

# PARABOLA

Myth and the Quest for Meaning

CAMROSE LUTHERAN COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

\$3.50



# PARABOLA

Myth and the Quest for Meaning

- 4 **An Indian Temple: The Kandarya Mahadeo** by  
*Ananda K. Coomaraswamy*  
An extract from the noted Indian scholar's newly  
published papers.
- 10 **Hymn of Man** translated from the *R̥g Veda* by *Barbara  
Stoler Miller*
- 12 **Geometry at the Service of Prayer: Cistercian  
Mystic Architecture** by *Robert Lawlor*  
An illumination of St. Bernard's dictum: "No decoration;  
only proportion."
- 20 **The Sacred Space of Judaism** by *Irving Friedman*  
The exile of the Jews from their holy places.
- 24 **As Lakes Reflect the Sky** by *Richard Smithies*  
The personal observations of a traveller to many sacred  
places.
- 28 **The Winds, the Waters and the Living Qi** by  
*Andrew L. March*  
Perspectives on geomancy in China.
- 35 **ARCS:**  
Thoughts on Sacred Space
- 48 **The Nazca Markings** by *Thomas Bridges*  
Aerial and speculative views of the mysterious markings  
on the Peruvian desert.
- 54 **From The Heights of Macchu Picchu**  
by *Pablo Neruda*
- 56 **Epicycles: Myths, stories, parables**  
The Alchemist  
The Physician  
The House of the Double Axe  
The Four Directions  
Tales of a Demon
- 74 **Cosmos in Stone** by *Hélène Fleury*  
Researches into the source of megalithic culture.
- 78 **If She's Not Gone, She Lives There Still...**  
P.L. Travers and Michael Dames discuss their on-  
going fascination with the megaliths of Britain.
- 2 **Focus**
- 130 **Full Circle: Readers' Contributions**
- 92 **Tangents: Reviews**  
Ursula K. Le Guin on "Star Wars" and "Close Encounters"  
Karen Laub-Novak on "The Age of Spirituality"  
Edward Willinger on "Dance in America"
- 135 **Profiles**

**Publisher and Editor** D.M. Dooling  
**Executive Editor** Lorraine Kisly  
**Managing Editor** Susan Bergholz  
**Associate Editor** Karyn F. Chao  
**Epicycle Editor** Paul Jordan-Smith  
**Design** Lorraine Wild  
**Illustrations** Patrick Casey, Mindy Lewis, Yanni Posnakoff  
**Typography** Karyn F. Chao  
**Subscriptions** Christine Moser  
**Accounting** Catherine Scholten

**Contributing Editors** John Loudon, John A. Miles, Jr., Winifred Lambrecht  
**Consulting Editors** Joseph Epes Brown, Frederick Franck, Barbara G. Myerhoff, P.L. Travers

PARABOLA is published quarterly by The Tamarack Press, Inc.

Single Issue: \$3.50. By subscription: \$12 yearly, \$22 for two years, \$32 for three. Postage for outside territorial U.S.: add \$2.50 for surface rates, \$7.50 for air per year. Please specify when ordering.

Correspondence regarding manuscripts, articles, proposals, and permissions should be addressed to the Editors. Two copies of each manuscript, accompanied by return postage, should be sent. Upon request, the Editors will furnish authors with editorial guidelines.

Address all correspondence regarding editorial and advertising to: PARABOLA, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel: 212-924-0004.

For subscriptions and change of address notices: PARABOLA, G.P.O. Box 165, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

All Material Copyright, 1978 by The Tamarack Press.

## VOLUME III, ISSUE 1

On the cover: The Abbey of Cîteaux. Photographs by Lucien Hervé. Reprinted by permission.

Back cover. Shrine of Intihuatana (*Hitching-post-of-the-sun*) Macchu Picchu. Photograph by Edward Ranney.

# FOCUS

---

The central theme of this issue is sacred space—and what an archaic ring those words have! Very little seems sacred nowadays, and space has come to mean an "outer space" too vast for habitation except for NASA's beeping satellites. So what relevance can "sacred space" have for us today?

The sacred has been defined as the "wholly other." It does not deny our ordinary reality, but is its other aspect; it completes it and makes it whole or "holy." It is the force that joins us to another level. And a real force does seem to linger in some of the dedicated places of the past. The scalp prickles when we pass a certain ancient doorway; we shiver, spine-chilled, in such a spot as the ceremonial cavern at Bandelier; the voice drops to a whisper when we enter Chartres. There is a sense of recognition, sometimes of sudden fear, on crossing the unmarked boundary of what don Juan called a "place of power."

When we examine our own experience as well as the records left to us in earth and stone, we see that sacred space is not just any space; it must be defined by something, and contained by this definition. It is enclosed by boundaries which are not necessarily



---

walls and a roof; its boundaries are the boundaries of power, as van der Leeuw says—the limits of the operation of a force contained in it. There are still such places. But what *is* the power with which they affect us? Perhaps it is a magic whose secret has been forgotten, but a secret still decipherable in the symbolism through which we are permitted to approach it.

For a space to be impregnated by that Otherness, it must be empty—a Void, a womb where life can be begotten, where something can take place. The power which enters it (the sun's rays at a certain moment of the solstice; the spring that bubbles up) is the power of creation and of becoming. And the form which defines this space, whether it be that of temple, dolmen, or holy mountain, the ritual lodge or the sacred mound or cavern, in one way or another always seems to symbolize the form of man himself. "Ye are the temple of God," said St. Paul to the Corinthians, and to us.

To accept this saying would be no light thing; it would mean a return to the outlook of the traditions, of religious man and his acceptance of a relationship which entails a heavy responsibility. Even to consider it as a possibility would make it necessary to take a very different view of the holy

places, and of what took place there. The rites that were practiced in many, even most of them, we will never know, and certainly we would not dare to imitate what is still done, for instance, in the kiva of the Hôpi Snake Clan. But that is not the point, if we look in a new way; for we see that the importance of the sacred places does not rest in either of the two ways we may have thought of them before. They are not simply relics of the past that can teach us of other races and other times; nor are they the hiding places of magical rites which, could we discover them, would automatically create miracles for us. Their value for us is much more real and more practical, for they speak (in riddles, to be sure) of us and our own functionings.

How can we find an interior "space," our own place of possible becoming? What is born, what is worshipped, what is sacrificed, in this temple? What force is generated, and what instantaneous event or lifelong process could be the destined result of this causal power? In this epoch of search for oneself, is some sort of clue to be found here? Perhaps we are, in fact, simply and miraculously, places where something could happen.

D. M. Dooling

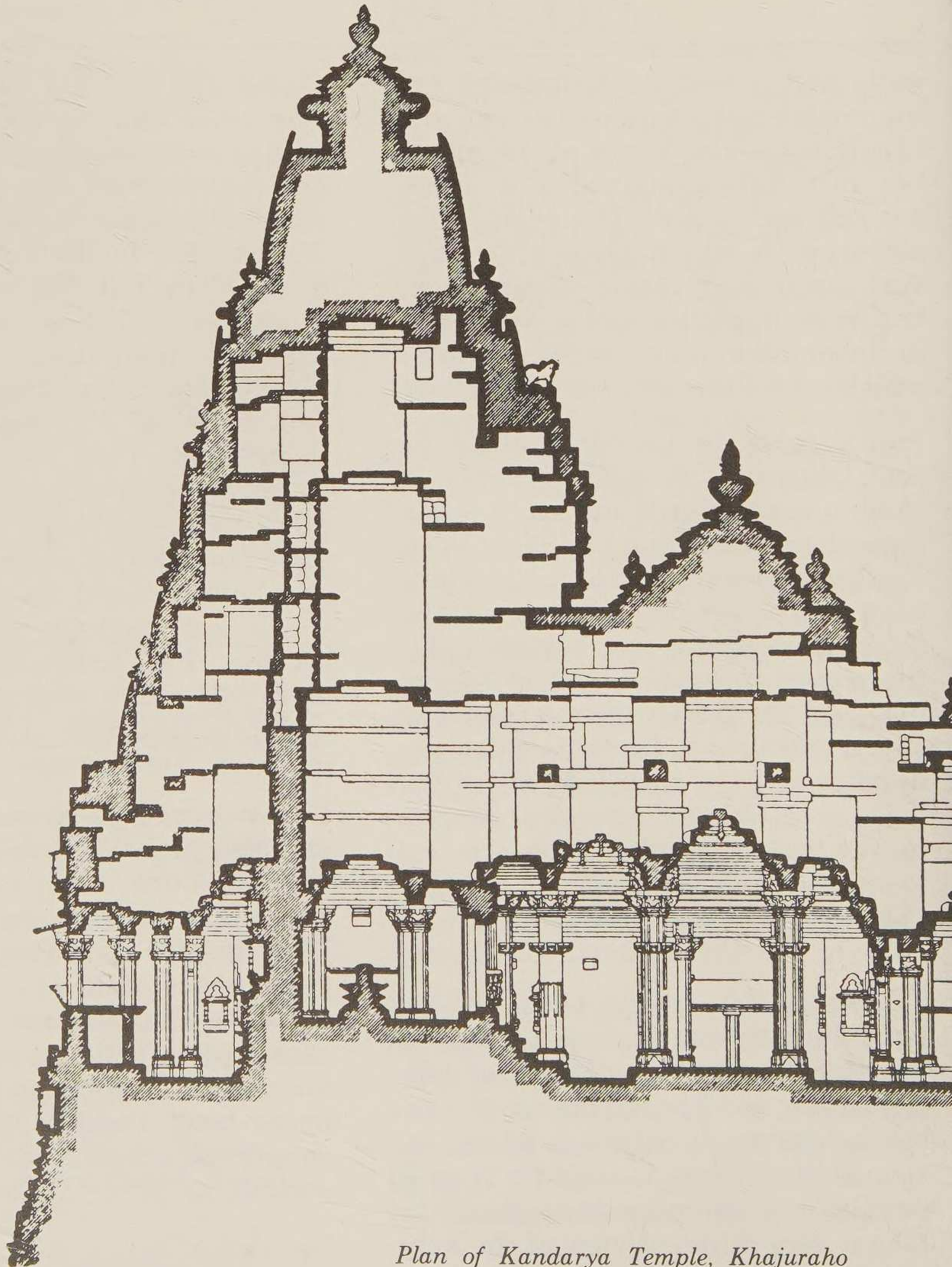
# An Indian Temple:

## The Kandarya Mahadeo

By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

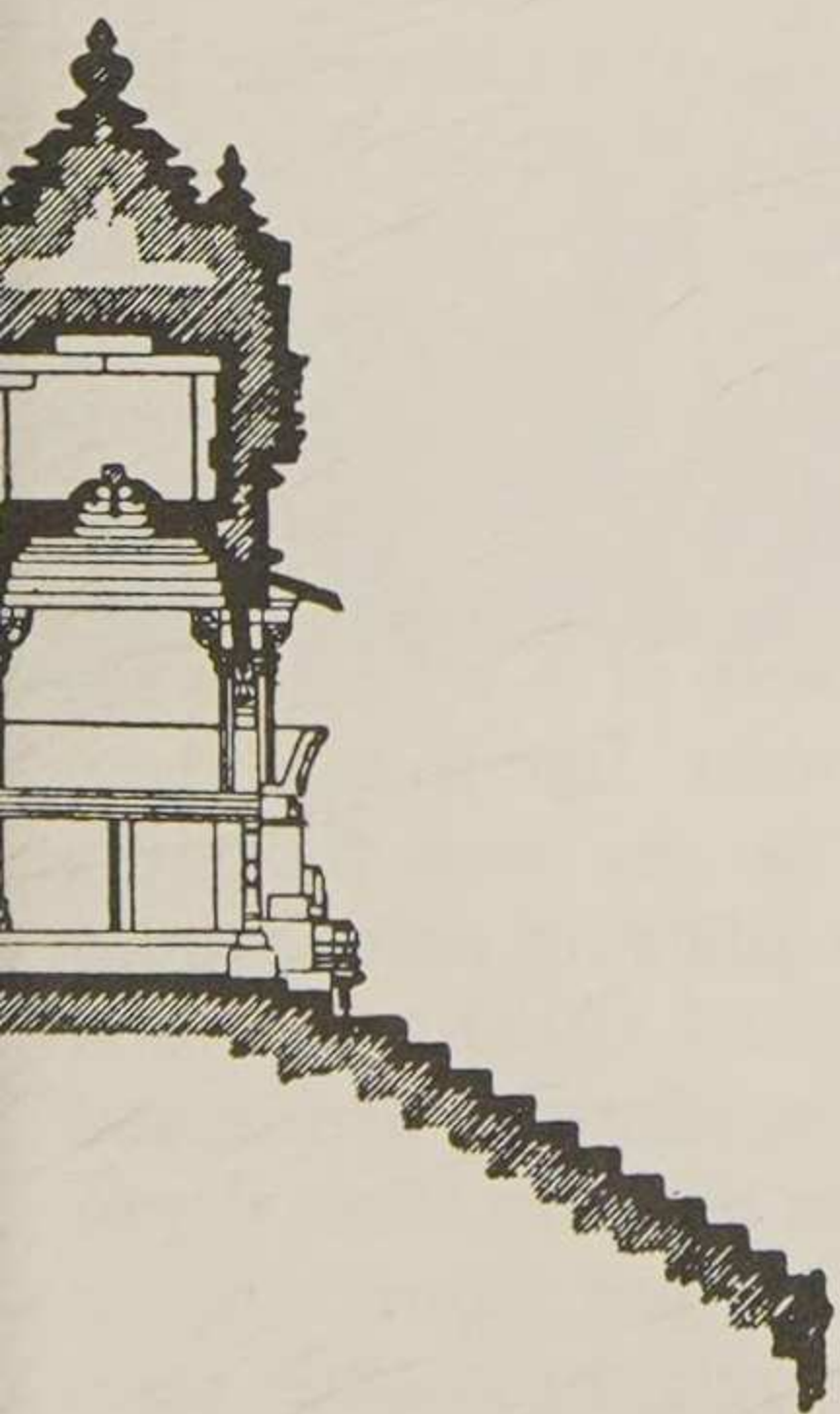
*The long-awaited Bollingen series on Ananda K. Coomaraswamy has recently been published by Princeton University Press in three volumes. Editor Roger Lipsey has divided the papers and essays into Volume I, "Traditional Art and Symbolism" and*

*Volume II, "Metaphysics." In addition he has contributed the first full-scale biography of Coomaraswamy as the third volume. The following essay is adapted from Volume I of the edition.*



*Plan of Kandarya Temple, Khajuraho*

My subject in the present short article is really that of *the* Hindu temple, irrespective of period and relative complexity or simplicity. The choice of this subject is one that is made especially appropriate by the recent [1946] publication of Dr. Stella Kramrisch's magnificent work, *The Hindu Temple*. It may be remarked, in the first place, that the most essential part of the concept of a temple is that of an altar on which, or a hearth in which, offerings can be made to an invisible presence that may or may not be represented iconographically. The types of the oldest shrines are those of the "stone tables" of megalithic cults and those of the stone altars of tree or pillar cults; or the shrine may be a hearth, the burnt offering being conveyed to the gods with the smoke of the fire, Agni thus functioning as missal priest. In all these cases the shrine, even when walled or fenced about, remains open to the sky. On the other hand, the oldest Indian type of sacred architecture both enclosed and roofed is that of the *sadas* ("seat," the sacrificial operation being itself a *sattra*, "session") of the Vedic Sacrifice or Mass. Made only for temporary use, this enclosure is a place "apart" to which the gods resort and in which the Sacrificer, having put on the "garment of initiation and ardor," sleeps,



becoming "as it were one of themselves" for the time being; he becomes, indeed, an embryo, and is reborn from the sacred enclosure as from a womb. This hut or hall is a microcosm, of which the corners, for example, are called the "four quarters." At the same time, it must be recognized that no fundamental distinction can be made between the god-house as such and the dwellings of men, whether huts or palaces, as is evident in the case of those cultures, notably the Indian, in which the paterfamilias himself officiates as household priest, daily performing the Agnihotra in the domestic circle.

In addition to this, it must be realized that in India, as elsewhere, not only are temples made with hands, the universe in a likeness, but man himself is likewise a microcosm and a "holy temple" or City of God (*brahmapura*). The body, the temple, and the universe being thus analogous, it follows that whatever worship is outwardly and visibly performed can also be celebrated inwardly and invisibly, the "gross" ritual being, in fact, no more than a tool or support of contemplation, the external means having (just as had been the case in Greece) for its "end and aim the knowledge of Him who is the First, the Lord, and the Intelligible" — as distinguished from the visible. It is recognized also, of course, that the "whole earth is divine," i.e., potentially an altar, but that a place is necessarily selected and prepared for an actual Sacrifice, the validity of such a site depending not upon the site itself but on that of the sacerdotal art; and such a site is always theoretically both on a high place and at the center or navel of the earth, with an eastward orientation, since it is "from the east westwards that the gods come unto men."

It is constantly emphasized, accordingly, that the Sacrifice is essentially a mental operation, to be performed

both outwardly and inwardly, or in any case inwardly. It is prepared by the Sacrificer's "whole mind and whole self." The Sacrificer is, as it were, emptied out of himself, and is himself the real victim. The true end of the cult is one of reintegration and resurrection, attainable not by a merely mechanical performance of the service, but by a full realization of its significance, or even by this comprehension alone. The Agnihotra, or burnt offering, for example, may be—and is for the comprehensor—an interior self-sacrifice, in which the heart is the altar, the outer man the offering, and the flame the dompted self.

The human frame, the constructed temple, and the universe being analogical equivalents, the parts of the temple correspond to those of the human body no less than to those of the universe itself. All these dimensioned (*nirmita*, *vimita*) forms are explicitly "houses," indwelt and filled by an invisible Presence and representing its possibilities of manifestation in time and space; their *raison d'être* is that it may be known. For this unifying and constructive Principle, the Spirit or Self of all beings, is only apparently confined by its habitations which, like other images, serve as supports of contemplation, none being ends in themselves but more or less indispensable means to liberation from every sort of enclosure.

Each of the "houses" we are considering is dimensioned and limited in six directions, nadir, quarters, and zenith—the feet, floor, or earth; bulk, interior space, or atmospheric space; and cranium, roof, or sky—defining the extent of this man, this church, and this world respectively. Here we can consider only one or two particular aspects of these and other analogies. The temple has, for example,

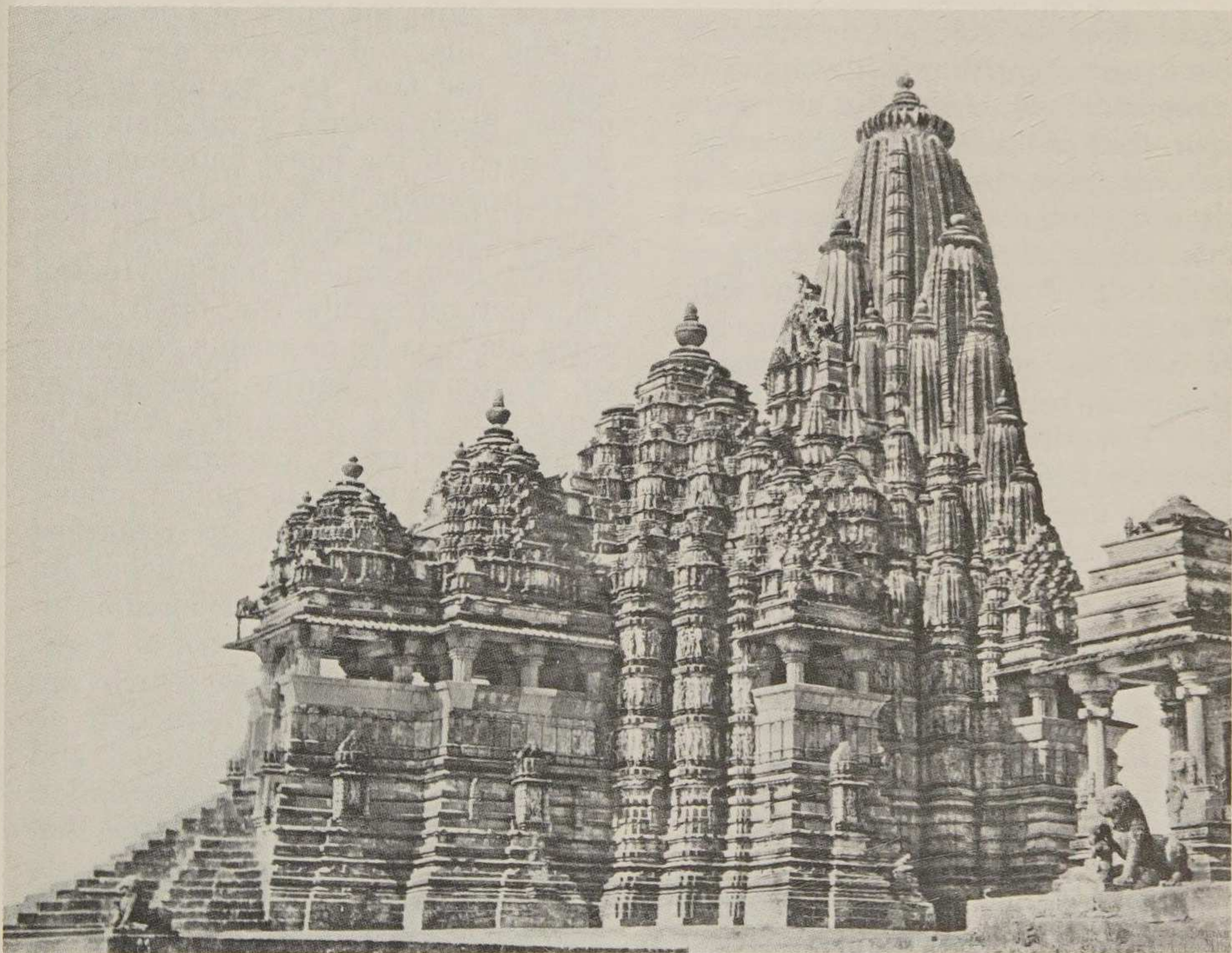
windows and doors from which the indweller can look out and go forth, or conversely return to himself; and these correspond in the body to the "doors of the senses" through which one can look out in times of activity, or from which one can return to the "heart" of one's being when the senses are withdrawn from their objects, i.e., in concentration. There is, however, in theory, another door or window, accessible only by a "ladder" or the "rope" by which our being is suspended from above, and through which one can emerge from the dimensional structure so as to be no longer on a level with its ground, or within it, but altogether above it. In man, this exit is represented by the cranial foramen, which is still unclosed at birth, and is opened up again at death when the skull is ritually broken, though as regards its significance it may be kept open throughout one's life by appropriate spiritual exercises, for this God-aperture (*brahma-randhra*) corresponds to the "point" or "eye of the heart," the microcosmic City of God (*brahma-pura*) within us, from which the Spirit departs at death. Architecturally, the *brahma-randhra* or foramen of the human cranium or man-made temple corresponds to the luffer, smoke hole, or skylight (*Lichtloch*) of the traditional house; and in some ancient and even relatively modern Western temples, this oculus of the dome still remains an open circular window, and the structure therefore remains open to the sky. In the early Indian timbered domes, the opening above is apparently closed by the circular roof-plate (*kaṇṇikā*) on which the rafters rest like the spokes of a wheel or the ribs of an umbrella, but this plate is perforated, and in any case functions as a doorway or place of exit through which the Perfected (Arahants) movers-at-will and "skyfarers" are repeatedly described as making their departure; it is an "upper door" (*agga-dvāra*). It is through the cosmic open-

ing that the Man, the Son of God, looks down, and descends. And just as the *kaṇṇikā* is a symbol of *samādhi*, "synthesis," so is this Greek capstone a "harmony," as Pausanias says, "of the whole edifice." In later Indian lithic structures, in the same way the summit of the spire is apparently closed by a circular stone slab (*āmalaka*), but this, too, is perforated for the reception of the tenon of the finial that prolongs the central axis of the whole structure; and the term *brahma-randhra* remains in use. Finally, in the world of which the sky is the roof, the Sun himself is the *Janua Coeli*, the "gateway of liberation"

(*mokṣadvāra*), the only way by which to break out of the dimensioned universe, and so "escape altogether."

We have considered so far the altar (always in some sense a sacrificial hearth, analogous to the heart) and the oculus of the dome (always in some sense a symbol of the Sun) as the proximate and ultimate goals of the worshipper who comes to visit the deity, whose man-made "house" is the temple, there to devote himself. The altar, like the sacred hearth, is always theoretically at the center of the

*Kandaraya Temple, Northern Arcade*



ceiling or *coelum* immediately above it; and these two are connected in principle, as in some early structures they were in fact, by an axial pillar at once uniting and separating floor and roof, and supporting the latter; as it was in the beginning, when heaven and earth, that had been one, were "pillared apart" by the Creator. The primordial separation of heaven and earth is common to the creation myths of the whole world. It is by this pillar—regarded as a bridge or ladder, or because of its immateriality, as a bird on wings, and regarded in any case from its base, for "there is no side path here in the world" — that the "hard ascent after Agni" (*dūrohaṇa, agner anvārohah*) must be made from below to the Sundoor above, an ascent that is also imitated in countless climbing rites, and notably in that of the ascent of the sacrificial post (*yūpa*) by the Sacrificer who, when he reaches its summit and raises his head above its capital, says on behalf of himself and his wife: "We have reached the heaven, reached the gods; we have become immortals, become children of Prajāpati." For them the distance that separates heaven from earth is temporarily annihilated; the bridge lies behind them.

The nature and full significance of the cosmic pillar (*skambha*), the Axis Mundi referred to above, can best be grasped from its description in *Atharva Veda* x.7 and 8, or understood in terms of the Islamic doctrine of the Qutb, with which the Perfect Man is identified, and on which all things turn. In the Vedic *Sadas* it is represented by the king-post that the Sacrificer himself erects, and that stands for the Median Breath, in the same way as within man, as the axial principle of one's own life and being. In the Vedic (Fire-) altar, a constructed image of the universe,

this is also the axial principle that passes through the three "self-perforated bricks," of which the uppermost corresponds to the Sundoor of the later texts; it is an axis that—like Jacob's ladder—is the "way up and down these worlds." In visiting the deity whose image or symbol has been set up in the womb of the temple, the worshiper is returning to the heart and center of his own being to perform a devotion that prefigures his ultimate resurrection and regeneration from the funeral pyre in which the last Sacrifice is made.


We are thus brought back again to the concept of the three analogous—bodily, architectural, and cosmic—"houses" that the Spirit of Life inhabits and fills; and we recognize at the same time that the values of the oldest architectural symbolism are preserved in the latest buildings and serve to explain their use. I shall only emphasize, in conclusion, what has already been implied, that the Indian architectural symbolism briefly outlined above is by no means peculiarly or exclusively Indian, but rather worldwide. For example, that the sacred structure is a microcosm, the world in a likeness, is explicit among the American Indians; as remarked by Sartori, "Among the Huichol Indians ...the temple is considered as an image of the world, the roof as heaven, and the ceremonies which are enacted during the construction almost all relate to this meaning," and as related by Speck in his description of the Delaware Big-House, "the Big-House stands for the universe; its floor, the earth; its four walls, the four quarters; its vault, the sky-dome atop, where resides the Creator in his indefinable supremacy ... the centre-post is the staff of the Great Spirit with its foot upon the earth, with its pinnacle reaching to the hand of the Supreme Being sitting on his throne."

In the same way, from the Indian point of view, it is said with respect

to the way up and down that "within these two movements the Hindu temple has its being; its central pillar is erected from the heart of the Vāstupuruṣa in the Brahmasthāna, from the center and heart of existence on earth, and supports the Prasāda Puruṣa in the Golden Jar in the splendor of the Empyrean."<sup>1</sup>

Finally, inasmuch as the temple is the universe in a likeness, its dark interior is occupied only by a single image or symbol of the informing Spirit, while externally its walls are covered with representations of the Divine Powers in all their manifested multiplicity. In visiting the shrine, one proceeds inwards from multiplicity to unity, just as in contemplation; and on returning again to the outer world, one sees that one has been surrounded by all the innumerable forms that the Sole Seer and Agent within assumes in his playful activity. And this distinction between the outer world and the inner shrine of an Indian temple, into which one enters "so as to be born again from its dark womb,"<sup>2</sup> is the same distinction Plotinus makes when he observes that the seer of the Supreme, being one with his vision, "is like one who, having penetrated the inner sanctuary, leaves the temple images behind him—though these become

once more first objects of regard when he leaves the holies; for There his converse was not with image, not with trace, but with the very Truth."<sup>3</sup>

The deity who assumes innumerable forms, and has no form, is one and the same Puruṣa, and to worship in either way leads to the same liberation: "however men approach Me, even so do I welcome them." In the last analysis, the ritual, like that of the old Vedic Sacrifice, is an interior procedure, of which the outward forms are only a support, indispensable for those who—being still on their way—have not yet reached its end, but that can be dispensed with by those who have already found the end, and who, though they may be still in the world, are not of it. In the meantime, there can be no greater danger or hindrance than that of the premature iconoclasm of those who still confuse their own existence with their own being, and have not yet "known the Self"; these are the vast majority, and for them the temple and all its figurations are signposts on their way. 

<sup>1</sup>*Kramrisch, The Hindu Temple, II, 361.*

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid., p. 358.*

<sup>3</sup>*Plotinus Enneads VI.9.II.*



*The minimal temple—lingam sheltered by sticks and leaves*

# The Hymn of Man

*The Puruṣa-sūkta is one of the later poems of the R̥g Veda. The hymn is central in the conception of the building of the Hindu temple, which is constructed in the likeness of Puruṣa or Universal Man, as an echo of the cosmic creation. This hymn was translated for Parabola by Barbara Stoler Miller.*

Thousand-headed is Man,  
thousand-eyed, thousand-footed;  
having covered the earth on all sides,  
he extended beyond it by ten-fingers' length.

Man alone is all this [world]—  
past and future;  
he is also lord of immortality  
when he grows even beyond his food.

Great is the greatness of all this,  
yet greater than this is Man;  
a fourth of him is all beings,  
three-fourths of him is immortality in heaven.

With three-fourths Man rose up,  
A fourth of him came into being again here—  
from that he moved out in all directions  
to what eats and what does not eat.

From him the great expanse was born,  
From the great expanse Man came;  
when born he surpassed the earth  
in the West and also in the East.

When, with Man as the oblation,  
the gods stretched out the web of the sacrifice,  
spring was the melted butter of it,  
summer the kindling, autumn the oblation.

That Man, born in the beginning,  
they sprinkled as sacrifice on the straw—  
with him the gods sacrificed,  
and perfected beings and seers too.

From that fully offered sacrifice  
the clotted butter was collected—  
it made the animals of air,  
forest, and village.

From that fully offered sacrifice  
hymns and chants were born;  
the meters were born from it,  
the sacrificial formula arose from it.



From that horses were born  
and whatever else has teeth on both jaws;  
cows were born from that,  
from that goats and sheep were born.

When they divided Man,  
into how many parts did they distribute him?  
What is his mouth, what are his two arms,  
what are his thighs, his two feet called?

His mouth was a Brāhman priest,  
his two arms were made into a Rājanya warrior,  
and his thighs became a Vaishya peasant—  
from his two feet a Shudra servant was born.

From his mind the moon was born,  
from his eye Sūrya the sun was born,  
from his mouth Indra and Agni,  
from his breath Vāyu the wind was born.

From his navel was the atmosphere,  
from his head the sky was turned,  
from his feet the earth, from his ear the directions—  
thus they constructed the worlds.

Seven were the sticks which enclosed it,  
three times seven were the faggots they made  
when the gods, spreading out the sacrifice,  
bound Man as the sacrificial animal.

Through the sacrifice the gods sacrificed to the  
sacrifice—  
these were the first rules  
and these powers reached the sky,  
where the ancient perfected beings are—gods.

# Geometry at the Service of Prayer

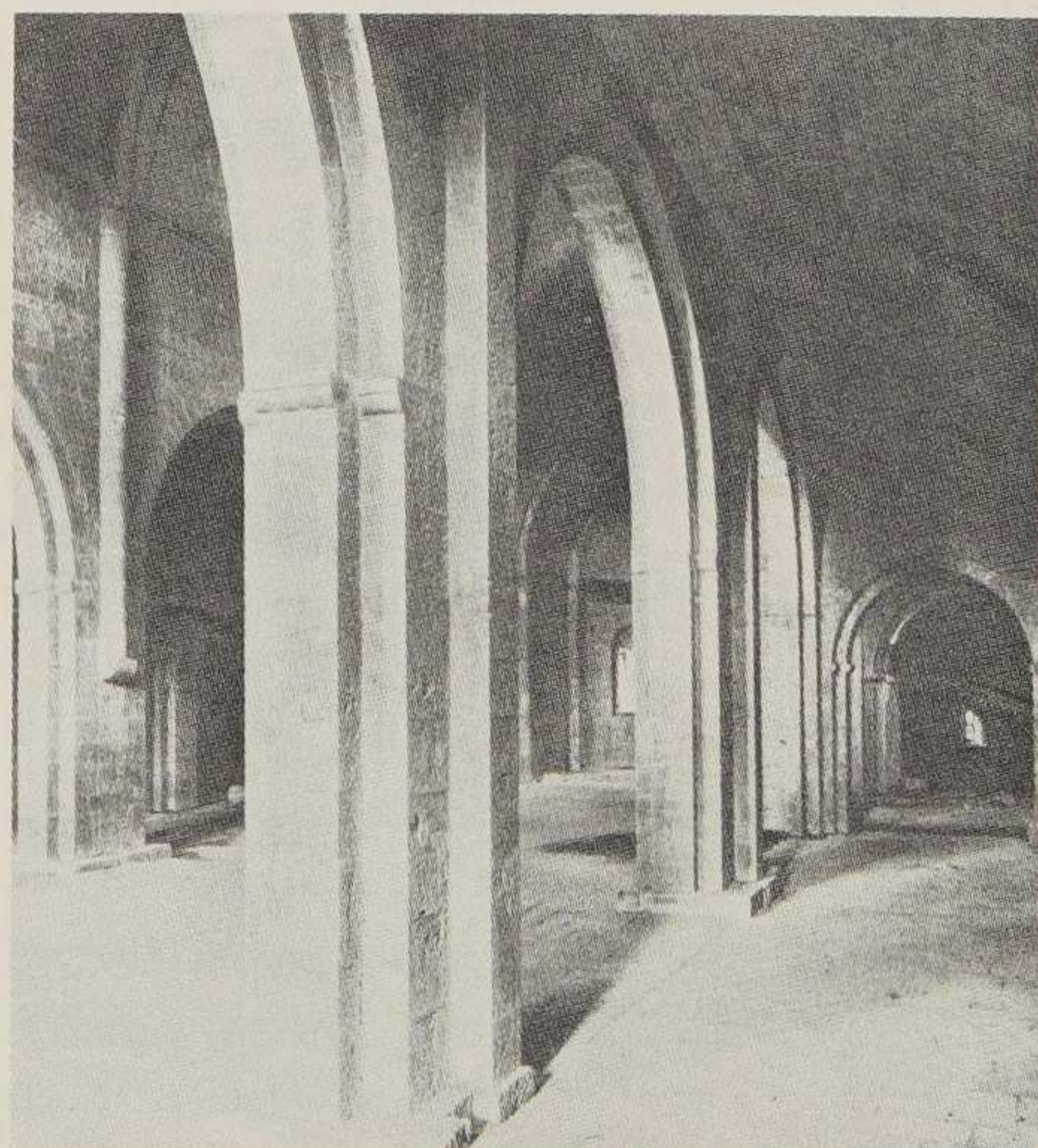
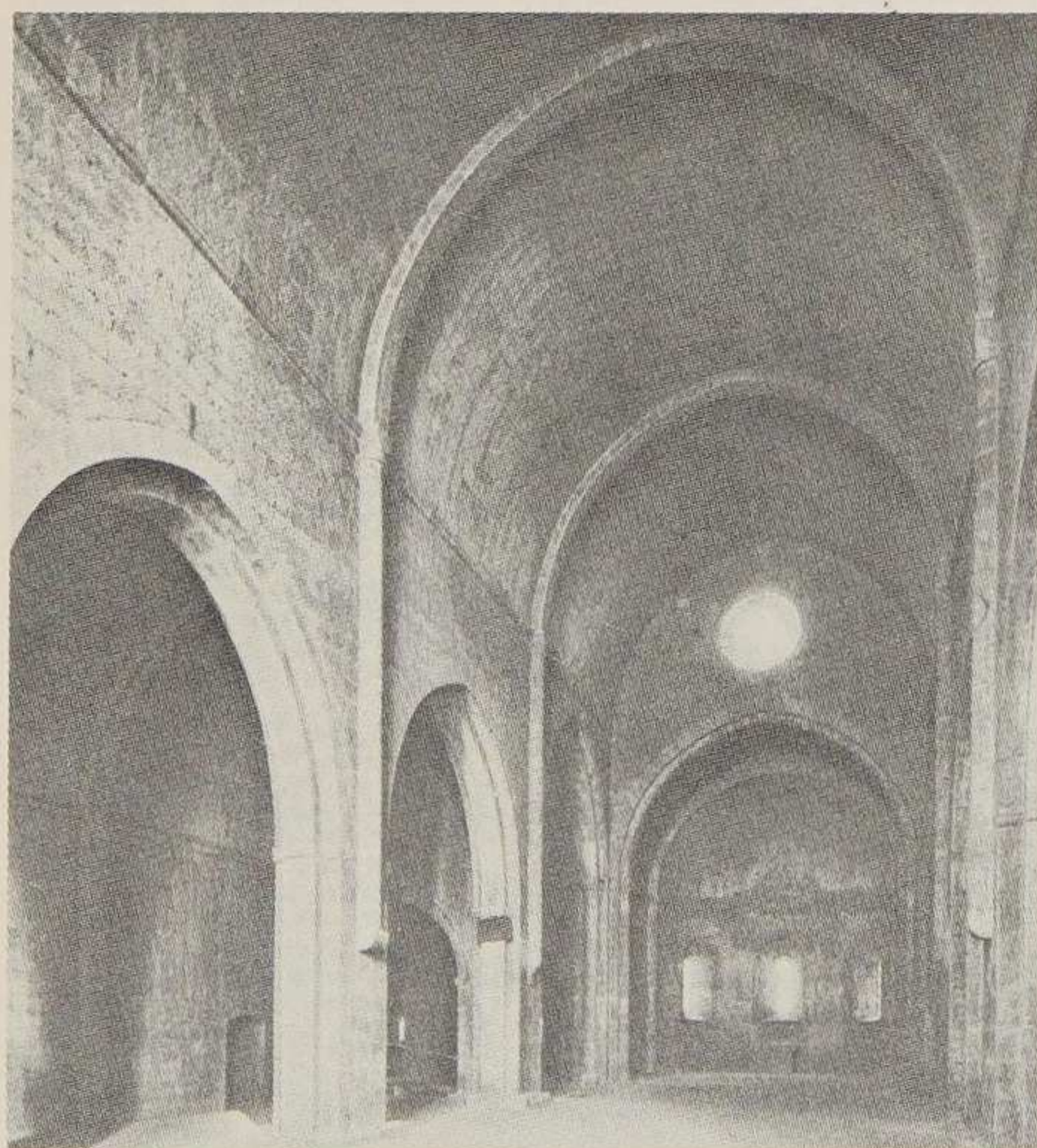
## Reflections On Cistercian Mystic Architecture

*By Robert Lawlor*

With my first step into the grand nave of the twelfth century Cistercian Abbey near the tiny, southern French village of Le Thoronet, the meaning of mystical architecture flowered into a deep, inner experience. All doubt ceased inside of this pure, simple stone vault. I had entered a sacred space. The eye does not see what causes the intense change of mind and body. But something compels one to listen, and the ear resonates. This enclosure had been constructed upon a precise, almost uncanny acoustical knowledge. Here each sound, even a pin dropped at the end of the nave some 40 meters away, generates a full range of harmonic overtones produc-

ing the mysterious character of a heavenly choir.

My second visit to the Abbey was under quite different circumstances. I attended a concert of madrigal singing. Instead of sitting alone at dawn, with a shaft of sunlight descending to the floor in the center of the nave through the single, circular window high above the altar, I was surrounded by music lovers from all over France who relish the rare concerts at the Abbey with its famous acoustics. I was told that large orchestral instruments such as pianos or organs produce a disturbing, almost unbearable effect, while simple instruments



such as the flute, but most particularly the human voice, are enveloped in a wondrous vibratory play. As I listened to the music, I understood why St. Bernard, founder of the Cistercian movement, insisted on vaulted chambers built to relatively small scale. Their size undoubtedly had been determined as the perfect acoustical volume to enhance the human voice. A number of abbeys from the period still stand. The most celebrated are at Fonteney and Cîteaux, with others at Silvacane and S enanque, but the Thoronet Abbey is considered the most typical and purest example of twelfth century Cistercian monastic architecture.

