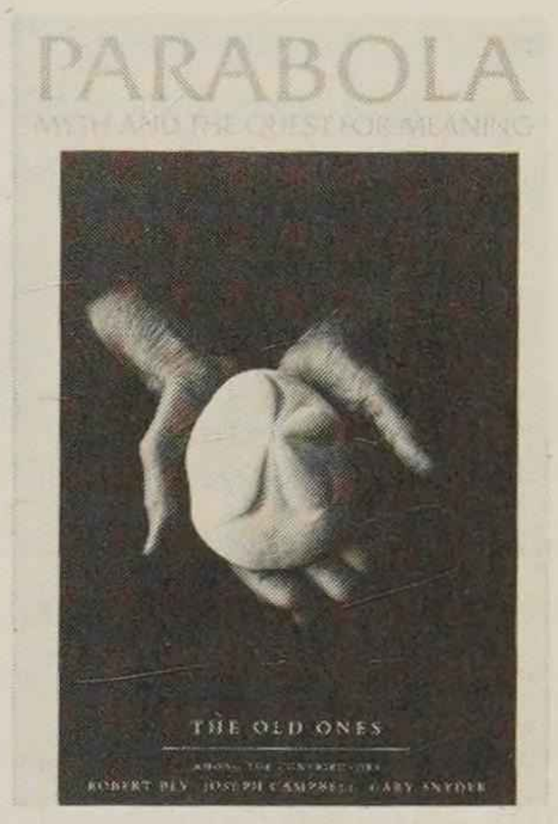

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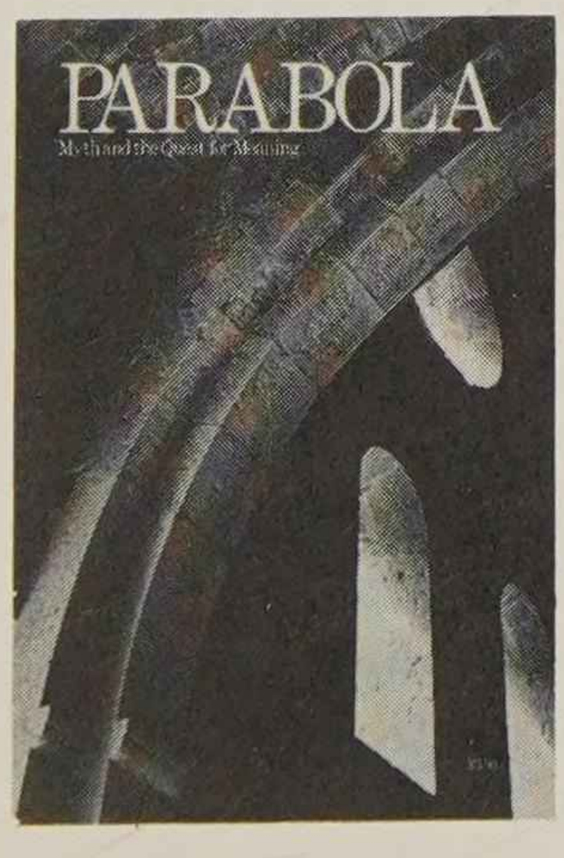

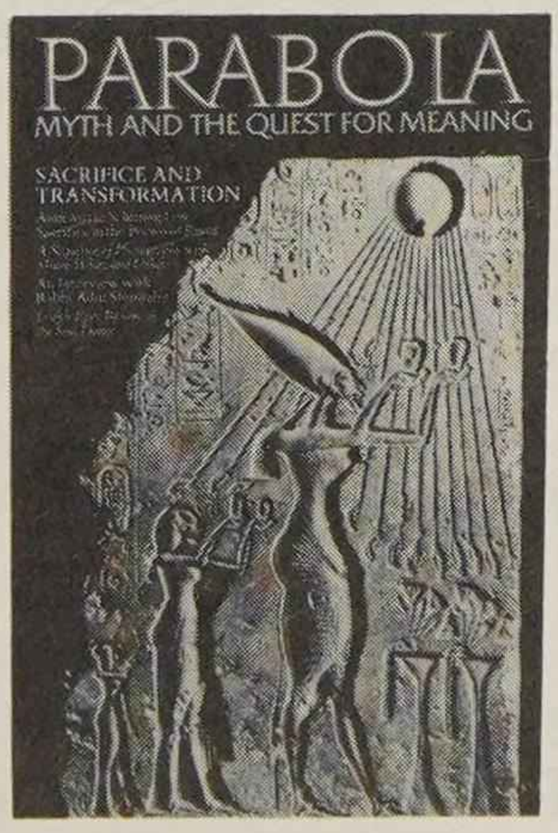

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Mari, and the others by flight into—not escape from—the changing wonders of reality.

The caring of friend for friend is the only escape from the Caribbean web of poverty and death. In "How Mari Earned A Keep," Mari gathers the city's "weeping" by day and sells it to the ghosts at night. In "The Broom Is Busy," two friends ask Boukinez, the fortuneteller: "'How did the world get this way can you say toward this?' . . . She nods yes and no." And so the three sit together all morning talking "guesses." In the title story, "The Woe Shirt," Bélem needs memories. He goes with his friend Mari to the shirtmaker. Mari warns him against buying a shirt: "' . . . some memories spin your heart sad, some happy . . . Buying these rich memories will make you poor Bélem' . . .But Bélem . . . bought his favorite shirt with Mari sewn on it sitting on a dock braiding garlic, practicing for her daughter's hair, braiding . . . 'That's a memory rich memory,' he said, then went begging in the market." As Bélem goes off, the shirtmaker begins work on a new shirt; on it is sewn a picture of Bélem begging.

The present records for the future; one soul records for another; Paulé Bartón has recorded his culture well for all of us. Howard A. Norman's translation is equally fine. I only wish that he had added a glossary to enrich our understanding of such ambiguous words as woe, Boukinez, and Boki (Bouki?). Norman Laliberté's greyish watercolors reflect the meaning of Bartón's stories, but their mottled character lacks luster and intensity. I suspect that they originally were executed in full color, and in that state were marvelous. Surely Bartón's stories are worth the cost of color reproductions. In any case, we are fortunate to have access to this poet's original, fresh vision of Caribbean life.

Diane Wolkstein is a storyteller and author of The Magic Orange Tree and Other Haitian Folk Tales. *Her forthcoming book is* INANNA, Queen of Heaven and Earth, *to be published by Harper & Row in June.*

Psychological Life: From Science to Metaphor
By Robert D. Romanyshyn. Foreword by J. H. van den Berg. Austin, Texas: University of Texas Press, 1982. Pp. *xvii* + 209. $19.95.

Reviewed by David Michael Levin

In the course of an engaging and extremely well-written book, Robert Romanyshyn examines some very

basic questions. What is the meaning of science in modern culture? How can we reconcile the "objective" truths of science with our equally compelling lived experience? In a world shaped by Copernicus and Newton, is it still true that the sun sets? Are we to understand the rainbow we sometimes see in the sky as nothing but an instance of the spectrum explained through the "eye" of optics, or does it present an irreducible experiential reality? Can we intelligibly say, as we bear witness to an unprecedented epidemic of cardiac diseases, that our world is becoming a place in which the human heart feels attacked, broken and divided? Are we speaking only in poetic metaphors? And what *is* metaphor anyway? Is it perhaps a way of thinking that can be true of our experience as we live it—so deeply true to the *reality* of our experience that it touches and moves us deeply and helps our experience to grow and to change?

The author of this book, professor and chairman in the Department of Psychology, University of Dallas, is active in private clinical practice in the Dallas area. His clinical work and his rigorously experiential way of thinking reflect a strong background in existential phenomenology and phenomenological psychology. As a teacher, he has worked closely with his colleague, James Hillman. The full value of this congenial relationship is revealed in *Psychological Life*. Romanyshyn has succeeded in creatively synthesizing his original background in phenomenology with the insights and method of Jungian archetypal psychology.

But this book is much more than a synthesis. It is also a theoretical reflection on the essence of modern psychology and its relation to science. Calling into question the most fundamental presuppositions of our science-and-technology-dominated culture about the nature of proper "scientific" research, Romanyshyn searches, with a mixture of pain and humor, for a new understanding of the task of modern psychology. Is psychology, understood as a science, compatible with the dreams of humanism? As a clinician who uses his "scientific" knowledge to help people find their own processes of healing, and as a humanist committed to the belief that something in the original vision of science can still be taken to heart, Romanyshyn hopes to disclose the possibility of a psychology that is, in the best sense, an ornament to both humanism and science. In order to accomplish this, the author undertakes a critical "recollection" of the history of psychology in particular, focusing his work of interpretation on episodes of revolutionary historical significance.