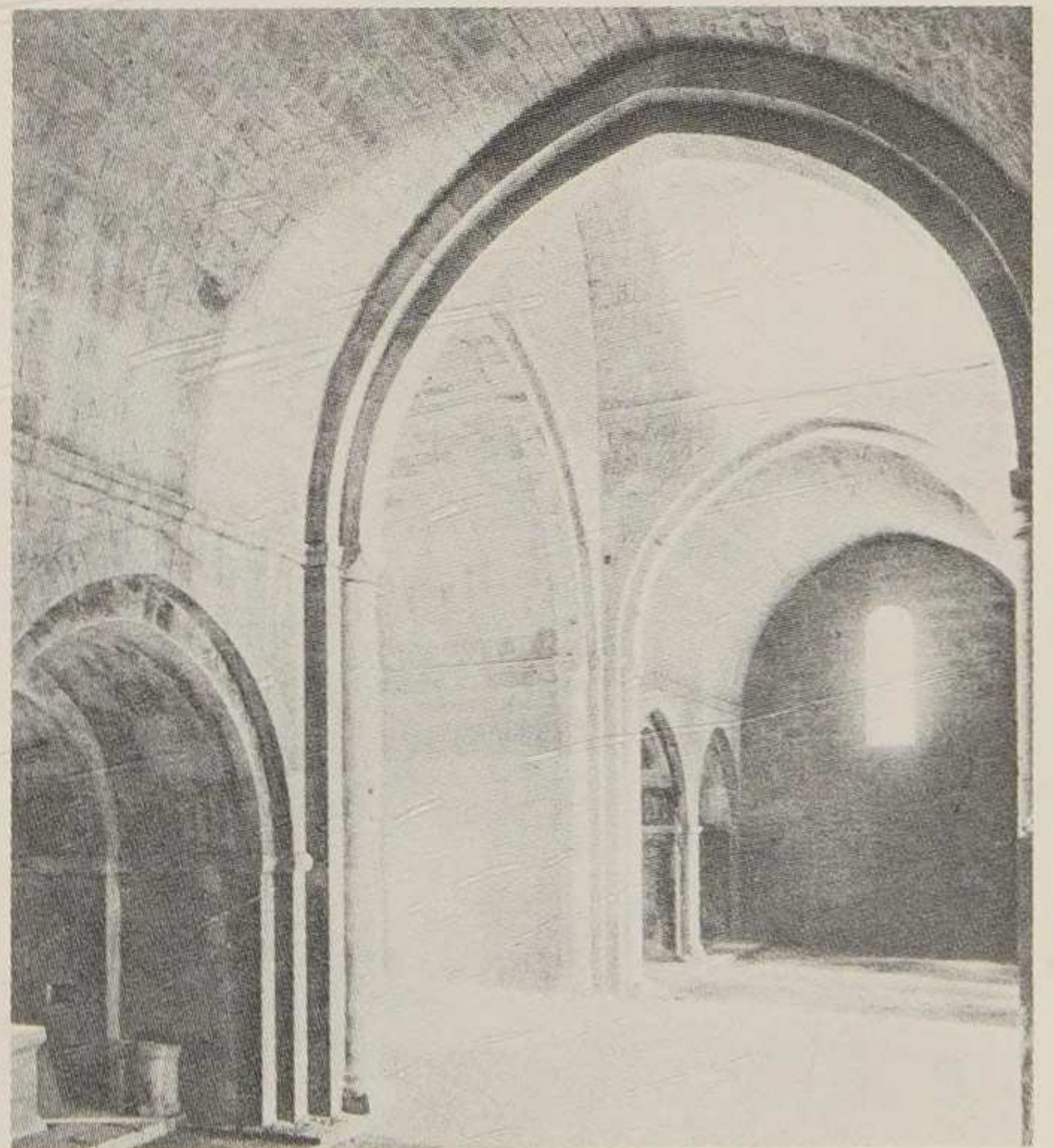
The nave is so sound-sensitive that one becomes aware that every body movement creates an impact on the volume of air in the chamber. Movement can thus be considered to be an inaudible tone; the body, seemingly guided by the reverberation of its own silent sound returned to it from the stone vault, is gradually impelled to move in a quiet, harmonious way.

The magic experienced in the Abbey of Thoronet is a product of one of man's most ancient sciences. Its foundation is a sacred geometry based on specific proportions which occur in simple polygons and polyhedra. These same geometric proportions are the basic consonant musical ratios: the octave, 1:2; the fifth, 2:3; the fourth, 3:4; and the major third, 4:5. The proportion 1:2 (musically the octave), which dominates so much of sacred architecture, determines the ground plan of this nave. This rectangle with length and width in a 1:2 ratio (called the *Duomo* by early Renaissance architects) has a diagonal with the value of the square root of five. It is this root that commands a partitioning and modulation of the architectural space according to the "Golden Section." This proportion, famous since earliest antiquity for its aesthetic perfection, unfolds into schemes of mathematical synchroni-

city and synthesis. The utilization of the Golden Section combined with musical ratios explains why the Abbey at Le Thoronet does not promote a fundamental tone, but instead allows all notes to resound equally.

Standing next to a certain pillar in the nave, one's hearing seems suddenly turned inside-out; the heartbeat and internal workings of the organs are magnified; even external sounds seem to originate from within. After experiencing this I recalled reading of experiments made on the effects of sound inside a perfect sphere large enough to contain a person. This *Scientific American* report said that sound reflected by the walls of a sphere caused strong resonations in the whole body—the skull, thorax, abdomen and bones all vibrated together—and produced the sensation that all sounds came from within the body. Even if one remained totally passive, the body continued to respond actively to the sound.

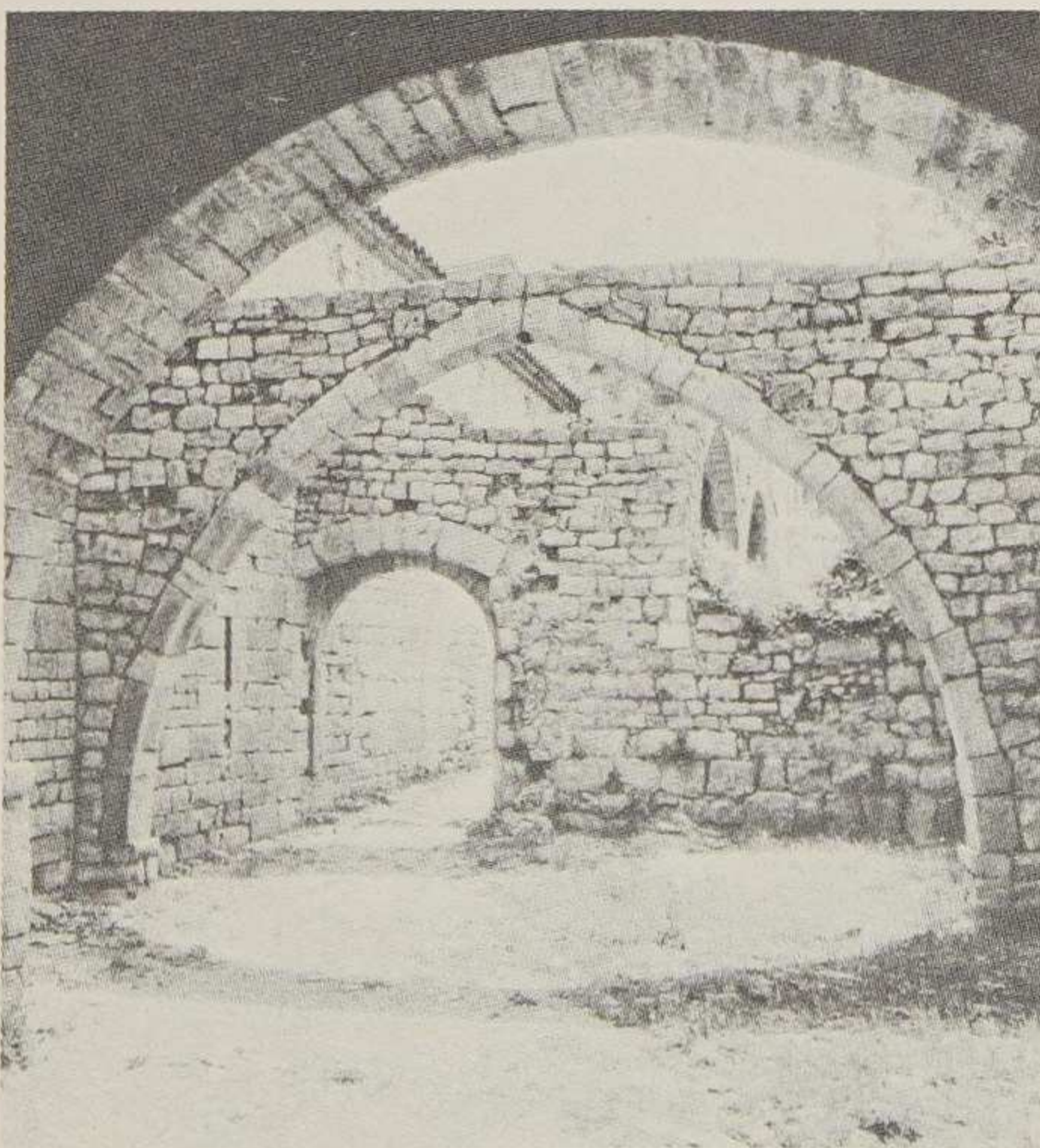
I don't know why the acoustics at this particular location in the nave reproduce the effect of a sphere. Perhaps it is a residual effect of the round vaulted arch. More speculatively, it may have been an intention of the great Masonic mystic geometer Achard, who was a close associate of St. Bernard. In sacred geometry, the



sphere—the circle—represents the perfect, unmanifested unity, while phi ( $\Phi$ ), the Golden Section (incorporated in the design of this Abbey) represents the Creator's conscious power of self-division which, by rupturing unity, produces the universe. This unique proportion reproduces the perfection and glory of the original unity through oscillating geometric progressions (which we may think of as evolution) in the manifested, divided Universe.

Whether or not this particular acoustical effect is simply coincidence, it is certain that from the darkest times sacred geometry has been able to express the mystic relationships between phi ( $\Phi$ ), the function of division, and pi ( $\pi$ ), the function of the circle or unity. French philosopher and Egyptologist, R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz, found  $\Phi^2 \times 6/5$  as a value used in Egyptian pictorial and architectural representations, and it is commonly known that the proportions of the Cheops pyramid are essentially a  $\Phi:\pi$  relationship. The height of the vertical half-section gives a perimeter measure of the square base equal to the circumference of a circle in which the pyramid's height is taken as the radius.

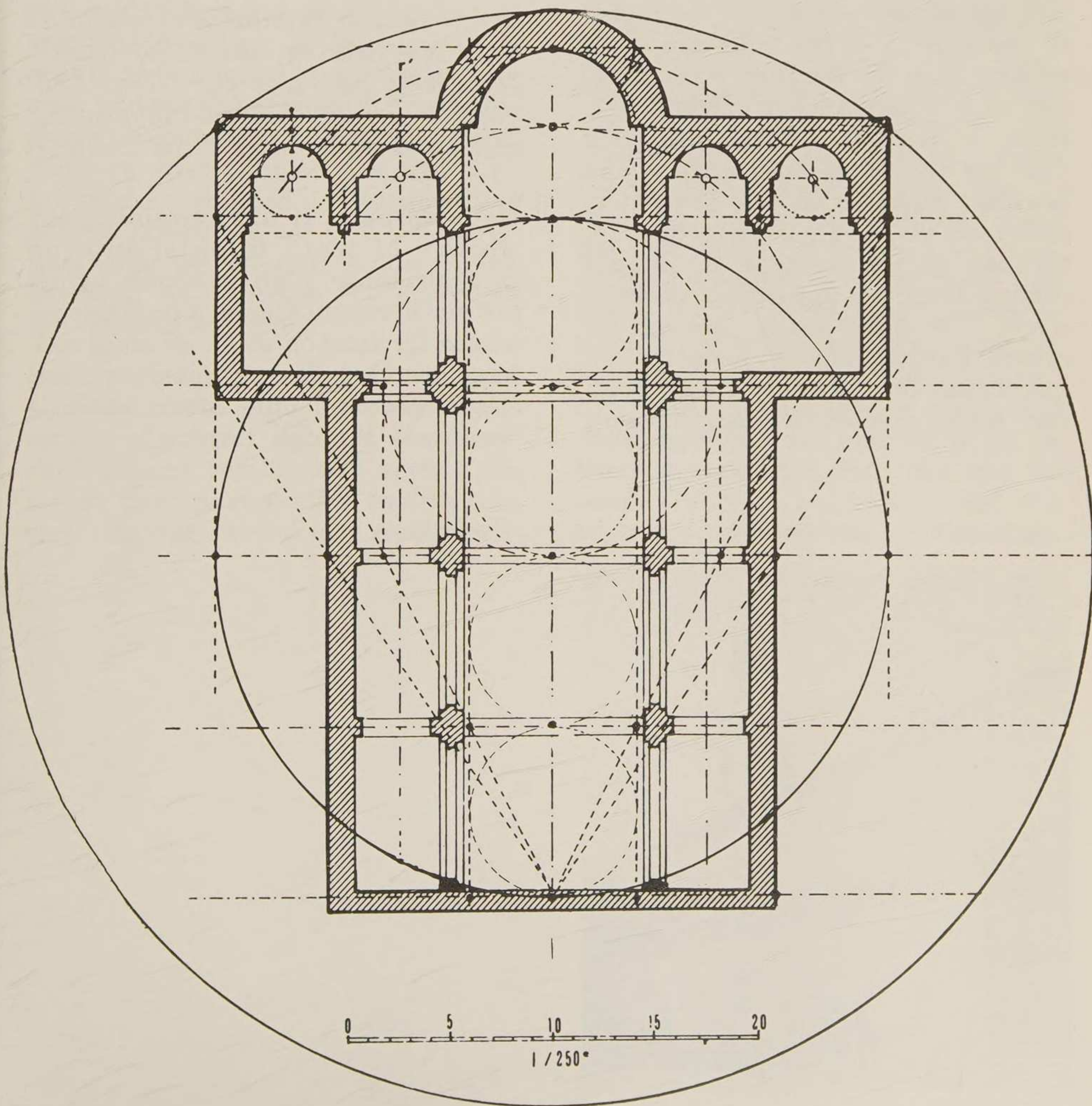
In choosing musical ratios as the basis for architectural proportions the Cistercian masons were in effect unifying the objective visual world and the emotionally experienced sensations of sound. This related their work to the tradition of acoustic temples in widely separate cultures and epochs, from India to ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, to Greece and Celtic Britain. A knowledge of this tradition, which found one of its highest expressions in Gothic Europe, was revived in the Renaissance as a basis for painting and sculpture as well as for architecture. Its influence was seen in the works of architects Vitruvius, Palladio, etc., and such artists as da Vinci, Michelangelo, Dürer, Raphael and many others. Numerous studies reveal the consistent utilization of variations on this same proportional system, but it is the work of de Lubicz that contains the most thorough study of the significance of sound—which, incorporated into architectural space, reverberates in the inborn consciousness of our physical being that he calls the Temple in Man. In his detailed study of the Temple of Luxor he demonstrates that this temple is a symbolic but biometrically accurate representation of the human form whose proportions reproduce those of the natural process-



es of growth, maturation and transformation that take place in the body of Man, the Microcosm.

Although the mind swims in the intimate contact with the history entrapped in the stone vault at Le Thoronet, the most profound impression comes from the effect and alteration occurring in the physical body itself. In order to begin to understand the strange psycho-physical impact of the Abbey, we might try to evoke the lives of the generations of Cistercian monks, forty to sixty in number, who resided there from its opening in 1135

to its public sale in 1791. The date of construction places the Abbey towards the beginning of the impressive flowering of vaulted Cistercian churches which began in 1134 under the direction of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, certainly one of Europe's greatest spiritual leaders. This movement spread throughout much of Europe, and by the time of St. Bernard's death in 1153, five hundred small, mystical communities were established, with abbey churches all following a nearly identical plan and a uniform technique of execution. The Cistercians not only carried the impulse which built the abbeys and



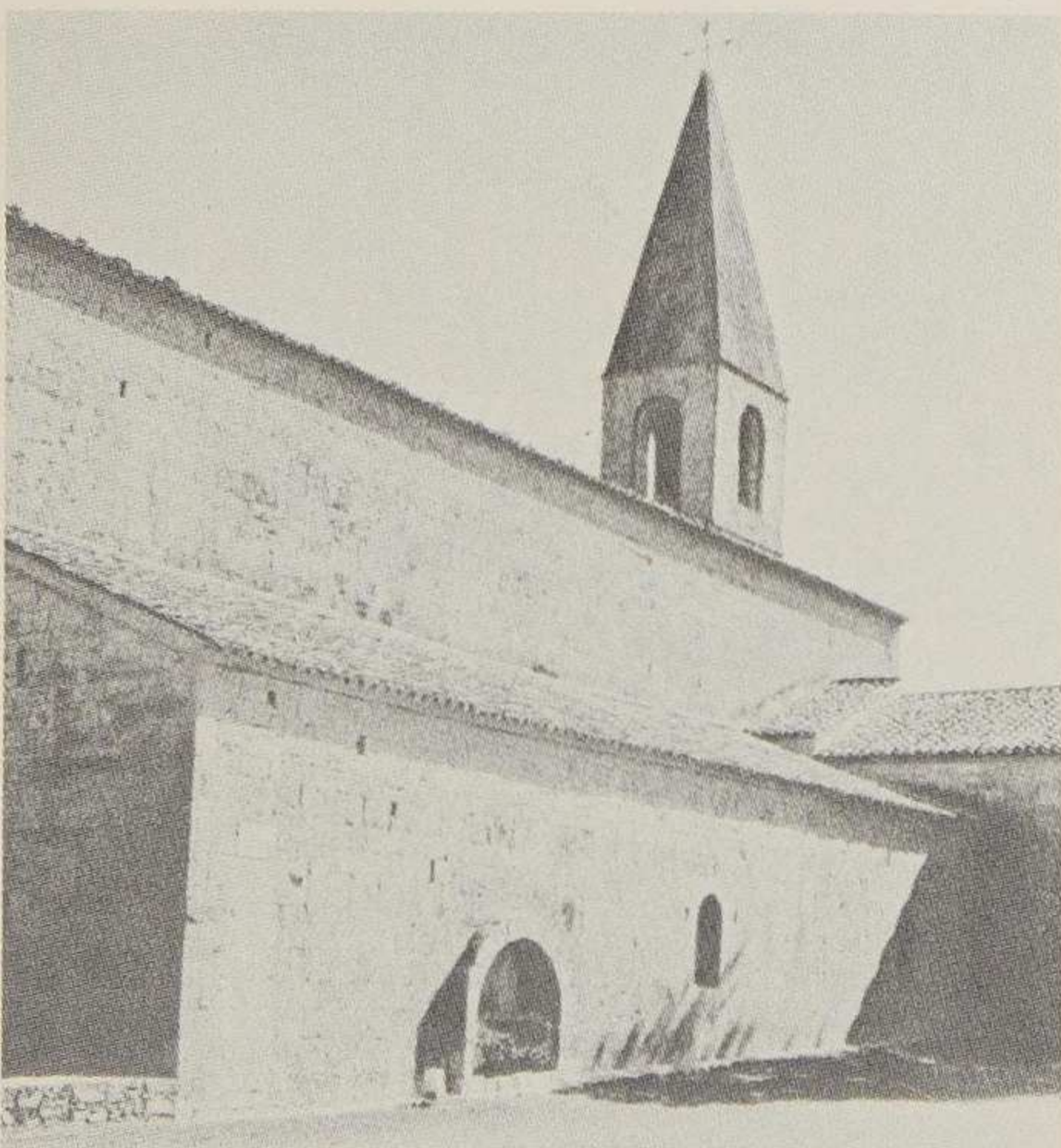
cathedrals, but it was these same monks who were responsible for draining swamplands, clearing forests, and terracing the hillsides of twelfth and thirteenth century Europe, thus creating not only the spiritual basis but also the agricultural foundation which allowed this culture, beginning two thousand years ago, to flower and dominate world development.

Some historians of the medieval period claim that the austerity of Cistercian architecture was simply a reaction against the opulence of the Cluny order from which it sprang. But in the writing of St. Bernard we find a deeper reason why painting, sculpture and furnishings—and even the image of the crucifix—were forbidden. It is evident that St. Bernard was an inheritor of a very ancient spiritual doctrine, a doctrine which understood that our two chief senses, sight and hearing, affect us in two completely different ways. In a general way, through vision we take in images coming from the apparently external world. The mind reacts through instinct, habit, memory, association, calculation or reason. But with hearing, sound creates an instantaneous

(and mathematically precise) recognition of a tone, without the intervention of mind. At the same time this sound may touch and connect regions of higher emotion and mindless knowing. St. Bernard says:

*"... in matters of faith, and in order to know the truth, the hearing is superior to vision... You must know that the Holy Spirit, in order to cause a soul to advance in spirituality... educates the hearing before coming to the vision. Listen, my child, he says, and see. Why do you strain to see? It is necessary to lend the ear. The hearing, moreover, will restore vision to us, if our attention is pious, faithful and vigilant. Only the hearing attains to truth because it perceives the Verb. And thus one must awaken the hearing and train it to receive the truth."*

He adds that "It has certainly been worthy of truth to enter into us through those high windows which are our eyes, but this is a privilege reserved for later on when we shall contemplate God face to face," a final stage occurring only after vision is "restored" through hearing.



It is possible that one purpose of the rigorously barren architecture was to eliminate extraneous objects which might deflect or distort the purity of the sounds. This "artless" architecture also eliminated visual distractions; it removed anything that could divert the disciple into sight. The concentration of this mystic sect seems to have been directed towards awakening the ear and overcoming the domination of the outward-looking eye. In the words of St. Bernard, "No decoration; only proportion."

The architecture of sacred geometry offers direct physical support for meditational and other psycho-spiritual practices, giving to its inhabitant the two most cherished environments of spiritual life: that of intensified exposure to universal or divine harmonies, and the gift of silence. No outside sound of man or nature could penetrate the thick stone walls, and here the mind, wrapped in silence, was able to follow the ear to a confrontation with the eternal. Again in the words of St. Bernard, "Geometry at the service of Prayer."

It is interesting to note another, quite different example of "geometry at the service of prayer": a large, wood-pannelled Islamic ceiling, said to be a fifteenth century copy of a twelfth century original, carved in a traditional-

ly intricate pattern, was found by acoustical engineers to be virtually soundproof, due not to its thickness, but to its particular carved geometric patterns, which set up a kind of interference grid effectively absorbing most external sound.

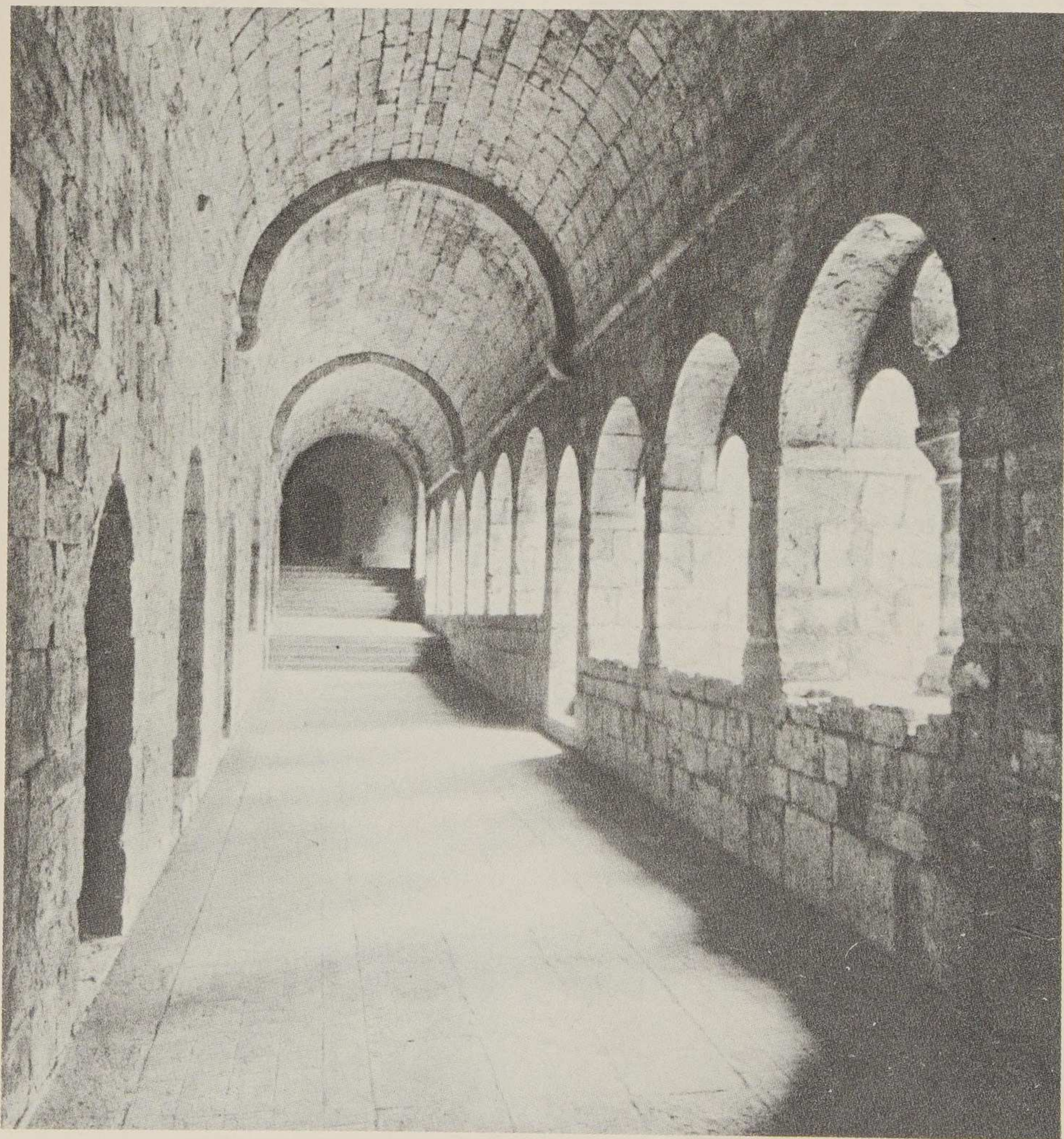
The monks of Le Thoronet lived within a vow of complete silence except at four hour intervals throughout the day and night when they would assemble in the nave of the Abbey to sing and chant in unison. The stones would vibrate with the chorus; the temple was an immense musical instrument which resounded in the rhythms of man's breath.

The knowledge and use of musical proportions declined in Europe from a mystical to an aesthetic tradition, and from there to a conventional dogma, and was finally dismissed in the seventeenth century, first by Claude Perrault who denied that beauty in art depends upon universal ratios and the proportions of volumes in space. In the nineteenth century, Burke and Hume, following Perrault, overthrew classical aesthetics and completed the rupture between mathematics and art, between science and spirit, and encouraged science and art to go on their divergent paths, the one towards rational empiricism and the other toward subjective emotionalism.

There is now, however, objective proof of the basic premise of sacred geometry. In the work of the Swiss physicist Hans Jenny we find a contemporary verification for the ancient concept of sound, "the Creative Verb," as the active formative force of universal Nature. In his experiments, which he called "Cymatics," Jenny introduced sound vibrations into various materials such as emulsions, colloid and particle suspensions in both liquid and air media and granulated particles placed on vibration-sensitive plates. He found that specific auditory tones would induce randomly scattered particles to coagulate

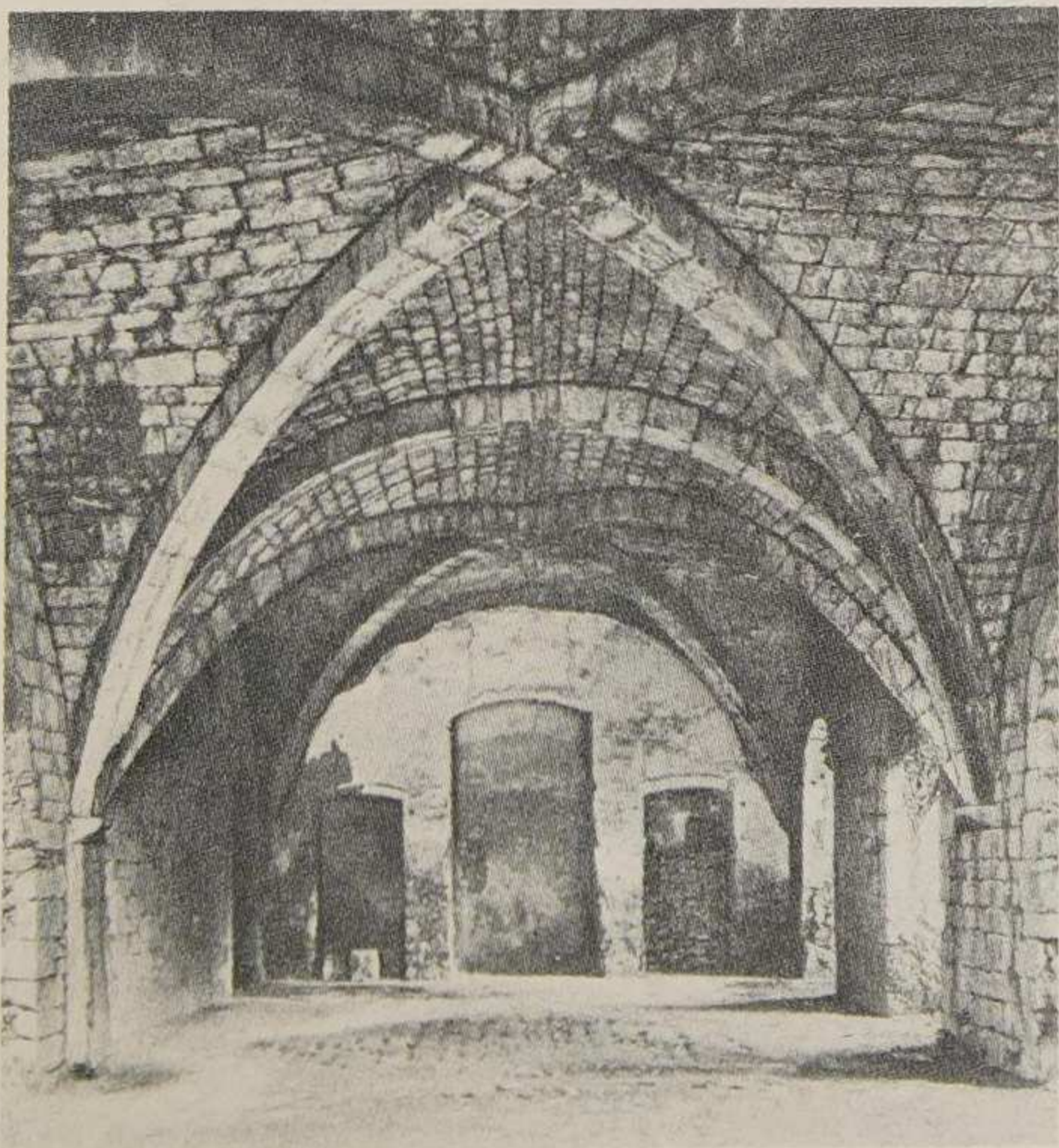
into specific, periodic geometric patterns, forms or lattices. In other words, sound can make order out of apparent chaos.

In his work we sense the all-pervading importance of vibration and rhythmic periodicity in the physical world from galaxies down to nuclear structures and meson clouds. But most significant, perhaps, is the implication that because the tissues and cells of our bodies are almost entirely made up of plasma (that is, liquid particle suspensions) living tissue is particularly responsive to the organizing power of sound. "The Universe is only God repeating His own name



to Himself," said Ramakrishna.

At Le Thoronet, the celibate monks worked together, growing wheat and olives, maintaining a totally self-sufficient communal economy under a vow of silence. The only human sound was song. They were strict vegetarians, eating only one meal a day. Only one room in the Abbey was heated. They worked five hours, studied four hours, slept from 7:00 P.M. until awaking for chanting at 11:00 P.M., then slept again until 3:00 A.M. when their day began. Every moment of their life was directed by a discipline based not upon self-denial and impoverished austerity for its own sake, but rather aimed at elevating the physical, as well as the mental and emotional life. A highly sensitive psychological state was achieved in which the harmonious chanting would activate the body's chakras, and indeed affect the very cells. Sound thus becomes nutritive; it is objectively "food," charging the body with the energy of universal harmonies. This is the purpose of "sacred space."

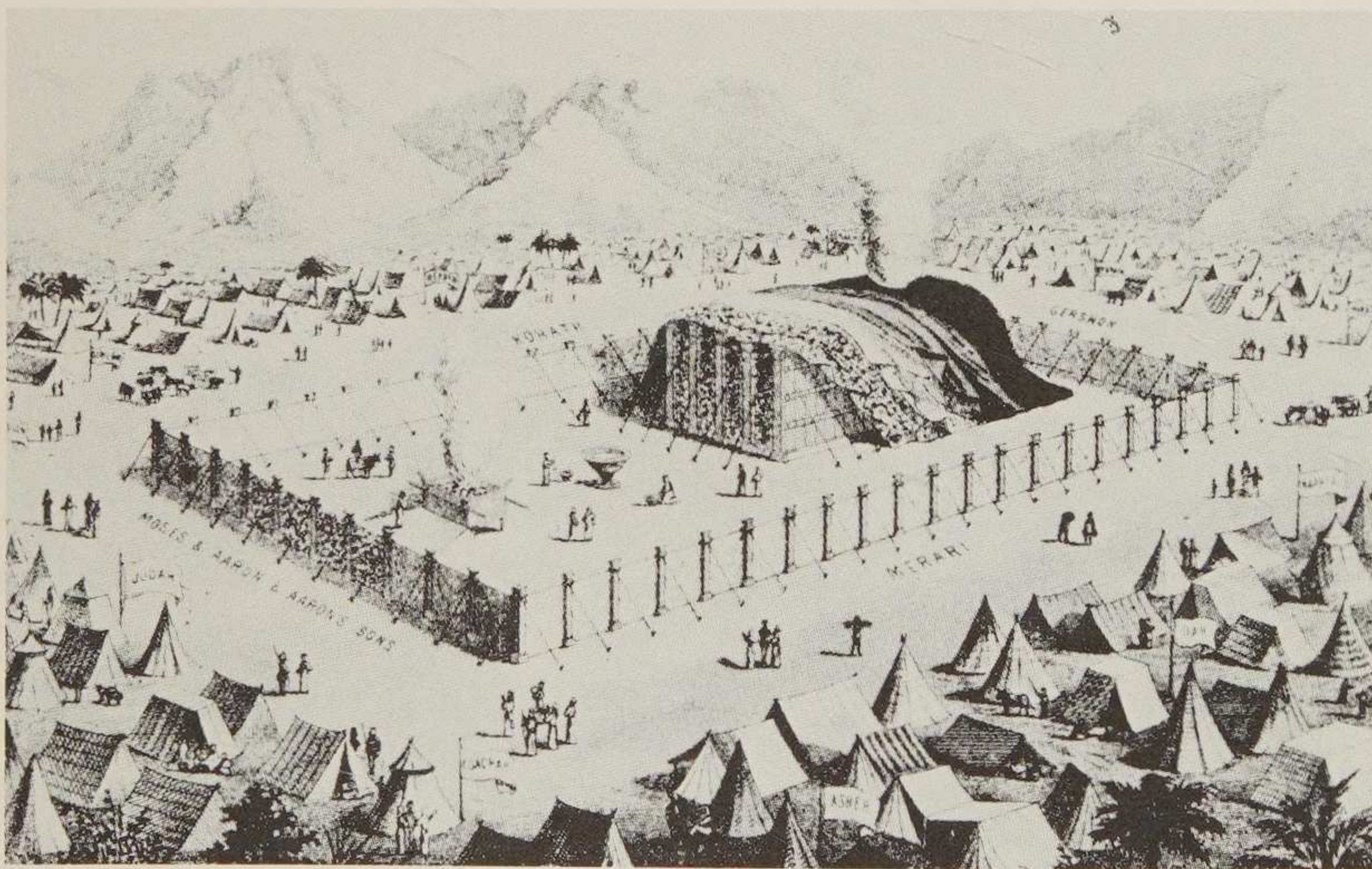


# The Sacred Space of Judaism

By Irving Friedman

---

*"...but the Lord was not in the wind;  
and after the wind an earthquake;  
but the Lord was not in the earthquake;  
and after the earthquake a fire;  
but the Lord was not in the fire;  
and after the fire a still small voice."  
(I Kings XIX-11 and 12)*



The history of Judaism can be regarded as its changing relationship with sacred and profane space.

In the beginning there was no space, and God was a breath blowing on the waters of a spaceless abyss. It was only when He withdrew into Himself that primordial space could appear, sanctified by a dilute ray of His light. Within this space He created heaven and earth, and He made His habitation in one of the seven heavens.

The Garden of Eden was sacred earth (Adamah) for Adam was formed of dust from its four corners. Into him God breathed the breath of life and with it His own image. But man was banished from this sacred soil which shared the curse upon him and became further polluted with the blood of Abel spilled on it by Cain.

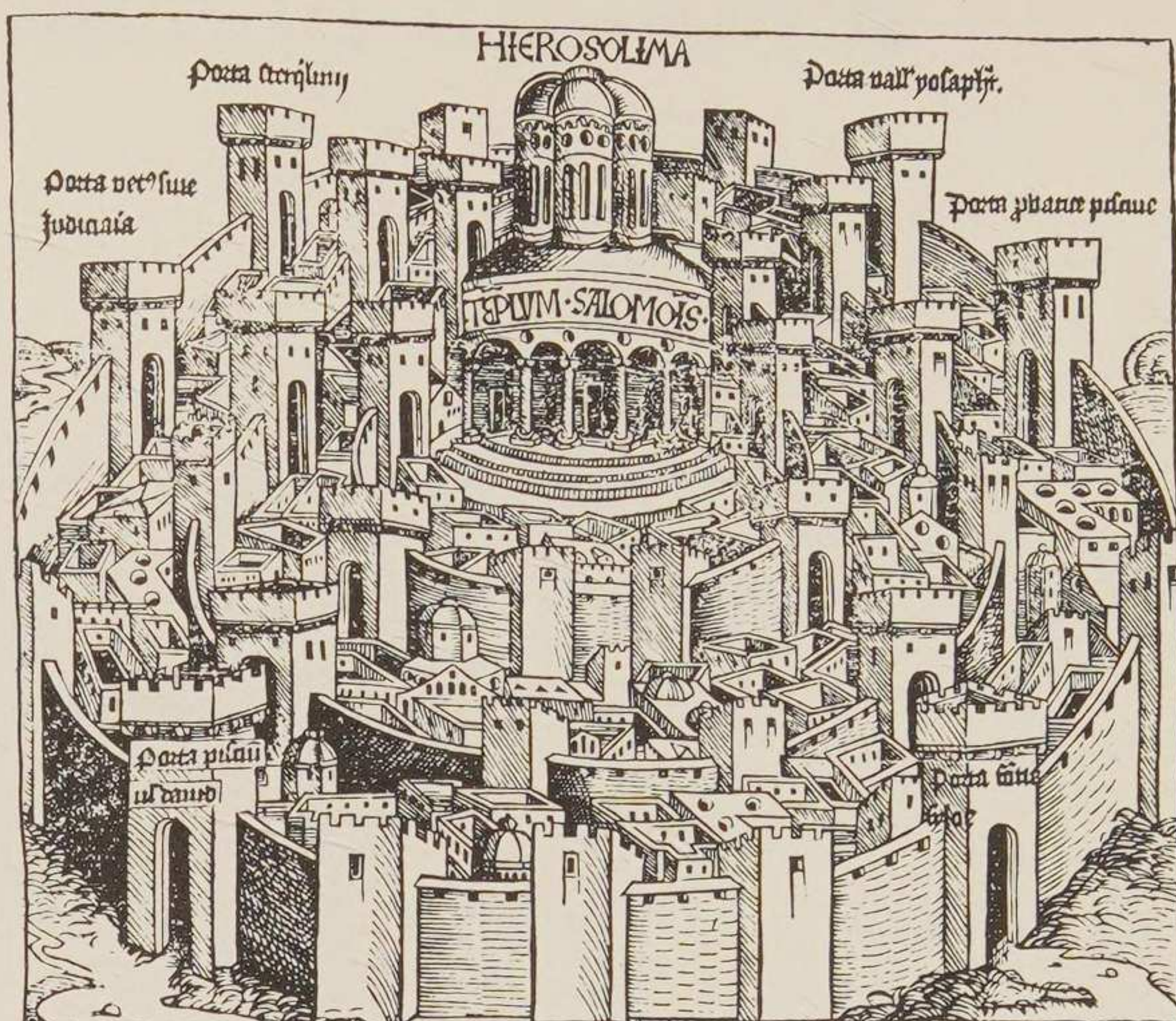
Finally the earth and all the life it contained were condemned because of the iniquity of man. Terrestrial space had to be purified by a flood which returned it to its beginning in the waters. The seed of life was preserved by a three-story ark, which housed the three divisions of mankind descended from Noah's three sons, as well as the three subhuman categories of animals, reptiles and birds.

After the flood the earth began to conduct the current of life again, yielding its fruit to Noah and his progeny.

Abraham, the tenth generation after Noah, abandoned the profane space of Mesopotamia to wander southward into Canaan with his nomadic flock in search of the sacred pastures promised him by God. But he found famine there, and had first to go down into Egypt, a symbol of material wealth and wisdom, before he could find his spiritual heritage in the promised land. Three generations later, Joseph also had to "go down into Egypt," and the sacred seed which he represented took root there in suffering and grew into a nation away from its sacred land. The pastoral embrace of endless space by the Hebrew shepherds who brought their flocks into Egypt was lost forever.

After the exodus, God commanded the construction of a mobile tabernacle or Tent of meeting with Him. This was a portable prototype of Solomon's temple, half its size, and embodied an outer chamber for public worship and an inner one containing God's presence and the ark of the covenant to house the tablets of the ten commandments.

Around this tabernacle as a center, which was guarded by the priestly tribe of the Levites, the entire host of the Hebrews was arranged by tribe according to the four points of the compass. The tent-tabernacle was covered by a cloud indicating the presence of God. When it moved, a pillar of cloud covered it by day and a pillar of fire by night.



The Ark of the Covenant was carried in a wooden tent throughout the desert. When it was captured by the Philistines, David recovered it and conveyed it to Jerusalem, but he was forbidden by God to build a lavish sanctuary. It remained for Solomon to erect the first and most glorious temple, a permanent habitation for the sacred in the center of a nation of farmers which had abandoned the mobile sacred space of nomads.

The temple maintained the distinction between outer and inner chambers initiated by the desert tabernacle. An outer porch, ten-cubits-square, opened on the forty by twenty-cubits Holy Place, where the main service took place. This led into the twenty cubits square Holy of Holies, the innermost chamber where the Ark of the Covenant was kept but no rites were performed. Two Cherubim with outstretched wings hovered over the ark, portraying the protective presence of God in the inner sanctuary.

The symbolism of this seventy-cubit-long temple, which reflected the composition of the universe as well as the nature of man, was recognized by the rabbis of the Talmud as well as Josephus. It was obviously designed as a three-stage passageway from the outer to the inner world. In the universe this transition is from ocean to land to heaven. In man it progresses from his feet, to his chest, to his head.

Two pillars stood in front of the temple, and between them the light streamed in each morning, for the entrance was oriented to the sun. They were variously interpreted as symbolizing the sun and moon, the pillars of cloud and fire, or endurance and continuity.

In the outer Holy Place, a square altar of brass represented the four corners of the earth, which was the source of food for the body of man. Within the Holy of Holies, the golden altar for incense symbolized the soul of man and its food.

While a table of shewbread consecrated human toil to the divine, a seven-branched candlestick symbolized the light of the seven planets, as well as the seven openings in the head of man.

This twofold symbolism uniting man and god in the temple was accepted even by the prophets and ascetic Essenes who criticized the conduct of the priesthood but did not reject the cult of the temple. Nevertheless, in 586 B.C. the temple lay in ruins and the nation was banished from its sacred land to Babylon.

This exile was only one in a series which had begun with the banishment of Adam and Eve from Eden. The cycles of spiritual exile alternating with redemption were externalized in the recurring banishment from and return to sacred space. Slowly the people adjusted to separation from land and temple by developing the synagogue which was a perennial place of worship cut off from any permanent attachment to the land. The religious wandering of the tabernacle in the desert was resurrected in the ubiquity of the synagogue and its wandering people.

The preservation of their sacred character was ensured by the tradition that the spirit of God, the Shechinah, had gone into exile with His people. It yearned for reunion with the divinity just as the Hebrews yearned to return to the sacred land, perpetually intoning, "Next year in Jerusalem."

But the failure of a Messiah to appear and attest the sacred character of their return only emphasized that land could no longer embrace man in a natural sanctity. His redemption from exile now required him to create his own inner space to let the sacred in, just as God, at the creation, had made room to let the world in.

The Hebrews who first found their God in special places and later saw Him everywhere, now ask themselves where is the place of the soul.



# As Lakes Reflect the Sky

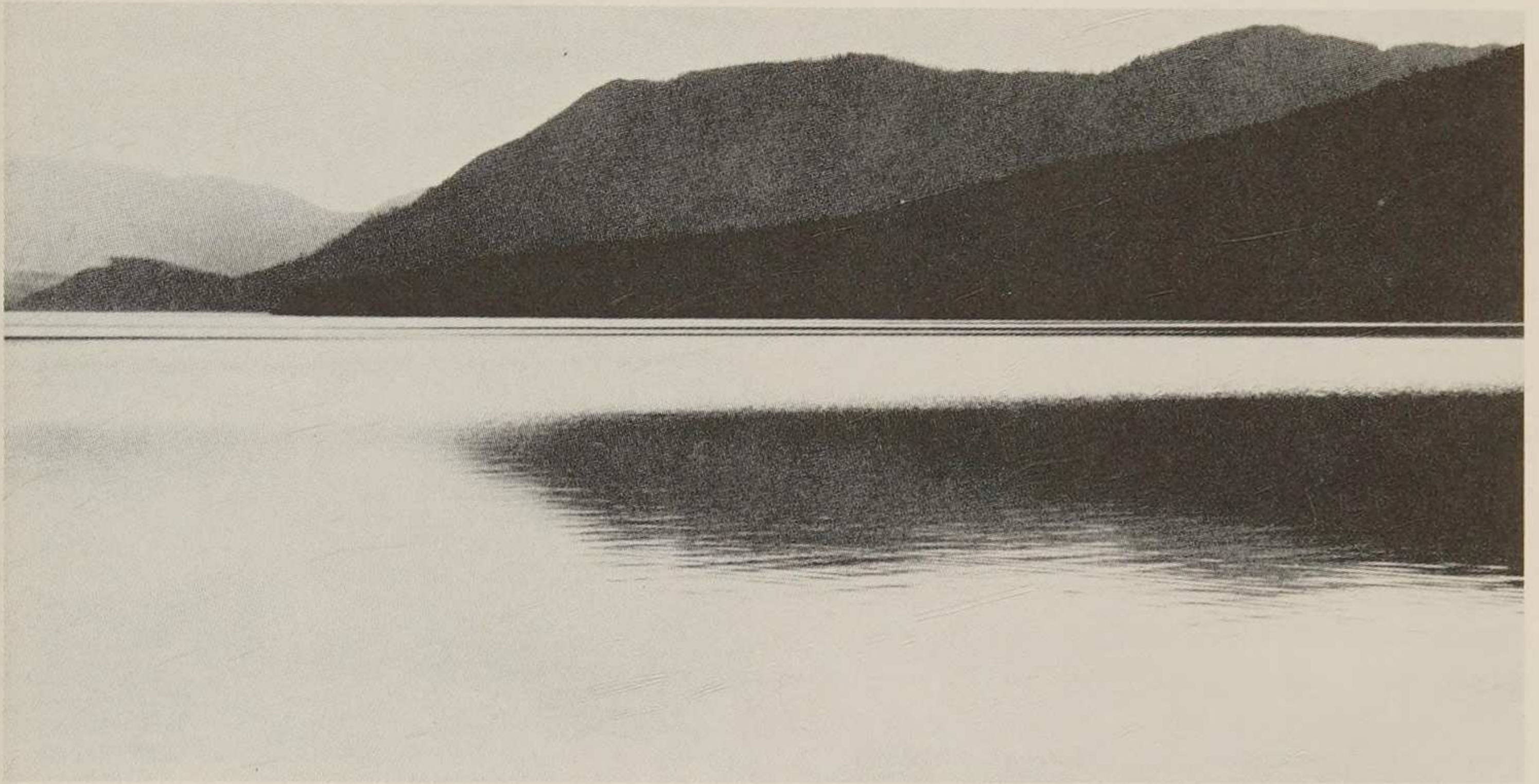
*By Richard Smithies*

---

Had I been born into what we deign to call a "primitive society," I might have been fortunate enough to have had an experiential introduction to "sacred space" at an early age. How deceitful is that nostalgia for another place, another time, another culture! Have there really not been times when the realization has come that where I am now, at this very moment, is special? This body is sacred ground when awareness of the presence filling it arises. It is a mystery where this awareness comes from. But there it is, and with it a certain respect for the contents of the vessel and its relationship with its surroundings. To be aware of this mystery is to ask a question, not only with the mind but with as much being as can be present.

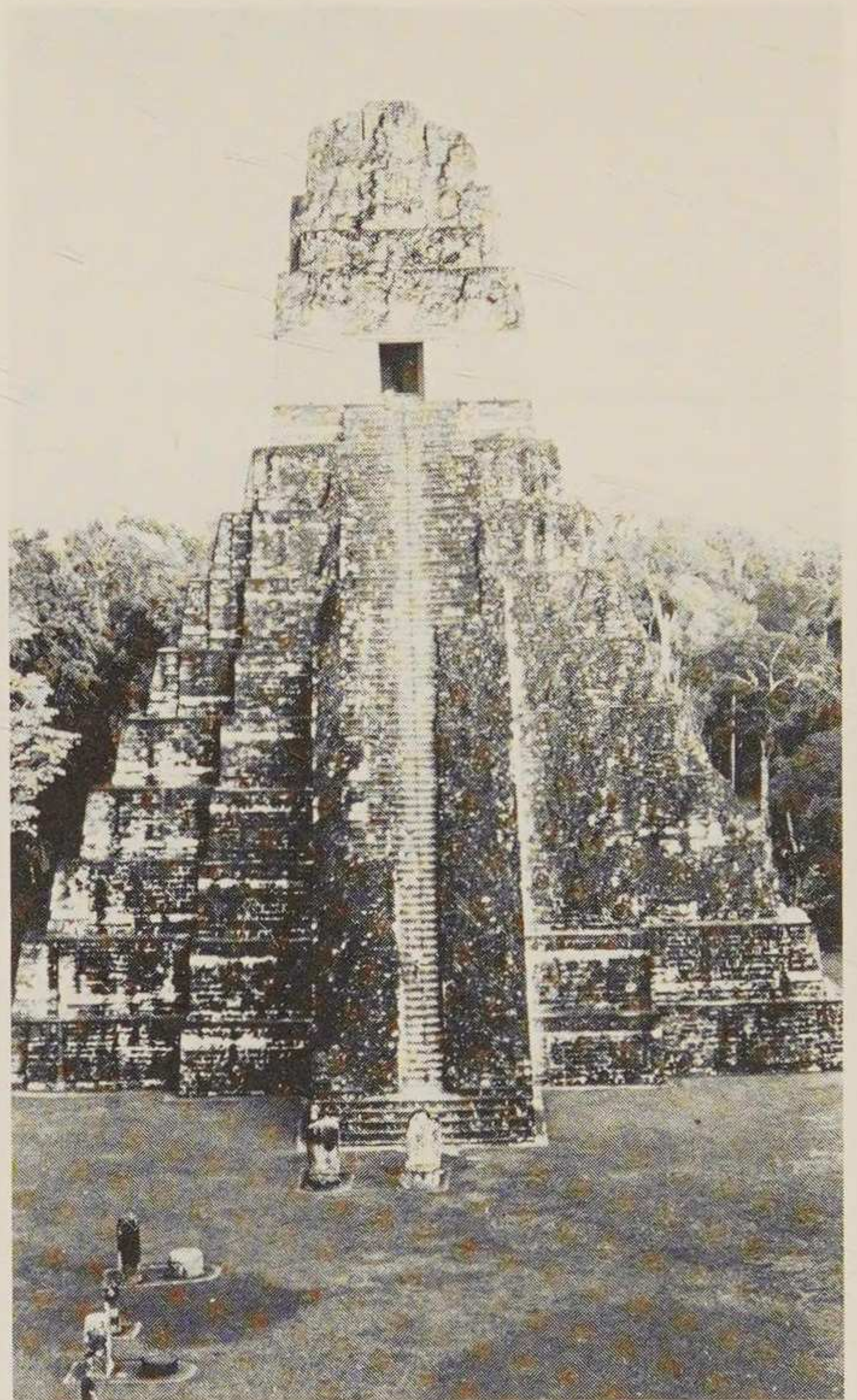
I was brought up to think of holy places and objects as being sacred, but for a long time these suggestions stayed in the mind alone. The first form of space that became sacred to my whole being was that of the door. How prosaic it was. Yet by becoming aware of the sensations that arose in passing through a door, a completely different way of experiencing space was made possible. Only then did I come to understand that form and space could be shaped to create definite sensations, to communicate knowledge. Of course that was obvious. Had I not read as much in the writings of such men as Mircea Eliade, Schwaller de Lubicz, René Guénon and Titus Burkhardt? But to experience this directly was a new discovery, a different kind of knowledge.

From the earliest times and in many different parts of the world, men have used the cave and mountain as forms to communicate a sense of the sacred and to communicate with the sacred. Ancient sacred architecture used these forms to fashion barrows and chambered tombs on the one hand, and pyramids or temple-mountains on the other. Any culture that built such structures holds a particular fascination for me. Much has been written on these cultures and on their architecture, and I do not intend to produce another learned *pot-pourri* to describe their significance. Rather it is my wish to describe the sensations of a modern man in some of these ancient sacred places.



To describe the cave, I choose the one which imparted the most vivid experience, in preference to others that might seem more appropriate because of their history, symbolism or the stories associated with them. The long barrow at West Kennet lies on a low hill near the great stone ring at Avebury in southern England. In the valley across the River Kennet stands the imposing man-made earth mound of Silbury Hill. This was once some of the most sacred ground in England.

I enter the barrow through a gap in the great stones that shield the entrance. There is almost no light. Despite my preparation for this experience, I am afraid. I inch my way to the back of the barrow. The dampness of the walls and the floor and the stale smell of the air heighten the feeling of strangeness. My mind, calm but a moment before, is now filled with the wildest imagination. I expect the stone by my foot to move and scurry into the darkness. I wait for some creature to fall from the ceiling. The only noise, however, is the soft whistling of the wind through the stones at the entrance and the sound of my own heart beating. It is too quiet. To reassure myself I call out to imagined beings in the dark chambers adjoining the passage. I try to reason with my body. I tell myself that there is nothing. But I am unable to control myself.



*Temple of the Jade Jaguar, Tikal Guatemala*

Feeling for the rearmost stone, I turn around, the stone at my back. There must be nothing unknown behind me. I lower myself to the floor and sit facing the entrance. I try not to look at the narrow shaft of light at the entrance. It is blinding. So I sit for some time, my emotions in complete control of me. I begin to feel the weight of the rocks around me, of the earth above. There is a feeling of compression. A picture of the skeletons found in the barrow appears in my mind. I try to return repeatedly to the physical sensation of my body, of just being here, now. And then, at some point, this great balloon of wild thoughts bursts and I begin to hear the deep quiet of the earth. In the darkness, it is difficult to sense where my body ends and the outside begins. Both inside and outside seem to merge. The entire force of the barrow seems to direct my attention inwards. Moments before I was like a great galaxy expanding madly in all directions, now I feel like a white dwarf, concentrated, a sensation of inner weight. After some time, I put out my hand and pull a stone free from the clay floor. I rise and walk slowly to the entrance, the fear and imagination gone. My body becomes more distinct in the light. I feel as though I am being squeezed out through the stones. Outside the sky is grey and the spring wheat moves in the wind.

Other caves, crypts and barrows in England, Crete and Central America evoked the same basic sequence of experiences, although differences in physical layout produced var-

iations on a theme. In a nutshell, they can be described as the experience of a new beginning, a mini-creation out of chaos.

If the cave can communicate the sensation of something small and distinct arising out of something large and indistinct, the pyramid or temple-mountain conveys the opposite feeling, the small giving birth to the large. If one connotes an inward-pointing process, the other is an outward-pointing one. The link is implicit in the Mayan word for temple-mountain, *actun*, which also means cave. One is the reverse image of the other, and each is related to the other, the cave in the mountain, the cave on the mountain.

Sit at the summit of the Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan, in Mexico, in the early morning before the visitors arrive. The first impression is one of sheer tranquility. The plain stretches away, flat, to the surrounding mountains. The bustling life of the world is reduced to insignificance, and what is important at that level becomes unimportant here. Coupled with the great peace to be felt at the top of the pyramid is an appreciation of the proper scale of man's endeavors. I feel like an ant atop Mount Everest. Nevertheless, I am an ant at the fulcrum between two worlds. Like a mountain thrust up by powerful geological forces, the pyramid seems to direct energy across its four faces to this point. These lines of force, made visible by the shape of the pyramid, extend through me to construct a vast, invisible, inverted pyramid extending into the sky without limits. The earth and the sky are great magnifying lenses that focus their energy here. For a moment there is a burning feeling of presence, of awareness. It is natural to conceive of such a place as a point of exchange between two different levels of existence, where something goes up and something else comes down. The name Teotihuacan means "City of the Gods." It is a long way down from the summit of the Temple of the Sun. Everyday life slowly grows again to its usual proportions.

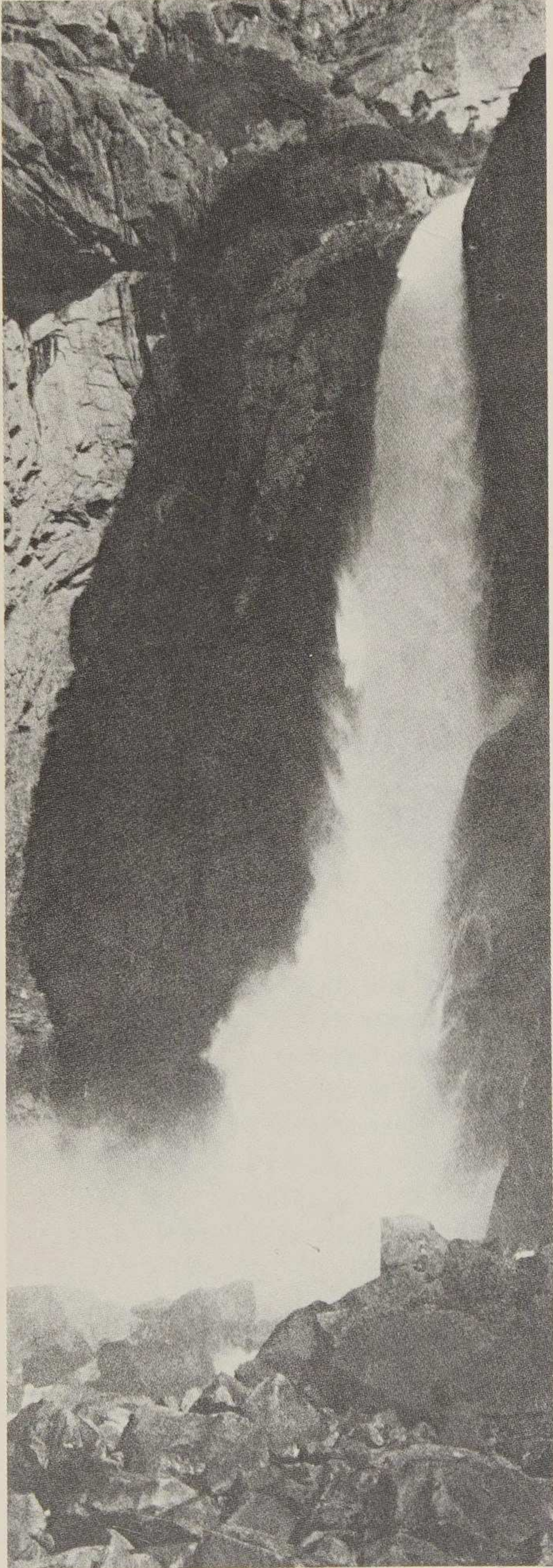
The words of the Mexican poet, Rosario Castellanos, say it all:

*Then silence happened,  
the silence that is born of water, foaming,  
Suddenly, it curdles into a looking-glass.  
So we grow quiet.  
We do the same as lakes to see the sky.*



# The Winds, the Waters and the Living Qi

By Andrew L. March



Chinese geomancy is a form of divination something like astrology except that it deals with the earth instead of the stars. In its simplest aspect it is the craft of selecting propitious locations for the abodes of the dead and the living. The geomancer reads landscapes to find places where the power of earth's "living qi" accumulates so that it may be tapped for human purposes. Most geomantic literature is about the details of landscape and good luck in the most mundane sense—wealth, high position, and numerous descendants. But like other forms of divination it has implications of deeper purposes.

A geomantic axiom of particular value for our own culture is that human experience at its root is one, rather than split into exclusive parts such as "intuitive" and "rational," and that the nonhuman world will not be found to contradict any part of experience. Thus the geology and botany of landscape, and its esthetic, psychological, economic, historical and other properties (as we would name them) are not antagonistic subjects but all express a unity that is at once the landscape and its human meaning. "August Heaven at bottom does not have two Ways."

The usual Chinese term for geomancy is *fengshui*, "wind (and) water": the best sites (goes the traditional explanation) are sheltered from wind and bounded by water. "Riding the wind, it scatters; bounded by water, it stays."

"It" is *qi* ("chee," also written *ch'i* or *ki*) familiar to many Americans today

through Chinese martial arts or medicine. *Qi*—"fragrant vapor, air, breath, energy, material force"—is as central in Chinese thought as "love" or "nature" in our own, as impossible to define fully, and as full of exasperating yet fruitful ambiguity. *Qi* is everywhere, in people as in things; it is as much the magnetism that moves the geomancer's compass needle, as the beauty of a scene that commands an artist's awe.

The statement about wind and water comes from the introduction to the standard original treatise on geomancy, the *Zangshu* or Burial Book of Quo Pu (276-324 A.D.). Geomancy is explained here in words repeatedly quoted by later authors:

*Burial is to ride upon living qi. Now the qi of yin and yang breathes forth as wind, ascends as cloud, falls as rain, and circulates within the earth as living qi. Living qi circulates within the earth, and issues to live in the myriad things.*

*The body is received from one's parents. When their bones strike this qi, their still living descendants receive a beneficent protection. . .*

*In its course within the earth the qi follows the landforms.*

That is to say, if parents' bones lie at a privileged spot revealed in the shape of the terrain, the living *qi* that animates nature will bring prosperity to their children.

The primary image of *qi* in landscape is the Dragon—not an evil fire-breathing creature like those slain by Beowulf and St. George, nor "that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan" of which the Book of Revelation tells. The Chinese Dragon stands for a vast, infinitely changeable, imperial natural power, generally good but potentially dangerous. It is a sign of the irreducible mystery behind the wish for a lucky break.

*The beginning and end of geomancy is nothing more than the layout of mountain ridges, and all the authorities are alike in referring to them as dragons. Why is this? Because none but the magic dragon can lie low or fly, and be big or small; and the earth's forms may rise to mountain heights or fall away to deep springs; they open wide to cover counties and to extend through subprefectures; they contract and are like a thread or a string. Is this not like a dragon? The magic dragon writhes and changes, unknowable in its subtle origins; and mountain ridges that have living qi will start to run east then suddenly turn west, or begin to run south then suddenly head north; you cannot pin them down—off they go in all directions. Surely nothing but the writhings of the magic dragon is an adequate figure of the mountain ridges' permutations. What does not resemble the permutations of the magic dragon does not realize the subtle geomantic essence.*



*Nine-Dragon scroll (detail)*

A dragon "marching" or "traveling" is too strong for human purposes and may cause fires or other bad results. The geomancer must find more sheltered places, where the force is stepped down to a human dimension and accumulated so that it may be safely employed. We might think of high-tension lines and transformer stations.

*The Dragon's march and stopping place are easy to espy.*

*When it marches, all the hills and waters seem to fly;*

*When it stops, it's just as if a man should lie or sit:*

*Encircling hills, embracing waters: here's the perfect fit.*

Geomancy has its own special vocabulary. A Cave (*xue*—the position of the grave or house) is at a Site (*ju*) ringed by a series of hills at various distances with water flowing among them, and is embraced by the two nearest of these as by a pair of arms, Green Dragon on the left and White Tiger on the right. Behind the Site the ground should be high, and in front low, with water. Close by the front is a low eminence, a kind of *repoussoir* (*an*); at a distance beyond it is a view of the Facing Mountain (*chaushan*). A person at the Cave should feel a sense of something special, an ease and comfortableness, which sceptical foreigners in China have often confirmed at geomantically chosen spots.

The principles and terms are multiplied to a bewildering degree: like most professionals, geomancers did not want their craft to be too easy. The many schools were divided between those that relied mainly on detailed readings of the compass (originally devised as an instrument of divination, not for navigation), and those stressing the visual interpretation of landscape shapes. They made their analyses largely by means of *yin* and *yang*, the Five Phases and other commonplaces of traditional Chinese thought.

*Yin* and *yang*, the female and male principles, applied as well to dark and light, low and high, wet and dry, passive and active and so forth, not without contradictions: thus streams, wet and low though they are, might be dubbed *yang* because of their motion among the still mountains. A sexual imagery that emphasizes procreation rather than pleasure is one of the main expressions of the wish to capture the alien Dragon power for human purposes.

*Essentially, when mountain and water join, coupling as male and female, they blend and form a Site. Mountain and water are male and female... If the Dragon curls left, the water has to curl right; if the Dragon curls right, the water has to curl left; the two embrace each other, and only then does a Cave come to fruition.*

It is clear that a good Cave is a womb, pregnant with good fortune for families that have it as home or grave. Geomancy is full of allusions to kinship and reproduction: the high-

est mountain of a region, dominating the whole local Dragon system, is called *taizu*, "Grand Progenitor," typically a wilderness where "human forces do not reach." A high bump along a Marching Dragon is *taizong*, "Grand Ancestor." Other common terms refer to parents, embryos, milky breasts, and so forth.

The Five Phases (*wu xing*, often translated Five Elements or Agents) are Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, Earth. They are used as a classification for colors, tastes, planets, directions, musical notes, internal organs of the body, and many other things. In geomancy they are landscape shapes: Metal is rounded, Wood high and flat on top, Water wavy and irregular, Fire pointed, Earth flat and squared off. None is ideal alone. Metal is valor, loyalty, righteousness or stubbornness. It needs Fire to smelt it, and Water to make it yield descendants. Wood with Water indicates rank and fame, but alone is stupidity; askew, it is criminality. Water goes with cleverness and magnanimity but unchecked means profligacy and dissipation. Fire is ambition, bad luck by itself; but Fiery peaks rising over Earth or Metal augur high position, civil or military respectively. Earth brings substance and progeny, but rural idiocy. There are many other combinations. All the Five together, surrounding a Site each at its corresponding compass point, signify inexhaustible good fortune.



water



fire



wood



metal



earth

Some geomancy uses the Eight Trigrams from the *Book of Changes*, or numerological systems we need not detail. The resemblances of rocks, hills, or buildings to drums, bells, writing brushes, animals or flowers, Chinese characters or old-fashioned official hats are taken into account. A Chinese living in New York, the son of a geomancer, told me that the reason the United Nations couldn't accomplish anything was that the UN building looks like a gravestone.

A careful geomancer will study not just the landforms and the compass directions, but the colors and composition of rocks and soil, qualities of vegetation, and the sound, smell, and taste of the waters. The valence of Sites may change with time, waxing and waning with calendrical sequences. Not only dwellings but whole cities and regions have their own geomantic fates. Wang Shixing, a sixteenth century scholar, wrote an essay on the rise and fall of the different regions of China through history on geomantic principles, predicting (more or less correctly) that the Southwest had its major flowering still ahead of it.

Preoccupation with worldly prosperity did not efface the experience of landscape for its own sake, and this remains the freshest aspect of geomancy. Recognition of an authentic Cave depended on a special vision, a second sight that could not be reduced to rules.

*At a true Cave ... there is a touch of magic light. How so,*

*magic? It can be understood intuitively, but not conveyed in words. The hills are fair, the waters fine, the sun handsome, the breeze mild; and the sky has a new light: another world. Amid confusion, peace; amid peace, a festive air. Upon coming into its presence, one's eyes are opened; if one sits or lies, one's heart is joyful. Here the qi gathers, and the essence collects. Light shines in the middle, and magic goes out on all sides. Above or below, to right or to left, it is not thus. No greater than a finger, no more than a spoonful; like a dewdrop, like a pearl, like the moon through a crack, like the reflection in a mirror. Play with it, and it is as if you can catch it; put it off, and it cannot be got rid of. Try to understand! it is hard to describe.*

This immediacy of the Living *qi* is the final seal of validity in geomancy, for which there is no substitute; it supersedes all the detailed techniques, the Five Phases, the *yin* and the *yang*, and so forth. "All the multifarious methods were devised for no other purpose than to seek out the Living *qi*; when the Living *qi* is found, there is no longer the least need to discuss methods." This experience, clearly carrying with it joy and insight "impossible to express in words," must have been more important to some geomancers than prosaic fortune-telling about wealth and fame.

The power that gathers at a true Cave, thus intuitively realized, comes

from higher and wilder landscapes that do not themselves offer good Caves.

*Humans and spirits have different ways. There are proper places for altars and temples. They are not impaired by solitary mountains or rushing waters, or spoiled by malign forms exposed, nor gloomy crags. Such places are magically efficacious dwellings for spirits, but not for humans.*

This is the territory of a Grand Progenitor where Marching Dragons begin: high, steep, remote, often covered with cloud or snow. Human beings do not come here for wealth and fame, to live or to bury their dead. But raw geomantic power originates in such places, and they were sought not by careerists, solid citizens, and family people, but by monks and hermits, painters and poets.

The conscientious geomancer must not spare himself in his explorations by land or water to form an exact mental map of the main Dragon and its branches. He must learn the connections between the high, far-off, dramatic Grand Progenitor and the comfortable local smaller-scale landscapes where useful Caves are to be found. Only then will he give valid readings, choosing Caves that can transform the alien Dragon power into manageable condition for mundane human purposes. He is like the ancient shamans and feathered immortals of Chinese tradition, who could soar over huge spaces in their dream visions and see human and wild landscapes in their true perspectives.

There is a geomancy of the human body that parallels that of the landscape. *Qi* flows along *yin* and *yang* paths and among the organs, each of which belongs to one of the Five Phases. Points where the *qi* is accessible to the surface are Caves (*xue*): these are the acupuncture points. As landscape forms frequently are referred to the human body (arms, breasts, etc.), so many of these points have landscape names: Bubbling Spring, Pond of the Winds, Ocean Bottom, Joined Valleys. Such correspondences were a familiar part of Chinese mythology—earth is flesh, rock bone, plants hair and water blood. Taoist works talk of cavities in the body where gods live, corresponding in the landscape with an underground system of intercommunicating mountain caverns, the abodes of Taoist Saints or Immortals of old. The diagnosis and prognosis of disease are a kind of divination, and an acupuncturist knows he has found the correct location of a Cave point when not only the patient but he himself feels a tingle of energy—when he "strikes the *qi*" (*de qi*).

Diet, exercises, and mental disciplines strengthen and control the flow of *qi* in the body. These practices however should lead not only to health but eventually to enlightenment. As in geomancy, the goal is symbolized by the mating of *yin* and *yang*, Dragon and Tiger, but at a point in the abdomen below the navel. "Exhale," says a typical passage on meditative breathing, "and the Dragon moans and clouds arise; inhale, and the Tiger howls and the wind blows." The mystical embryo that comes from this union, though, is no worldly prosperity but a person's liberated, enlightened, immortal new self.

Taoist physicians tried to lure people past anxiety about impotency, pain, and death to grow into Sages and Saints. Geomancy is made of the

same ideas and must have shared this purpose.

Chinese geomancy has an appeal today like other occult traditions that seem to promise a healing of alienated and divided minds. I doubt if it could ever be domesticated as the *Book of Changes* has been in recent years but there is something of the same potential: an exotic Eastern authority that seems to spit in the eye of our popular-science culture with all its undeniable shortcomings and injustices.

Many of the theories and explanations of geomancy (and of the *Book of Changes*), formed in a society very different from ours, must do violence to our minds and feelings. We should not try to force a belief in *yin* and *yang*, the Five Phases, and the Eight Trigrams—we are better off with subatomic particles and the electro-magnetic spectrum. America does not need another sort of fortune-telling superstition which would set people to vying for the best house and grave sites, guaranteed as cornucopias of love, success and money.

But the deeper perspectives of geomancy—the gentle appreciation of places; the disciplined blending of psyche and landscape; the bold imagery of extra-human experience—are as fresh and appropriate as ever.



# ARCS

## Thoughts on Sacred Space

*And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.*

*And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.*

*And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.*

*And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;*

*And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.*

*And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.*

*And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.*

*And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.*

*And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.*

*And he called the name of that place Bethel: but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.*

*And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on,*

*So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God:*

*And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.*

Genesis 28: 10-22



In the context of our lives, "building" means constructing a house of God. It has this meaning even when we are not speaking of a temple or a church. House or city, in the same way as temple, is the bearer of a divine power, which is fixed in a particular place through the act of building. The boundary which separates the building site from the rest of the world is thus one of the most important constituents of primitive architecture. Whatever lies outside offers no security, is surrendered to all powers. The power which is known, and for which a house is built, resides within. The ancient Roman *pomoerium* is the holy boundary of the city, indicating the house of sovereignty of the gods. The ancient Germanic enclosure (*Einfriedung*) is a guarantee of peace (*Frieden*), with its boundary a boundary of power. Even today, the British Queen must beg entrance from the authorities of the City of London at the Temple Bar.

It is thus of greatest importance that house and city have the proper location, that is, a location which corresponds to the conditions of power. Upon this axiom rest the science of "orientation," which occupied so much space in ancient culture and was also determinative for the building of a Christian church. A specific point is chosen to provide direction, forming the focus of holy power. This can lie in the heavens and be the point of ascension of a star: or it can be a sign of the zodiac and stand in connection with the rising or setting of the sun; it can also be a holy place on earth, Jerusalem or Mecca.

Power actually resides in the house... A house is an enclosure of power. The oldest houses are the dance houses in which the power of motion is fixed. Older still are the enclosed dancing grounds, such as the Maga in ancient Iran, where ecstatic singers and dancers assembled, developing their powers in the "closed circle." After dancing ground and dance house follows the temple. In undifferentiated life, a house is a temple in which the holy power of the family or clan resides. Churches were originally dwellings; temples likewise. The Japanese Shinto temples developed out of the primitive dwelling hut, the Roman temples from round peasant huts made of straw. They became houses which belonged only to God, later to fall to the status of places for prayer or instruction, such as the synagogue or Japanese Zen temple, which are really schools. In ancient Egypt, temple hymns were sung in which the opening of the temple doors was represented as an opening of heaven and earth. The temple as house of God has existed since the beginning. In Babylon, hymns of creation were sung at the consecration of the temple, and yet today, in Roman Catholic worship, Psalm twenty-four, which begins with the praise of God in creation, is the psalm for the consecration of a church.

*Gerardus van der Leeuw*<sup>1</sup>



---

"And every part of the City is fourfold & every inhabitant,  
fourfold.

And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the  
houses,

And every house, fourfold."

*William Blake, "Jerusalem"*<sup>2</sup>

---

Here I must say, a little anyhow: what I can hardly hope to bear out in the record: that a house of simple people which stands empty and silent in the vast Southern country morning sunlight, and everything which on this morning in eternal space it by chance contains, all thus left open and defenseless to a reverent and cold-laboring spy, shines quietly forth such grandeur, such sorrowful holiness of its exactitudes in existence, as no human consciousness shall ever rightly perceive, far less impart to another: that there can be more beauty and more deep wonder in the standing and spacings of mute furnishings on a bare floor between the squaring bourns of walls than in any music ever made: that this square home, as it stands in unshadowed earth between the winding years of heaven, is, not to me but of itself, one among the serene and final, uncapturable beauties of existence: that this beauty is made between hurt but invincible nature and the plainest cruelties and needs of human existence in this uncured time, and is inextricable among these, and as impossible without them as a saint born in paradise.

*James Agee*<sup>3</sup>

---

Exactly like the city or the sanctuary, the house is sanctified, in whole or in part, by a cosmological symbolism or ritual. This is why settling somewhere—by building a village or merely a house—represents a serious decision, for the very existence of man is involved; he must, in short, create his own world and assume the responsibility of maintaining and renewing it. Habitations are not lightly changed, for it is not easy to abandon one's world. The house is not an object, a "machine to live in"; *it is the universe that man constructs for him-*

*self by imitating the paradigmatic creation of the gods, the cosmogony.* Every construction and every inauguration of a new building are in some measure equivalent to a new beginning, a new life. And every beginning repeats the primordial beginning, when the universe first saw the light of day. Even in modern societies, with their high degree of desacralization, the festivity and rejoicing that accompany settling in a new house still preserve the memory of the festive exuberance that, long ago, marked the *incipit vita nova*.  
*Mircea Eliade*<sup>4</sup>

---

Feeling the impulse toward wholeness, man applies it to all that he does. It motivates his thoughts, permeates his activities, and resides in all that he constructs. In his dwellings, as in those of most of the "primitive," pre-industrial world, there is a place, an altar, a fire, a stone that is the center, not only of the house or dwelling, but also of the entire cosmos. This is no inherent contradiction, for we are dealing with what is essentially a *sacred* principle, or a sacred state of consciousness in which all beings and all things are realized equally as emanations of One Divine Whole. Sacred consciousness, of which the Mandala is a structural model, conforms to the Hermetic statement, "God is an intelligent sphere whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere."

*José and Miriam Argüelles*<sup>5</sup>

---

The chief priest, Kablaya, prayed:

"O Grandfather, *Wakan-Tanka*, I shall now make this Your sacred place. In making this altar, all the birds of the air and all creatures of the earth will rejoice, and they will come from all directions to behold it! All the generations of my people will rejoice! This place will be the center of the paths of the four great Powers. The dawn of the day will see this holy place! When Your Light approaches, O *Wakan-Tanka*, all that moves in the universe will rejoice!"

A pinch of the purified earth was offered above and to the ground and was then placed at the center of the sacred place. Another pinch of earth was offered to the west, north, east, and south and was placed at the west of the circle. In the same manner, earth was placed at the other three directions, and then it was spread evenly all around within the circle. This earth represents the two-leggeds, the four-leggeds, the wingeds, and really all that moves, and all that is in the universe. Upon this sacred place Kablaya then began to construct the altar. He first took up a stick, pointed it to the six directions, and then, bringing it down, he made a small circle at the center; and this we understand to be the home of *Wakan-Tanka*. Again, after pointing the stick to the six directions, Kablaya made a mark starting from the west and leading to the edge of the circle. In the same manner he drew a line from the east to the edge of the circle, from the north to the circle, and from the south to the circle. By constructing the altar in this manner, we see that everything leads into, or returns to, the center; and this center, which is here, but which we know is really everywhere is *Wakan-Tanka*.

*Black Elk*<sup>6</sup>



Woman's presence made itself felt in every part of the village: not least in its physical structures, with their protective enclosures, whose further symbolic meanings psychoanalysis has now tardily brought to light. Security, receptivity, enclosure, nurture—these functions belong to woman; and they take structural expression in every part of the village, in the house and in the oven, the byre and the bin, the cistern, the storage pit, the granary, and from there pass on to the city, in the wall and the moat, and all inner spaces, from the atrium to the cloister. House and village, eventually the town itself, are woman writ large. If this seems a wild psychoanalytic conjecture, the ancient Egyptians stand ready to vouch for the identification. In Egyptian hieroglyphics, "house" or "town" may stand as symbols for "mother," as if to confirm the similarity of the individual and the collective nurturing function. In line with this, the more primitive structures—houses, rooms, tombs—are usually round ones: like the original bowl described in Greek myth, which was modelled on Aphrodite's breast. *Lewis Mumford*<sup>7</sup>

---

In the early morning, however, he set up a test for me; he put forth a problem without giving me any clues to its solution: to find a beneficial place or spot in the area right in front of his door where we always sat to talk, a spot where I could allegedly feel perfectly happy and invigorated. During the course of the night, while I attempted to find the "spot" by rolling on the ground, I twice detected a change of coloration on the uniformly dark dirt floor of the designated area.

The problem exhausted me and I fell asleep on one of the places where I had detected the change in color. In the morning don Juan woke me up and announced that I had had a very successful experience. Not only had I found the beneficial spot I was looking for, but I had also found its opposite, an enemy or negative spot and the colors associated with both.

*Carlos Castaneda*<sup>8</sup>

---

Man has been truly termed a "Microcosm," or little world in himself, and the structure of his body should be studied not only by those who wish to become doctors, but by those who wish to attain a more intimate knowledge of God.  
*Al-Ghazâlî*

---

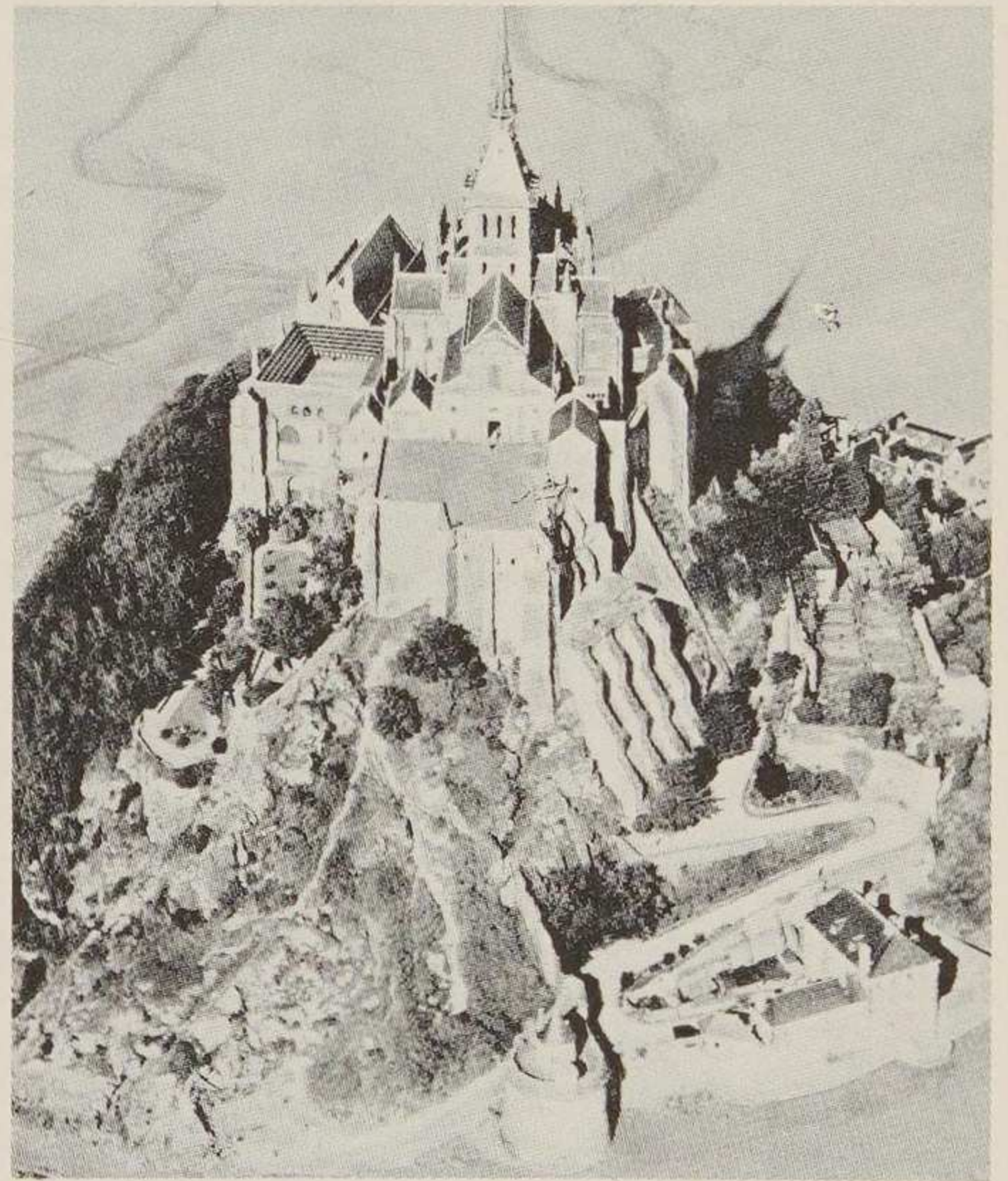
*He carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.*

*Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;....*

*And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof....*

*And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.*

Revelation



---

When the Holy One, blessed be He, commanded Moses to make the tabernacle, Moses was perplexed; "Surely the Divine Presence fills the heavens and the earth; am I to contain it within the confines of a tabernacle?" Said the Holy One, blessed be He, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts, but erect for me a structure, twenty boards to the north, twenty boards to the south and eight boards to the west, and I will descend and contain my presence within their bounds."

*Midrash*

---

*By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.*

*We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.*

*For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.*

*How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?*

*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.*

*If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.*

Psalm 137

---

We as sensitized matter, perform the miracle of sanctifying that which we behold, but we also mismanage our power when we work in our "equipment yards" where reverence is conspicuously absent. The sacred space is where reverence constructs the future more and better than where reverence sings nostalgia for the past. The Gothic masterpiece is as much a successful challenge to the stony and brute nature of physical reality as it is a hymn to the Father God.  
*Paolo Soleri*

---

Granted a Church, St. Thomas's was the most expressive that man has made and the great Gothic cathedrals were its most complete expression.

Perhaps the best proof of this is their apparent instability. Of all the elaborate symbolism that has been suggested by the Gothic cathedral, the most vital and most perfect may be that the slender nervure, the springing motion of the broken arch, the leap downwards of the flying buttress—the visible effort to throw off a visible strain—never lets us forget that Faith alone supports it, and that, if Faith fails, Heaven is lost. The equilibrium is visibly delicate beyond the line of safety; danger lurks in every stone. The peril of the heavy tower, of the restless vault, of the vagrant buttress; the uncertainty of logic, the inequalities of the syllogism, the irregularities of the mental mirror—all these haunting nightmares of the Church were expressed as strongly by the Gothic cathedral as though it had been the cry of human suffering, and as no emotion had ever been expressed before or is likely to find expression again. The delight of its aspirations is flung up to the sky. The path of its self-distrust and anguish of doubt is buried in the earth as its last secret. You can read out of it whatever else pleases your youth and confidence; to me, this is all.  
*Henry Adams*<sup>9</sup>

---

There are, said Barres, places where one breathes in spirit, places where a man can steep himself in it, or, if you prefer, where he quickens the sense of the divine in himself. This is the greatest gift of Earth and Heaven to man.