With a mischievous ambiguity characteristic of Hermes's influence, Romanyshyn asks us to ponder the appropriate place in our lives for the *body* of scientific knowledge. Since that body is, in the first instance, the body of anatomy and physiology, and often literally a corpse laid out on the dissecting table, Romanyshyn invites us to consider where and how we are to understand ourselves as the body we live, the bodily being we are. These reflections eventually lead us to ask whether it might be helpful to regard scientific psychology as a shared cultural dream. If our science is not only heir to ancient myth, but is itself a kind of myth, then the concepts of modern psychology can be seen as constellations of archetypal significance in the story of our culture. Thus, he reasons, it is imperative that we continue Husserl's project and place scientific psychology in historical context, so that we may understand its emergence and its eventual domination. According to Romanyshyn, this will allow us to position psychology as a genuine science within the humanism of our cultural dream.

If the roots of psychology are to be uncovered in the world as we experience it, then it is necessary, according

Mari, and the others by flight into—not escape from—the changing wonders of reality.

The caring of friend for friend is the only escape from the Caribbean web of poverty and death. In "How Mari Earned A Keep," Mari gathers the city's "weeping" by day and sells it to the ghosts at night. In "The Broom Is Busy," two friends ask Boukinez, the fortuneteller: "'How did the world get this way can you say toward this?' . . . She nods yes and no." And so the three sit together all morning talking "guesses." In the title story, "The Woe Shirt," Bélem needs memories. He goes with his friend Mari to the shirtmaker. Mari warns him against buying a shirt: "' . . . some memories spin your heart sad, some happy . . . Buying these rich memories will make you poor Bélem' . . .But Bélem . . . bought his favorite shirt with Mari sewn on it sitting on a dock braiding garlic, practicing for her daughter's hair, braiding . . . 'That's a memory rich memory,' he said, then went begging in the market." As Bélem goes off, the shirtmaker begins work on a new shirt; on it is sewn a picture of Bélem begging.

The present records for the future; one soul records for another; Paulé Bartón has recorded his culture well for all of us. Howard A. Norman's translation is equally fine. I only wish that he had added a glossary to enrich our understanding of such ambiguous words as woe, Boukinez, and Boki (Bouki?). Norman Laliberté's greyish watercolors reflect the meaning of Bartón's stories, but their mottled character lacks luster and intensity. I suspect that they originally were executed in full color, and in that state were marvelous. Surely Bartón's stories are worth the cost of color reproductions. In any case, we are fortunate to have access to this poet's original, fresh vision of Caribbean life.

Diane Wolkstein is a storyteller and author of The Magic Orange Tree and Other Haitian Folk Tales. *Her forthcoming book is* INANNA, Queen of Heaven and Earth, *to be published by Harper & Row in June.*

Psychological Life: From Science to Metaphor
By Robert D. Romanyshyn. Foreword by J. H. van den Berg. Austin, Texas: University of Texas Press, 1982. Pp. *xvii* + 209. $19.95.

Reviewed by David Michael Levin

In the course of an engaging and extremely well-written book, Robert Romanyshyn examines some very

basic questions. What is the meaning of science in modern culture? How can we reconcile the "objective" truths of science with our equally compelling lived experience? In a world shaped by Copernicus and Newton, is it still true that the sun sets? Are we to understand the rainbow we sometimes see in the sky as nothing but an instance of the spectrum explained through the "eye" of optics, or does it present an irreducible experiential reality? Can we intelligibly say, as we bear witness to an unprecedented epidemic of cardiac diseases, that our world is becoming a place in which the human heart feels attacked, broken and divided? Are we speaking only in poetic metaphors? And what *is* metaphor anyway? Is it perhaps a way of thinking that can be true of our experience as we live it—so deeply true to the *reality* of our experience that it touches and moves us deeply and helps our experience to grow and to change?

The author of this book, professor and chairman in the Department of Psychology, University of Dallas, is active in private clinical practice in the Dallas area. His clinical work and his rigorously experiential way of thinking reflect a strong background in existential phenomenology and phenomenological psychology. As a teacher, he has worked closely with his colleague, James Hillman. The full value of this congenial relationship is revealed in *Psychological Life*. Romanyshyn has succeeded in creatively synthesizing his original background in phenomenology with the insights and method of Jungian archetypal psychology.

But this book is much more than a synthesis. It is also a theoretical reflection on the essence of modern psychology and its relation to science. Calling into question the most fundamental presuppositions of our science-and-technology-dominated culture about the nature of proper "scientific" research, Romanyshyn searches, with a mixture of pain and humor, for a new understanding of the task of modern psychology. Is psychology, understood as a science, compatible with the dreams of humanism? As a clinician who uses his "scientific" knowledge to help people find their own processes of healing, and as a humanist committed to the belief that something in the original vision of science can still be taken to heart, Romanyshyn hopes to disclose the possibility of a psychology that is, in the best sense, an ornament to both humanism and science. In order to accomplish this, the author undertakes a critical "recollection" of the history of psychology in particular, focusing his work of interpretation on episodes of revolutionary historical significance.

With a mischievous ambiguity characteristic of Hermes's influence, Romanyshyn asks us to ponder the appropriate place in our lives for the *body* of scientific knowledge. Since that body is, in the first instance, the body of anatomy and physiology, and often literally a corpse laid out on the dissecting table, Romanyshyn invites us to consider where and how we are to understand ourselves as the body we live, the bodily being we are. These reflections eventually lead us to ask whether it might be helpful to regard scientific psychology as a shared cultural dream. If our science is not only heir to ancient myth, but is itself a kind of myth, then the concepts of modern psychology can be seen as constellations of archetypal significance in the story of our culture. Thus, he reasons, it is imperative that we continue Husserl's project and place scientific psychology in historical context, so that we may understand its emergence and its eventual domination. According to Romanyshyn, this will allow us to position psychology as a genuine science within the humanism of our cultural dream.

If the roots of psychology are to be uncovered in the world as we experience it, then it is necessary, according

to Romanyshyn, that we grant our experience its legitimate precedence. Psychology, as a modern science, may not presume to speak for the figures of psychological life as a whole. It is Romanyshyn's contention—and, I believe, a major theoretical insight of his, born out of his extensive clinical work—that psychology, as a mode of reflection, is first and foremost a deepening of the real and only secondarily, if at all, a "truth by correspondence" matched to some well-settled state of reality.

Robert Romanyshyn's work draws on the pioneering work of Husserl, van den Berg, Merleau-Ponty, and Foucault in order to argue anew on behalf of a properly grounded phenomenological psychology. It does so, moreover, with tremendous cogency, wit, and elegance. The sometimes deeply hidden needs of the human spirit, the needs of our psychological life, need to be remembered. It is only, after all, through the work of that careful remembering that we will retrieve our alienated experience of life, and grow into that deeper integration and wholeness of which we are, as historical beings, now capable.

David Michael Levin is Associate Professor of Philosophy at Northwestern University. He has just completed a long hermeneutical work on the human body, and he is now in the process of drafting a research paper on "Cancer and Depression in the Epoch of Nihilism."

The Supreme Koan
By Frederick Franck. New York: Crossroad Publishing Company, 1982. Pp. 183. $12.95.

Reviewed by Jay C. Rochelle

In Frederick Franck's new book, *The Supreme Koan*, as in his earlier works, *seeing* remains the primary vehicle for the spiritual life. We look to perceive the realities and the Reality within, not beyond, the phenomenal world. The danger, we have been told, is that such an approach obliterates the ethical dimension of life. *The Supreme Koan*, however, argues passionately for the interrelatedness of all creation in the one reality some name God. The argument is as subtle as Alan Watts', and no less compelling. Franck believes there is no cause for alarm: those who cling to codes of ethics are safe from worry; the true mystic is not antinomian, but only derives the moral imperative in the universe from different grounds—the interrelationship of all creation rather than an external rule of God.