Among the ancients, man was truly man only when his spiritual faculties were awakened. This could come about by inward grace, by asceticism, by rhythmic or somatic spell; but a place apart has always been reserved for the awakening acquired by terrestrial action in places of pilgrimage; ancient and modern being generally, normally, the same. More sensitive than we to the action and properties of natural forces, the ancients knew such places much better than we do and if we want to find them again we are reduced to searching among the clues they left, megaliths, dolmens or temples.

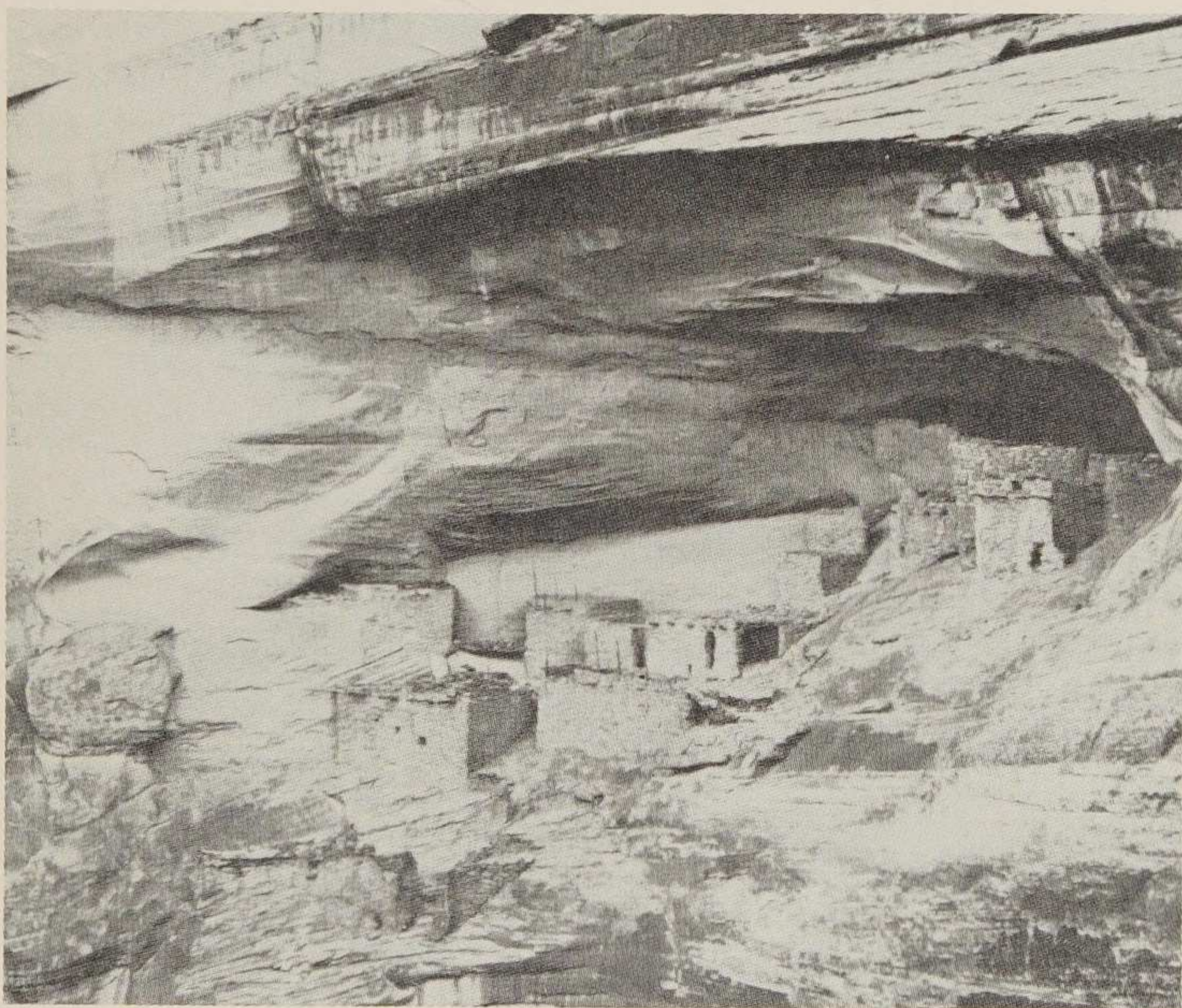
*Louis Charpentier*<sup>10</sup>

---

Far up above me... set in a great cavern in the face of the cliff, I saw a little city of stone asleep. It was as still as sculpture—and something like that. It all hung together, seemed to have a kind of composition: pale little houses of stone nestling close to one another, perched on top of each other, with flat roofs, narrow windows, straight walls...

In sunlight it was the colour of winter oak-leaves.... Such silence and stillness and repose—immortal repose. That village sat looking down into the canyon with the calmness of eternity.... I had come upon the city of some extinct civilization, hidden away in this inaccessible mesa for centuries, preserved in the dry air and almost perpetual sunlight like a fly in amber, guarded by the cliffs and the river and the desert.

*Willa Cather, The Professor's House*



---

*Song of the Sky Loom*

*O our Mother the Earth, O our Father the Sky,  
Your children are we, and with tired backs  
We bring you the gifts that you love.  
Then weave for us a garment of brightness;  
May the warp be the white light of morning,  
May the weft be the red light of evening,  
May the fringes be the falling rain,  
May the border be the standing rainbow.  
Thus weave for us a garment of brightness  
That we may walk fittingly where grass is green,  
O our Mother the Earth, O our Father the Sky!  
Tewa Pueblo<sup>11</sup>*

---

...Say, you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries—stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region. Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

*Herman Melville, Moby Dick*

---

In spite of using terms like empty and void, the Eastern sages make it clear that they do not mean ordinary emptiness when they talk about *Brahman*, *Sunyato* or *Tao*, but, on the contrary, a Void which has an infinite creative potential. Thus, the Void of the Eastern mystics can easily be compared to the quantum field of subatomic physics. Like the quantum field, it gives birth to an infinite variety of forms which it sustains and, eventually reabsorbs. As the *Upanishads* say,

*Tranquil, let one worship It  
As that from which he came forth,  
As that into which he will be dissolved,  
As that in which he breathes.*

The phenomenal manifestations of the mystical Void, like the subatomic particles, are not static and permanent, but dynamic and transitory, coming into being and vanishing in one ceaseless dance of movement and energy. As Chang Tsai says,

*The Great Void cannot but consist of ch'i; this ch'i cannot but condense to form all things; and these things cannot but become dispersed so as to form (once more) the Great Void.*

Fritjof Capra<sup>12</sup>

---

*Thirty spokes unite in one nave,  
And because of the space between the spokes, we have  
the use of the wheel.*

*Clay is moulded into vessels,  
And because of the space where nothing exists we are  
able to use them as vessels.*

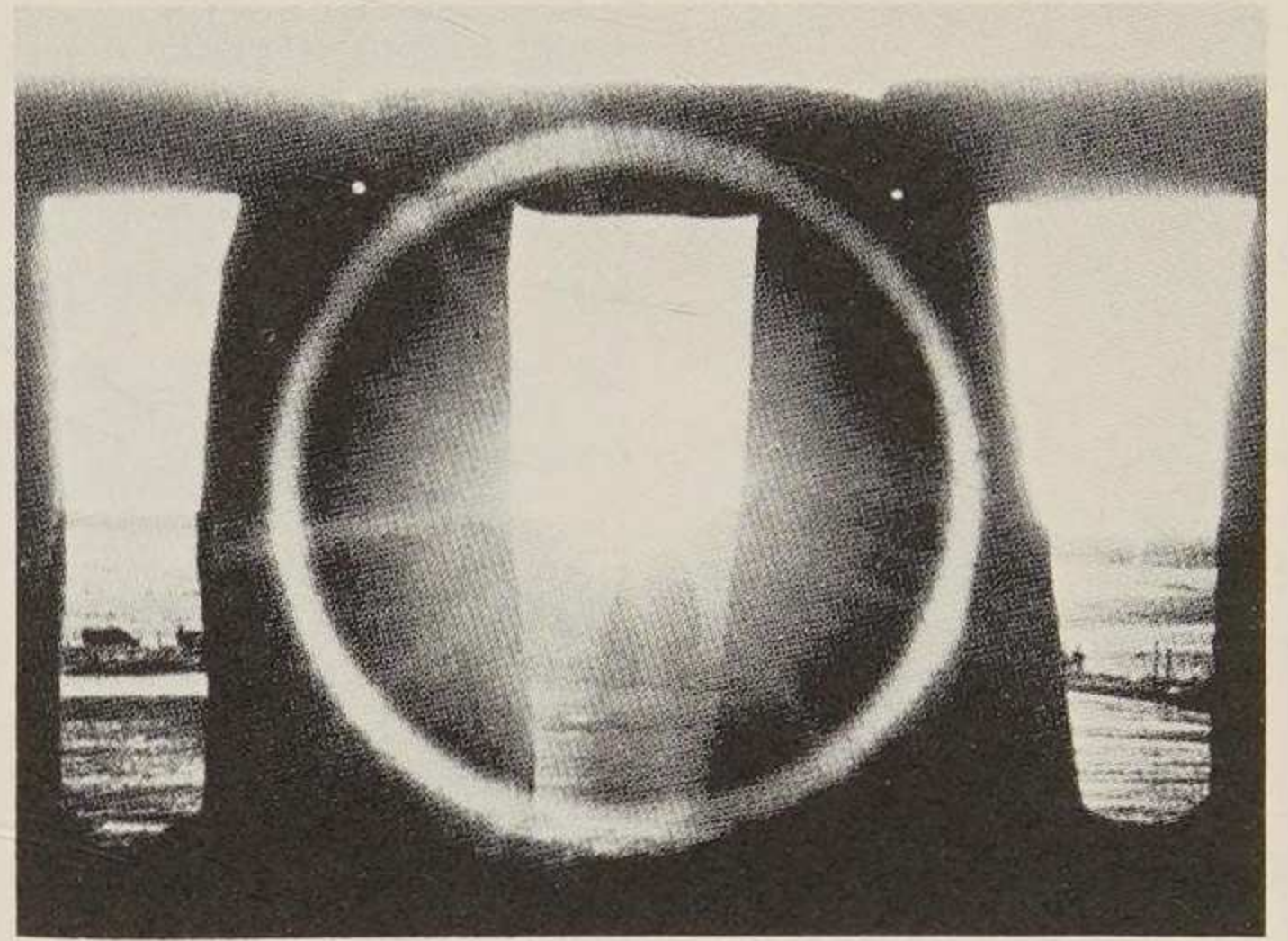
*Doors and windows are cut in the walls of a house,  
And because of the space which is empty, we are able  
to use them.*

Tao Te Ching

---

*At the still point of the turning  
world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;  
Neither from nor towards; at the still  
point, there the dance is,  
But neither arrest nor movement.  
And do not call it fixity,  
Where past and future are gathered.  
Neither movement from nor towards  
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for  
the point, the still point,  
There would be no dance, and there is  
only the dance.*

T.S. Eliot, "Burnt Norton"<sup>13</sup>



---

The high places of Dravidia have been land since land began, and have seen on the one side the sinking of a continent that joined them to Africa, and on the other the upheaval of the Himalayas from a sea. They are older than anything in the world. No water has ever covered them, and the sun who has watched them for countless aeons may still discern in their outlines forms that were his before our globe was torn from his bosom. If flesh of the sun's flesh is to be touched anywhere, it is here, among the incredible antiquity of these hills...

...There is something unspeakable in these outposts. They are like nothing else in the world, and a glimpse of them makes the breath catch. They rise abruptly, insanely, without the proportion that is kept by the wildest hills elsewhere, they bear no relation to anything dreamt or seen. To call them "uncanny" suggests ghosts, and they are older than all spirit. Hinduism has scratched and plastered a few rocks, but the shrines are unfrequented, as if pilgrims, who generally seek the extraordinary, had here found too much of it. Some saddhus did once settle in a cave, but they were smoked out, and even Buddha, who must have passed this way down to the Bo Tree of Gya, shunned a renunciation more complete than his own, and has left no legend of struggle or victory in the Marabar.

E.M. Forster<sup>14</sup>

---

*God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.*

*Therefore, will we not fear,  
though the earth be removed, and  
though the mountains be carried  
into the midst of the sea;*

*Though the waters thereof roar  
and be troubled, though the moun-  
tains shake with the swelling  
thereof. Selah.*

*There is a river, the streams  
whereof shall make glad the city  
of God, the holy place of the  
tabernacles of the most High.*

*God is in the midst of her; she  
shall not be moved: God shall  
help her, and that right early.*

Psalm 46

---

*The earth is the Lord's, and  
the fulness thereof; the world, and  
they that dwell therein.*

*For he hath founded it upon the  
seas, and established it upon the  
floods.*

*Who shall ascend into the hill  
of the Lord? or who shall stand  
in his holy place?*

*He that hath clean hands, and  
a pure heart; who hath not lifted  
up his soul unto vanity, nor  
sworn deceitfully.*

*He shall receive the blessing  
from the Lord, and righteousness  
from the God of his salvation.*

Psalm 25

---

One light is left us: the beauty of things, not men;  
The immense beauty of the world, not the human  
world.

Look—and without imagination, desire nor dream—  
directly

At the mountains and sea. Are they not beautiful?  
These plunging promontories and flame-shaped peaks  
Stopping the somber stupendous glory, the storm-fed  
ocean?

Look at the Lobos Rocks off the shore,  
With foam flying at their flanks, and the long sea-  
lions

Couching on them. Look at the gulls on the cliff-wind,  
And the soaring hawk under the cloud-stream—  
But in the sagebrush desert, all one sun-stricken  
Color of dust, or in the reeking tropical rain-forest,  
Or in the intolerant north and high thrones of ice—is  
the earth not beautiful?

Nor the great skies over the earth?

The beauty of things means virtue and value in them.  
It is in the beholder's eye, not the world? Certainly.  
It is the human mind's translation of the transhuman  
Intrinsic glory. It means that the world is sound,  
Whatever the sick microbe does. But he too is part of it.  
*Robinson Jeffers, "De Rerum Virtute"*<sup>15</sup>

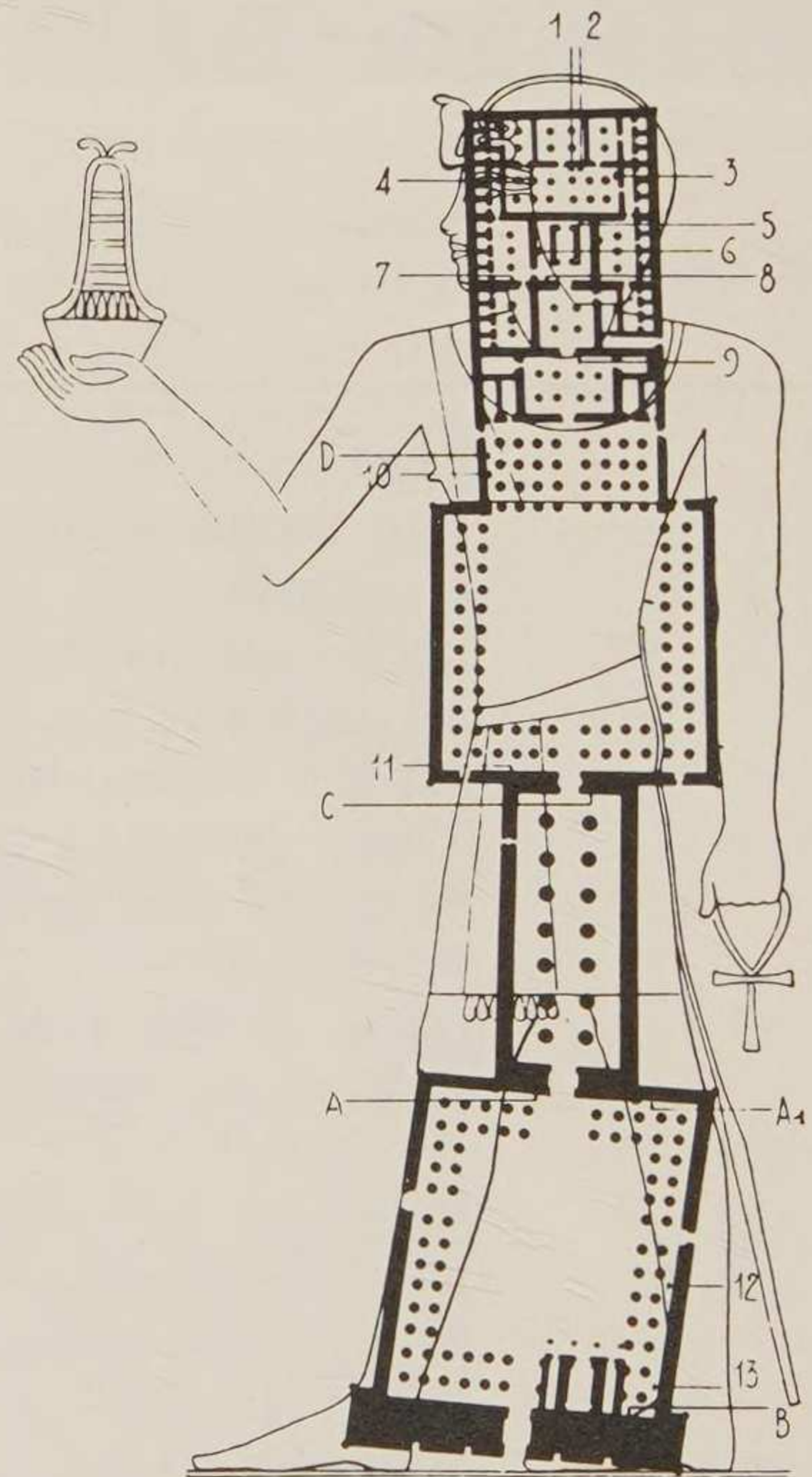
---

The unexplainable thing in nature that makes me feel the  
world is big far beyond my understanding—to understand  
maybe by trying to put it into form. To find the feeling of  
infinity on the horizon line or just over the next hill.

*Georgia O'Keeffe*<sup>16</sup>

I laugh when I hear that the fish in the water is  
 thirsty.  
 You don't grasp the fact that what is most alive of  
 all is inside your own house;  
 and so you walk from one holy city to the next with  
 a confused look!  
 Kabir will tell you the truth: go wherever you like, to  
 Calcutta or Tibet;  
 if you can't find where your soul is hidden,  
 for you the world will never be real!  
*Robert Bly*<sup>17</sup>

*Know ye not that ye are the temple  
 of God, and that the Spirit of God  
 dwelleth in you? If any man defile  
 the temple of God, him shall God  
 destroy; for the temple of God is holy,  
 which temple ye are.*  
 I Corinthians 3, 16-17



<sup>1</sup>Sacred and Profane Beauty, by Gerardus van der Leeuw (New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1963).

<sup>2</sup>Complete Writings of William Blake, edited by Geoffrey Keynes (New York: Oxford University Press, 1966).

<sup>3</sup>Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, by James Agee and Walker Evans (New York: Ballantine, 1974).

<sup>4</sup>Occultism, Witchcraft and Cultural Fashions, by Mircea Eliade (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1976).

<sup>5</sup>Mandala, by José and Miriam Argüelles (Boulder: Shambhala Publications, 1972).

<sup>6</sup>The Sacred Pipe, edited by Joseph Epes Brown (New York: Penguin, 1971).

<sup>7</sup>The City in History, by Lewis Mumford (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1968).

<sup>8</sup>Journey to Ixtlan, by Carlos Castaneda (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1972).

<sup>9</sup>Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, by Henry Adams (Garden City: Doubleday, 1955).

<sup>10</sup>The Mysteries of Chartres Cathedral, by Louis Charpentier (New York: Avon Books, 1972).

<sup>11</sup>Living Tradition of Maria Martinez, by Susan Peterson (New York: Kodansha International, 1977).

<sup>12</sup>The Tao of Physics, by Fritjof Capra (Boulder: Shambhala Publications, 1976).

<sup>13</sup>Complete Poems and Plays, by T.S. Eliot (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1952).

<sup>14</sup>A Passage to India, by E.M. Forster (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1965).

<sup>15</sup>Selected Poems, by Robinson Jeffers (New York: Random House, 1963).

<sup>16</sup>Georgia O'Keeffe, by Georgia O'Keeffe (New York: Viking Press, 1976).

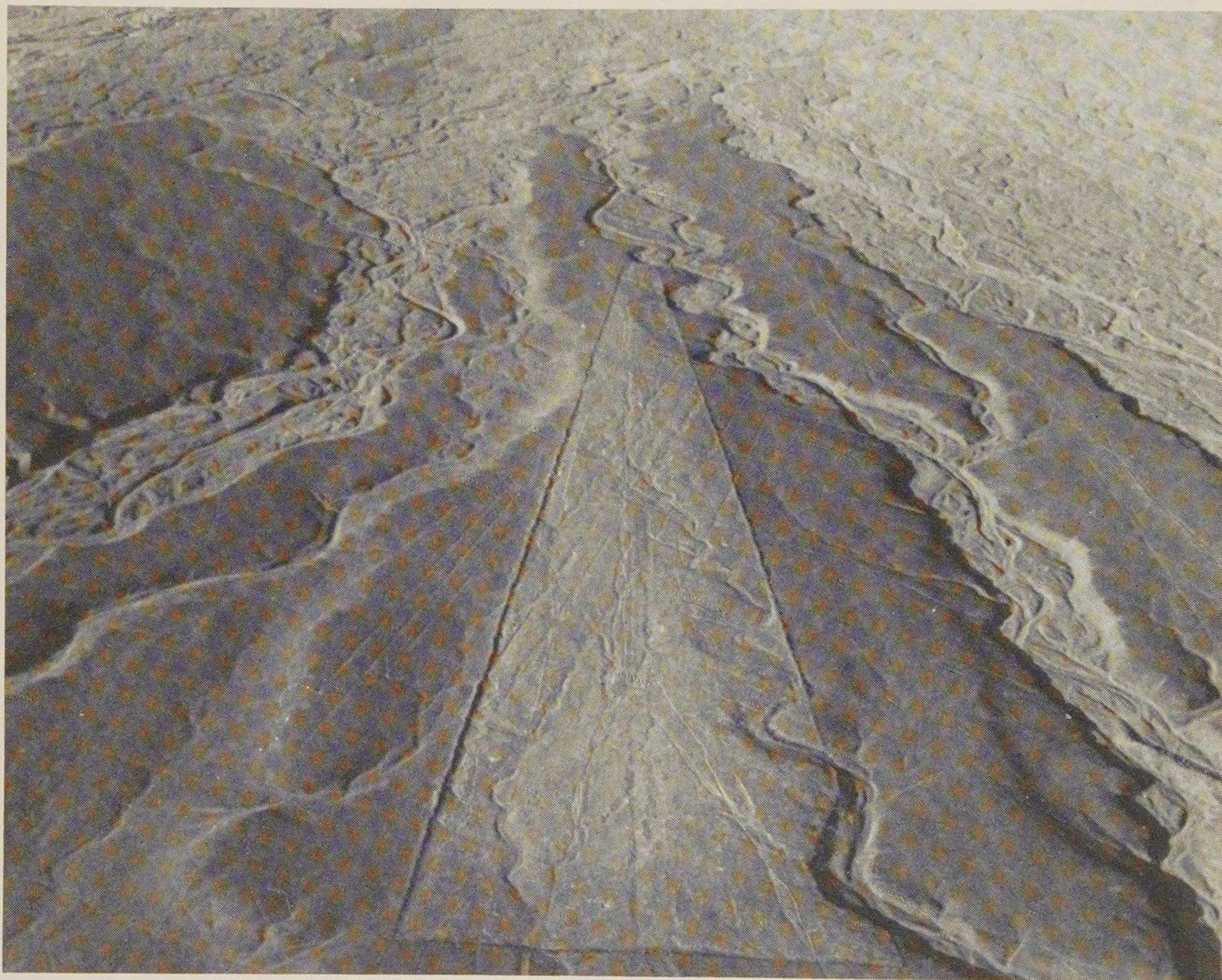
<sup>17</sup>The Kabir Book, by Robert Bly (Boston: Beacon Press, 1977).



# The Nazca Markings

*By Thomas Bridges*

---



*One of the so-called landing strips or geometric figures. It is over a mile long.*

On the arid, desolate Pampa de Ingenio in Peru, beginning, perhaps, around 500 B.C. and continuing for almost a thousand years "primitives" endured unbearable heat and monotonous labor to create what have become known as the Nazca Markings. The artists, who have been linked to a sedentary, agriculture-based culture that once occupied the fertile Nazca Valley, scraped and pushed away the fragmented rock covering of the pampa to expose the white alluvian undersurface, creating giant drawings of monkeys, lizards, whales, dogs, llamas, condors, hummingbirds, fish, insects, flowers, stylized humans and fantastic creatures of their imagination—over seventy-eight ground drawings often reaching dimensions of over a thousand feet.

They scratched out mysterious, colossal triangles, rectangles and trapezoids—geometrically perfect—that extend for miles over the thirty-mile desert plain; giant spirals, sometimes two hundred feet in diameter, coiling as if their makers were lost in the spell of a whirling dream; over fourteen hundred ruler-straight lines, some parallel, some zigzagging, some crisscrossing, some generating curious star-like patterns from centers of raised earth—and all stretching for miles until they are lost to sight, arrowing toward the barely visible Andes mountains in the far distance.

And they worked, probably hundreds of people at one time, striving always for accuracy of design, correcting mistakes, perfecting angles and curves with what must have been religious zeal, knowing (unless they flew?) that they would never see their creations—because the immense design complex is visible only from the air.

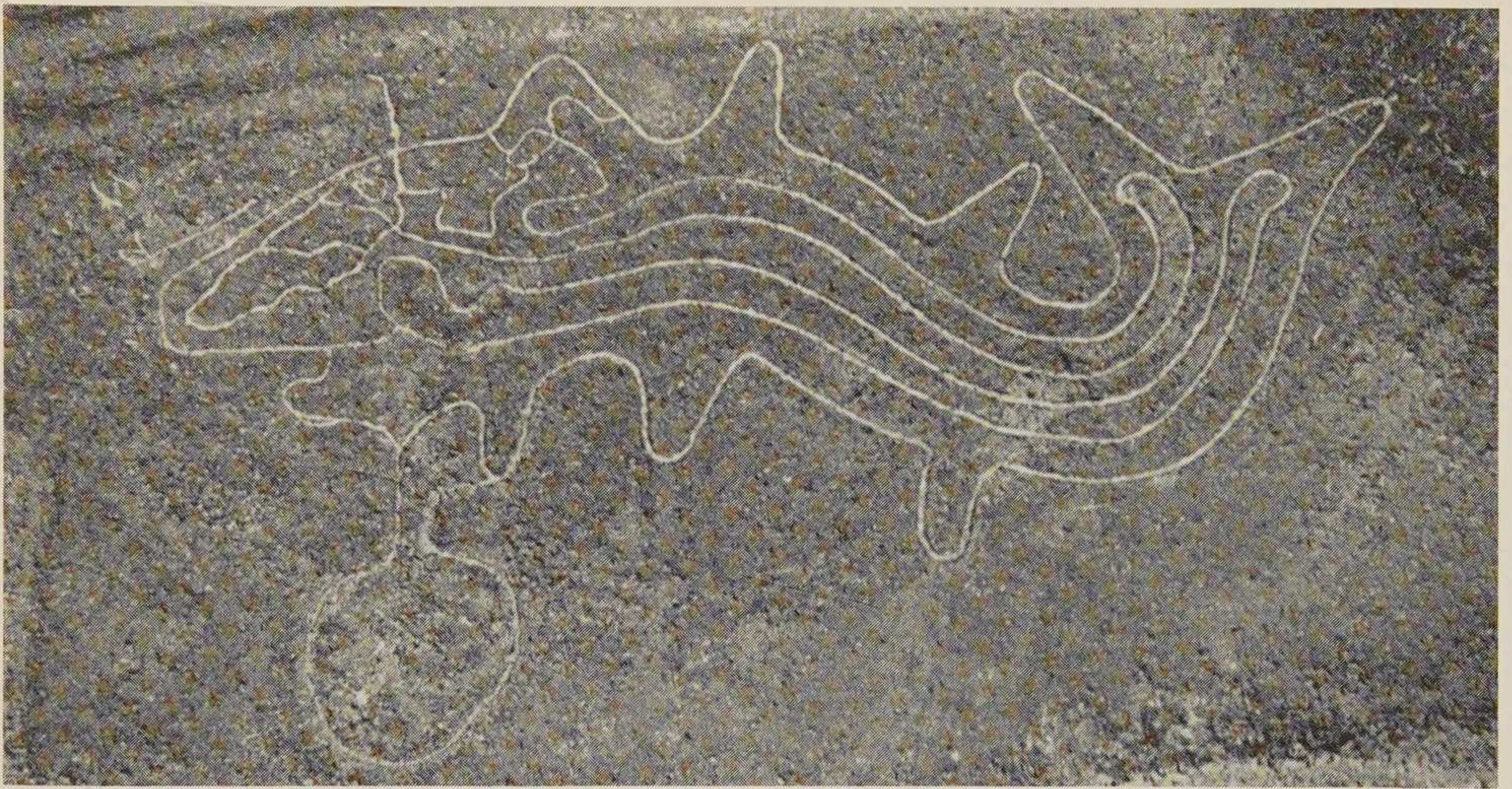
Mystery! And, enter the fantastics with theories of outer-space influence, and lost-world historians armed with Atlantean and Lemurian influence and even Mormons suggesting Jeredite influence. Everything, but intelli-

gent and creative Peruvian Indian influence. And one might be tempted to believe their imaginative hypotheses—and reject primitive influence—if these artists hadn't also left examples of some of the finest textiles ever produced, if their subterranean canals stretching some twenty-five miles to the mountains weren't still used by local farmers more than a thousand years after they were built, if they hadn't practiced delicate brain surgery—and if obvious similarities between ground drawings and motifs on pottery found at their gravesites didn't establish conclusively their right to be called the Nazca artists.

They were small, basically peaceful people (probably remnants of an earlier Paracas culture) with abundant black hair, artificially elongated heads (the result of squeezing infant's heads between boards) and much body tattooing. They clustered in villages—a population often exceeding a hundred thousand—crowded along the thin



*This double spiral, one of hundreds of varieties on the plains, is 200 feet in diameter. It could have been produced by winding two ropes around three posts forming a triangle.*



*This fish or whale, measuring only 80 feet, is one of the smallest of the figures. Note the balloon-like appendage, and the lines of the contour repeated inside the figure. Dotted lines above are horse tracks.*

Rio Grande and Nazca Rivers, pebbledry until mountain rains brought life-water at the end of spring. Their homes were adobe and close to fields of maize, jack and lima beans, peanuts and other staples of their diet. They traveled thirty miles to the Pacific Ocean for shell fish and traded with highland tribes for llama and vicuna wool. And they created polychrome pottery—perhaps the finest ever produced in the Western Hemisphere—with more than eleven colors devoted to each piece.

Their religious center was Cahuachi on the lower Nazca River. Here they covered hillocks with adobe, making small, two-stepped pyramids of the flat-topped Mayan variety and terraces to honor their gods. Today, all that remain are hundreds of thousands of graves—and bones, pottery shards and torn textiles scattered by modern grave robbers. And, La Estaquera (Place of Sticks), a quadrangle of twelve rows of hardwood algarroba tree trunks that must once have

supported a roof or a canopy. Its purpose is unknown.

The first person to conduct an aerial survey of the markings (in the late 1930s) was Paul Kosok, an historian from Long Island University, who was also the first to establish the identity of the artists. Kosok declared that the giant figures represented tributes to the Nazca constellation gods. He also discovered that many of the lines pointed to places on the horizon that correspond to positions of the setting sun at times of solstices and equinoxes. Kosok dubbed the whole of the Nazca plain "the largest astronomy book in the world."

Kosok's astronomical theory was challenged in 1968, when Gerald Hawkins, the man credited with proving that Stonehenge was a Neolithic calendar, fed a selected number of Nazca line coordinates into a computer whose memory contained five thousand years of star positions and found that there was not enough evidence to support Kosok's findings. It is curious that Hawkins used star positions when Kosok's theory is based on sun positions.

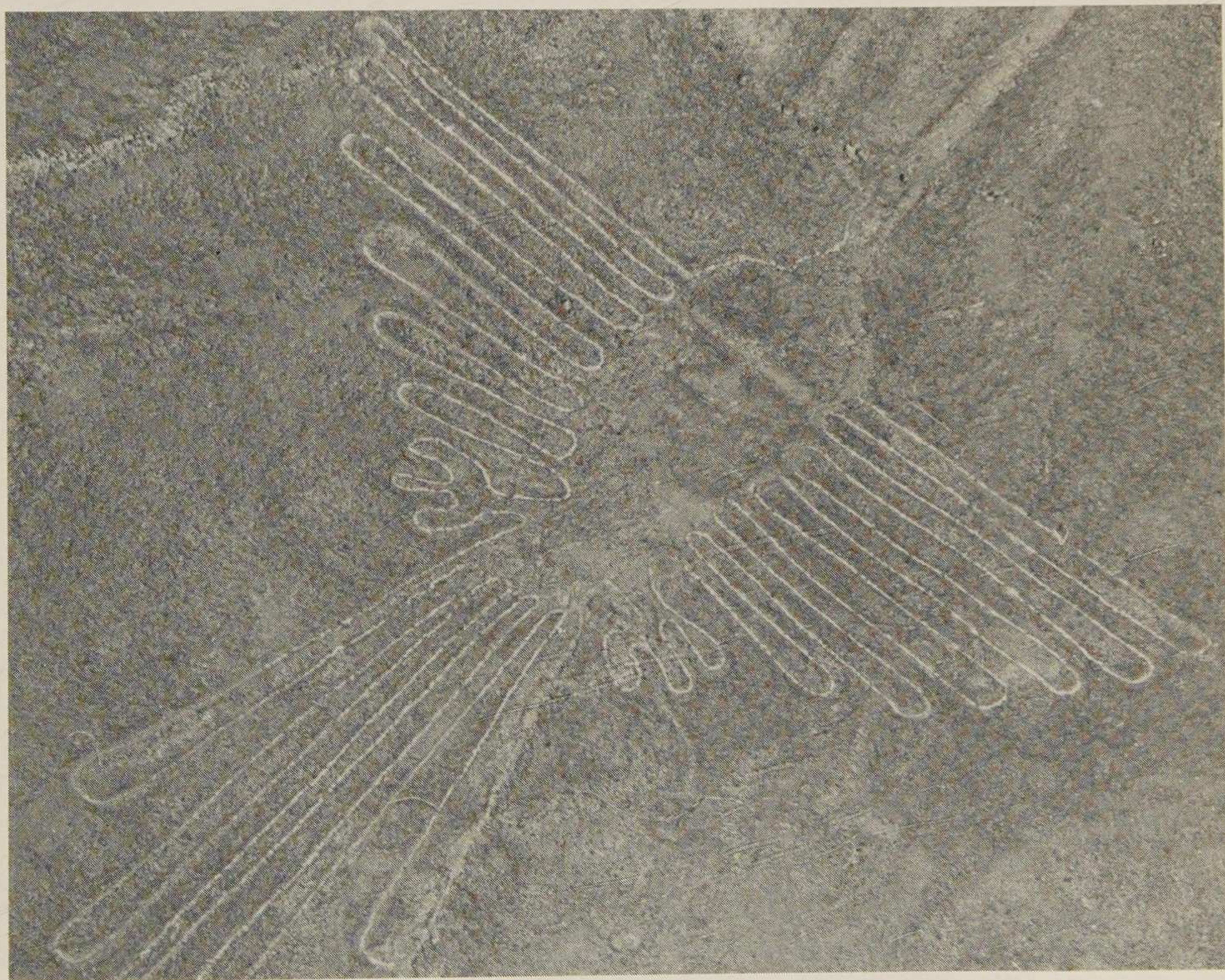
Kosok's theory is supported by Maria Reiche, a German mathematician who has spent over forty years studying the markings. She feels, however,

that there might be more than one meaning to the lines. Some lines, she suggests, might be just guide lines used to make the figures. Dr. Reiche's research has determined that the Nazca artists used long ropes and careful sighting to produce their straight lines. (Professional furrow tracers in Peru—called *rayadores*—are able to see a stake two-thirds of a mile away, and using their right foot to mark out a straight line, walk a perfectly direct path.) For accurate curves and angles she suggests the artists used a primitive compass—no more than two sticks linked by a long rope. She believes that the figures began on a small grid, and that using a

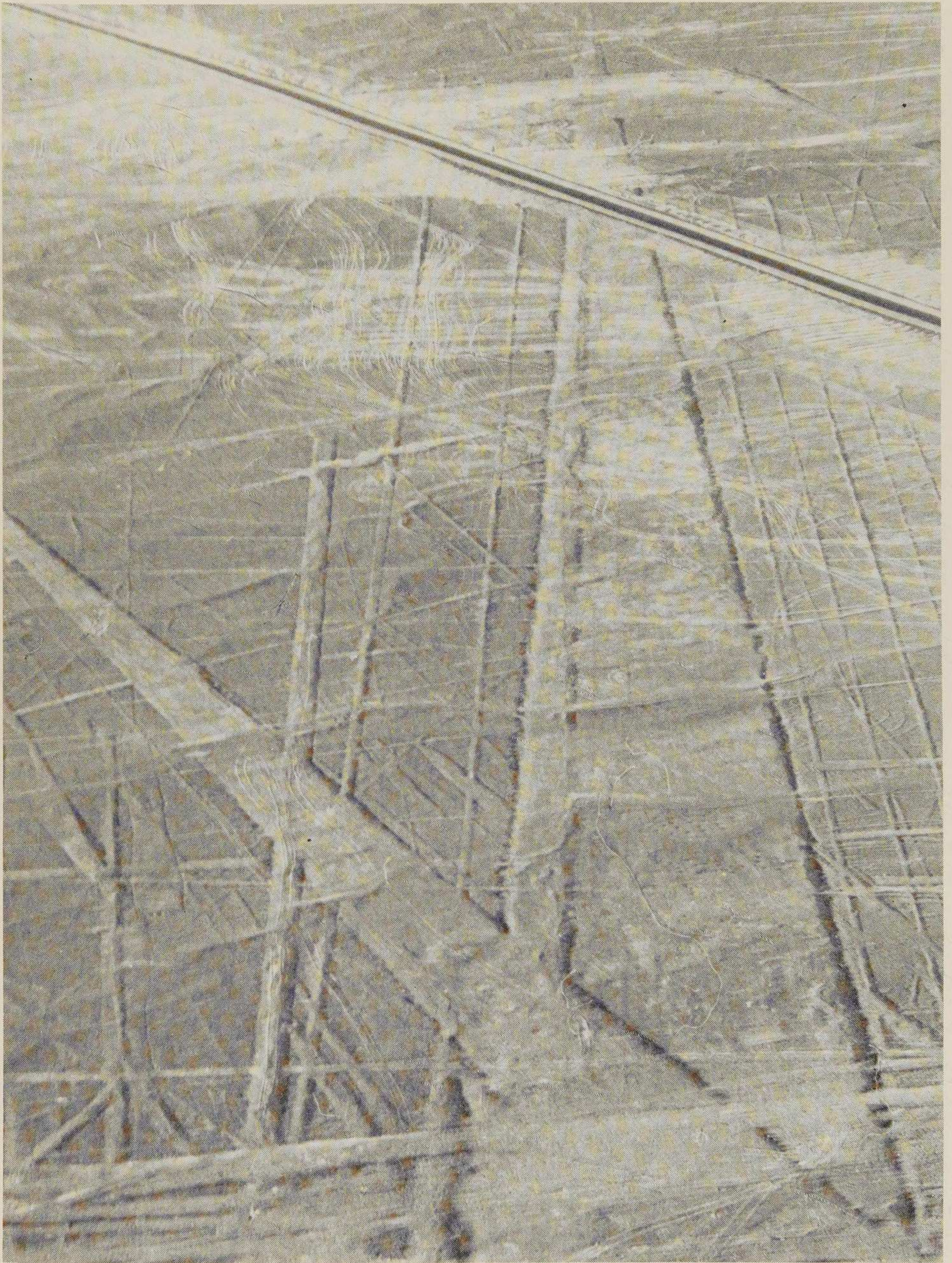
series of triangles, much like present methods to scale photographs, the artists made their blowups.

According to Dr. Reiche, "The figures give evidence of the fact that early Peruvians attained a hitherto unsuspected cultural level. The process of planning and converting one scale into another presupposes a highly developed faculty for abstract thinking, which at least part of the population must have possessed and which we would never expect to find in primitive people."