There is no One without the Many and Franck can look at both the Christian teaching of creation and the *mutual arising* of Buddhism and see the same truth. The rules, so to speak, are written into the system—but this is not yet the natural revelation of traditional

catholic theology. Rather, Franck is advising us to look for a natural transcendence, which is not quite the same thing: nature and grace, one might say, arise mutually for those who know how to see.

We are to distinguish between belief and faith. According to Franck, belief is mental or intellectual assent to truths or dogmas, perhaps propositionally offered. Faith, on the other hand, reverts to its major meaning for the devotional writers of the Church, even for Luther. Faith is trust, the sense that the universe is ultimately reliable, that our lives are buoyed by a life beyond, within, and supporting our own. Franck writes: "The beliefs, verbalizations, and conceptualizations by which people come to terms with their faith are culture-bound and subject to change . . . To lose one's faith, one's basic trust, however, is a catastrophe. It means the loss of a vital organ of one's humanness, it means to be mutilated as a human being, for 'faith' is the integrating factor X that discerns sense and meaning in one's existence and that of the universe, that makes one literally *see* the point of being here at all." Faith is what kindles the light within—the *scintilla animae* of Meister Eckhart—enabling us to see things as they are in themselves.

The "rape of the inner sanctuary," the loss of faith: here is the issue for our age. The new point of reference for spiritual troubles is to be found in nihilism. It is the nihilistic spirit of the age, perhaps, more than the ecumenical spirit, which make Christianity and Buddhism soulmates. In the press of history, the desire to find correlations between East and West is matched by the need thrust upon us in society.

The final third of the book is composed of two plays, the author's well-known revision of the medieval *Everyman* as *EveryOne* and the lesser-known passion play *Inquest on a Crucifixion*, both Buddhist-Christian miracle plays.

Franck knows the dangers of his approach; he admits that he is a loner and has trouble seeing any possibilities for organized religion as an ongoing way of life, as a place of genuine community and symbolic deepening. His counsel to high-minded independence in matters spiritual may pose a problem for those in religious community. But his is not an individualism in isolation; it speaks for our age and for our culture.

Jay C. Rochelle is Dean of the Chapel at the Lutheran School of Theology in Chicago.

The Last Kings of Thule: with the Polar Eskimos, as they face their destiny

By Jean Malaurie. Translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1982. Pp. *xx* + 489. $25.75.

Reviewed by Barry Lopez

Jean Malaurie went to northern Greenland in 1950 as a 28-year-old scientist interested in the geomorphology of the northwest coast. He set up residence in the small Polar Eskimo village of Siorapaluk. In the year that followed he explored portions of Washington Land, Ellesmere Island, Inglefield Land, and the vast Humboldt Glacier by dog sledge with four Inuit companions. He was enthralled with the landscape and the culture, "a living Lascaux in some ways."

His sledge-dog journeys and experiences in Siorapaluk—he became interested in social and economic aspects of Inuit life and in threats to their survival as a hunting culture—led to the publication of a non-scientific book, *The Last Kings of Thule*, in French in 1954. A revision of the book, twice as long as the original, appeared in France in 1976. That edition, with some further, apparently minor revision, has now appeared in English.

Malaurie is a sympathetic and thoughtful observer. His grasp of Inuit psychology is exceptional; his descriptions of ice travel are informed by an eye for apt detail; his knowledge of polar history and the importance he accords other people's relevant research are wonderful to come upon. Difficulties with the book, however, stem from its latest revision. The closing chapters, which focus on the plight of contemporary Inuit, are abstract and disjointed. They have neither the immediacy nor the authority of the earlier chapters and their generalizations contrast sharply with the earlier, careful empiricism.

This is a fault of execution, not concept. Malaurie clearly intends his account of a year with the Inuit to provide the authority for his closing political statements, which are certainly well-founded. But the tone and style are too different; the effect is dissipated.

The strength of the book—all but those few closing chapters—lies in its documentation of Malaurie's personal experience in northern Greenland and in the eastern Arctic. His writing has the appeal of Richard Nelson's in *Hunters of the Northern Ice*; his social observations are as keen as Hugh Brody's in *The People's Land*. The sections on social interaction are replete with illuminating incident. (Forced to lay over during a storm in Etah and perilously low on food, Malaurie faces up to a psychological battle for leadership with Kitsikitsoq, twenty years his senior.) His remarks on the sex lives of his Inuit companions are candid and dignified. He deals successfully with several difficult topics, including what most non-Inuit regard as wanton cruelty toward sledge dogs. He also writes a clear explanation of *perlerorneq* (arctic hysteria) and *pillerorput*, the form arctic hysteria takes in dogs.