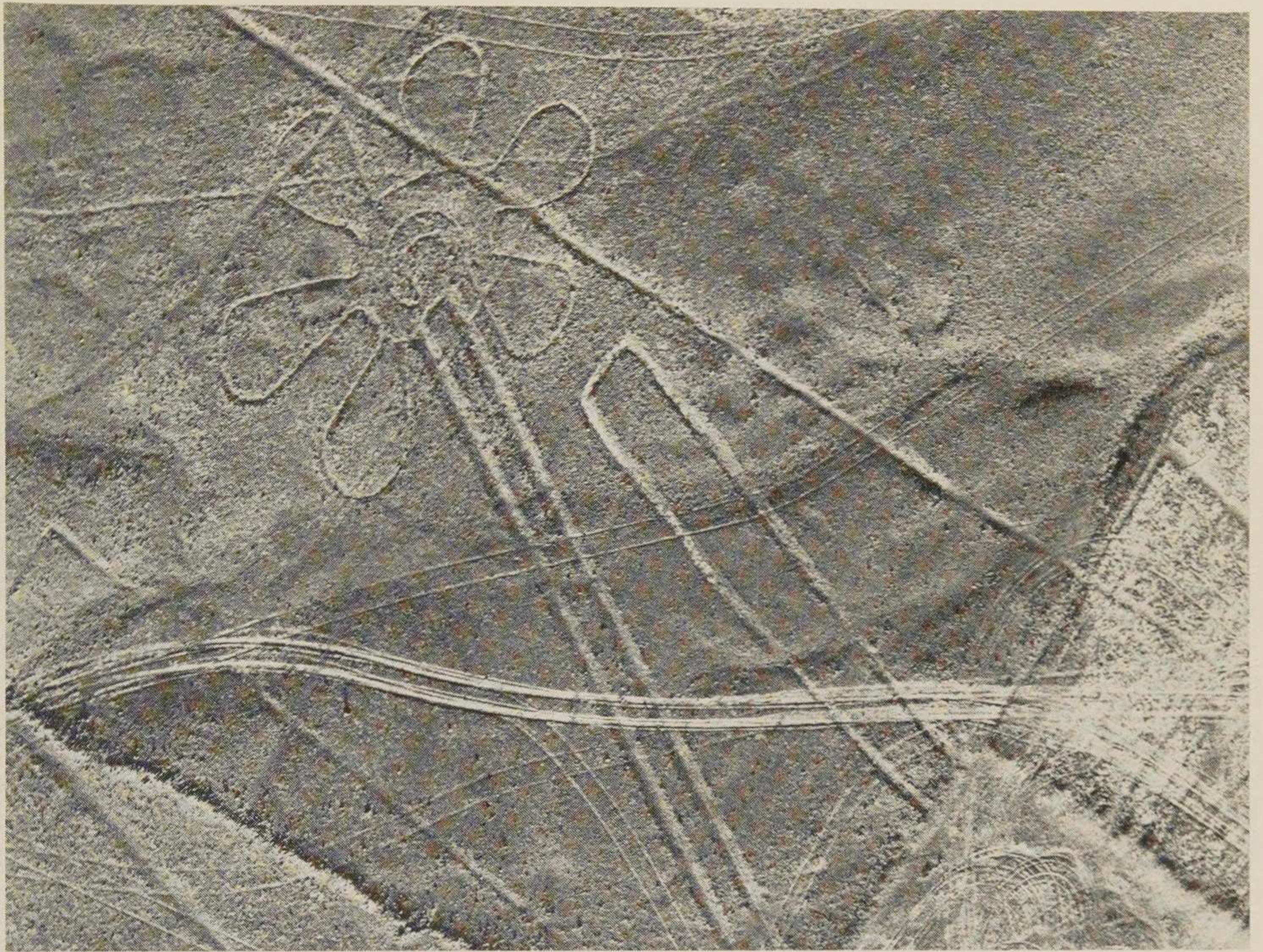
While there is general agreement that the Nazca Indians created the markings by methods suggested by Maria



*This giant bird, probably a hummingbird, has a 900-foot wing-span. There are eighteen or more bird figures on the plains.*



*The confusion of lines shows the impossibility of determining what they represent. At top is Pan American highway. See also the extent of motorcycle damage.*



Reiche, there is still no consensus (as indicated by the Kosok/ Hawkins controversy) on *why* they were created. The problem is compounded by the fact that it is now believed that the drawings, lines and geometric figures were probably made during different time periods. The fact that many of the lines ignore the drawings—bisecting, even destroying, sections of some—suggests that the drawings were early creations and the lines and geometric figures the work of later artists.

As to all primitive peoples, celestial phenomena must have been very important and mysterious to the Nazca Indians. Could it be that they found their gods in the sky and wished to please them by depicting their images in great drawings on the surface of the earth? Or were the drawings made by shaman priests, to enable them to evoke the powers of the gods by walking their outlines?

*Flower, measuring 270 feet in length. The petals are perfectly formed and symmetrical, each exactly 60 degrees apart.*

No one really knows why the Nazca markings were created. There is no one around to tell us.

Pablo Neruda's frustration with the mysteries of Macchu Picchu could be said of Nazca:

*Give me your hand out of the  
depths sown by your sorrows.  
You will not return from these  
stone fastnesses,  
You will not emerge from subter-  
ranean time.  
Your rasping voice will not come  
back,  
Nor your pierced eyes rise from  
their sockets.*

So will there never be an answer? Perhaps the key to Nazca may yet be found. It was Teilhard de Chardin who said, "In the context of cosmic values only the fantastic has a chance of being true."

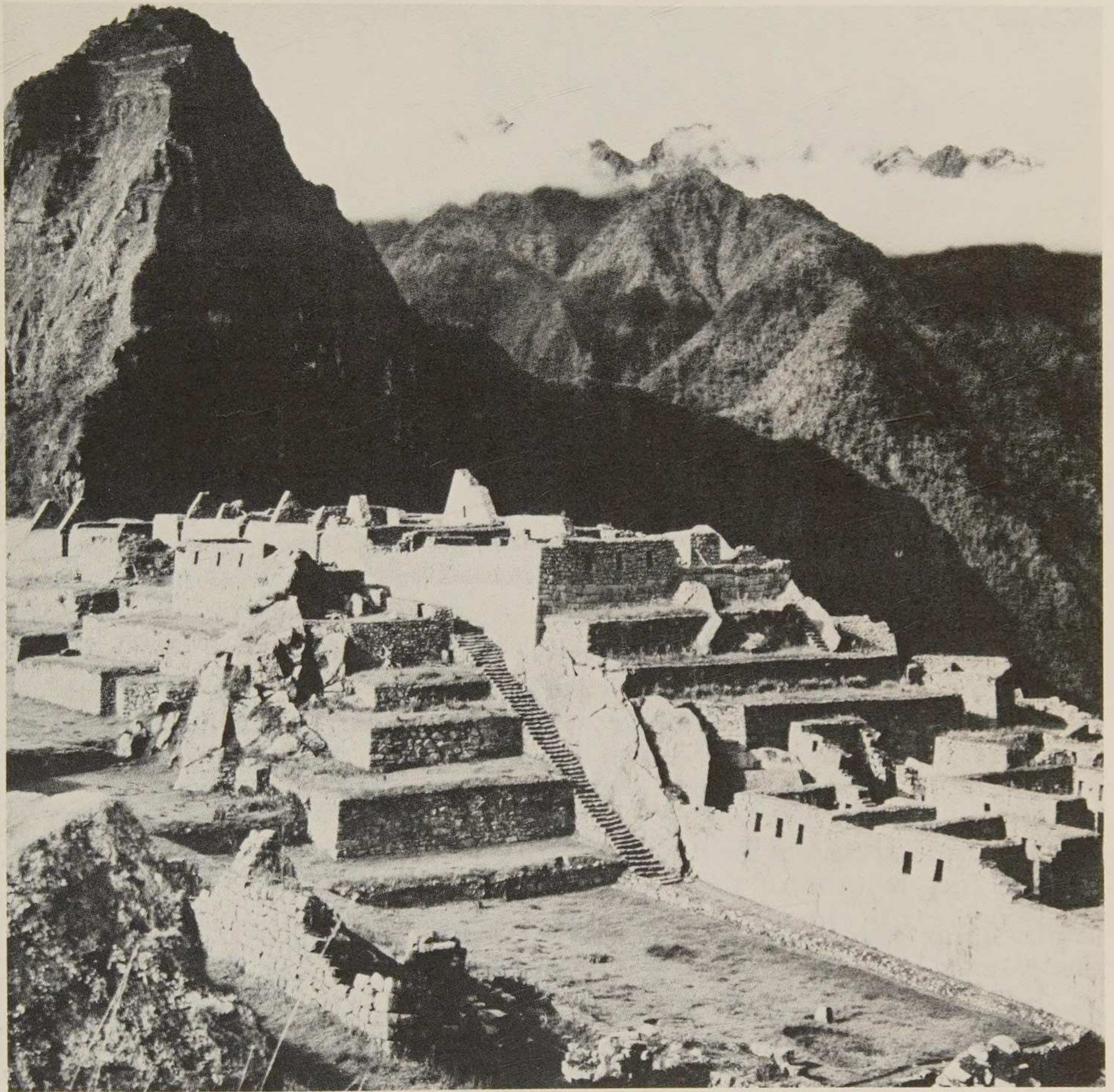


# THE HEIGHTS OF MACCHU PICCHU

*Pablo Neruda*

INTERSTELLAR EAGLE, vine-in-a-mist.  
Forsaken bastion, blind scimitar.  
Orion belt, ceremonial bread.  
Torrential stairway, immeasurable eyelid.  
Triangular tunic, pollen of stone.  
Granite lamp, bread of stone.  
Mineral snake, rose of stone.  
Ship-burial, source of stone.  
Horse in the moon, stone light.  
Equinoctial quadrant, vapor of stone.  
Ultimate geometry, book of stone.  
Iceberg carved among squalls.  
Coral of sunken time.  
Finger-softened rampart.  
Feather-assaulted roof.  
Mirror splinters, thunderstorm foundations.  
Thrones ruined by the climbing vine.  
The blood-flecked talon's law.  
Gale at a standstill on a slope.  
Still turquoise cataract.  
Patriarchal chiming of the sleepers.  
Manacle of subjugated snows.  
Iron tilting toward statues.  
Storm inaccessible and closed.  
Puma paws, bloodstone.  
Towering shadow, convocation of snows.  
Night hoisted upon fingers and roots.  
Window of the mists, heartless dove.

*from The Heights of Macchu Picchu by Pablo Neruda © 1966 by Jonathan Cape, Ltd. Translation © 1966 by Nathaniel Tarn. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*



*Eduard Ranney*

Nocturnal foliage, icon of thunderclaps.  
Cordillera spine, oceanic roof.  
Architecture of stray eagles.  
Sky rope, climax of the drone.  
Blood level, constructed star.  
Mineral bubble, moon of quartz.  
Andean serpent, amaranthine brow.  
Dome of silence, unsullied home.  
Sea bride, cathedral timber.  
Branch of salt, black-winged cherry tree.  
Snowcapped teeth, chill thunder.  
Scarred moon, menacing stone.  
Hair of the cold, friction of wind.  
Volcano of hands, dark cataract.  
Silver wave. Destination of time.

## Epicycle I

*The two following tales are freely adapted from traditional Jewish folk tales.*

# The Alchemist

A certain alchemist, having come to a most puzzling passage in the weighty tomes he was consulting, took his problem before the rabbi.

"Rabbi," he said, "I have spent many years in studying alchemy, and have perfected my techniques beyond the capacities of any other man. Just now I am engaged in preparing the Elixir of Life, but I have come to a most puzzling and confusing passage and do not know how to proceed. Please, if you could, examine the passage in question and explicate it for me, and I will be sure that you are the first to taste of the Elixir when it is prepared."

The rabbi answered, "My son, there is no need to examine the passage, for the formula is well known.

"Take the roots of humility, together with the leaves of patience and hope. Add to them the twigs of the Torah and the roses of wisdom and crush them together in the mortar of penitence, using ample affection and love and also adding the waters of fear. This you must cook in the oven of thanksgiving, over the fire of suffering. When cooked, preserve the whole in the garment of understanding, pass it through the sieve of truth and faith, and drink it from the goblet of the will. This is the true formula for the Elixir of Life."



# The Physican

It happened once that a group of physicians were in their cups and had fallen to quarreling about which part of the body was most important for life. As they could not agree among themselves, they decided to consult the rabbi.

"Of course it is the heart and blood vessels that are most important," said the first physician, "for on them the whole life of a man depends."

"Not at all," said the second physician. "It is the brain and nerves which are most vital, for without them, even the heart would not beat."

The third physician said, "You are both wrong. It is the stomach and the digestive passages which are important, for without the proper digestion of food, the body will die."

"The lungs are most important," declared the fourth, "for a man without air will surely die."

"You are all wrong," said the rabbi. "There are two vessels of the body only that are important, but you have no knowledge of them."

"What are they, then?" asked the physicians.

The rabbi replied, "The channel that runs from the ear to the soul, and the one that runs from the soul to the tongue."

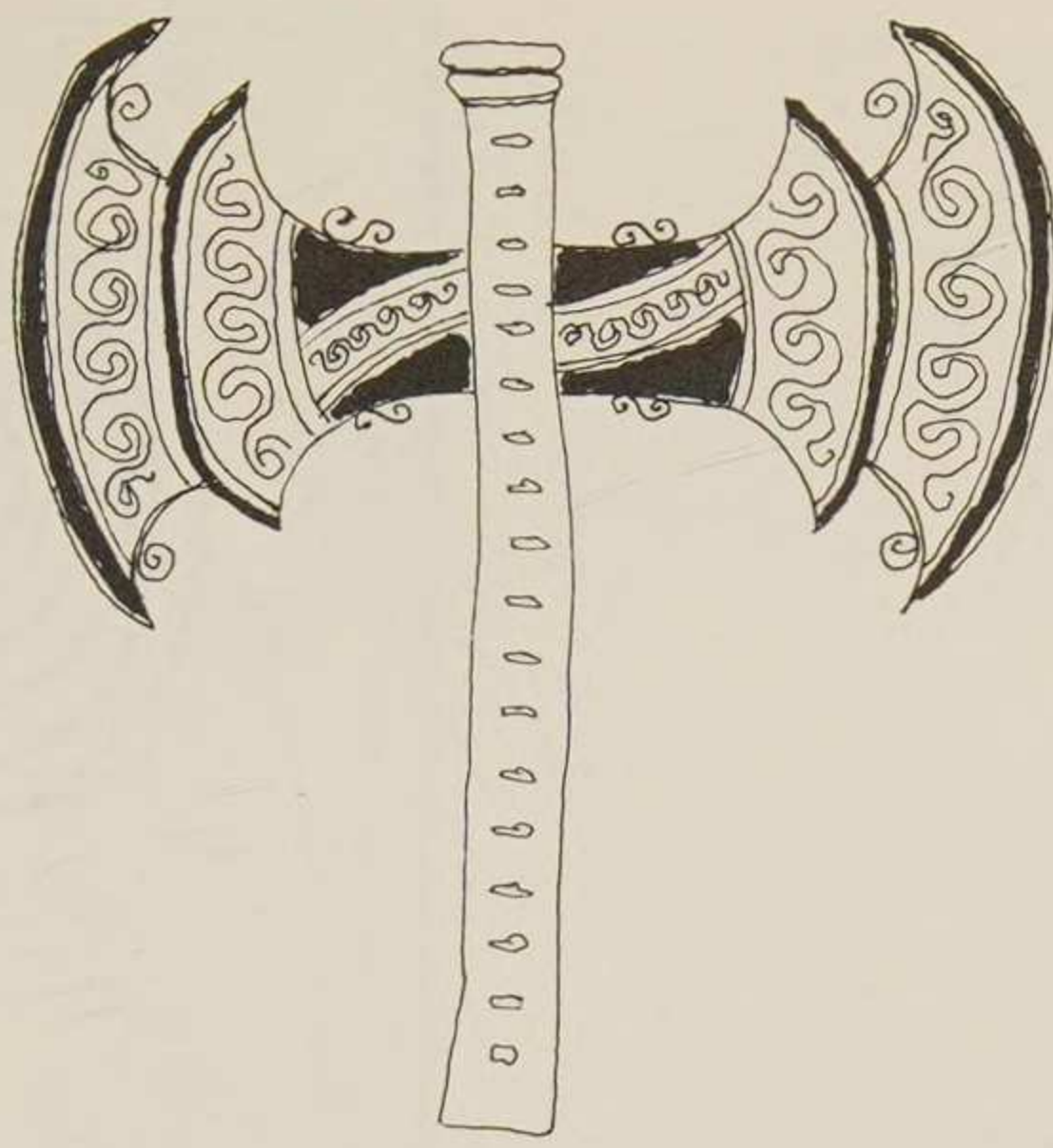
*Adapted from Plutarch and other classical authors, supplemented by recent archaeological findings uncovered at Knossos.*

# The House of the Double Axe

Every year, seven maidens and seven young men were sent from Athens as tribute to Minos, the tyrant of Crete, to take part in the perilous games at Knossos. There, in the great arena, the bull-game was enacted, and each member of the tribute party was expected to take the bull by the horns and spring lightly over its back. Few survived, and none returned to Athens, for there was another part to the games: in the great town of Knossos there was a place known as the labyrinth—the House of the Double Axe. It had been built by the craftsman Daedalus to hide the shame of Minos—a monster, half-man and half-bull, called the Minotaur, born to the wife of Minos from her unholy union with the Bull from the Sea. The passages of the labyrinth were dark, but worse than this were their twistings and turnings, some leading into empty cul-de-sacs, others turning about on themselves, leading back to the very door with which they began; still others led to the center of the house itself, but by the time the pilgrim who had been thrust into the house had come to the center, so confused would he have become that the Minotaur, who dwelt in the central room, would have no trouble in tearing his victim limb from limb.

It was to end the tribute that King Aegeus sent his son Theseus to Knossos, for the Cretan labyrinth devoured all the best of Athens. With him went thirteen others—seven maidens and six other young men. Aegeus feared he would never see his son again; but he bade him, if by chance he should be successful, to put white sails on his returning ships instead of the mourning black with which they departed. After they had gone, daily the king stood on the walls of the Acropolis to scan the horizon for the color of the returning sails.

As the voyagers neared Crete, they saw the palace of Knossos on a cliff overlooking the sea, and above the great doors the massive horns of a bull, silhouetted against the sky and visible from afar. Everywhere in the palace the motif of the bull could be seen: in mosaic upon the floors, in the frescoes decorating the walls, in statues everywhere. And everywhere too was the strange emblem of the double axe, the



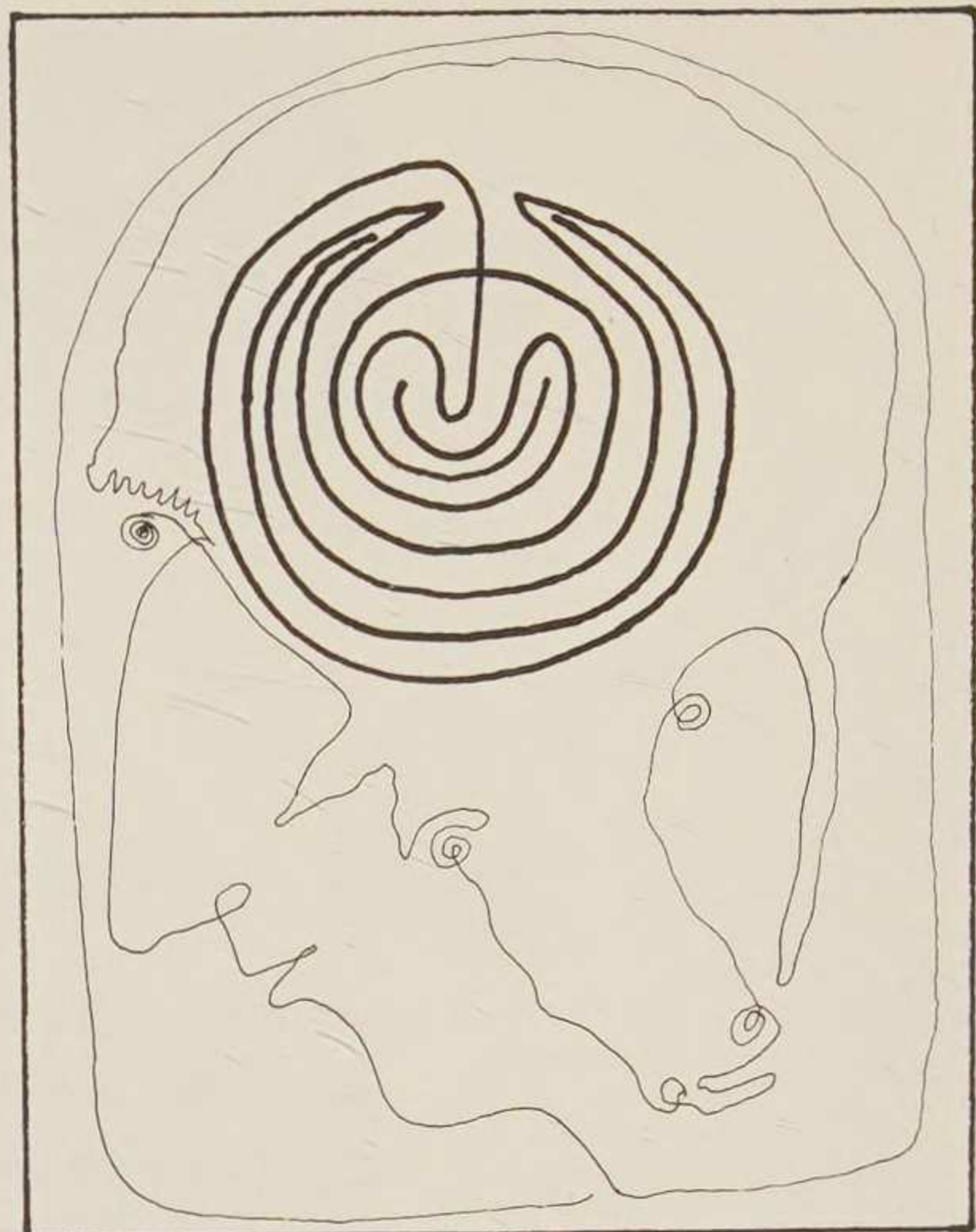
*labrys*: golden axes, the two blades shaped like crescent moons, held by guards, or standing on pedestals; smaller replicas hung about the necks of all who lived there.

When the tribute-party came up from the ships, Minos rejoiced to see Theseus, the son of Aegeus, among them. He selected Theseus to be the first to take part in the games, and afforded him special honors because of his strength and noble birth. Minos was not surprised when Theseus survived the contest with the bulls, but smiled to himself, thinking of what was to come in the House of the Double Axe.

The Minotaur was not the only child of Queen Pasiphae; one of her daughters was the young Ariadne, who upon seeing Theseus, immediately fell in love with him and became determined to see him emerge from the labyrinth victorious. On the night before the test of the labyrinth, she rose in secret and went to Daedalus the craftsman, and begged him to provide the means for the Athenian prince to come through his ordeal alive. Daedalus gave her a magic clew of thread and instructions which she passed on to Theseus: he must fasten one end of the thread to the door of the labyrinth as soon as it had been shut. Then, throwing the ball of thread on the floor, he was to let it unwind of itself, and follow it along the most direct path to the center chamber. Walking with stealth, he must come in silence to the heart of the labyrinth, and take the Minotaur by surprise.

When day came, Theseus rose early and gave instructions to his companions: the women were to distract the guards, and allow the men to slip out unnoticed. The men were to go to the harbor, where the ships of Minos lay at anchor, and to scuttle them all; then to return, wait for the signal to attack the guards and allow the women to escape.

When the time came for Theseus to be taken to the labyrinth, he concealed in his garments the ball of thread which Ariadne had given him. He was searched for weapons—for the contest with the Minotaur was to be bare-handed—but the thread went unnoticed. The door was shut behind him,



and immediately the passageway was plunged into darkness. Following Ariadne's instructions, Theseus removed his sandals and fastening one end of the thread to the door, he allowed the ball to fall at his feet. He could see nothing, as the ball unwound itself ahead of him, but between his fingers he could feel the thread. At first, his footsteps were hesitant, but as he went further, he walked with assurance, following the thread as it turned this way and that in the blackness of the labyrinth. Thus, fully prepared, he came to the dimly lit central chamber in which the Minotaur lay sleeping.

Many have described the Minotaur, but their descriptions conflict: had it the head of a bull and the body of a man, as most suppose, or was it, like the centaurs', a bull's body with the torso, arms and head of a man springing from the shoulders? In any case, it lay sleeping when Theseus found it. He was on it, grappling with it before it had fully awakened. But its strength was great and the battle between them was fierce. It ended suddenly when Theseus seized the hair of the monster and broke its neck. Then, in the chamber's half-light, he found the thread again, and followed its twisted length back to the door where it was fastened.

When he emerged, victorious, a cry went up from the Minoans; this was the signal that Theseus' companions had awaited. The men slew the unprepared guards, and together the fourteen young Athenians rushed to their ships. The anchors were raised, the sails billowed out and the party sailed for Athens. Minos would have given pursuit, but all his ships had been sunk where they lay in the harbor; his anger was doubled when he learned that his daughter Ariadne had fled with the Athenians.

The Athenian ships sailed swiftly, for the sea-god Poseidon, delighted with the defeat of Minos, gave them good winds and a clear sky. At length, they came to the island of Naxos, where they put to port. After a short stay at Naxos, they sailed on to Delos. It was at Naxos that Theseus and Ariadne were parted; why? Some say that the god Dionysius fell in love with her, and forced Theseus to leave without her; others say that the god contrived to put Theseus to sleep and when he awoke, he had completely forgotten her. At Delos, Theseus commemorated his victory by initiating various rites, among which was the Crane Dance, in celebration of the labyrinthine journey. The steps of the Crane Dance, which is still danced by the people of Delos, twist and turn, recreating the steps of Theseus into the labyrinth.

At last, leaving Delos, Theseus sailed for Athens. The journey was swift, and in a short time, the great rock of the Acropolis was visible. Visible too were the sails of Theseus to King Aegeus as he sat on the wall, awaiting his son's return. But, in his haste to leave, Theseus had entirely forgotten to change the sails to the victorious white his father had requested. Far on the horizon, Aegeus saw black-sailed ships and believed that they bore only the body of his son. In grief, he threw himself from the cliff into the sea, which is called the Aegean in his honor.

Thus it was that Theseus became King in Athens, having slain the Minotaur in the House of the Double Axe.

## Epicycle III

*The Four Directions is adapted from material in the James R. Walker Collection at the State Historical Society of Colorado, and reworked by researchers at the Oglala Sioux Culture Center, under the direction of Vivian One Feather. The material used is part of the traditional myths and folktales of the Lakota people, collected under the name Ehanni Ohunkakan and presented as a curriculum resource unit of the Red Cloud Indian School at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.*

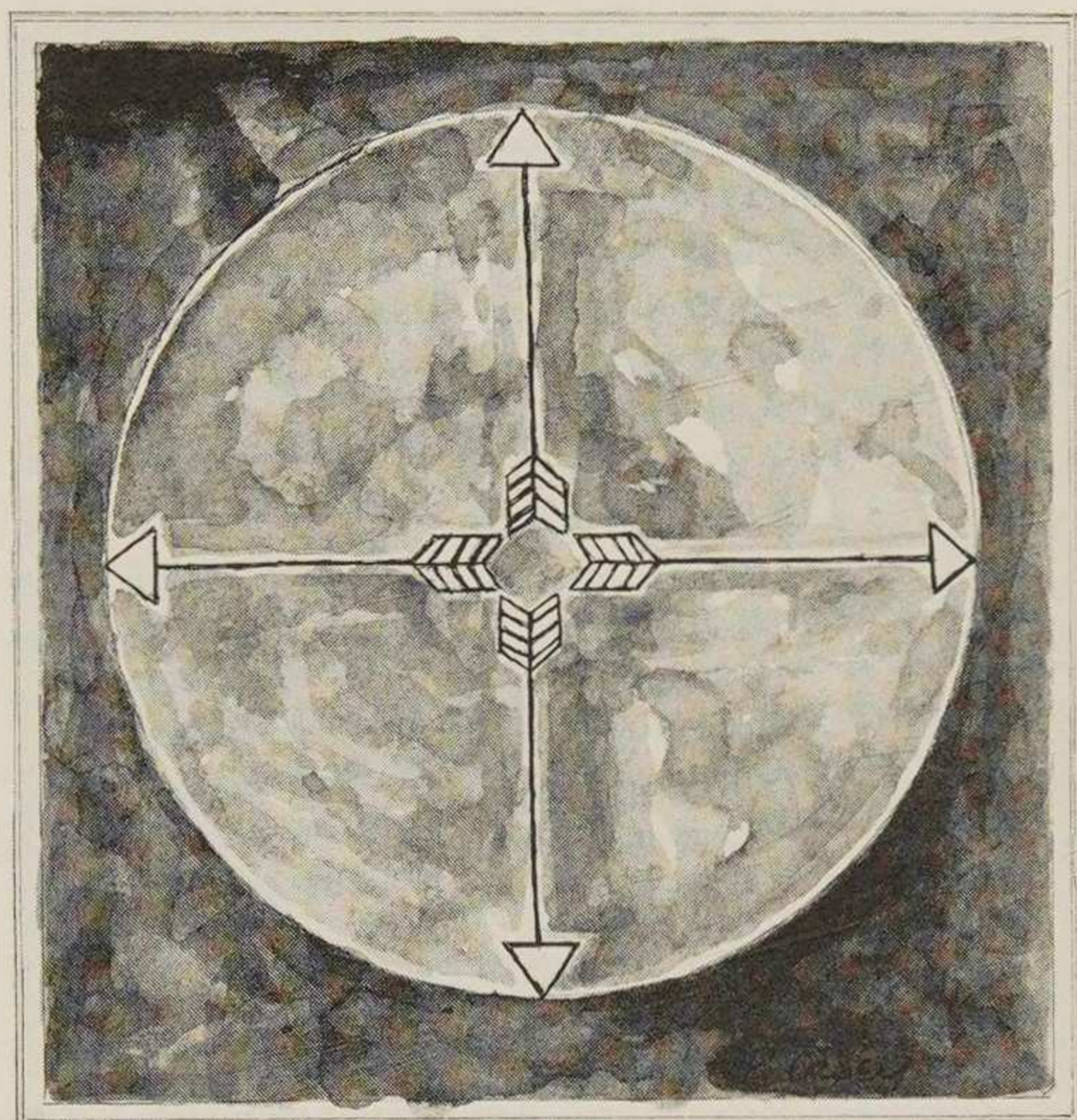
# The Four Directions

This is a story of the Tatuyetopa, the Four Directions or the Four Winds. The Tatuyetopa, and their little brother, Yum, the whirlwind, are the five sons that Ite bore to Tate before she was banished from the lodges of the Pte people because of the trickery of Iktomi.

This is how it happened. One day, Tate called his four sons—Yata, Eya, Yanpa and Okaga—all together and told them what they must do.

"Right now there are no directions in the world, so you must all go on a journey to the edge of the world and fix the directions on the edge, each one an equal distance from the next so that the world will be divided into four equal parts. From the time you begin the journey until the fixing of the directions will be called one year. When you have done this, I will rule the year, and will give as much of each year as I see fit to each of you. When the four directions and the year are established, you will be as spirits, doing the will of Mahpiyato." He told them to beware of Iktomi, who is on the world to do mischief and would try to trick them. Then they set out on their journey, but because there are no directions in the world, they had no idea where they were going.

On the first day of their journey, when night fell, they had a visitor. It was their grandfather Wazi, the father of Ite, who is called the wizard, and who lives forever. The three older brothers did not trust him, but Okaga treated him kindly, and after that he favored Okaga. When morning came, Wazi told them to rub smoke on the soles of their feet and bound an eagle plume to each of their ankles. Then he showed them that they could step from mountain to mountain and travel more swiftly than eagles could fly. Yata, who was the first born, was to make the journey first, but he was afraid and said that Wazi was really Iktomi, the trickster, and was trying to destroy them all. Then Eya, the second-born, stepped forward and said that he would make the journey, and did so. Only then did Yata step, and after him came Yanpa and Okaga. They stepped from mountain to mountain all day long, and when evening came they



were at the foot of a great mountain at the edge of the world. Wazi told them to wash their feet and burn the plumes, and said that from then on they must travel by foot. In the morning, they were to climb the mountain and find the trail that led around the edge of the world, on which they would fix the directions. After they had done this, he would come again and help them find their way to their father's tipi. Then he vanished.

When morning came, they looked at the mountain and saw that it was covered with clouds, and they heard great booming sounds coming from its peak. Yata said, "Those are the sounds of Ibom, the cyclone, and terrible beasts. That was not Wazi who brought us here, but Iktomi, and he means to destroy us. We must seek some other path around the world."

Yanpa, who was lazy, said, "It is a very steep mountain, and I would rather not climb it."

Eya said, "We must perform the task our father set us, and therefore we must climb the mountain. If we find danger, we can run from it."

Okaga said, "My brothers, I will go first; if I find danger, I will shout a warning, and you can turn back." Then he stepped forward and began to climb, and after him came the three older brothers.

When Okaga reached the top he found a wide level place in which stood a cedar tree and a huge lodge with no door or roof. As he came near the lodge, he heard a great booming voice that said, "Who is this that dares to come near my lodge?"

"I am the son of Tate, obeying my father's commands," said Okaga.

"Pass on, Okaga, son of Tate," boomed the voice, and Okaga went on. Down below, the three older brothers heard the voice and trembled. "That is Ibom," said Yata. "He means to destroy us, so I will not go on."

"I will go next," said Eya, "and if I find danger, I will come back." Then he stepped forward and began climbing.

When he came to the top, Eya saw the great cedar and the lodge, and also a huge nest made of bones among the branches of the tree. As he came near the lodge, he too heard the great booming voice that asked him who he was.

"I am the son of Tate, who wishes to know more about you and this lodge and this strange nest in the cedar tree," said Eya.

"Eya, son of Tate, stay and learn," said the voice.

Yata and Yanpa, in the meantime, had crept cautiously to the edge of the space. They saw Eya walking about, and called to him. Eya told them that Okaga had gone on, and that there was no danger. But as they came forward, the voice thundered, "Who are those who dare come near my lodge?"

"They are sons of Tate, following our father's instructions," replied Eya.

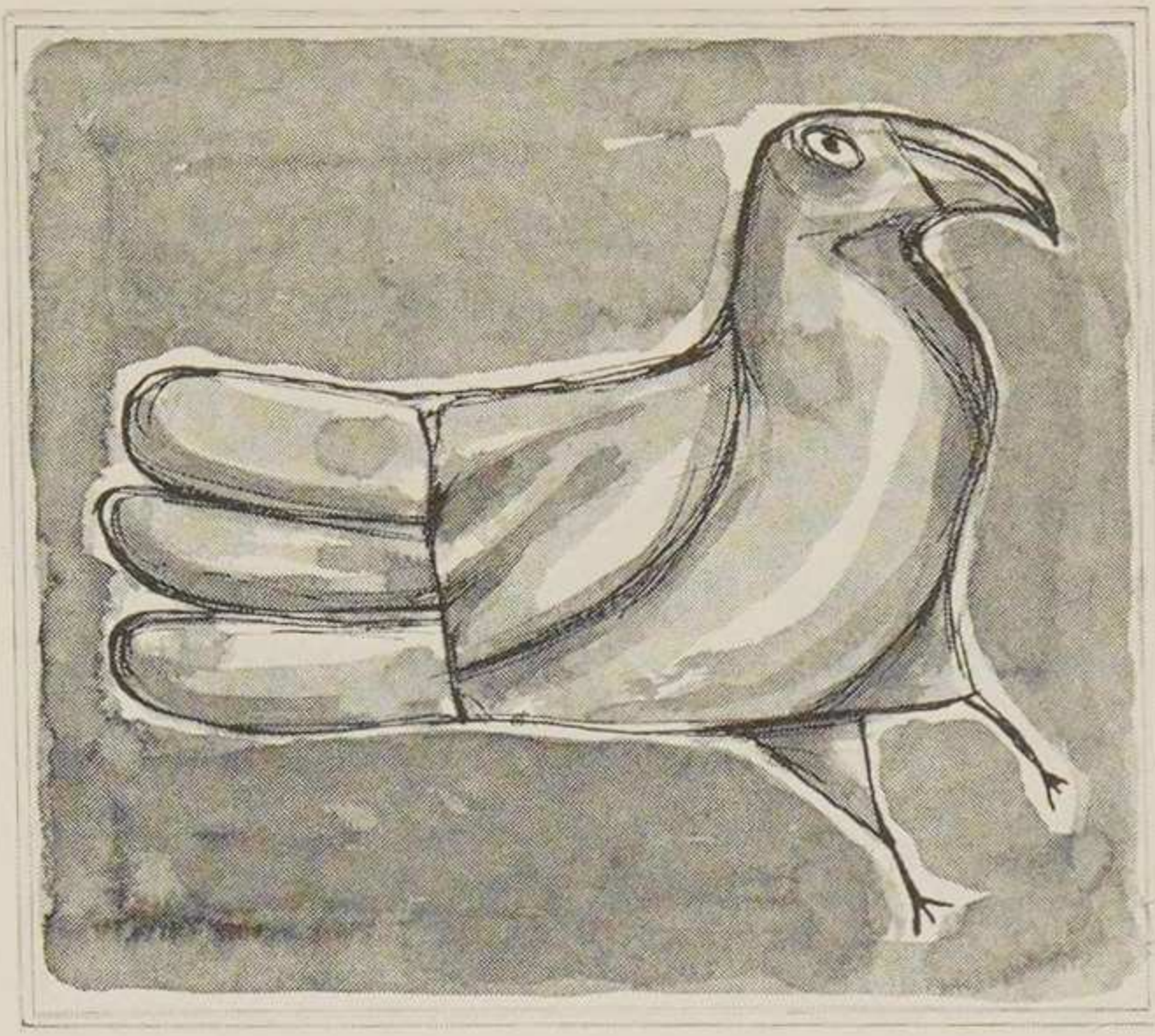
"Tell your brothers, Yata and Yanpa, to pass on," said the voice, and so the two brothers went on, but Eya remained.

"Eya, son of Tate, what do you wish to know?" boomed the voice.

"I wish to look upon you," said Eya, "and I wish to know more about this nest in the cedar tree."

"I will come out of my lodge," said the voice, "if you so wish." "I so wish," said Eya, and then from the lodge a swallow flew up and landed near him.

"How can such a small bird have such a huge voice?" said Eya in astonishment. The bird replied, "This is the lodge of Wakinyan, the winged spirit. I am his messenger. Whoever looks upon him becomes a Heyoka, a contrary, and must ever after speak and act in a manner opposite to his usual way. If you offend him, a single glance of his eye will destroy you, but if you please him, you must live with him forever. Do you still wish to look at him?"



"I am strong and I will not offend him," said Eya. "I wish to look upon him."

Then, from the roofless lodge there arose a shapeless thing with an enormous eye, a huge beak, great wings and mighty talons. Eya stared at it, amazed, and then laughed lightly and said, "What a pitiful weak thing you are, Wakinyan! Your small voice frightens no one, your feeble eye can hurt nothing, your beak is good for nothing, your wings are just tattered rags, and your talons are as harmless as blades of grass! I would be ashamed to be your companion, I am unafraid and want no help from you at all."

At these words, Wakinyan was pleased, and he took the shape of a giant man and said to Eya, "Eya, son of Tate, you have pleased me. Cease to be a Heyoka, except when speaking to me. You have gained my favor, and you may go now and help your brothers, and then return to your father's lodge. But you shall live there no more; your tipi shall be upon my mountain, beside my lodge, and together you and I will purify the world from filth. This has been my task from the beginning, and now you will help me, and all that breathe will be grateful."

Then Eya heard Wakinyan say, "The cedar tree I have chosen as my own, the nest is my nest, the egg in it is my egg. The young that continually come forth from it I use as drum sticks, and the drumming is like my voice. When I drum with them, they become myself, so that although many come from the egg, they are really all only one, and that is myself. Go now, and lead your brothers, for Wazi has taken the birthright from Yata and given it to you."

Eya crossed the mountain top and the swallow went with him to the edge. There it stopped and said, "When you and each of your brothers has fixed his direction, place a stone there. This will become a huge, immovable rock. The first bird that lands on the rock will become the messenger for that direction, and its offspring will ever after be messengers. The directions which you fix will be the only things in

the world that do not move: rivers will change their courses, mountains will wear down, forests will disappear, but the four directions will remain forever. Go down now and join your brothers, but say nothing of what you have learned, for Wazi will tell them everything in good time."

Eya went down the mountain and rejoined his brothers. Yata asked him why he had stayed so long on the mountain, but Eya said nothing. When evening came, they arrived at the foot of the mountain, and there they found a trail, and Wazi stood there waiting for them. He told Eya to place a stone there, and Eya did so. Then the brothers camped for the night.

In the morning, the stone had grown into a huge, immovable rock and Wazi said to the four brothers, "This rock will be fixed here forever, and since Eya has placed it there, it marks the first direction. Eya shall now be first in all things, for to him is given the birthright of the first-born, and the others shall be subordinate to him as they once were to Yata."

Then Yata rose in anger and claimed the direction. He said, that, since he was the first-born, the direction must be his. Wazi was trying to trick them and make fools of them. Wazi said to him, "If you had been worthy, Yata, you would have kept the birthright, but because you are stingy and a coward, and because your pride makes you foolish in time of stress, you are unfit to lead or command. Therefore, the birthright is taken from you and given to Eya." Yata sat down and wept like a child. Then Wazi vanished.

When Wazi had gone, they saw that the swallow had landed on the rock set by Eya. The swallow said, "I bring the will of Mahpiyato which cannot be undone. Wazi has spoken the truth. It is the will of the spirits that you follow Eya."

Yata leaped up and grabbed a stone to throw at the swallow, but suddenly he became like ice and could not move. Wazi said to him, "Because you are mean and bad-tempered, you shall always be like ice. When you come into the world, all things that breathe shall fly from you: the birds will fly away in long lines, the beasts will hide in their caves, and men will retreat into their lodges and only come out for food when they are hungry. Everything that grows from the ground shall be as if dead when you come." Then Wazi vanished again, and Yata moved: but everything around him was cold.

Eya said to the swallow, "Are you my messenger?" and the swallow replied, "I am the messenger of Wakinyan, your companion."

The four sons of Tate continued on the trail at the world's edge for several days. One evening, as they sat by the fire, an old man came to them with his face covered. They thought it was Wazi, who had come to help them, so they gave him some food and when he had eaten he asked each of the brothers to lend him one of their moccasins.

Then he taught them how to gamble, playing the game of three black pebbles and one white. For four days, they gambled with the old man, forgetting everything. Yata became very clever, for he learned how to cheat, but in the end, he himself was cheated when he bet the flint and tinder Okaga used to build fires against his birthright—for he thought that the old man was Wazi. Yata lost, and the old man laughed in ridicule.

In the morning, Okaga went to make a fire, but he could not find the flint and tinder. The old man laughed loud and long, uncovered his face and said, "Your father warned you about me: I am Iktomi, and I have made fools out of the lot of you. Forever it will be told that, while doing the work of the spirits, you neglected it to play a game of chance. From now on, I will always be hovering near, watching you suffer and laughing at you."

The four brothers hung their heads while Iktomi danced with glee at their shame and misery, until Okaga picked up his flute and began to play sad music. Then Iktomi fled, because he hated music.

All day long they travelled, and in the evening they were cold and downcast. Then Eya prayed to Wakinyan, "Oh Wakinyan, we are so comfortable and warm here that we wish no help from you at all. The glance of your eye is so cold and feeble that we scorn you and will refuse any aid you offer to us." The other brothers stared at Eya as if he had gone mad, because they didn't know how to pray to Wakinyan. Then a small voice spoke and said, "This is the will of the spirits. You have neglected your work for four days. Therefore, you must now travel each day the distance of a day's journey and a fourth of a day's journey in order to make up the time. Four times four days you must do this. Since you wasted your time gambling, when you become spirits, you shall be so uncertain that no one will be able to tell when you come and when you go.

"Wakinyan sends a final message. A dry stick rubbed against dry wood will make fire." Then the voice ceased, and the brothers knew that Wakinyan had spoken.