Throughout, Malaurie dramatizes non-Inuit history in the area: the

starvation of Greeley's men at Cape Sabine; the melancholy death of Thorild Wulff on Rasmussen's Second Thule Expedition; and, especially, incidents surrounding the Peary-Cook controversy over discovery of the North Pole. Malaurie is a man of strong partisan opinion and his frankness here adds to the book's charm. Peary he regards as a profiteer, an insensitive exploiter of the Polar Eskimos who helped him. He doubts Peary ever reached the Pole. He writes with great admiration, on the other hand, for Knud Rasmussen, the Greenlandic explorer and ethnographer who showed "great respect for the human dignity and intelligence of [the Polar Eskimo]." His opinions are not flippant, but honest and considered, and so interesting and engaging.

There are some small problems with an otherwise fine translation. One can assume Adrienne Foulke, the translator, means raven (*Corvus corax*) when she says crow; that she means ptarmigan (*Lagopus lagopus*) when she says partridge; and that she means Peary's caribou (*Rangifer tarandus pearyi*) when she says reindeer. It is hard to know what she means by a local marine mammal, now extinct, which she calls a "sea elephant." Problems with translation may also be the cause of such confusions as beluga whales hauling themselves bodily across the sea ice and male polar bears hibernating. If these are, in fact, verities, they require some explanation (errors in natural history in a book about people so utterly intimate with it loom larger here than they might elsewhere).

In the end Malaurie projects an unsettling image of a "capitalist mercantile system of exchange" that has "destroyed the socioeconomic foundations" of Polar Eskimo life and now frustrates their self-determination. For them, he writes, "politics [has become] a kind of revenge." At a deeper level, however— the level at which the book is nearly a work of art— Malaurie is examining human memory. He dwells on thoughts of his own 1950-51 expedition from the distance of thirty years; on the recollections of Inuit he interviewed who were with Peary in 1909; on his companions telling legends of *aallarpunga*, "a long time ago," in storm-bound igloos.

The original and splendid narrative of his journey to northern Greenland has not only been expanded and enriched by Malaurie's reflection—it has been infused with a broader, subtler theme: how people confront the history they must live by.

Barry Lopez's essays on natural history have appeared in a wide variety of magazines.

Zen Inklings
By Donald Richie. New York: John Weatherhill, Inc., 1982. Pp. 132. $17.95.

Reviewed by Paul Harris

Many times the mind makes its decisions long before any other intelligence has a chance to savor an experience. We are smart and quick, and have guards at our city gates. How can we sneak something past the guards, and give it a moment to resonate? How can we help the guards, who have their use, be intelligent about how to take things in?

Some teachings, some writers, use paradox to spring the mind from its track, and symbols with layers of meaning, levels of resonance, to distract our rational apparatus. There is another way to amaze the guards: to be so simple and direct, so matter-of-fact, that one cannot help hearing what is said. Donald Richie, an American expert on Japanese film who has spent some thirty-five years in Japan, has done this in *Zen Inklings*, a book of "Some Stories, Fables, Parables, Sermons, and Prints, with Notes and Commentaries." The Notes and Commentaries grouped at the end of the book explain both the origin of the material and the author's own involvement in Zen. More to the point are Richie's commentaries, delivered in his own voice or in that of some sage or Roshi. These might seem to be morals, but they are not. A moral is the point of its story; once it is revealed the story may well be forgotten. Richie's commentaries, however, serve to illustrate their stories: they enlarge them, and make them more engaging to the mind. Meanwhile, the stories

continue to speak with the impenetrability and polished, translucent smoothness of a koan.

Satori sits on the shoulder of each story, though it is not always named. "Bobo the Priest" describes Murakami, an acolyte who loses the three necessities for the study of Zen: "the great root of faith, the great ball of doubt, and the great strength of tenacity." "The Monkey Mind, A Sermon," quietly and without preaching describes our state, tells how our mind "leaps from thought to thought, examining this curiosity or that, always losing interest and springing off again on some new and aimless quest." It then talks of the need for the mind to "become aware of itself," to waken, and of the discipline needed for this. Murakami the acolyte, bereft of the three necessities, goes into the world of pleasure and flesh with the discipline and awareness of twenty years' training. At the heart of his surrender he finds a certainty: he attains satori.