Each of the brothers in turn tried to make a fire by rubbing the stick and wood together, but only Okaga had the idea of twirling the stick between the palms of his hands, and so they had fire again.



For each of the next sixteen days, the brothers made the journey of a day and a quarter. They had now been gone from their father's lodge for three moons, and in the evening, Wazi was with them on the trail. He told Yata to place a block of ice on the trail, because where they were there were no stones.

When morning came, the brothers saw that the block of ice had become huge, and while they looked at it, a magpie came and sat on it. Wazi said, "The magpie shall be your messenger, Yata, for you have fixed your direction. It is an evil bird, a thief, and when it is seen as your messenger, it will mean trouble." Then they stayed and refreshed themselves at Wazi's lodge before continuing on their journey.

For three moons more the brothers travelled. They came to a place where the trail became very narrow, and there they were threatened by one of the Unktehila, the monsters that live in earth and water. Eya mocked and ridiculed Wakinyan, who came to their aid, and thus began the war between Wakinyan and the Unktehila, which continues to this day. Then they came to a sandy place where nothing grew and there was little water. They travelled through it day by day, and at night they were thirsty and miserable. One day, they looked up and saw a lake. Eagerly, they went toward it, but they seemed unable to get nearer to it. When evening came, the lake disappeared. Not far off they heard the laughter of Iktomi, who said, "I have made fools of you again! For you have wasted another day following a picture and growing ever more thirsty without once satisfying that thirst."

In the night following the end of the sixth moon after leaving Tate's lodge, they heard a voice, which they knew belonged to Wazi. The voice directed Yanpa to place a stone on the trail, but in the darkness he couldn't find a stone. Wazi told him to take a stick and plant it on the trail, and

Yanpa did so. When day came again, they all saw that it had grown into an oak tree, and as they looked at it, an owl came and landed on its branches.

Wazi said to the four brothers, "It is the will of the spirits that the owl, the lazy bird who prefers to sleep in the daytime, like you, Yanpa, shall be your messenger. Its cry is dismal and complaining, and when it comes as a messenger, it shall foretell discontent.

"When you are on the trail at the place where the sun has no shadows at midday, Okaga must fix the fourth direction by placing a pink shell on the trail. When the fourth direction has been set, you can all return to your father's lodge." Then he vanished again.

That night, Okaga sat beside a small lake and played his flute. A voice answered him, saying "Ho-hu-wia. Ho-hu-wia. Ho-hu-wia." Okaga listened to the voice that said, "A woman's bones. A woman's bones. A woman's bones." He said, "Whose bones are they?"

"The bones of her whom you love," replied the voice. "She is in distress. Go to her at your father's lodge without delay."

The next morning, Okaga told his brothers that he was going to return to his father's lodge. They tried to dissuade him, but he insisted on going, and when they said that he would give up his right to become a spirit if he left the task undone, he was still not dissuaded. So he left, and travelled day and night, playing his flute to keep Iktomi and the Unktehila away from him. He came to a great desert, where there was no water. He tried to hurry, and when evening came, he fell exhausted. Wazi came then, and aroused him and took him into a dense wood. He built a fire and gave Okaga food and drink, and then asked him why he had left the trail.

"My beloved is in distress," said Okaga. "I must go to her."

"She is distressed only because you have neglected your work," said Wazi. "The whip-poor-will you heard was



Iktomi, and you have been tricked again. Now you must return to the trail. For twelve days you must travel alone, each day travelling a day's journey and a third of another day's journey. Then you will find the trail again, and your brothers." At that moment, Wakanka came and gave to Okaga a shell. Wazi said, "When you find your brothers, you will have found the fourth direction. Place this shell on the trail to fix it. Now sleep, and in the morning continue your journey." So Okaga slept that night, and in the morning he was alone.

For twelve days Okaga travelled, each day making the journey of a day and a third of a day. In the evening after the twelfth day, he found his brothers where they waited for him on the trail. He set down the shell and fixed the fourth direction.

The four brothers slept that night, and when they awoke, they saw that the shell which Okaga had set on the trail had become a tipi, decorated with all the colors of the sunset. A meadow lark came and sat on it and sang like Okaga's flute. "My messenger," said Okaga, "I will answer you in your way of speaking, and I pray that your voice may always bring pleasure as it has this day." Then he played on his flute, and the music was like the voice of the meadow lark.

Now the four directions were fixed, and the brothers returned to the lodge of Tate. Little Yum danced with joy when he saw them coming; he whirled and whirled and performed funny little tricks, like the little whirlwind that dances across the plains in the late afternoon. Tate was very happy to have his sons return, and prepared a great feast.

That night, Tate's lodge was filled with happiness.

## Epicycle IV

*Tales of a Demon is adapted from the Vetalapanchavimshati, or Twenty-five Tales of a Vetala, a cycle of stories embedded in the eleventh-century Indian epic known as The Ocean of Story, by Somadeva. The "Tales of a Demon," twenty-four in number, are all riddle stories which were used for religious instruction by the Buddhists and others; their antiquity dates The Ocean of Story by several centuries. With the current issue Parabola ends its series of these tales.*

# Tales of a Demon

In the previous tale, the demon in the corpse carried by King Triple-Victory told of how the widowed Queen Moonbeam and her daughter, Princess Beauty, came to find themselves, alone and unprotected, in the dark and terrible Vindhya Forest. Their footprints, however, were noticed by a hunter, Fierce-Lion, and his son, Strong-Lion. Observing that the footprints of one of the women were large, while those of the other were small, the two hunters came to the conclusion that the large footprints belonged to the elder of the two women and the small to the younger. They vowed, therefore, that when they should find the two women, the father would marry the one with the larger feet, and the son the one with the smaller feet. But when they did find them, it was Queen Moonbeam who had the smaller feet, and her daughter, the Princess Beauty, who had the larger. Nevertheless, the marriages took place according to the vow, and Fierce-Lion married Princess Beauty, while his son, Strong-Lion, married Queen Moonbeam. So it was that the daughter became the mother-in-law of her mother, and the mother the daughter-in-law of her daughter. In time, children were born to both couples, and the question posed by the demon concerned these children: what relationship did they bear to one another?

Further and further down the road went King Triple-Victory, the corpse and its attendant demon slung over his shoulders and the demon's riddle turning and turning in his mind. "Ha ha!" the *vetala* chuckled to himself, "This noble king has become light-footed indeed! How much faster he travels now, knowing that he does not know how to answer my riddle! And indeed, such nobility and valor deserve not to be troubled by my deceptions any longer. So instead, I will deceive that villainous mendicant Kshantisila, for whom King Triple-Victory labors now in fulfillment of his pledge, not knowing what doom awaits him. I will make sure now that the honors to be bestowed upon Kshantisila will redound instead to this valiant prince."

Upon finishing these reflections, the demon spoke once more to King Triple-Victory in these words: "Great King! Know that I am pleased indeed with the courage and forti-

tude you have shown this night, and with the determination with which you have pursued the fulfillment of your obligation, in spite of the tricks I have played on you and the terrible journeyings back and forth you have made in this grim place. I will therefore leave this corpse, which will lighten your burden considerably, and let you continue on your way unhindered. But before I leave, let me at least give you a boon, since you have shown yourself so worthy. Be wary of that mendicant Kshantisila, for whom you are carrying this corpse, for he intends to harm you. Indeed, it is your destruction he seeks, for he purposes to exalt himself at your expense, in this wise: when he sees you, he will say, 'King, this ceremony requires that eight limbs shall touch the ground at once. That is why I have sent you to fetch this corpse. Now, put down the corpse and lay yourself down beside it, so that eight limbs shall touch the ground at once.' Instead of so doing, noble King, you must reply to him, 'Show me first precisely how I should accomplish this, so that I may obey the letter of the ceremony.' Then, when he has lain down beside the corpse, O King, take the ceremonial sword and cut off his head: for know that this is precisely what he means to do to you, in fulfillment of his wicked scheme. It was only to prevent this that I have all night long thrown such obstacles in your path, but now I perceive that there is a better way to avert this evil." And with these words, the demon departed the corpse and fled into the shadowy depths of the cemetery.

When King Triple-Victory emerged from the graveyard, he beheld the mendicant Kshantisila, sitting under a banyan tree. In the king's absence, the ascetic had busied himself with the preparations for his ceremony: around him lay a circle drawn with the yellow powder of bones, and the ground inside the circle was smeared with blood. At each of the four cardinal points, a pitcher of human blood had been placed, and the whole place was richly illuminated with candles made of human fat. All was ready for a sacrifice, and the ascetic immediately began making oblations to his favorite deity. Upon seeing the king, Kshantisila exclaimed, "Great King! How nobly you have satisfied the task I set you! To think that one such as you would have endured such hardships, and in such a grim and forbidding place! Indeed you are a man of unbending courage, one who forwards the interests of others without regard to self. Truly it is said that only the most valiant are worthy of participating in the mysteries!" Then he took the corpse from the king's shoulders and placed it face downwards in the center of the circle. After this, he prepared himself by smearing his body with ashes and donning the garments of the dead. Lastly, he bound about his shoulders a sacrificial thread of hair, bowed thrice before the image of his god and offered the oblation of the corpse, into which, immediately, there

entered the demon of his worship. Then turning to the king, he said, "Noble King, perform for me one final task, for it is required by the ceremony. Fall upon the ground beside the corpse, so that eight limbs shall touch the ground at once, and the sacrifice shall be complete." But the king, mindful of the words of the *vetala*, replied "Reverend sir, I am not sure that I understand just how I ought to do this, and for fear that I should, by my clumsiness, violate the precision of your preparations, please demonstrate so that I may do exactly what is needed." Then did that wicked mendicant throw himself on the ground beside the corpse, so that eight limbs touched the ground at once, and immediately King Triple-Victory seized the sacrificial sword and with a single blow cut off the mendicant's head and himself offered the oblation to the demon.

Then the host of goblins and demons which stood on every side applauded, and the *vetala* in the corpse cried out, "Brave King! Know that you have attained for yourself that very sovereignty over all the *vetalas* which that wicked mendicant sought to gain for himself! And know further that, long after the death of your body, your sovereignty will hold sway, and that ever after your name will be remembered because of your fortitude and determination in answering the riddles of the demon in the corpse. And now I must depart, for one who is greater than I must take my place!" With these words, the demon departed, and the host of goblins with him. And then Lord Shiva looked down upon King Triple-Victory and appeared before him, attended by all the gods, and said, "Bravo, my son! For today you have slain that hypocrite Kshantisila, who sought to hold sway over the realms of darkness. Know that in the very beginning I created you out of a portion of myself, so that you might achieve this victory and maintain for me the sovereignty over all demons. Return now to your kingdom, and let your prowess be known so that all evildoers shall tremble at your name, thrice-victorious King! And that your rule shall be absolute, over the dominion not only of demons, but also of men, receive from me this sword, called Invincible, by means of which all darkness shall be subdued."

Then did King Triple-Victory receive the splendid sword from Lord Shiva, and return to his kingdom; and there the Lord Shiva was revered and honored throughout the land. Truly did that noble king Triple-Victory rule over the kingdoms of men and demons for many years, indeed until the end of his life, when he was reunited with the Blessed One, so attaining all his ends.



# Cosmos In Stone

*By H el ene Fleury*

*H el ene Fleury and a group of co-workers, the Association Arch eologique Kergal, have made a study in depth of the European megalithic sites, especially in Brittany. They have published a report of their findings called "Le Tumulus de Gavr'inis," and*

*other papers are forthcoming. The following has been translated and much condensed from a paper called "Sacred Space in the Megalithic Monuments." Much of the supporting data has been omitted due to limitations of space.*

The megalithic phenomenon appeared on the earth suddenly. For several centuries, beginning in the fourth millennium before Christ, in places as widely separated as Korea, Tibet, India, the Caucasus, Anatolia, Palestine, North Africa and Europe, men felt the same necessity to erect huge stones according to laws that we are trying to discover. Everywhere we observe the same type of construction; and inevitably the idea arises of a megalithic civilization—a type of culture, rather than a race or nation, a way of expression of the knowledge of the period.

The revolution brought about by carbon 14 has already obliged us to accept that the Atlantic megaliths predated the great civilizations of the Middle East such as Pharaonic Egypt. "Ancient Europe is older than we thought," says Colin Renfrew; shall we some day have to submit to the evidence that "ancient sciences are older than we thought"?

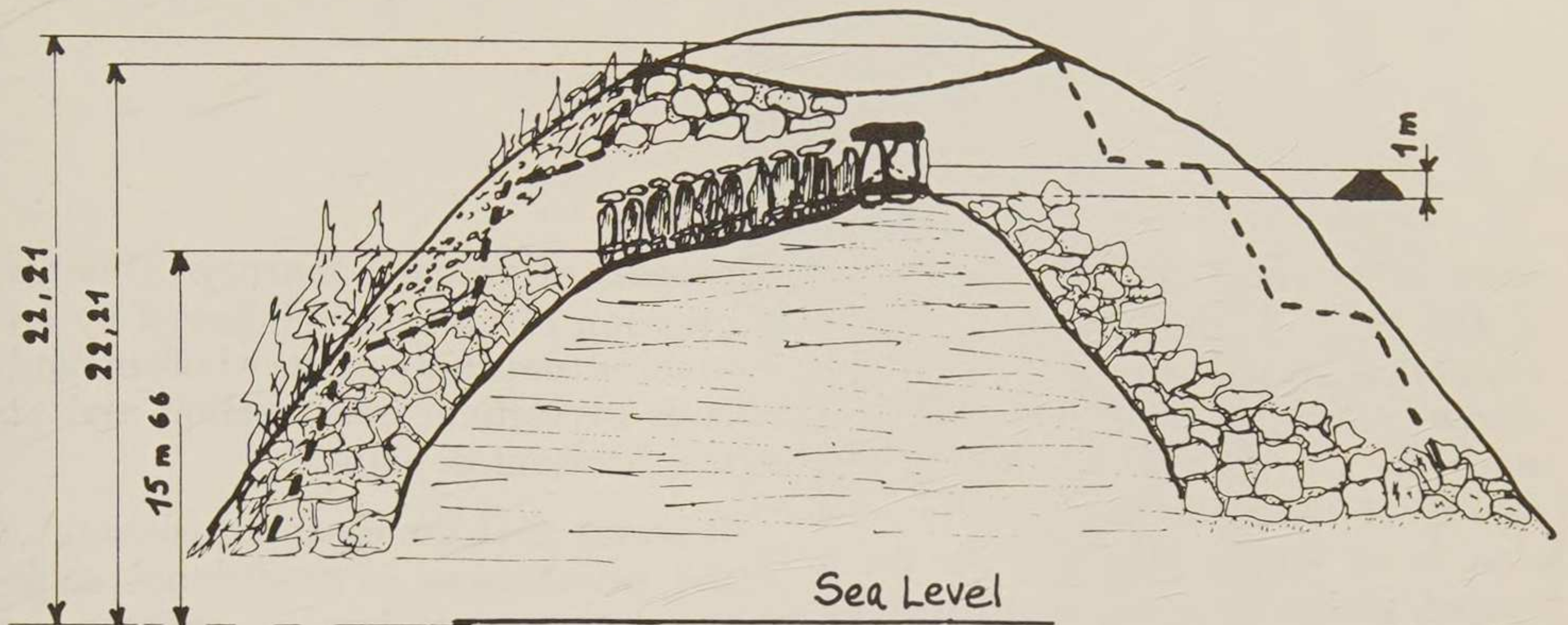
According to the archaeological data, it would seem that about nine thousand years ago, starting from an eastern origin in the Caucasus, agriculture appeared, was slowly propagated and finally reached the Western countries. With an inverse movement and starting from a western

point of departure in Armorica,\* about seven thousand years ago, the megaliths, oldest constructions made by the hand of man, appeared and spread eastward in the same way. These two contrary movements, meeting and blending about 4000 B.C., gave rise during the Neolithic period to a great civilization which was characterized by the beginnings of agriculture. This civilization, considered under its architectural aspect, is called the megalithic.

At the present time, in spite of long and patient efforts on the part of archaeologists, and in spite of the progress of such techniques as radio carbon datings and thermoluminescence which have allowed us to visualize these two movements, it is not yet possible to localize the Armorican source from which arose this great wave of the megalithic idea. The passage of time and the actions of men, as well as great variations in the shore line, have effaced many traces, making it difficult (but perhaps not impossible) to localize this center. However, we can imagine that at this point of departure a great event took place, a shock which had its repercus-

\*Ancient name for the region of Northwestern France which roughly corresponds to Brittany.

Cross section of mound of Gavr'inis showing passageway and "ascent toward the center."



sions in time over thousands of years, and in space over many thousands of miles: the beginning of a new era.

This was the era of the great stone monuments such as Glastonbury, Stonehenge and Avebury in England; and of New Grange in Ireland and Gavr'inis in Brittany which have been the special objects of our study.

In the space enclosed by these monuments, what was inscribed on the ground was the analogy of man with the cosmos (Greek *kosmos* signifies at the same time *world* and *order*); the whole earth and the universe, considered in their reciprocal movement, were taken as fundamental symbols in the ancient sciences. In mythic language, we could speak of the earth as a gigantic living creature, the prototype of Man in all his possibilities. The monuments, all built around a center point, show the earth traversed by the axis of its rotation, symbolizing the connection between above and below. This invisible axis which joins earth to heaven is the straight path leading to the Pole Star, which in the ancient world constituted a hole in the celestial vault: the same idea as that of an axis which, like an arrow, punctures the heart of the sky.

With the stone circles, we come at once to the idea of megalithic sacred

space. The circles, marked by an arrangement of roughly dressed stones, give the uninformed visitor the impression of something unfinished, crude, without any real structure. However, the studies that have been made both in France and in Great Britain have revealed remarkably accurate geometric and astronomical features, which imply a construction based on a rigorous pattern. We find identical features in the temples of later civilizations.

The simplest stone circles are bounded by a line of menhirs, either joined together or with spaces between; but in other cases we find more complex monuments in which several concentric constructions are combined to form true temples. One type of sacred place is well represented by the gigantic natural site of Glastonbury, in Somerset. The monument was set up in the Neolithic period to represent on the ground the signs of a great zodiac. This zodiac, 16 kilometers across, can only be seen from above. From the level of the ground, nothing at all is distinguishable.

Many other examples can be found in Brittany. Like many spiritual centers, the mound of Gavr'inis, the highest

point of a small island in the middle of the Gulf of Morbihan, has to be sought; it passes unnoticed by the casual traveler. But from the first steps on the path that leads to the depths of the sanctuary the impression is so strong that it calls for a deeper study. One is astonished by the magnificent sculptures that almost completely line the inner walls of the entrance gallery to the central chamber, which gave Gavrinis its reputation of being the world's most beautiful dolmen.

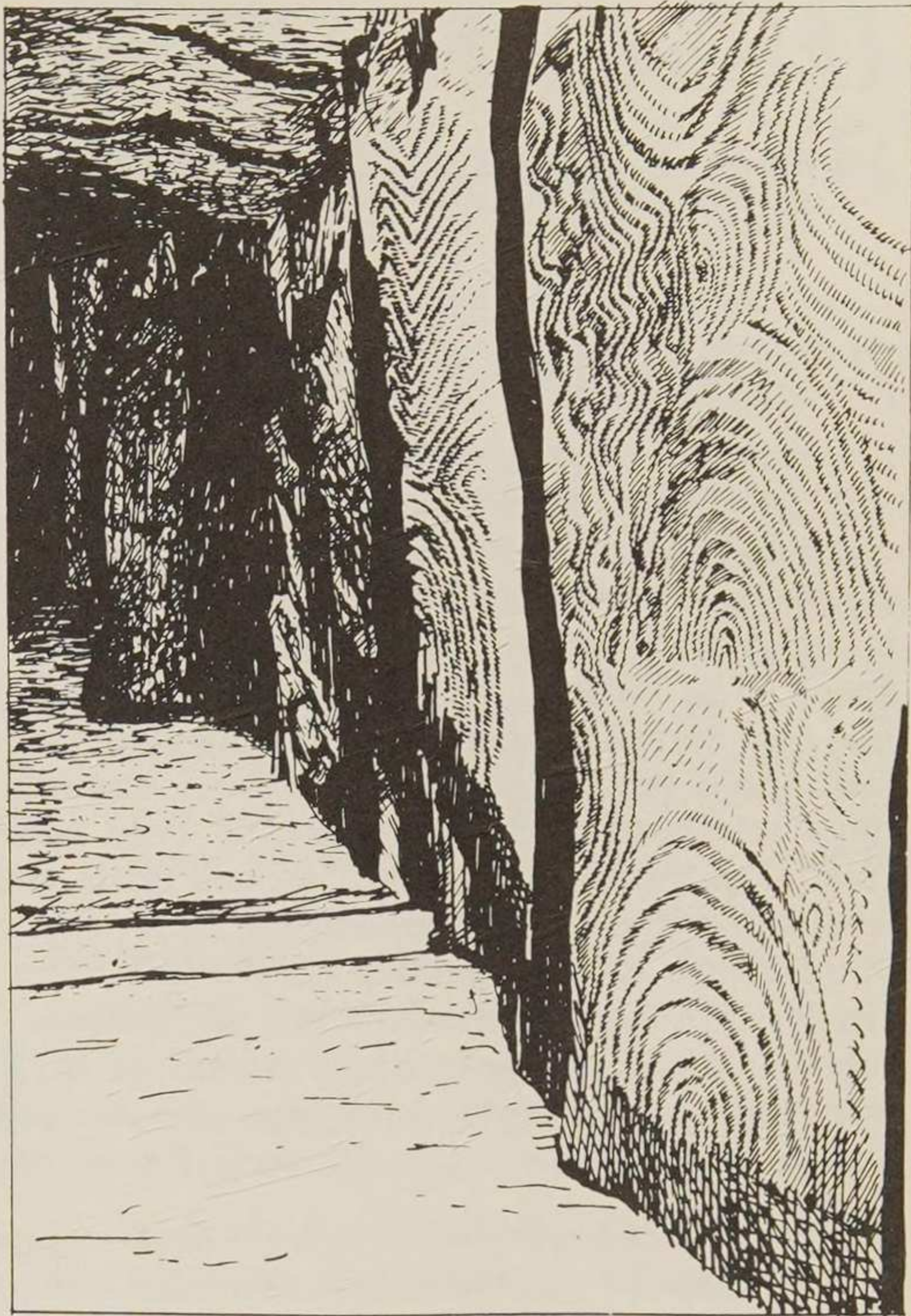
In the plan of the dolmen, four parts appear rather clearly: the central chamber and an access passage divided in three. The journey from the entrance to the building's central point seems to correspond symbolically to the ascent toward the center of oneself, the summit of the "natural" mountain of man where he enters into contact with his "celestial" nature, according to the symbolism of the polar mountain.

We can't linger here over the sculptural symbolism; we can only say that almost all the signs engraved on megalithic monuments are found again in this place: the spiral, the axe, the serpent, the cross, etc.; and even more frequently, concentric half-circles, sometimes turned toward the sky, sometimes toward the earth. All these shapes connect with each other in a curious movement which beckons the visitor along the passageway to the culmination of the inner chamber. The homogeneity of these carvings marks them as the work of a close-knit team; it is as if one hand alone had engraved on stone after stone the

process of one sole journey. This impression of unity is reinforced by an architectural study of the whole mound, both in vertical cross-section and on the horizontal plane.

It seems that the essential concern of the priest-sages of traditional societies has always been to express the inexpressible, to make perceptible the vital movement which animates all living things from within—in order to help men to understand better the meaning of their lives, and to safeguard mankind's patrimony of real knowledge. The study of what remains to bear witness to the existence of sacred places makes it clear that the method used for the transmission of this knowledge was sacred art, and we can well imagine that such a task required enormous efforts on the part of those who had to pass it on as well as of those who attempted to understand it. Our modern education has taught us very little about the idea of sacred art. It certainly seems that what we call "art" has few points in common with this "exact science" which demands a more total participation of the whole being.

Sacred art is the science of forms. Forms express the coincidence between profane sciences and techniques and the religious sciences; that is, they link physics and metaphysics. These forms are determined by precise laws which are the same for the building of a temple, the making of a vase, or the creation of tools for crafts. Sacred art uses symbolic language and mythical thought as a means of expression; so if we wish to



*Entrance passage to central chamber at Gavr'inis.*

understand its message we have to reinforce our ordinary way of understanding with a more informed feeling and an intuitive perception whose "light" can resolve the dilemma of our habitual discursive duality. In other words, it certainly seems that the knowledge transmitted by these priest-sages of the ancient world was that of the unity of all things. This knowledge could only be transmitted or assimilated by people for whom inner unity was an actual experience or for whom this experience was the goal.

In the same way, we can foresee perhaps that the preparation for this state of symbiosis of knower and known could only be the result of a true culture, that is of a traditional culture such as must have been "organized" among the neolithic peoples. Later the great civilizations like that of Pharaonic Egypt transmitted the same teachings and explained that

this knowledge has to be acquired from a Master or in the heart of a school. The teaching of Pythagoras is a good example because of certain affinities, which become clear on further study, between that school and the megalithic tradition, although the latter preceded the former by several millennia.

Whatever the period, whatever the construction sites, these buildings remind us of the existence of organized societies in which each member participated in a collective work—a work which required from each one that he should "bring his stone," an act which, being timeless, defies the passage of time.

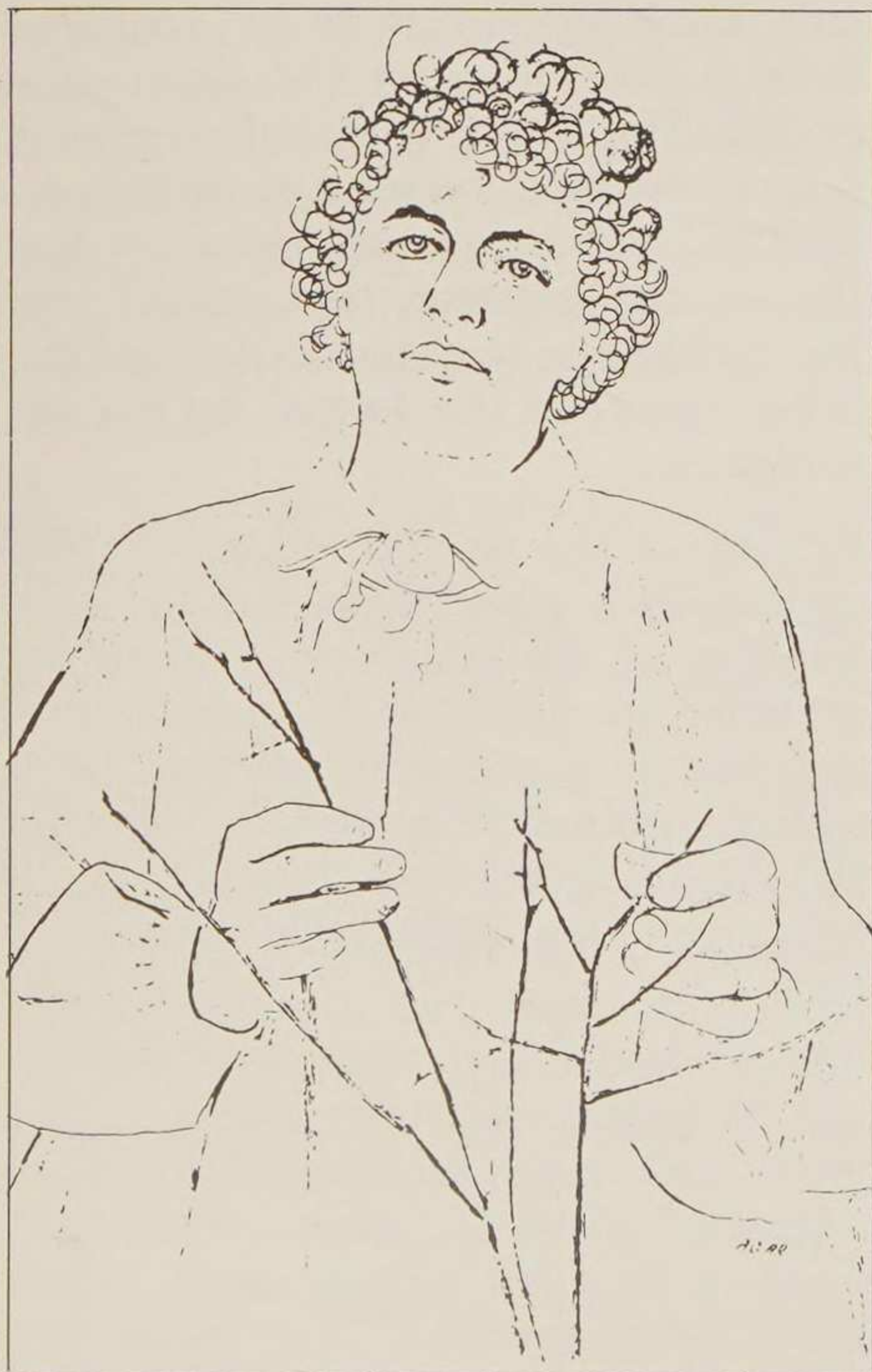


# If She's Not Gone, She Lives There Still

## P.L. Travers and Michael Dames

A game of Consequences might run as follows: Michael Dames, A.B., met P.L. Travers, O.B.E., at her house in Chelsea. A fascinating conversation ensued on which *Parabola* was allowed to listen in, so what he said and she said is recorded below. Michael Dames is an *enfant terrible* of British archaeology, the author of two books, *The Silbury Treasure* and *The Avebury Cycle*, expressing his controversial theories about two of Britain's most famous megalithic sites. Fresh, original and strongly argued, the books have attracted much attention and been received with lively interest ("one warms to them," as one critic wrote); but there have been some cries of pain among the conventional scholars. No cries of pain are elicited from P.L. Travers, who, besides being the creator of Mary Poppins and one of *Parabola's* consulting editors, justly claims the title of "dowser" of mythic and fairy tale meanings in whatever landscape she happens to enter. In our sketch, you may see the dowser's forked wand in her hands.

As for the Consequences of this meeting—when two discoverers of buried treasure compare their findings and offer to share them with all comers, who can say how far the riches may go?



*P.L. Travers*



*Michael Dames*

**P.L. Travers:** *I have always been deeply interested in stone circles, and I've just come back from Rollwright, from a modern Druid ceremony for All Soul's day, which of course is the Druids' ancient New Year. The ceremony itself was hilarious: the Druids, male and female, dressed up like Scott of the Antarctic (it was bitterly cold) with their Druid cloaks over their furs, cavorting about among the stones and handing each other hard-boiled eggs. But the stones themselves! They were marvelous, magic, charged with power, ancient and serene, taking no notice of anybody. I longed to be left alone with them, to stay with them till sunset when, so the local people say, they go down to the river to bathe. Once, at Chartres, left alone by a party of friends who wanted to look at the crypt, I just sat there in the great silence feeling something—I still can't give it a name—gathering about me and the top of my head slowly rising. Something is going to be told me, I thought. And then the group came rushing back and my moment was gone forever. When I told an archaeologist friend about this he said, "No wonder. Don't you know of the old legend that under the cathedral is a Neolithic stone circle? That's why they built it there." And I remember seeing Stonehenge, misty in the moonlight, and having something of the same feeling. A thirteen-year-old boy whom I was driving to his new public school (what in America would be a private school) stood beside me, and I wondered if it seemed to him, too, that the stones were lifting into the air, dancing, one could almost say. He was silent, but as we turned back to the car, he said, "After that, I could stand anything. That circle makes one feel protected." Now does all this, in your mind, refer to Avebury and Silbury? I feel quite sure it must.*

**Michael Dames:** Yes; and I think your remarks about the slightly unsatisfactory quality of the Druid takeover of the Rollwrights refer to what was for me the starting point.

The digging into the largest prehistoric man-made mountain in Europe, which is Silbury Hill in North Wiltshire, was begun on the basis that it contained a patriarchal burial of a prince, a ruler from the Bronze or Iron Age; and it wasn't until 1968, the last of many such digs, that conclusive proof came that in fact the monument was Stone Age or Neolithic, and so for that matter, as had been proved slightly earlier, was the adjacent stone circle, perhaps the greatest in the world, of Avebury. So what we're dealing with there is a group of monuments, within sight of each other, which by common consent formed the metropolis of Neolithic Britain. The first, and I would say possibly the greatest, British civilization was unquestionably based on the cult of the Great Goddess. Now, once the date was known, archaeologists asserted they would be able to link those tremendous physical remains to an accepted body of belief and a culture; but conspicuously this hasn't been done yet. I would say a conspiracy of silence has descended; so that about 1970, living in the area, I was overwhelmed by this sense of discontinuity, really, between the archaeologists' avowed intent to make cultural sense of what they'd found and what actually happened—which was *nothing*, in the way of interpretation. So I began to try to find out as much as I could about Neolithic culture, having had an archaeological training in the first place, but being vastly ignorant, as most students of archaeology are, about comparative religion, folklore, and ethnographic Stone Age communities. We just never come across the material in a conventional archaeological course.

*P.L.T. That's what one misses in all archaeology. It demands the proof, but it doesn't care about the meaning.*

**M.D.** Well, I'm not against careful collection of data, but ultimately one has to have the modesty to carry that data to a point of view, a way of looking at it that is different from the narrowly rational—a point of view where symbolism in all its richness becomes rational. Now one of the things that struck me about Silbury was that all the effort had gone into concentrating on this vast conical mound with the flat top, and no effort at all had been directed toward the surrounding moat, which is 1100 feet long and curiously curved in a way that doesn't make any kind of engineering sense. But this great "quarry," if you like, fills up with water, (even though there's 15 feet of silt in the ditch now) regularly once a year. It occurred to me that what one was looking at there was a monument which was also an image, an image of the Great Mother whose body was defined by this lake, and whose belly, or full womb, was the mound; so that the Harvest Mother, pregnant, was there lying on the ground as a picture. And not only a picture, but a picture that *moved*, with the help of sunlight and moonlight; the reflected strength of the two eyes in the sky comes to the Mother and helps her completion. By saying that I wish to indicate two things: first of all, the long axis of her reclining body is bang on an east-west line, that marvelous spindle of equilibrium between the seasons where night and day are of equal duration. And then if you go there at the quarter day, Lammas, the traditional start of harvest in Britain, you'll see the moon coming up over an adjacent spring and striking its first light on her water thigh at exactly the place where you expect a child's head to emerge. Then as the night goes on, this flicker of moonlight moves around the Mother, onto

her knee, and crosses a narrow natural causeway of undisturbed chalk before filling up progressively a "child" moat, a little disconnected piece of moat which is hugged tight against the belly mound of the hill itself; and the moon goes on through the night and eventually sets on the breast, so that the last moonlight you see is a flicker of white on the breast. I regard this as an intentional, *kinetic* representation of the harvest birth. The child isn't born to starve, but to drink; and simultaneously on the 100 feet of flat summit there's a little cornfield with room for the first fruits festival to take place.

*P.L.T. Doesn't that refer to the old idea that "she"—(I call her she because I feel very strongly with you that whatever this is, it is a maternal symbol)—that the mound was constructed "while a posset of milk was seething?"*

**M.D.** Yes, that's fascinating. The folklore fragment which you quote was recorded by John Aubrey in the mid-seventeenth century, and seems completely random and meaningless—that a hill was built while a posset was seething; but it really fits in precisely. What is the posset? It is the underworld, if you like, the world beneath the lake, the world trapped in the rock; and at harvest, with the coming of the right moment, the milk swirls up and creates a mound of joyful food, a sacred liquid. And of course the cult of the corn dolly, which now fills our gift shops, once filled the reality of farming with imagery which went on from the harvest back into the farmhouse and the barn in winter, and then was returned to the field to be ploughed in the following spring, creating a great cycle, which I think the adjacent monuments helped to celebrate.

But you were asking me, before we started taping, about the name Silbury, weren't you?



*Silbury Hill and moat*

*P.L.T.* Yes. You say in your book that first of all they thought that there was buried there some mythological figure called King Sil.

*M.D.* Yes, that's right. There are two ways of looking at the King Sil fragment. One can think of it as a later patriarchal injection which developed as time went on, because King Sil was transformed in the eighteenth century into a golden monarch on a horse, full-sized.

*P.L.T.* Transformed, in the mind of the folk, you mean.

*M.D.* Yes, but I think there's also a possibility, at least, of an original theme there, insofar as the goddess worldwide always has a male consort, and if he's a consort of corn, he's golden. So I haven't quite made my mind up about which of those to choose!

*P.L.T.* I would accept that; it's a good mythological analogy, and perhaps that was in the folk. When I say "the folk," you know, I mean naturally the people of that time, who lived in fields and hills; but, for that matter, we're all "folk"—the people who

walk in the streets. We forget it; we despise the term. But really we ourselves are the folk and quite capable of absorbing this mythological material when given to us.

**M.D.** I think that's very important indeed. We're not really dealing with history, something chronologically remote, but with that eternal present that real myth deals with. Certainly my working on Silbury has helped me to endure living in the city, rather than the opposite; because all forms of earthly bounty are basically holy whether they come in cans or carts. But one of the things that interests me particularly about the Wiltshire monuments around Silbury is their unique relationship to the natural land forms. In central Wiltshire the downs undulate in a marvelously anthropomorphic manner, and it does rather seem like an extended body going on mile after mile. Indeed, the Wiltshire place-names emphasize that that was how the "folk" viewed their countryside. Now when we're asked why did they choose the particular locality of Avebury to make this supreme effort, I think the answer lies in two springs which are very close by: Swallowhead and the adjacent Waden Spring. These two springs happen by a stupendous geographical fluke to line up with the Lammas quarter day sunrise, 70° east and north in one direction, and the Lammas moonset at 250° east and north in the other. So that presented with this "cue" by the goddess landscape, they responded with the supreme statement of this architectural image very close by. It is an interesting fact that water from Swallowhead Spring was taken to the top of Silbury and drunk on Mothering Sunday\* as late as 1850.

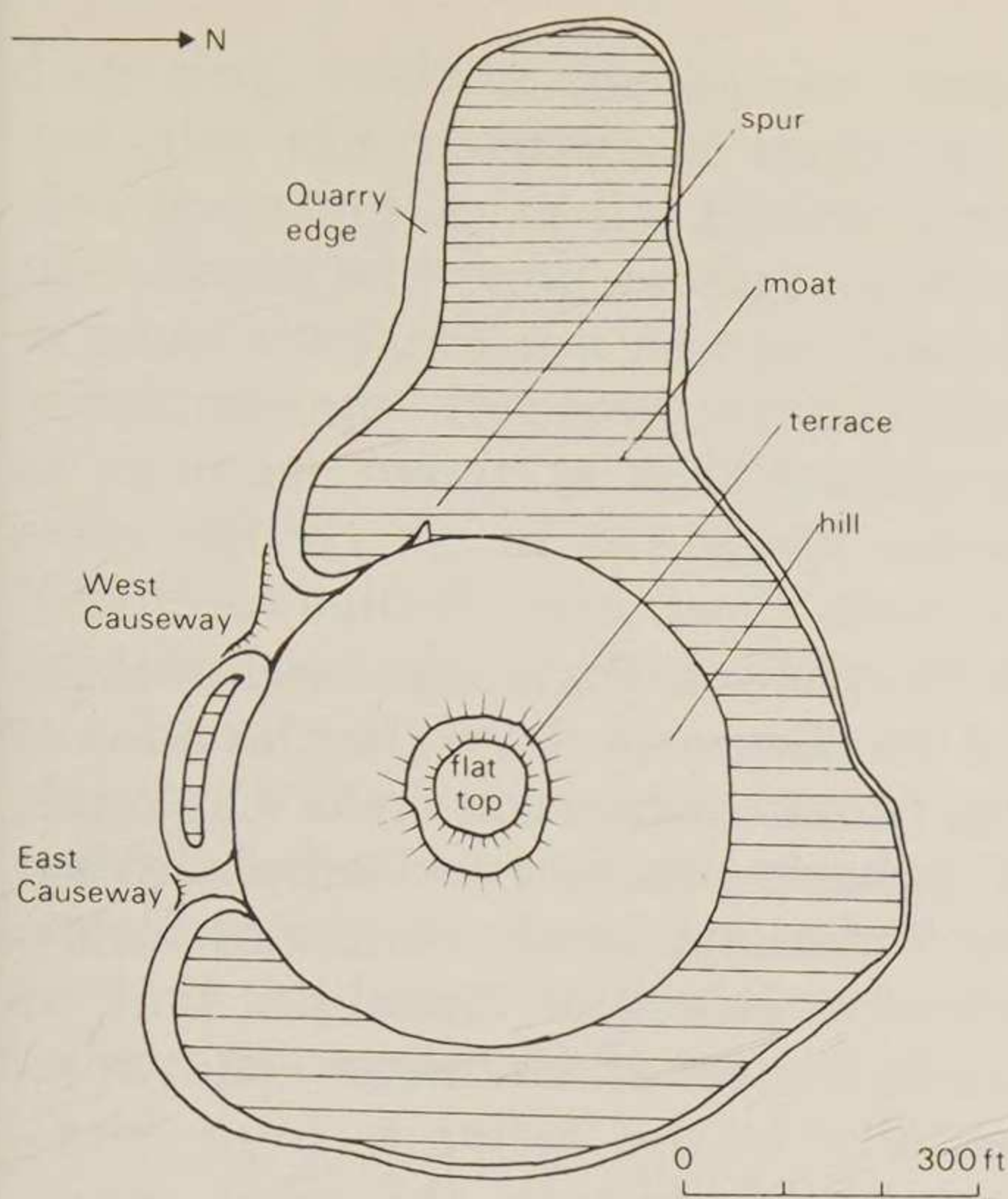
**P.L.T.** You know, that brings us right back to a study I recently made of the nursery rhyme, "Jack and Jill."

\*The fourth Sunday in Lent, when motherhood and the Mother of the Gods were especially honored.

Pondering upon this, I thought, why would they go up the hill? Water notoriously flows down to the lowest place. Then I discovered a clue in Sweden. Jack and Jill were supposed to have been seen by Mani, the moon, going up the hill to take water from the sacred well of Brigir. So they were taken up and put in the moon, and the Swedes think that, where we see a man in the moon, they see Jack and Jill carrying the water. And you say in your book that even quite lately, perhaps a hundred years ago, people were carrying fresh spring water up to the top of Silbury to drink it there ceremonially and religiously. Don't you think it refers?