"We have words only for difficult matters, no words at all for such simplicity," Richie observes. Accordingly, he has carved wood block prints for illustrations to "attempt an approximation of the process of Zen." When turned at an angle, some of the prints, like puzzles, yield a second image that somehow enlarges the meaning of the first. Other prints do not become figurative images so easily; their key does not seem to be orientation in space. Perhaps they require time as well.

Point of view in a story is also a key to helping the guards at our gates be more intelligent. We need to learn that one level of perception is not enough.

Everything is, of course, the same, but according to Richie, the difference lies in knowing "that there is no difference, and that this is an important difference, the most important." The stories demonstrate this even in form. "The Ghoul-Priest: A Commentary" keeps alive the question, "What in me is reading this story," because it is told by two storytellers, each with his own point of view. One tells the meat of the story, the other tells its spirit. And yet they both give something practical: "a riddle in place of that aimless eating of corpses."

Perhaps this is what we need, something to help us with our aimlessness, our eating of corpses. Why do we read at all? To distract ourselves? To find the one elusive thing which will complete us? Perhaps we can read to find a new articulation of old ideas, valuable for its ability to make itself heard and felt. Perhaps, with books like *Zen Inklings*, reading can help us get something of value past the city gates.

Paul Harris is a musician and carpenter in Hoboken, New Jersey.

FULL CIRCLE *(Continued from page 5)*

Neither an anthropologist nor a linguist, but rather a trained field psychologist in the humanistic tradition, Katz has brought his wide knowledge of curing in other parts of the world to bear on his experience in the Kalahari. In doing so he has produced a warm, genuine, meaningful, and satisfyingly personal account of the spirit, if not all the minutiae, of the !Kung curing tradition. PARABOLA's readers need to know that Katz's work is firmly accepted by others of us who have worked with the !Kung since the Harvard Kalahari Research Group began its work twenty years ago. In talking with several of these researchers I find them as appalled by this one-sided review as I am. Wilmsen's condemnation of the book implies, as well, a blanket criticism of the other scholars upon whose research Katz has drawn and with whom he has worked closely to produce this book.

It is a pity to think that a review as thoroughly irresponsible as this one might keep even one potential reader from contact with a wonderfully unfolded, ancient human story which has every implication for modern life. I strongly urge PARABOLA's readers to reserve judgment on this book until they can judge for themselves.

Megan Biesele
Director, Center for the Study of Urban Adaptation, Woodville, Texas

Thoreau, you write in your most intriguing reference to him in your back issue order form, would delight in our writers and artists who address the important issues of the day with a depth that only the timeless traditions can provide. And, in your letter of invitation to subscribe to PARABOLA, you deepen the above when you write that PARABOLA explores (our) unique heritage to find the meaning it holds for us today.

These are inspiring words—and yet, have you not sometimes wondered how the deep feelings they awaken could be translated into concrete social action—and found yourself frustrated? Why is there no bridge between the themes on which PARABOLA dwells and the social forms that we have in fact developed in the West to date? Why are these forms so unsatisfactory to so many members of our society?

Conversely: What *would* be the social forms and relationships in which the spirit of western man in the 20th century can really feel at home and incarnate?

H. Jan Ritscher
Alpine, New Jersey

CREDITS

Page 5 Hedgehogs gather grapes for their young. An illustration from a medieval bestiary. Courtesy of the British Museum.

Page 6 An Elk Dance detail, by Ann Parker, after original Oglala Sioux drawings in the collection of R. Cronau. Courtesy of the author.

Page 8 Ghost Dance dress painted with moth and dragonflies. Courtesy of Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, N.Y.

Page 11 A Sioux love flute from the 19th century. Courtesy of the Denver Art Museum.

Page 12 Bull elk, by Ann Parker, after original Oglala Sioux drawings in the collection of R. Cronau. Courtesy of the author.

Page 14 Lascaux cave paintings. Courtesy of the French Government Tourist Office, New York.