**M.D.** Absolutely. Isn't that amazing? Yes, I think there's a strong possibility of that.

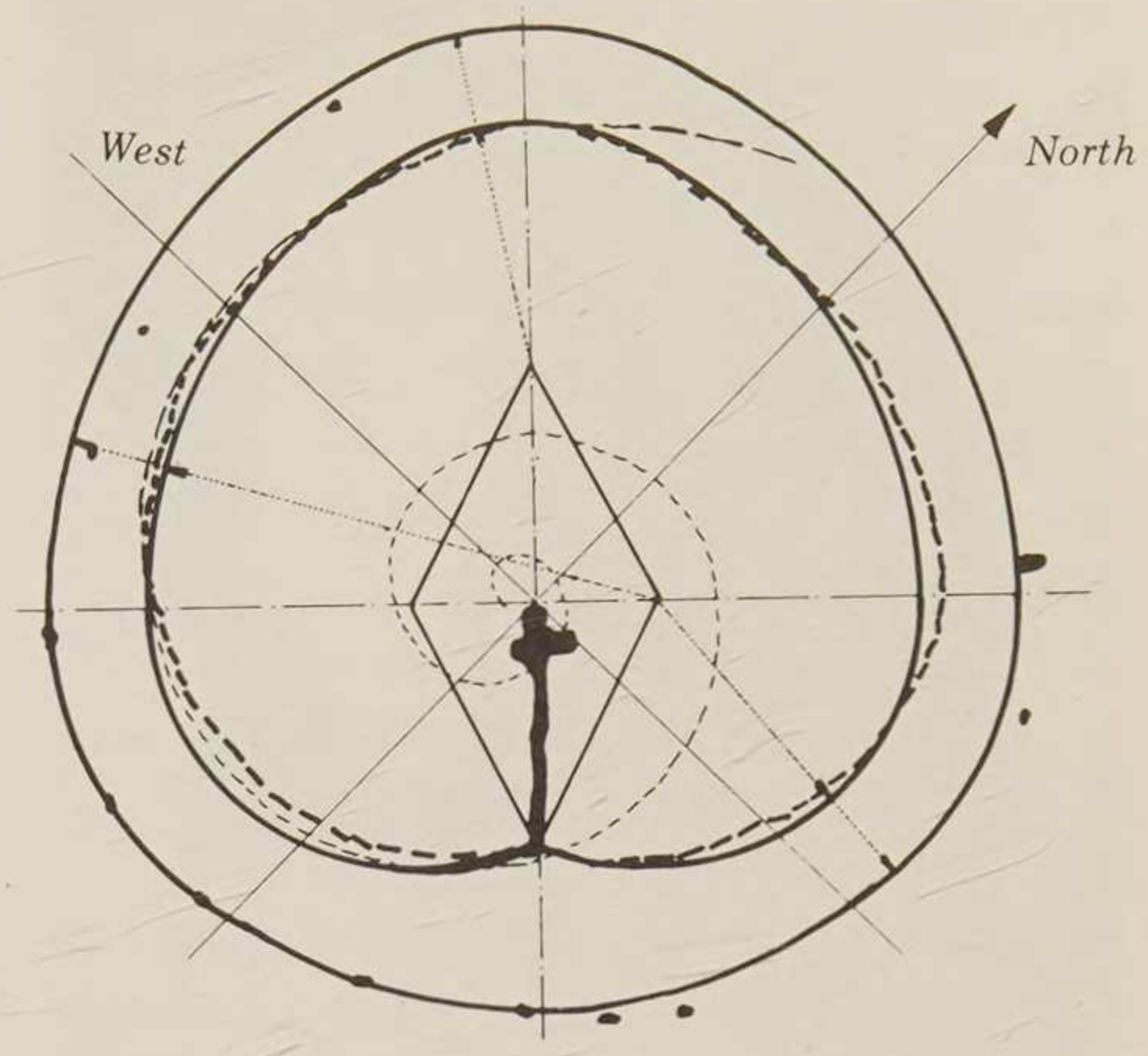
How to get on into the next season I suppose is the problem that farmers worry about; although it happens inevitably. I don't know whether you would agree that the basic myth of the world seems to be to bring people to the next threshold with a sense of its rightness and its appropriateness in time, rather than to have any kind of jerkiness or trauma about the change. It's very interesting to me, having spent so long working on Silbury, that from the top you can see this marvelous long barrow, which is 330 feet long, on the adjoining down—the West Kennet long barrow; and if one accepts the credibility of architecture-as-image (and certainly people like Philip Rawson and Vincent Scully and Joseph Campbell would seem to accept that), then what is this long thing? Well, I suggest in my latest book, *The Avebury Cycle*, that we're looking there at the "Hag"—or I think your word was "Crone"—and the crone with its long spine of sandstone boulders, covered with chalk, has a hollow end to it; in this case, the funeral chambers of West Kennet long barrow. The chambers are five-lobed; and they are a dreadful place.



Plan of Silbury

They were visited well over a thousand years, as archaeologists have proved, and the population wandered amongst the rotting remains of jumbled-up corpses; a terrible, terrible spectacle. And yet isn't this just the way to wisdom that in certain Tantric traditions is known to be both necessary and, in the end, loving?

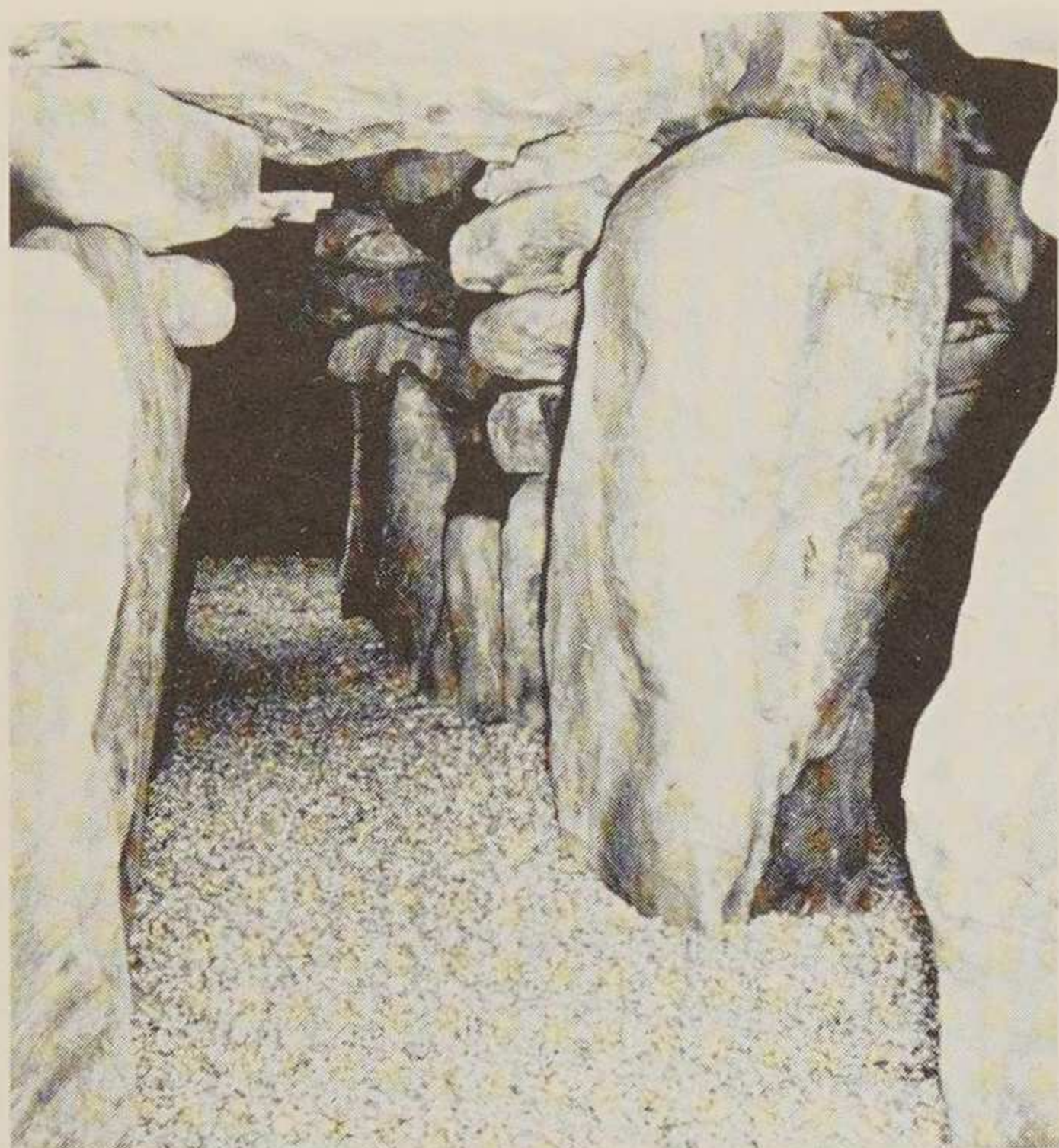
*P.L.T.* Indeed, in the Tantric scripture the Great Mother represents this, too. And when you talk about the long barrows, aren't you telling also of those you can find in Ireland? I have been in the Brugh of Angus, which is now called New Grange. They have made it a place fit for tourists now, with electric light, and enlarged the opening so that people can stand up and walk through into the sacred inner chamber. But in the old days, I remember having to crawl through that narrow birth-passage, if you like, or otherwise death-passage, on my hands and knees, with a candle. And in the central chamber—I don't know whether you've seen it; it's all carved and marked with the most mysterious hieroglyphs. I was alone in there with the man who had persuaded me to this awful adventure. And I was overcome with the



Drawing of ground plan of New Grange, showing entrance passage leading to cruciform inner chamber.

vibrations and the sense of power that was in this place. I could hardly stand it. It was very like, but much greater than, what I felt at Chartres. One was overcome by these tremendous—oh, sensations isn't the right word! One's whole body was vivified; it was almost unbearable.

*M.D.* That's interesting: the comparison you bring up with New Grange as it's now called, in that the long tunnel there, landing up in this cruciform chamber, seems as you say like being born in reverse—being born to the underworld. And that's why I find the shape of the West Kennet long barrow funeral chambers absolutely fascinating, because they seem to be an enlarged version of the squatting goddess image, which is usually connected with birth—many authorities regard the Neolithic figurines as portrayals of the act of parturition—only now in her deathly aspect, hidden within this long barrow mound. Here is the squatting goddess as receiver into the world of chaos, into the world of the collapse of vegetable form, into the world of ploughing and winter. Round the chambers runs a river of dry stone



*West Kennet Long Barrow interior*

wallings, which have been carried there from 30 miles away, which I think simulate the dry river which the Old Hag of Scottish folklore is said to have created at the winter quarter day, at Martinmas; with her skinny arm and thin wand she touched the rivers and they turned to stone. And here one sees such a river as part of the architecture.

I suppose at this time of year—here we are sitting in the darkest part of the year—one always longs for spring. One of the big questions about the Avebury Cycle is how did they effect this wonderful miracle of springtime? My scrutiny of the evidence seems to suggest that it was effected with great difficulty and concentrated effort. Many primitive communities divide their adolescents, boys from girls, and the boys and girls both and separately die to childhood and are born as adults.

*P.L.T. I'd like to know this—did they have, in your thinking, a rite of passage by which they made the transit from childhood to adolescence, to maturity? Have we any evidence of this?*

**M.D.** Well, I think the archaeological hardware is there. In the case of the female incarceration at the onset of puberty, there is a temple called the Sanctuary ideally suited to such a function. It was a conical hut built of wood, 65 feet in diameter—that incidentally is the distance from Swallowhead Spring to the main river, and it's also the diameter of a wattle ring buried in the very core of Silbury. So standing in the doorway of the Sanctuary hut, an adolescent girl was standing in the hollow form of the kernel of Silbury in a hut which archaeologists reconstruct in exactly the same shape as Silbury itself, only of course much smaller; and she could see her maternal future silhouetted against the skyline in the shape of the chalk mound which overlaid the wattle bands at the core of Silbury.

*P.L.T. Would you say (I know we only speak mythologically) that Avebury with its long avenues and its great circle of stones and its inner sanctuaries of sun and moon, stands in relation to Silbury as maiden stands to mother?*

**M.D.** I think that is quite likely, with the slight qualification that it is Maiden and her Bridegroom in relation to Mother. If we got as far as the Sanctuary for the girls, the stone avenue called the West Kennet avenue leads from there to the Avebury Henge, and an equivalent avenue called the Beckhampton leads to the same Avebury Henge: this massive ditch and ring of standing stones, some of them over 14 feet high, within which there are two circles. Now I think of the Avebury Henge as a wed-

ding ring, both in the human sense and also the marriage of cattle, and also the wedding of the binary opposites of yin and yang coming together to make the start of a new generation of happenings. In saying that I hope to establish what is well known in every other part of the world where Neolithic culture has been studied: namely, that the synchronization of the farming year—the activity of ploughing the soil and seeding it and watching the crop rise and eventually harvesting it—is synchronized, I believe, in imagery, with stages in the human life cycle. When we get to the

*West Kennet Long Barrow exterior*



Henge, we get to coitus, to the love-match; and the shape of the outer bank, which again, like Silbury, is water-filled—that's why they dug down so far; it's now silt-filled—the shape I believe is based on that U-shape that you can see on the goddess' apron in Minoan Crete; you can see it in India and certainly you can see it in Swallowhead Spring. That design is equivalent to the human female vulva from which all waters flow. Now the male avenue, Beckhampton Avenue, is extended into that female containing-shape in a feature known as the D feature: a setting

of stones within one of the two internal circles. So that architecturally again, the marriage, the serpentine energy of spring—in the Celtic tradition, the maiden was the serpent—these serpentine energies meet and coalesce at Avebury. And from Avebury, if you stand at the center of that great temple, you can just see the summit of Silbury hill over the horizon.

*P.L.T.* You see what's in store for you, in fact! You see what's waiting.

*M.D.* Exactly. That's right. Before literacy, you may manifest that which you desired in art and architec-

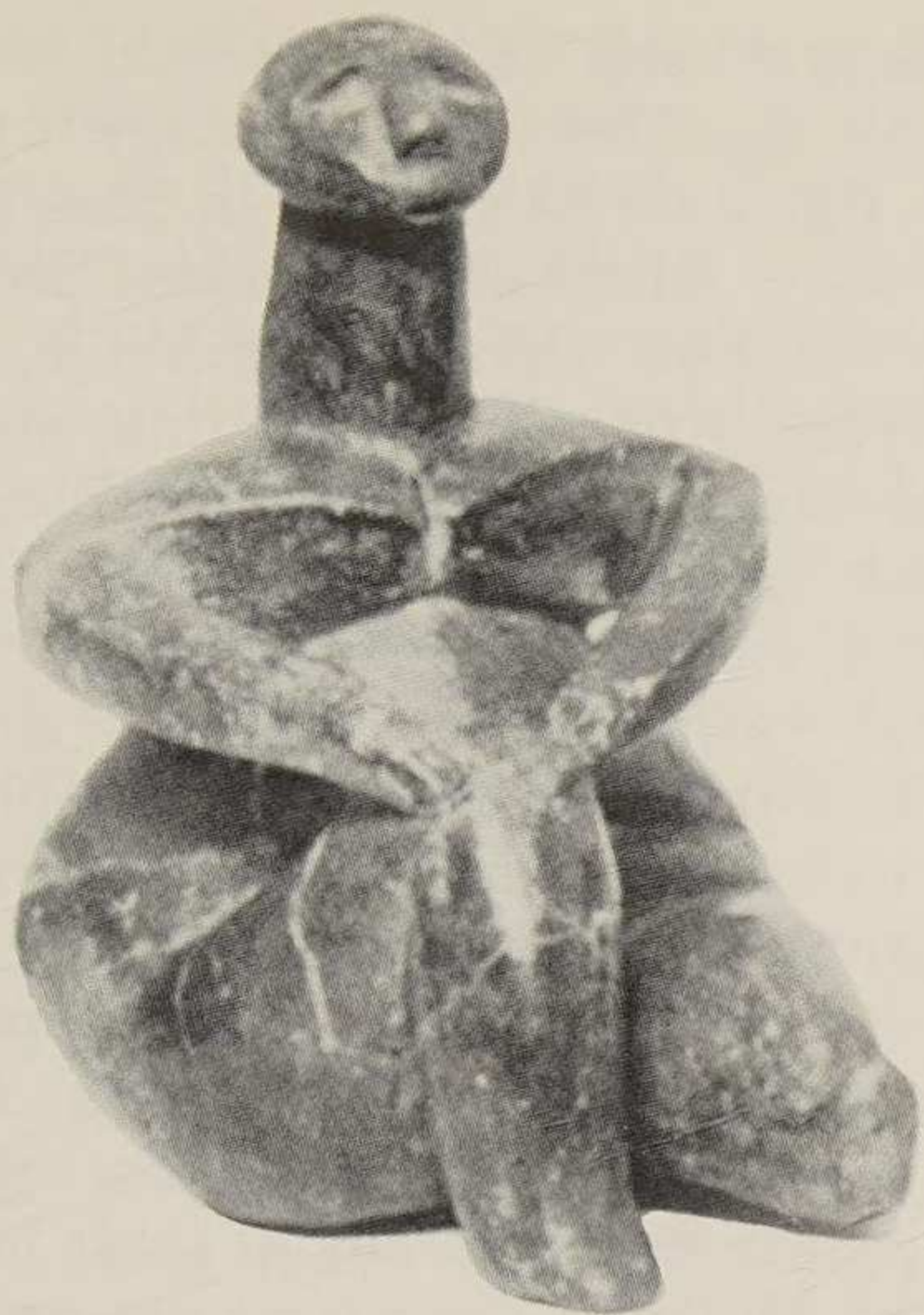
ture. And architecture is the mother of the arts; it contains the smaller icons; it is the platform for human performance. And it is an astounding grief to me that we've deprived ourselves of this knowledge of architecture as a symbolic imagery and are content with mere building. What a deprivation to inflict upon oneself willingly! I don't understand it. About two years after I had begun my exploration into the meaning of the monuments, I had the great good fortune to come across Cassirer's great book,

*The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms*, and with delight I realized that the principles of mythic space awareness which he elucidated there completely confirmed my gradually accumulating convictions concerning the nature of sacred space in and between the Wiltshire monuments. In particular, his statement that "the development of the mythical feeling of space always starts from the opposition of day and night, light and darkness," fitted exactly my feelings about the primary natural symbol in the area, the Swallowhead Spring. There, the black hole in the white chalk rock is the unforgettable doorway between two worlds, inviting movement in both directions. In fact, the annual fluctuation in the water table yearly enacts this interplay—the stream sinking back into the ground in autumn, and spouting forth anew in early spring. In the Silbury and Avebury monuments, the movement between dark and light also has an aquatic aspect. Flights of Neolithic steps carved out with antler tines lead from below the water level in the deeply quarried moats at the Silbury water breast, and at the marriage henge. Walking through the surface of the magic water mirror, the population could enter the dark liquid body of the Lady of the Lake, and emerge with an intuitive and factually correct understanding of the source of all life. Equally, one is led to realize that far from being an arbitrary choice, the preference for an east-west axis in monument planning is another consequence of the light-dark structure of the year at the gateway between winter and summer, marking sunrise and sunset positions at the equinoxes, the perfect equilibrium. Similarly, the light climax of each day and of every full-moon night registers due south when those bodies are highest in the sky. Is it no more than an accident that the bridegroom's door to the Avebury Henge, and the vulva of the

Silbury birth goddess, and the sacred Swallowhead Spring, and sun and moon at zenith, are in alignment, due north-south?

*P.L.T.* All you're saying leads me to think of the extraordinarily natural order in the way of life of these Neolithic people. They followed the laws of sun and moon and seasons and in that way they must have served their goddess, served her faithfully—because wasn't she their mother? And faithfully she gave them increase. Now look what's happened to us: the goddess has become the state. Nobody shows it any duty or service; everybody says "I want, I want," and expects to be freely given to, as once the Mother gave—but in return for service.

*M.D.* Yes. I think one thing that follows from what you've just said is the way we tend nowadays to separate the cerebral from the physical, which I suppose is the legacy of Christianity, that activity of division; whereas in what one can discover of the pattern of life in Neolithic communities, there's no such separation. What confirmation can we find of this merging of physical and intellectual at the



*A clay figurine of the Great Goddess of the late 4th millenium from Cernavoda, Rumania*

Avebury monuments? I think one can see them as double images, quite legitimately. I've spoken of the Avebury horseshoe as a vulva with phallus incorporated into it. But it is equally possible to see it as "skull" with two inner circles as eye sockets or eyes. Similarly if you look at Silbury itself from the east, it's the squatting Mother with the moat. If you look at it from the west, it's a huge eyeball in a water head, so that the division between spirit and body which we've suffered from for the last two thousand years seems never to have been an issue there at all. And the iconography supports this total fusion of those two aspects of human existence.

*P.L.T. The sense of sacredness must have been within them, not only in the shape of the earth, their tellurian temple. This reminds me of something that was written in the early seventeenth century by a writer named Samuel Purchas, in his book Microcosmos. He says, "Why then, O man, know thyself and know all things. Thou hast thy body, a book of nature, and carriest a little model of the greater world continually about*

*thee." Wasn't this what Avebury and Silbury were telling us, that in a sense, we're in the Great Mother; and alternately, the Great Mother is in us. We can't escape.*

**M.D.** Yes; and I'm convinced (with Lévi-Strauss and Cassirer) that the Neolithic peoples knew that, and brought the physical reality of the body into their architecture as a mode of measurement. In Avebury parish I find that they sought to construct their buildings using a linear module derived from a fusion of the two aspects of physical reality uppermost in their experience—namely the human body, and the external environment understood as a superhuman body. I believe that this fusion was effected by that most physical of measuring devices, the human stride. Plainly they strode everywhere, but in seeking a sacred module as the basis of an architecture whose function was to heighten the sacredness of the local natural endowment, they might be expected to turn to the landscape at its most potently active—that is, to the two springs of Swallowhead and Waden, and to pace out the trickle of waters from chalk source to the river Kennet. These tributaries, the life-ways of the Goddess-landscape running so memorably from the underworld, were regarded as sacred till the eighteenth century. Today these tributaries, measured in abstract (yet sensuously derived) feet, are 65 feet and 400 feet respectively. Is it just coincidence that both these modules occur over and over again in the major dimensions of all the Avebury monuments? For example, 65 feet is the diameter of Silbury core fence, the diameter of the Sanctuary hut, the width of the West Kennet long barrow facade, and the distance between the Avebury circles. The Silbury mound height is 65' x 2', and dozens of examples of simple multiples appear to be present throughout the ensemble.

The validity of turning to the springs for measuring rods would have been greatly enhanced for them by reason of their alignment on the sunrise-moonset quarter day axis, 70°-250° east of north; and the local building module would have received some of its authority from the celestial hemisphere and some from the underworld, at critical moments in the annual cycle of each. Since the buildings themselves were each designed to engage in a dialogue between Above and Below, balanced about the soil line (the farmers' equator), the rationale of a measured loyalty to the *genius loci* becomes strong. In particular contrast to our own abstract numerology, the plotting of Neolithic sacred space depends, I believe, on populating the landscape with figures, *human* figures, prepared to walk the superhuman geography, and to extend what was found into an architecture loyal to the place of its foundation. The awareness of space, and measured space as *active* rather than static, is also brought into focus by the two lengths of running water, whose vitality was subsequently embodied in, and reflected by, the kinetic, living architecture, as a genetic inheritance.

Around the four great monuments we've been discussing, there is an even larger image of the Great Mother, I believe, composed of 26 long barrows and certain other circles and causeway camps, which occupies a 25 square mile tract of downland, and all these are Neolithic sites. They have their arms, or horns if you like, along the crests of the downs, overlooking the Vale of Pewsey, and from there the whole majestic figure can be seen stretching away into the distance. In their very core, in their gut, are the monuments: Silbury, West Kennet long barrow, the avenues of the Avebury Henge, as almost internal tracts to this larger image—

although each of the internal monuments operates as an image in its own right. So as you say, it goes from the very smallest individual to the very largest thing imaginable, the universe. And all intermediate stages were accessible to these people, because they had this basic micro-macro view of things, which we talk about rather glibly perhaps nowadays without allowing for the physical outcome of that idea in the view of primitive society: namely, that that whole territory, that whole country was a figure, a body. One can hear the peoples in the Sudan today speaking of the marsh areas of their lands as the Mother's groin and the upland mountains as her breasts. The key to primitive geography of the world can be seen in such a group of monuments as we have there.

The other thing is in the sense of space: all of these things laid out in space; I think it's wrong to isolate space from time. Sacred space, I believe, is a marriage of space with time. And the space becomes sacred at certain prescribed times, and then becomes prosaic again until the next bringing together of space and time. The word "Silbury" itself comes from the Old English "blessed time," "harvest time"—so the Silbury moat lights up for the birth moment at that blessed time.

I think that's what I feel about sacred space in that particular area.

*P.L.T.* The poet and sage A.E. used to say to me when I was very young, "The earth is a living being." You're actually saying that this is what the people of the Neolithic times thought, not only of their temples, but of their planet.

*M.D.* Exactly. Yes, they needed the temples to confirm and bring into sharper focus that which they believed already about the world in general. For that reason, people came from all over the British Isles to the

Avebury Cycle of monuments, as has been shown by archaeological finds. It was truly a national focus for eternity, the year rolling on as a great circle of interlocking events. Indeed it was still being used in Saxon and medieval times, so that it had an enormously long life-span, as is right for a farming cycle attached to the Great Goddess who seems able to skip with ease across racial divisions and political upheavals.

*P.L.T.* Oh, she does! She is mentioned in Taoists texts as the Mountain Mother. There's your Silbury again. In Japan, she's a peach tree. The oldest fairy tale in Japan is called "Peach Boy" and he's born of this peach tree. In China, the symbol for the Great Mother is jade. It's the symbol at once of death and immortality. You find her everywhere. You can't take a step without her! In my field, which I think of as the fairy tale, you can always tell the antiquity of a tale when it has, as its chief character, a woman. She always refers to the Great Mother. For instance, in "Snow White," "Cinderella," "Allerleirauh," and above all "The Sleeping Beauty."

**M.D.** This is marvelous, because the fragments of the tattered remains of the English folk tradition are really little episodes in this great story, the only central story from which all other stories derive—that of the seasonal metamorphosis of the central divine being and her male consort.

*P.L.T.* We see it in one of the oldest English anonymous poems:

*I sing of a maiden who is  
mateless,  
King of all kings, her son she  
chose.*



*The milk-giving mother goddess, a clay figurine from Susa, 3rd millenium B.C.*

*She chose—which means, in essence, she accepted—accepted in every sense. He's clearly lover as well as son.*

**M.D.** Yes. Even in post-medieval times there has been, up until the Puritan revolution, a capacity for the Great Mother to survive in amongst, and infuse a certain kind of life into, Christianity on the one hand and the most uninformed folk appetites on the other. There is a wonderful value there.

I think if one looks for a folk image to set alongside the two stone avenues going to the Avebury Wedding Ring, one can't do better than go to a village in Staffordshire called Abbots Bromley, where dancers including Maid Marian and Dirty Bet go around and beat the bounds of the parish and form two snaky dances which

lead into a circle—two serpents coalescing in a circle. It seems to be a very important theme in folk dancing. It's certainly true there, and the horned aspect of the goddess is also part of that rite because most of the dancers carry huge stag horns or reindeer horns.

*P.L.T.* Isn't it so that these dances—I've seen them myself—are all performed with the utmost gravity, as though they were a service to something that perhaps the dancers have forgotten?

*M.D.* Yes, there's a stateliness about them.

*P.L.T.* Wouldn't you say that perhaps all dance, however profane, is even if unconsciously, done before the Lord? Remember in the Apocryphal Book of St. John, in the Hymn of Jesus where he makes the disciples stand about him in a ring. They dance and sing—strophe and anti-strophe.

*M.D.* Yes, because what is dance? It is the kinetic involvement of the individuals in a thing greater than themselves, a pattern which can turn from solar orb into serpentine river-flow with an ordered measure to it, the bringing of order into the random chaos of overwhelming experience. I know from having camped in a thunderstorm near Silbury that one can be scared out of one's wits by the alarming power of natural forces even in the mild and melodious southern English countryside.

At all times the community has sought to order this in an affirmative way and to face the terrors of existence, and to come to terms with them.

*P.L.T.* Do you think that these ideas that have grown up in you around Silbury and Avebury are still available to the folk? Are there any legends connected with Avebury and Silbury, such as there are with the

*Rollwright stones who go down to the river to bathe and to drink? What do the people round about think? Is she still the holy place?*

*M.D.* No, in the organized sense of Mother Goddess worship—I don't think there's any such activity; but in the broader sense, the Neolithic realities, what were they? Moving clouds, rain, sunshine—things coming out of the ground, things dying into the ground. Those are our realities. We still eat food from the ground—it comes from nowhere else.

*P.L.T.* Though for us, it comes from the supermarket.

*M.D.* Ah, but the supermarket is the ground, except it's moved sideways slightly! Similarly, the movements of the population to the coasts at Lamas, the great July-August rush. I can't bring myself to despise the seaside paraphernalia because if we despise our sun at our seaside, then we have no right to speak joyfully of the Neolithic, because the physical realities still potentially contain as much sacredness as they ever did.

*P.L.T.* Well—perhaps it's not so much that she is lost to us, but (aside from the sense in which you're speaking) we are in a way lost to her, except insofar as a handful of us remember our service to her. There is said to be the remnants of a Celtic tribe still living in the wilds of Derbyshire where life is lived according to the laws of the Great Mother. She's worshipped there. I heard about it and I promised I wouldn't try to track them down, though I would very much like to talk to them. Perhaps it's true that like the seasons, all things come around again; I think it is true. There's an old nursery rhyme that you yourself quoted in *The Silbury Treasure*:

*Silbury and the Avebury henge*



*There was an old woman lived  
under a hill,  
And if she's not gone, she lives  
there still.*

*P.L.T. So, at Silbury, she lives there  
still.*

**M.D.** Right!

**M.D.** Yes. And I think that for everyone born of woman, the relationship between the individual and the containing maternal shape is so fundamental during our first nine months of pre-life that it is impossible to eradicate it from any group of adults in a complete and decisive and final way. It represents, even in its submerged state, a form of reality which attaches us both to our literal mothers and to the earth in general.



# TANGENTS

## Film

### *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*

Producer: Julia Phillips and Michael Phillips

Director: Steven Spielberg

### *Star Wars*

Producer: Gary Kurtz

Written and Directed by George Lucas

A dark screen. The title, *Close Encounters*, appears in silence. The sound begins very, very softly; rises slowly; explodes into a roaring fortissimo—and stays there during the rest of the movie.

The light is often at top brightness, too, but it is almost impossible to make the light from the projector painful; and anyhow, we have eyelids. But no earlids. The light is used with variety and a great deal of beauty. The sound is used with brutality.

Very seldom can one understand a complete sentence. Words are mumbled and slurred off, Method-style, shouted or screamed into dust-storms, wind-storms, helicopter backwash, yelled simultaneously in French and English, redoubled and self-effaced by loudspeaker echo. A few lines come through clear, and they are effective:

"I didn't want to see it."

"Yes, I saw you going up in the air, did you see me running after you?"

And my favorite, whispered:

"*Mince alors...*"

Just enough comes through to convince the middle-aged moviegoer in the fourth row extreme left (does Pauline Kael ever have to sit in the fourth row extreme left?) that she

isn't going deaf, and that the unintelligibility is deliberate. Perhaps it is used to disguise the banality of most of the dialogue. Certainly there were moments in *Star Wars* when one prayed in vain for unintelligibility... Possibly the high proportion of noise to meaning *has* a meaning. But I am afraid that it serves merely to augment the hysterical tension established in the opening scene and never relaxed thereafter.

Why, after all, does there have to be a dust-storm in the Sonora Desert just then? Why does everyone rush about screaming in three languages? The discovery of mysteriously just-abandoned World War Two planes might very well take place quietly, eerily; deserts aren't noisy, crowded places, as a rule. But no. The wind and all the performers have to howl in unison.

When humans and aliens finally communicate, it is by musical tones. In that one scene the noise-gimmickry all comes together; it is at last a genuine climax. If it rose to true music, it would be a great moment.

But even then it would not justify the rest of the soundtrack, which uses noise to whip up emotion, the same trick that's so easy to do with electronically amplified instruments: deci-

bellicosity. Exposed to aggression by loud noise, the body must continually resist its own fight/flight reaction, thus building up an adrenalin high, thus feeling surges of unfocused emotion, increased pulse-rate, etc.—thrills and chills. No harm. Same as a rollercoaster. But a rollercoaster doesn't pretend to have a message. On the other hand... *Star Wars*, which rather ostentatiously pretends not to have any message, may be even trickier.

The end of *Star Wars* kept bothering me after I saw it the first time. I kept thinking, such a funny silly beautiful movie, why did Mr. Lucas stick on that wooden ending, a high-school graduation, with prizes for Good Citizenship? But when I saw it again I realized it wasn't high-school but West Point: a place crawling with boots and salutes. Aren't there any civilians in this Empire? Finally a friend who knows Films explained to me that the scene is a nostalgic evocation or imitation of Leni Riefenstahl's famous film of the 1938 Olympics, the German winners receiving a grateful ovation from the Thousand Year Reich. Having dragged Dorothy and Toto and that lot around the cosmos a bit, Mr. Lucas cast about for another surefire golden oldie, and came up with Adolf Hitler.

Anyhow, what the hell is nostalgia doing in a science fiction film? With the whole universe and all the future to play in, Mr. Lucas took his marvelous toys and crawled under the fringed cloth on the parlor table, back into a nice safe hideyhole, along with Flash Gordon and the Cowardly Lion and Luke Skywalker and the Flying Aces and the Hitler Jugend. If there's a message there, I don't think I want to hear it.

There are gorgeous moments in *Star Wars*, especially on the desert planet (before everybody gets into uniform). The little desert people, the caravan, the behemoth, the town, R2D2 lost,

and so on. Through the impasto of self-indulgence and the comic-book compulsion to move-move-move, there breaks a childlike, radical, precise gesture of the imagination: and you glimpse what a science fiction movie might be like, when they get around to making one.

*Close Encounters* has science-fiction elements—the space ship is even more splendid than the one in *Star Wars*—but it seems to me essentially an occultist movie. It's much more amiable than the endless nasties about little girls possessed by devils; it's definitely on the side of the angels. But the arrival of benevolent aliens in saucers is a theme science fiction hasn't dealt with, except facetiously, for at least a generation. Fiction writers got out long ago, leaving the field to believers, faddists, amateur photographers, psychologists, and the Air Force. Saucerism has a lot to do with religion, as Jung pointed out, but nothing at all to do with either science or science fiction.

Indeed the movie seemed almost entirely irrational. Perhaps, being middle-aged and seeing it from a highly oblique angle, I missed some explanations. I ought to see it again before saying this: but my impression is that the plot abounds in giant loopholes, as the universe abounds in black holes, or does it? How does the U.S. Government know *when* to expect the aliens? Why do they have a troop of—well, exchange students, I guess—all dressed up in red pantsuits (one woman, or was it two? in the whole troop) ready to go aboard the saucer? How do they know they'll be wanted? What the dickens is François Truffaut doing there? And if he's there, amidst all the security officers and dead sheep, why aren't there any Mexicans or Chinese or Russians or Canadians or Peruvians or Samoans or Swahili or Thai? Why does the United States get to hog the cosmic show? Why does—Oh well. Shoot.

"Why do you spoil it, asking questions?" everybody snarls at me.

Well, because both movies come on as science fiction, or as "sci fi" anyhow; and I was brought up to believe that science fiction, whatever its shortcomings in the way of character, catharsis, and grammar, was supposed to try to be intellectually coherent: to have an idea, and to follow it through. Neither of these movies would know an idea if they fell over it (which, of course, given their subject matter, they frequently do.) *Star Wars* is all Action and *Close Encounters* is all Emotion, and both are basically mindless.

The emotional bias interests me somewhat more—it's a greater artistic risk to take. In *Close Encounters* sometimes the emotions do move. Children are genuinely important throughout it, and so there is a deep resonance for a moment when the aliens first appear, childlike, gracile, almost fetal forms bathed in pure light. But then Mr. Spielberg blows it with a disastrous close-up. His hand is so heavy! Nobody is allowed to do anything, even load a camera, quietly or easily; all movements are frenetic, violent, as if the characters were being pursued by giant sharks. Yet the actors are so good they establish personality and believable response against all the odds. You begin to feel with them, to go along with them... and then another load of hysteria gets dumped on and the volume gets turned up another notch.

The end for instance. I think we're supposed to be sort of misty-eyed; but what about? I want to be clear about what I'm misty about. Is it because they didn't blow us up? Because we didn't blow them up? Because the hero's doing what he wanted and going off in a really gorgeous supersaucer? But what happened to the other guys (and gals) in red pantsuits? They don't seem to be going into the saucer with him. And why does

the heroine express her emotion by suddenly ignoring her beautiful kid and shooting a full twenty-four-shot roll of snapshots, color slides no doubt, of the hero's exodus? There she is, smiling through her tears, pressing the shutter again—and again—and again—Is that an adequate dramatic expression of human emotion at a peak experience? Is it even appropriate? I find it pitiful: and, since this is a movie, grotesquely self-conscious. It happened, because it's on film...

Well, it's real pretty. And some day they'll make a science fiction movie. Meanwhile, I think I'll go back and see *Dersu Uzala* for the third time. Because it's a movie about a world and a time none of us will ever see; about aliens; about fear, and love; because it lets us see that the universe really is endless, and terrible, and beautiful. *Ursula K. Le Guin*

*Ursula K. Le Guin is the author of many books, among them The Left Hand of Darkness and The Dispossessed, both winners of the Nebula Award for best novel. She is currently at work on a new novel.*

# THE ORIGINS OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SACRIFICE

by ROBERT J. DALY, S.J.

Robert Daly's comprehensive, insightful study of the ancient Hebrew and early Christian concept of sacrifice provides a new and richer understanding of this central element in the life of the church. Showing the early Christian notion of sacrifice to be primarily ethical and practical—not liturgical or cultic—the author makes a breakthrough with far-reaching ecumenical overtones. Certain to become a standard reference.

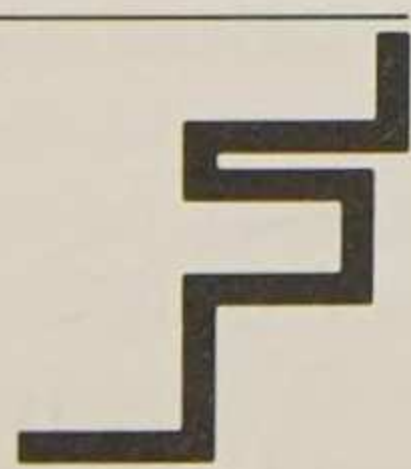
## TABLE OF CONTENTS

- I. INTRODUCTION: The Meaning of the Word "Sacrifice"; General Theory of Sacrifice; The Concept "Spiritualization"; Christian Sacrifice.
- II. THE OLD TESTAMENT: The Problem and the Method; The Burnt Offering or Holocaust; The Divine Acceptance of Sacrifice; Sin Offering and Atonement.
- III. FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT TO THE NEW: The Septuagint; Covenant Sacrifice; The Passover; The Blood of Circumcision; Qumran—The Community As Temple; The Akedah (Sacrifice of Isaac).
- IV. THE NEW TESTAMENT: Introduction and Method; The Synoptic Gospels; The Acts of the Apostles; The Pauline Theology of Sacrifice; First Epistle of Peter; The Temple as Community in Qumran and the N.T.; The Epistle of the Hebrews; The Gospel and Letter of John; The History-of-Religions Context of "Worship in Spirit and Truth"; The Book of Revelation; Summary.
- V. THE EARLY CHURCH: The Early Writings; The Apologists—Justin and Athenagoras; Irenaeus of Lyons; Hippolytus of Rome; Two Second Century Treatises on the Passover; The Second Century Acts of the Martyrs; The Alexandrian Tradition—Philo, Barnabas, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen; The Eucharist as Sacrifice.

## INDEXES

192 pages \$5.50 paper

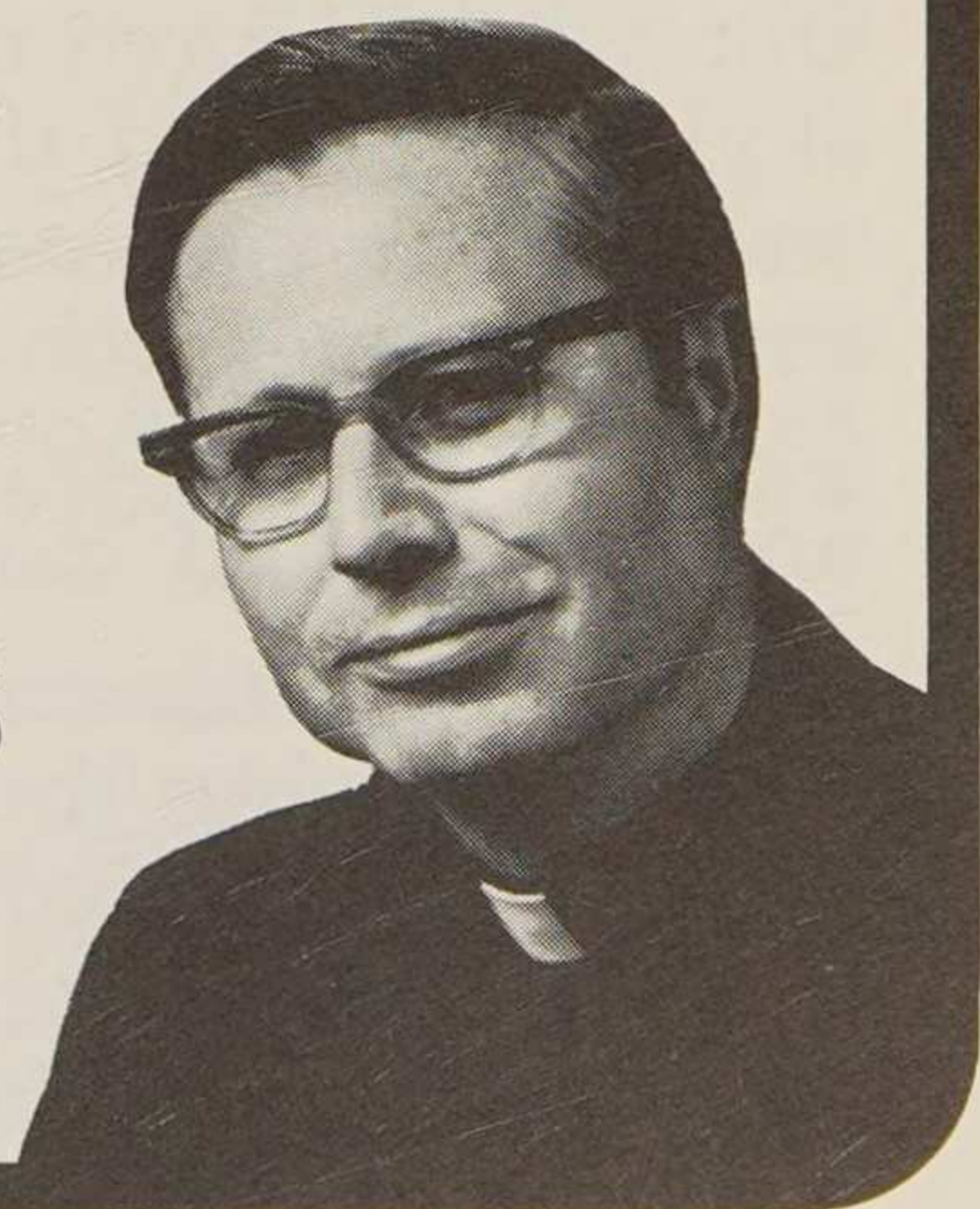
*At bookstores or from the publisher*




**FORTRESS PRESS**

2900 Queen Lane  
Philadelphia, PA 19129

In Canada, G.R. Welch





When PARABOLA was launched two years ago we felt we were offering a unique publication that would appeal to everyone in exploring the ancient world of myth and the continuing quest for meaning.