Page 17 Plumage details from Keith Brokie's *Wildlife Sketchbook*. Reprinted by permission of Macmillan Company, copyright © 1981 by Keith Brokie.

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Page 54 "Flight of the Shaman, 1970," a stonecut and stencil by Jessie Oonark, Michael Amarook, Martha Noah. Collection of the Winnipeg Art Gallery, Manitoba, Canada.

Page 56 "Sorcerer's Call, 1969," a stonecut by Helen Kalvak. Courtesy Holman Eskimo Cooperative, Holman Islands, Canada.

Page 57 "Spirit, 1970," a stonecut and stencil by William Noah, Barnabas Ooshuaq, Martha Noah. Courtesy Sanavik Fine Arts Cooperative, Northwest Territory, Canada.

Page 59 "Bear Man, c. 1968," two views. Artist unknown. From a private collection, Ontario.

Page 68 Frog. Carving on Bushongo wooden goblet, Congo-Kinshasa. Reprinted from Geoffrey Williams's *African Designs from Traditional Sources*, Dover Publications, 1971.

Page 69 Nupe horse profile. Ibid.

Page 70 Chinese woodcut from the 17th century. Reprinted from John A. Goodall's *Heaven and Earth, Album Leaves from a Ming Encyclopedia*, Shambhala Publications, 1979.

Page 71 Blackfoot Indian decorated tipi. Courtesy of Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, N.Y.

Page 74 "The Parinirvana of Shakyamuni Buddha," a Japanese scroll in the collection of the Zen Center, Rochester, N.Y. Courtesy of the author. Photograph by David Sachter.

Page 79 The Shen character of Chinese mythology linked with the hours of the day and the zodiac. A ceramic figure in the collection of the Zen Center, Rochester, N.Y. Courtesy of the author. Photography by David Sachter.

Page 81 Noah freeing the animals. Detail from a 14th century illuminated manuscript from Bavaria. MS. 769, F. 23. The Pierpont Morgan Library.

Page 82 "Monkey and Wasp." Ink and color painting by Mori Sosen. From a private collection.

Page 83 Head of a horse. Drawing by Pisanello. Louvre, Paris.

Page 84 The beast within the wolf. Illustration by Dorothy Fitch for A.M. Smyth's *Book of Fabulous Beasts*, Oxford University Press, 1939.

Page 85 Babylonian lion which originally stood at the entrance of the main temple at Tell Harmal. Directorate-General of Antiquities, Baghdad.

Page 86 "Cows." Ink on paper painting by Mori Tetsuzan. From a private collection.

Page 91 "The Last Unicorn." Courtesy Jensen Farley Pictures, Inc.

Pages 95-96 Ben Kingsley as Gandhi. Courtesy of Columbia Pictures.

PROFILES

Joseph Epes Brown, a Consulting Editor to PARABOLA, teaches Native American religions at the University of Montana. A well-known authority on the Plains Indians, he is the recorder and editor of Black Elk's *The Sacred Pipe*. His most recent publication is *The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian*, a collection of essays.

Dino Buzzati (1906-1972) was a novelist, playwright, and painter. He spent much of his life in Milan, where he worked as a journalist on the *Corriere della Sera* for over forty years. *Restless Nights*, the first major collection of his stories to appear in America, will soon be published by North Point Press.

Philip Kapleau, author of *The Three Pillars of Zen*, *Zen: Dawn in the West*, and *To Cherish All Life*, has been a Buddhist monk for over twenty-five years. He directs The Zen Center in Rochester, New York.

Barry Lopez is the author of several works of fiction and non-fiction, including *Winter Count* and *Of Wolves and Men*. His essays on natural history themes have recently appeared in *Science/82*, *American West*, *Outside*, and *The North American Review*, where he is a Contributing Editor. He is at work on a book about the Arctic for Scribner's.

Thomas Moore teaches psychology and religion at Southern Methodist University. His most recent book is *The Planets Within: Marsilio Ficino's Astrological Psychology*.

Paul Shepard, Avery Professor of Human Ecology at Pitzer College and the Claremont Graduate School, is the author of *The Tender Carnivore and the Sacred Game*, *Man in the Landscape*, *Thinking Animals*, and *Nature and Madness*. His essays and reviews have appeared in *The North American Review* and *The New York Times*.