Today, 12,000 readers later, we are sure PARABOLA is on the right track, and we think you will want to discover PARABOLA for yourself.

We have assembled some of the best minds and richest imaginations of our time to help bring meaning to the myths of the gods, tales of heroes, parables, rituals, symbols, and teachings that are part of everyone's existence. People like Joseph Campbell, Mircea Eliade, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ursula K. Le Guin, P.L. Travers and many others are regular contributors to PARABOLA.

Our writers have mastered the art of saying profound things simply. They are writing for you, not for other experts. In coming issues you can enjoy views on sacrifice, alchemy, androgyny, love, music and dance and more.

So join us. Subscribe to PARABOLA today by using the postage paid card. We're sure you will find PARABOLA a creative force, a valuable resource in your own quest, and plain good reading.

# Exhibitions

## *Age of Spirituality*

*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, November 19, 1977-February 12, 1978.*

Art history books give scant attention to the period between Classical Roman art and the Middle Ages. The third to the seventh centuries are called the Dark Ages; but they are fascinating centuries, a time of enormous cultural, economic and religious change. The persecutions of Christians were officially ended. Pagan religious cults died and were born again. St. Peter's Basilica in Rome was completed. The ancient Empire was divided into East and West. Constantinople and Ravenna were embellished as their capitals. Rome was sacked by the "barbarian" Visigoths and Vandals. The first Benedictine monastery was founded. The magnificent church of Hagia Sophia was erected. In 312 the Emperor Constantine signed the Edict of Milan proclaiming Christianity a lawful religion, and thus changed the direction of history. The Edict freed Christians to express themselves openly in art and politics. Not all this vitality was "dark."

A special show, "Age of Spirituality," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art attempted to document the tensions, achievements and changing consciousness of this turbulent period. Among the objects of art arranged for display were stone statues and reliefs, delicate vases, plates, intricate necklaces, medallions, textiles, manuscript paintings, and materials from mausoleums, sarcophagi, and hippodromes. These objects spoke symbolically of imperial power, gods and goddesses, astrological happenings and biblical parables. The styles and symbols were as subtle as the craftsmanship. They offered many clues about the

attitudes and skills of persons then alive. Over 450 items were gathered together from more than 100 collections. Even great works of architecture were represented by photographs. On the whole, this exhibit offered a wonderful opportunity to see the intrinsic power and beauty of late antiquity and early Christianity.

"Age of Spirituality" is an intriguing title. By invoking it, the curators made an interpretive judgment and then unfortunately failed to develop it. The exhibit was an archivist's dream, but not a cohesive or effective show. Its splendid objects were arbitrarily grouped into five "realms": Imperial, Classical, Secular, Jewish, and Christian. The Christian realm had a concentration of religious artifacts, many of them quite sensuous (and thus not very "spiritual"). The other realms were eventually divided between the secular and the religious (and often quite worldly in both respects). The emphasis on "spirituality" was less helpful than, say, an emphasis on lordliness or imperial power. (The Christ is depicted often as the new Lord, a transcendent Lord, higher than the Emperor.) The justification offered for the fivefold division is that it will highlight the patrons and objects, but this is a contemporary prejudice, assigning to politics a far greater influence than the objects displayed here demonstrate.

The catalogue for this exhibit shows ambivalence about the word "spirituality." Such phrases as "the desire to achieve a higher degree of spirituality" and "the distant gaze.... [foreshadowing] the spirituality of the

later Christian portraits" are matched to works quite earthy in tone.

The editors equate spirituality with the growing dominance of Christianity, and call it "otherworldliness." But to speak as if only Christianity had spiritual intentions is to diminish the Mediterranean mystery cults, the Jewish traditions, and tribal Roman state religions. Secondly, the power of Christian spirituality lay not in "otherworldliness" but rather in being rooted in nature and culture. The child Christ was born in a stable. Christianity was, in fact, a fleshly scandal to the "otherworldliness" of the Roman mystery cults. Originally, these mystery cults appeared to many because they were more individualistic than the official state religion of the Empire. Their sharp dualism made all flesh seem evil, only spirit good. Against this, Christianity affirmed the validity of the flesh and human history. Indeed, from the beginning the Constantinian Christian temptation was not otherworldliness but a too-total worldly relevance. Missing the extent to which Christianity was embodied—for good or for ill, the exhibit attributes to Christianity a spurious "spirituality." The objects assembled refute the catalogue.

Both art and religion are theatrical; both are playful; both are awesome. To induce playfulness and awe, both are attentive to the uses of space. With respect to space, too, this exhibit failed. It lacked that elemental reverence for space which would have made these objects seem "at home." These objects, clearly, were intended for placement in specific arrange-

ments in space. Most of the ancient buildings of Rome treated space as sacred, and wished it to suggest a certain majesty, to induce a certain awe, amazement, or at least largeness of soul. Domed mausolea, hippodomes and circuses; monumental statuary set off on large lawns or in great squares or in oversized porticoes—all these things affected the ordinary-sized human eye and human body. The first response to space is with the body. So many of the individual objects in this exhibit had such inherent majesty, one's body cried out to have them arranged within a whole larger than any part, such a whole as would bring out the majesty of each.

One of the most vivid spatial experiences I have encountered occurred not long before I visited this show. I entered the new Roman Catholic cathedral in San Francisco through sculptured bronze doors, pausing to study them in the sun; then in through a low-ceilinged vestibule that extended like a circle around the whole rounded church. As I unsuspectingly stepped forward, the low ceiling yielded to a sudden swoosh upwards. The central roof, arched mightily, swept far up, directly overhead, gathering to a point in an oculus from which brilliant light shone downwards. But it was not the light, it was the tremendous pressure of sudden open space that seemed to compress my lungs and give me vertigo. I had been taken by surprise. Lightheaded, I tried the entrance again, more slowly. The same effect. Sheer space made awesome pressure—a physical resonance; a totally different resonance from the feeling of being "at home" in the



SEMINAR SERIES

# Realms of the Creative Spirit

Founded by the well-known mythologist, author, and lecturer, JOSEPH CAMPBELL, the seminar series of The Open Eye is now in its sixth consecutive year, presenting distinguished lecturers in the fields of myth, psychology, anthropology, esoterica, and the creative arts. These seminars are of varied format, and include slide-illustrated lectures, experiential workshops, and marathon seminars. The diversity and depth of the seminars provides a unique opportunity for adventurous intellectuals to interact with some of the most dynamic thinkers of our contemporary culture in an intimate, informal atmosphere.

**May 20-21**

**A six-part Marathon Course in**

*PSYCHOLOGY & THE ANCIENT MYSTERY TRADITIONS*

During this intensive weekend of lectures, discussions, and slide demonstrations, Mr. Hasselriis will discuss the meaning of the fifth principle in Plato, the five stages of initiation in the Greek and Egyptian mystery religions, and the seven principles of man and their relationship to the Kundalini system of India.

MARK HASSELRIIS, former advisor to the Bollingen Foundation (publishers of C.G. Jung), is a professional Egyptologist and symbolist who has lectured widely in mysticism and symbolism. His debut last spring at The Open Eye was enthusiastically received as have been subsequent appearances.

**Fee: \$40.00, including lunch.**

**June 9-10-11—*The Goddess of Many Names***

**Speaker: Joseph Campbell**

The Great Goddess, her pre-historic backgrounds, archaic, classical, and later Hellenistic developments, and her many myths and mysteries will be examined. Professor Campbell will discuss conflicts in the matriarchial and patriarchial systems and their relationship to sociological, individual, and psychological values.

**Fee: \$50.00, including refreshments.**

**Special All-Night Marathon Seminar**

**June 24-25—*Night Thoughts (8:00 P.M.—8:00 A.M.)***

**Speaker: Mark Hasselriis**

This extraordinary seminar, a unique experience lasting through the night, will consider matters mystical, mythological, psychological, and psychical at that time when the human psyche is most open to them—after dark! The midnight sun, the astrological significance of the hours of darkness, the night-sea journey of the sun god, the symbolism of dawn and dreams, magic, superstition, and the occult phenomena of the night will be explored. A midnight feast will aid the participants Descent into Night, and a champagne brunch will celebrate the return of the Eternal Sun.

**Fee: \$35.00, including all food and refreshments.**

**Open Eye Seminars  
316 East 88th Street  
New York, N.Y. 10028**

space of ordinary work and daily domesticity. So strong was this feeling that it colored all other judgments inside. Later, on reflection, I was certain I had not liked the mosaics, sculptures, pillars, and objects in the cathedral. But the architectonic concept was so strong that it created an experience of its own.

Some rooms in the Metropolitan provide examples of the proper use of space. After walking through "Age of Spirituality," I entered by the back way "Treasures of Early Irish Art." The rooms were almost dark. Objects were illuminated individually in separate cases. The publicity department said that subtle lighting was necessary because of the delicate, illuminated manuscripts. But the effect had far larger benefits. There was a quiet, contemplative feeling to the room, even though the crowd of visitors was large. The visitors moved deliberately, slowly examining each piece. The room was surprisingly quiet. The use of space taught them to behave so, without any verbal instruction.

Another example. Downstairs in the medieval hall, a Christmas tree was lighted and covered with terra cotta angels and figures from the crèche. Soft light filtered from the high ceilings and fell on the medieval choir screen, on the columns and statues and painted angels. Though only a museum setting, the effect was awesome. My twelve-year-old son stopped and gasped as we entered the hall.

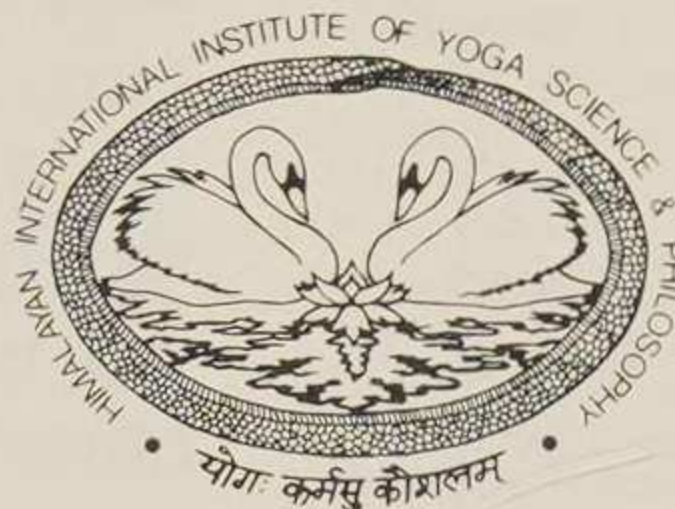
A third example. Walking alone from one exhibit to another, I came upon a darkened circular room. A huge Greek vase stood alone on a pedestal. It was illuminated in the center of the room, the only object receiving light. Startled, I stopped short. Another solitary figure coming from the opposite direction reacted in the same way at the same moment. We both laughed. "It *must* be important," said the other visitor across the darkness.

Majesty is one of the motifs of the late imperial period—the majesty of fading Rome, the majesty of rising Constantinople and the new Ravenna, and of course the majesty of the stern Lord of the Byzantine mosaics, the Risen Lord and Pantokrator. "Transcendence" would have been a better name than "Spirituality," but a transcendence whose chief metaphor was kingliness. This exhibit needed a kingly deployment of space.

It needed kingly color, light, and illumination too. Sacred vessels, tombs of the dead, jeweled necklaces, carved stones, wall mosaics, tiny vases, sumptuous photographs of distant buildings—each needs proper regal attention. Instead, the Metropolitan gave us a secular, bourgeois, democratic setting; beige walls, medium-blue greens and medium-intensity lighting. Such treatment might be splendid for the objects of a democratic age, but it was hugely out of keeping with these objects.

A marvelous fourth-century vase, carved from one piece of soft rose agate stood alone on a pedestal equal to dozens of other objects, lost in a line, bathed in a light equal to every other. The luminosity of a jeweled gold necklace was dulled by beige reflections from the walls. The high ceilings above, failing the use of banners or pendants or curtains, presented a depressing gym-like air. The exquisite etching on a delicate bowl not more than three inches in diameter was lost in the glare of harsh straight-forward lighting against light linen background. How seasick one became seeing so many objects out of place! How disappointed, because the editors of the catalogue succeeded with color and light where the exhibitors failed. This is one show (not alone) treated more reverently in the pages of a book than in the museum. The catalogue's rich, tonal colors, its use of whitened silhouettes and light and shadow, and its loving use of the

# 3rd International Congress Yoga, Meditation and Holistic Health



## Chicago Marriott/June 15-18, 1978

Paavo Airola / Lama Govinda / Buckminster Fuller / Marc Bricklin / Pir Vilayat Khan  
Swami Satchidananda / John Travis / Betty Lee Morales / Rabbi Schachter / Stanley Dean  
Al Huang / Gay Luce / Ken Dychtwald / Ken Keyes / Mike Spino / Swami Rama

Sponsored by the Himalayan International Institute

Registration: \$100                      Student / Senior Citizen \$85

For further information: RD 1, Box 88, Dept. P, Honesdale, PA 18431 (717) 253-5551

camera drew out intrinsic colors from gems of sardonyx, cameo and chalcedony that viewers at the Metropolitan would have had to bend, squint, and use imagination to contrive to see.

But the exterior use of space is important only instrumentally, to help us through our eyes and other senses to open up interior space within ourselves. The experience of walking through "Age of Spirituality" should not have been, as it was, depressing and disorienting. The bulletin called the arrangement "dynamic." In fact, it made one dizzy, like a maze. The conceptual strength of the show did not make its presence felt; one only knew which "realm" one was in by consulting the printed floor plan. Within each section, objects were grouped according to size and type, without relevance to an overarching concept. One spent most of one's time *reading*, rather than feasting ones eyes on objects.

Persian contrasts of darkness and light; serpents; great fish of the deep; shepherds; flowers and wine; the phoe-

nix—these and others symbols appeared in every "realm." How many different meanings had each? How many different incarnations? How many nuances? And why did some motifs—like that of the virgin—seem to disappear for long stretches of time, only to return?

I am sad to report that the exhibitors failed to internalize the symbolic world they so laboriously brought before us. Of course, the archivists of this world do us a great service just by bringing such treasures into one place. Without them, we would be unable to imagine how the internal power of such objects as those assembled here from the British Museum, the Louvre, the Vatican, Berlin, Vienna and Jerusalem might better have been organized in space. For those enormous labors, it is just that we give thanks.

*Karen Laub-Novak*

*Artist and sculptor, Karen Laub-Novak is known both for her figurative paintings and sculpture and for her etchings and lithographs based on literary themes. Mrs. Novak and her husband Michael have combined art and writing in A Book of Elements.*

## Television

"*Great Performances*": "Dance in America," A WNET-Thirteen production, broadcast by PBS. Series to be re-broadcast throughout the year.

"*Balanchine*," produced and directed by Merrill Brockway.

"*Paul Taylor Dance Company*," produced by Emile Ardolino, directed by Charles S. Dubin.

"If they [my works] evoke dramatic images and riddles, the key to their solution lies not so much in the brain, but in the senses and the eye of the spectator."

Paul Taylor

Watching dance on television isn't the same as watching it for real in the theater. For the past month, WNET has been trying, in its series called "Great Performances," to bring the finest in choreography and dancing to the home screen, an attempt which, even at its best, can only partly succeed. Well-designed dances, like those by Paul Taylor and George Balanchine, the subjects of two of the most recent programs, exert a three-dimensional force that in the theater carries the viewer along through his muscles and bones. Put them under glass and they can be seen but only vaguely felt. Rather than trying to correct this with fancy photography, NET has been carefully letting the dances speak as plainly for themselves as they can do in an alien medium. At times, one wishes for some fancy photography; the Andante from Balanchine's *Divertimento No. 15*, for example, which in the theater drifts lyrically through time and space, becomes, through NET's scrupulously neutral cameras, more of a case study than a great performance. Still, it's surprising how much of the real thing these programs have managed to convey. Balanchine emerges with his genius intact, the New York City Ballet looks like the smart, shaped-up classical company it is, while Taylor

and his superb dancers, in *Runes* and *Esplanade*, are simply amazing.

Paul Taylor made *Esplanade*, one of his biggest hits, in 1975, and it continues to startle. As Taylor himself says in some brief comments opening the show, the ballet is twenty-eight minutes of dancing without a single dance step. It's as if Taylor wanted to pare away all but the essential materials of dance itself—energy and rhythm. But the result looks anything but minimal. Walks, runs, hops, a few mimelike gestures, some daring dives to the floor or into somebody's arms—that's all Taylor needs to engage us completely through the duration of two Bach violin concerti, including the music for the last movements of Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco*. Taylor can risk the comparison because he has produced nothing remotely like Balanchine's masterpiece, yet also because his "non-dance" steps are arranged with a formal precision that matches Balanchine's. Those runs and dives may look crazily spontaneous, but there's not a single break in their taut rhythmic logic.

*Runes*, sub-titled *secret writings for use in casting a spell*, transforms the rhythmic propulsion of *Esplanade* into exciting drama. "Rune" is the term for one of the letters or characters of the alphabet as used by ancient Celtic and Germanic tribes. It also denotes a rhyme or riddle written in these characters. With its abstract Stonehenge setting complete with waxing moon and its "primitive," fur-trimmed body suits, *Runes* made the *New York Times*' television critic uncomfortable; he found it weakly "ritualistic." But in *Runes* Taylor seems to concentrate not so much on staging any particular ritual but on demonstrating the process by which dance continuity itself can assume the properties of magic. He uses the Druidic ceremony which celebrates death and rebirth merely as a suggestion for the magical transformation dance can make. At one point, two dancers each

carry a single dancer slowly overhead through the landscape, until one dancer alters the terrain simply by re-crossing it carrying two dancers himself. Later on, a male-female duet rolls over to become a single, shocking figure—her delicate, straight torso atop and astride his bulky, splayed legs to create the perfect androgyne. But in a flash this image is gone and never comes back. This is Taylor's magic—the seamless, mesmerizing transfer of energy between individual and ensemble, the surprising but un-violent juxtaposition of emphatic split jumps and frieze-like poses—in short, the calm, inexorable manipulation of the fundamentals of his art with a confidence that triumphs over the dryness of dance on television almost to cast a real theater spell.

*Edward Willinger*

*Edward Willinger writes about dance for Ballet Review.*

## CREDITS

- Front and inside cover photographs by Lucien Hervé.  
 Back cover photograph by Edward Ranney.  
 P.4 Diagram from *The Hindu Temple* by Stella Kramrisch. Delhi: Motilal Banarsidass, 1976.  
 P.9 From *The Hindu Temple* by George Michel. Harper & Row, 1977.  
 P.11 Hevajra; twelfth-thirteenth century.  
 P.12-19 Photographs from *The Thoronet Abbey* by Raoul Berenguer. Caisse Nationale Des Monuments Historiques, 1965.  
 P.20 The Tabernacle.  
 P.22 Woodcut of Jerusalem from 1492.  
 P.26 Photograph by Richard Smithies.  
 P.28 Photograph by Carol Stetser. From *Black and White*. Padma Press, 1977.  
 P.30 (Detail) Ink on paper by Ch'en-Jung Chinese, 1244. Museum of Fine Art, Boston. Francis Gardner Curtis Fund.  
 P.35 Jacobs Ladder. Engraving by J. Wachsmuth, eighteenth century, from Cesare Ripa, *Iconologia*, 1758-60.  
 P.36 Djinglia house. Mandara Mountains, Cameroon.  
 P.40 Mont-Saint-Michel.  
 P.42 Three turkey canyon. Photograph by Dave Bohn. From *House of Three Turkeys: Anasazi Redoubt* by Stephen C. Jett. A Noel Young Book. Published by Capra Press, 1977.  
 P.44 Sunrise at the winter solstice, Stonehenge.  
 P.46 Illustration by Lucie Lamy. From *Le Temple de l'homme: Apet du Sud a Louqsor*. Paris: Caractères, 1958.  
 P.47 Chartres  
 Pages 48-53 Photographs by Marilyn Bridges.  
 P.55 Macchu Picchu. Photograph by Edward Ranney.  
 P.57 Illustration by Mindy Lewis.  
 Pages 59-60 Illustrations by Yanni Posnakoff.  
 Pages 63-70 Illustrations by Patrick Casey.  
 Pages 75-77 Illustrations from *Association Archeologique Kergal*, Etudes et travaux, May 1977. Reims: Atelier Graphique.  
 P.78 Drawing of P.L. Travers by Agar.  
 Drawing of Michael Dames by Patrick Casey.  
 P.81 From *The Silbury Treasure* by Michael Dames. London: Thames and Hudson, 1976.  
 P.83 Upper left from *The Silbury Treasure*.  
 Upper right from *Association Archeologique Kergal*.  
 P.84 Photograph from The Department of Environment, U.K.  
 P.85 From *The Avebury Cycle* by Michael Dames. London: Thames and Hudson, 1977.  
 Pages 87-91 From *The Silbury Treasure*.

## Latest Books on Religions & Philosophies

- Anandamayi Ma : A Study of her life & Teachings**—*Alexander Lipski*  
**Bhagavata Purana, 5 Parts**—Tr. & Annot. by *G. V. Tagare*  
**Brahma Sutras**—*Svami Sivananda*  
**Buddhist Sects in India**—*Nalinaksha Dutt*  
**Conquest of Suffering**—*Parwez J. K. Saher*  
**Dictionary of Chinese Buddhist Terms**—*W. E. Soothill & Lewis Hodous*  
**Dimensions of Renunciation in Advaita Vedanta**—*K. N. Tiwari*  
**Doctrine of the Jainas**—*W. Schubring*  
**Early Rulers of Khajuraho**—2nd Revised Edition—*S. K. Mitra*  
**Encyclopedia of Indian Philosophies**—Ed. by *Karl H. Potter*—Vol. I : Bibliography; Vol. II. : Nyaya Vaisesika  
**Global History of Philosophy**—Vol. I—*J. C. Plott*  
**The Hindu Temple, 2 Vols.**—*Stella Kramrisch*  
**Historical Geography of Madhya Pradesh**—*P. K. Bhattacharyya*  
**History of Decorative Art in Mughal Architecture**—*R. Nath*  
**History of Indian Literature, Vol. III, Part I : Classical Literature, 2nd Rev. Edn.**—*M. Winternitz*. Tr. by *Subhadra Jha*  
**Mahanirvana Tantra**—Sanskrit Text, Ed. by *Arthur Avalon*  
**Mahayana Buddhism**—*Nalinaksha Dutt*  
**Megasthenese and Indian Religion**—*Allan Dahlquist*  
**Monolithic Jinas**—*Jose Pereira*  
**Mystic Experience**—*Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh*  
**Nyayamanjari of Jayanta Bhatta**—*Janakivallabh Bhattacharyya*  
**The Parrot and the Starling**—*K. P. Bahadur*  
**Quranic Sufism**—2nd Revised Edition—*Mir Valiuddin*  
**Rajput Painting**—2 Vols.—*Anand K. Coomarswamy*  
**Rise of Esoteric Buddhism in Tibet**—*Dr. Eva Dargyay*  
**Samkhya-Sutras of Pancasikha and the Samkhya-tattvaloka of Hariharananda Aranya**—Sanskrit Text with Eng. Tr.—Ed. by *Jajneswar Ghosh*  
**Saundaryalahari of Sankaracarya**—Sanskrit Text with Eng. Tr. Ed. by—*V. K. Subramaniam*  
**Studies in the Buddhistic Culture of India**—2nd Revised Edition—*L. M. Joshi*

MOTILAL BANARSIDASS

Bungalow Road, Jawahar Nagar, Delhi-110007

(Issued by Capexil, Calcutta)

# REVIEWS

*Richard de Mille and Daniel C. Noel have both written books—from widely divergent points of view—about the validity and significance of Castaneda's work. Parabola asked them to assess the latest and most controversial book of the series and respond to each other's views.*

## **The Second Ring of Power**

*By Carlos Castaneda. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1977. Pp. 316. \$9.95.*

### **De Mille:**

Starting with *The Teachings of Don Juan*, four best sellers have told how a remarkably transcultural Mexican Indian taught isolated sorcery, eclectic metaphysics, quasi-Stoic ethics, and fabulized psychic power to a somewhat backward, culturally European apprentice, who was supposedly the same person as author Castaneda, anthropology student at the University of California, Los Angeles, and eventual recipient of a controversial Ph.D. Reviewing my critique of those anthropoetic thrillers, Daniel Noel said (in *Parabola*, Volume II, issue 3) my prime achievement was to reveal Castaneda's fictive power—his creation of mythical fieldwork, by which he exposed the rationalist's hazardous reliance on scientific facts believed to be more than mental constructs.

Noel and Castaneda draw our attention to the inevitable subjective aspect of objective information: even the most established, agreed-upon fact exists not in an external world (though something corresponding to it *may* exist there) but in the minds of

human beings. If Castaneda deserves any of the praise, much of it foolish, that has been heaped upon him, it is for impressing this slippery epistemological proposition on the worldview of the general reader.

A fifth installment of Carlos's adventures in Juanderland, *The Second Ring of Power* further develops the don Juan allegory. Though Juan of the rings has gone to the other world, he is neither dead nor missing, since he lives not only in memory but in the beings and very bodies of his apprentices. If that were not enough, he also inhabits a fifty-thousand-foot dome bathed in greenish-yellow light on a phosphorescent plain, where he and don Genaro confidently await the arrival of Carlos, Pablito, Nestor, Benigno, Soledad, Lidia, Rosa, Josefina, and Elena—called La Gorda because, until don Juan shrank her, she weighed 220 pounds. Eligio, the chosen, somehow got lost in a world-warp, but he'll be along by and by.

Students of alternative realities will admire Castaneda's extended virtuosic demonstration of how a living myth grows and changes in response to social pressures and opportunities. Published at the height of the drug

craze, *The Teachings of Don Juan* mapped a more disciplined and probing psychedelic path. *A Separate Reality* bridged the chasm between themes, so that well into the reaction against drugs *Journey to Ixtlan* could surprisingly discover drugless techniques interleaved among the old field notes—purer, gentler ways of building character and seeking transcendental knowledge. The year of *The Exorcist* and Uri Geller's bending keys saw *Tales of Power* bending the lines of the world to the will of sorcerers, while *The Second Ring of Power*, published as the Equal Rights Amendment clutches at ratification, broaches women's rites—anerotic sexual encounters with occult parafeminist playmates.

Boldly rebutting small-minded Freudians who had accused author Castaneda of not being able to tolerate the company of women, the legendary Carlos here surrounds himself with witches: occasionally ugly, usually gorgeous, always fascinating, often dangerous rivals in the race to the other world, who do not hesitate to strip off their undergarmentless dresses, flaunt their virginal or multiparous genitals, piss on their hands and snap their fingers to make parapsychodynamic sparks, gangwrestle Carlos to the floor, rub sinister breasts against his left shoulder, nibble his flank like ferrets, and both metaphysically and anatomically invite him into the crack between the worlds. On certain days of the month, don Juan had said, women lose contact with the ordinary reality (as Nixon's doctor told us) and are better prepared

for sorcery than men (which Nixon's doctor was apparently afraid to admit). I had always suspected it.

In his own peculiar way, writer Castaneda makes progress in this book, elevating former hoaxing tricks into a mythopoeic style. Take for example his originating flashbacks, in which Carlos unexpectedly recalls one original idea after another, purportedly past revelations from don Juan, incredibly forgotten until now. Coupled with vivid fanciful images and pell-mell magical feats, this frank reworking of the myth carries *The Second Ring* leagues beyond the pseudo-anthropology of *The Teachings* into the realm of symbol, where Castaneda is most at home.

One provocative allegory tells how children steal childhood from parents by forcing them to grow up. Along with childhood goes the power of fantasy, of living in another world. Parents who would regain their visionary power must take their childhood back, even if it means destroying the children. Soledad was lucky, La Gorda tells a flabbergasted Carlos, because her daughter died, thus restoring half the power Soledad had lost by bearing two children.

Like the four volumes before it, *Second Ring* ends without a resolution. Some progress has been made toward the ultimate transfiguration, but there is still a long, long way to go. Cyril Henry Hoskins mesmerized the masses with his prosthetic *Third Eye*; now *Books in Print* lists thirteen ti-

bles under his pen name. Carlos Castaneda is a man of better parts than T. Lobsang Rampa, but at this rate he'll drag on with thirteen tales of solipsorcery before the ecstatic luminous beings are finally all gathered in the eschatonic dome beyond the brujaorison. *Richard de Mille*

*Richard de Mille, Santa Barbara writer, editor, and psychologist, is the author of Castaneda's Journey.*

### Noel:

As we left the Carlos of *Tales of Power*, he was apparently jumping off a mountain-top into an abyss in a final feat of sorcery. Now, in a fifth book, we return not only to that nonordinary event—Carlos has gone back to Mexico to seek its explanation from fellow apprentices Pablito and Nestor—but to the question at the heart of the very first volume, *The Teachings of Don Juan*. "Did I really fly, don Juan?" has become "Did I really jump?" a decade later, and both variants confronts us with the same need to revise our modern perspective, reinstating the imaginal, the mythic, in a postmodern maneuver.

On one level the new book adds a unique ingredient: Carlos initially finds not Pablito and Nestor but the former's former mother and four sisters, transformed by the now-absent don Juan and Genaro into worthy warriors in their own right. Indeed, it seems for much of the account that the abyss into which Carlos has leaped is woman, the womb, menstrual mysteries and the archetypal Female. Nor is this the totally passive power men might wish it to be. La Gorda tells Carlos that her sisters "trained themselves to sip you up like a glass of soda." After several chapters' worth of sometimes tire-

some "bouts" between Carlos and the active-feminine, we feel that what is at issue is not only a surface battle between the sexes but also that ongoing pull from "focused" toward "diffuse" awareness which may constitute a subterranean androgyny throughout Castaneda's works.

Along with all the sexual harum-scarum this shift of awareness is also signaled by what we call the "problematics of metaphor" in *The Second Ring of Power*. Commenting on one of his contests with the women, Carlos stresses that "it was not as if something came out from the top of my head; something actually did come out from the top of my head." The neo-Jungian psychologist James Hillman has remarked that "'as-if' is a necessary philosophical step for recognizing the metaphorical character of all certainties in what we see, say, and believe. But if we begin in mythical consciousness we do not need the prefix." Since, with Carlos, we begin in skeptical rationality rather than within the consciousness of myth, the question is one of strategy: How do we renew our roots in the older mode of awareness where "as-if" is always simply implied?

The efforts to do so in Castaneda's tales are constantly accompanied by Carlos's tendency to cast off the chains of reason in literalistic ways which would only tie him more tightly to it. "La Gorda and the little sisters," he says, "had turned my obscure metaphors into real possibilities," and like him we often assume that dropping our rational fixations must mean transcending rhetorical designations of metaphoricity or fictiveness. I am convinced that for author Castaneda, however, a crucial pivot between our starting point in modern skepticism and a renewed mythic consciousness is the focus on metaphors and as-if fictions as inherently *more* than "mere rhetoric," as

what Hillman calls "ways of perceiving, feeling, and existing."

Certainly the imagery of sight and sighting in *The Second Ring* functions in just this larger fashion, for, as metaphors enacted in Mexico or engaged on the page, such language provides an avenue to the "second ring," or "attention of the nagual," itself. Along this avenue we find that trivial tricks of the eye—the deliberately distorted gaze, the fleeting glimpse, the peripheral flicker—contain the secret of true seeing and that the "art of attention" is the "art of the dreamer." Far from being an activity of closed eyes and a sleeping consciousness alone, the art of controlled dreaming emphasized here is a twilight affair in which inner images can be sustained and acted upon as surely as the perceptions of sense, and our limited version of physical seeing can be transformed into re-mythicized vision.

That vision, of course, will never be more clear-cut than the metaphors and as-if rhetorics required for its voicing, since, as James Hillman again reminds us, "the revelation of myth within events confirms ambiguity, it does not settle it." Perhaps this is why Carlos concludes of the female warriors in the present work that "their revelations, although extraordinary, were only missing pieces to a jigsaw puzzle. The unusual character of those pieces was that with them the picture did not become clearer but that it became more and more complex." This would also appear to be the appropriately postmodern response to the five-volume quandary of whether Carlos really flew/jumped—and of whether Castaneda is really the Carlos of his books.

*Daniel C. Noel*

*Daniel C. Noel is the editor of Seeing Castaneda and Echoes of the Wordless "Word". He has published widely on topics at the intersection of religion, literature, and psychology, and teaches in the Adult Degree Program of Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.*

De Mille responds:

*"De Mille has probably taken Castaneda as seriously as any critic has," wrote Sam Gill in Parabola Guide (Spring 1977), but de Mille does not prefer every question to go unanswered, every problem to remain unsolved, all dreams to be confused with waking, every fairy tale to be shelved with the Volkswagen manuals. Some things in this life can be sorted out.*

*Granted, Castaneda lives so reclusively we cannot easily separate his routines from Carlos's, but a private detective could surely separate them. Reading the detective's report, would Daniel Noel still not know how to take it? Perusing Ralph Beal's sarcastic letter in Los Angeles Times Book Review of October 1977, did he wonder whether Castaneda's former professor had really apprenticed himself to don Juan's elder brother? Is there nowhere one can draw a line between the credible and the incredible? In a world where authentic myths are as numerous as UFO's do we need to elevate awkward, plodding allegories and transparently spurious autobiography to the rank of myth?*

*Castaneda popularizes some fine old metaphysical puzzles, and readers who have never seen the like will no doubt think he invented them, while others who feel them intensely for the first time may call him a great teacher, but if we do not eventually see through Castaneda, how shall we recognize Zeno and the Zeitgeist standing behind him?*

Noel responds:

*Richard de Mille's review raises most effectively the question of whether, even at this late date, we know how to take Castaneda. As I explained in the introduction to my anthology of reactions to Castaneda (reprinted in Parabola, Volume 1, Issue 2), I take him very seriously despite the scatological humor pervading his books and the buffoon's part Carlos is often*

made to play. Solemnity is surely inappropriate, but even the looniest tricks of these tales seem like serious teachings to me. This is above all true of the trickery of their telling, if de Mille is correct in his negative answer to the reader's question: Did these things happen as narrated in the books?

De Mille's reaction to all this is apparently an attempt at out-tricking Castaneda with a barrage of bon mots and enviably awful puns. This is good fun, and I am often tempted to play along—but along to where? Can de Mille's verbal Santa Barbarisms see us through to wisdom by seeing through every purported sublimity of Castaneda's pedagogy? Will de Mille's ridicule lead us to the wise-crack between the worlds?

It may be that he honestly cannot take Castaneda seriously, and no doubt in these pages as in the history of religions (according to a recent paper by Professor Mac Linscott Ricketts at the American Academy of Religion meetings in San Francisco) someone must play the shaman's role and someone the trickster's—however inadequately in either case. Eventually we should each learn a lesson from this liaison.

## Vessels

By Howard Schwartz. Greensboro, N.C.: Unicorn Press, 1977. Pp. 60. Paper \$4.00.

A John Swanson print of Noah's Ark adorns the cover of this book of poems by Howard Schwartz, and, more than an illustration, it serves as a unifying metaphor for all of the poems. The Ark is the Vessel of all vessels, containing all of life and sustaining it through the Flood. The title poem, "Vessels," refers to sacred vessels made of clay, but it is a love poem also:

*We too are vessels  
Baked in the sun by day,  
Filled with the light of the moon  
At night.*

The ark is a vessel filled with life, people are vessels filled with love, and poems are sacred vessels made to contain images of life, and of love, and to sustain them through time's destruction of earthly clay.

Most of the poems in this book are night poems, filled with darkness, illuminated by moonlight. They are dream vessels, containing the strange figures and mysterious images that wander the nighttime world. They are peopled often by biblical characters, by Adam and Eve and Lilith, by Abraham, Sarah and Isaac, but they are also dream figures, reimagined out of a collective past. Even when the poems seem most personal, as in the lovely "Calling the Moon Closer," they seem to spring from a collective mythology, rather than from a limited subjectivity. Schwartz mines his dreams for poems, but the dreams are formed of myth and legend, Jewish traditions, Talmudic folklore, fairy tales and rituals. The poems are short and lyrical, for, above all, they are vessels of song. *Nancy Shapiro*

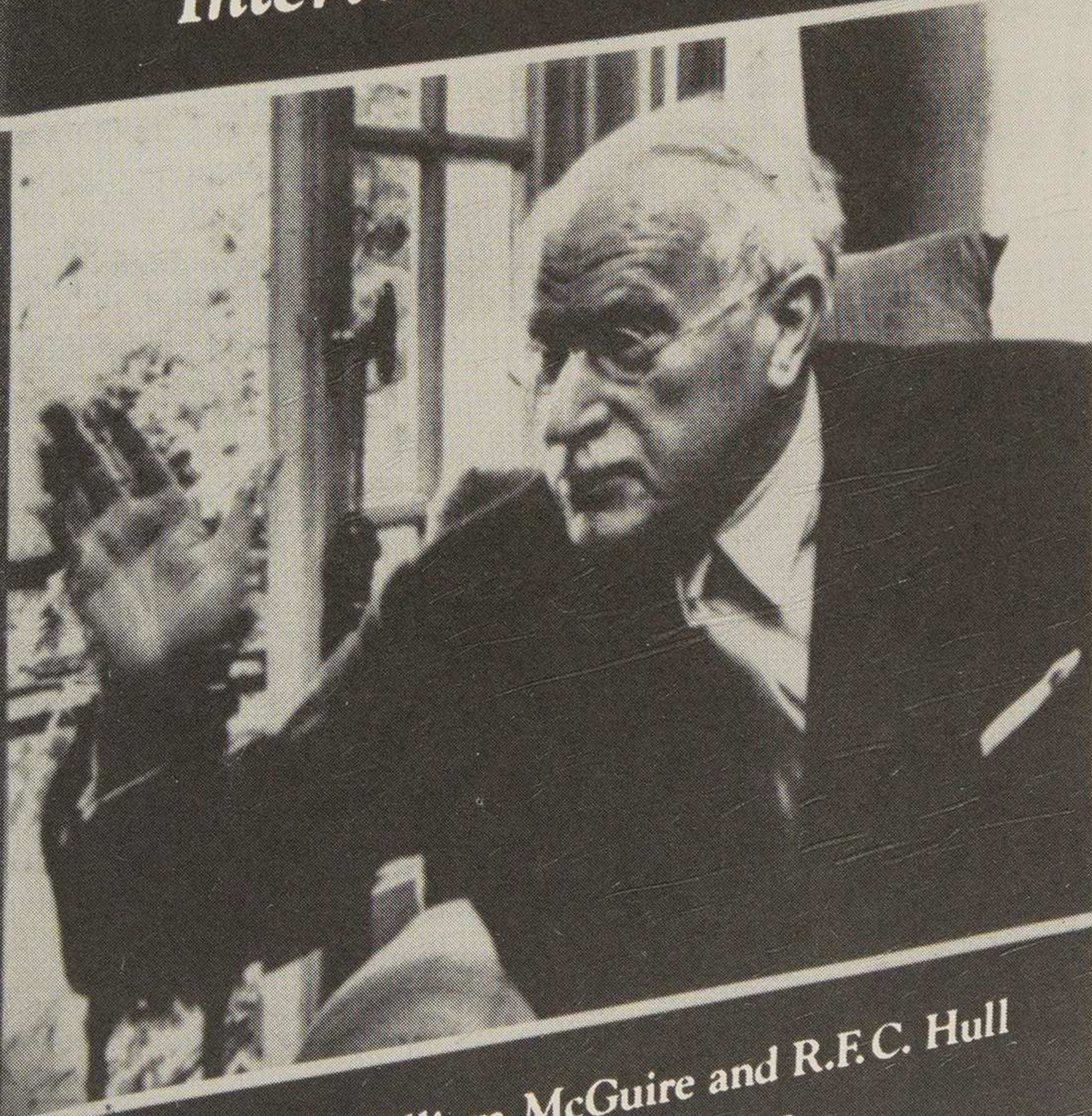
*Nancy Shapiro is editor of Webster Review.*

# LISTEN

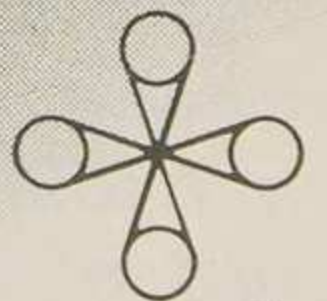
to the words of C.G. Jung as they are captured in over fifty lively encounters with such friends and visitors as Mircea Eliade, Miguel Serrano, Charles Lindbergh, Alberto Moravia, and John Freeman. "The book makes for fascinating reading, showing how others experienced Jung as well as his own mind and spirit. —*Library Journal*  
Bollingen Series XCVII

## C.G. JUNG SPEAKING

*Interviews and Encounters*



Edited by William McGuire and R.F.C. Hull  
Bollingen Series XCVII • Princeton



511 pages, \$14.50

At bookstores or direct from  
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS  
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

## The Hindu Temple

By Stella Kramrisch; photographs by Raymond Burnier. Two volumes. Delhi: Motilal Banarsidass, 1976 (reprint of 1946 edition published by the University of Calcutta). Pp. 456 + 80 plates. U.S. \$52.50.

On rereading the opening chapter of this superb work, I vividly recalled the darkened lecture hall in which Stella Kramrisch initiated her students into the intricacies of Indian temple architecture. The experience her students enjoyed in learning from an extraordinary "seer" and teacher can be approximated by studying her written analysis of the temples, available again after many years in this excellent reprint.

Stella Kramrisch began her talks by instructing us in the significance of the Hindu pilgrimage, of the sacred site and of the basic temple plan called *Vāstu-puruṣa-maṇḍala*. Using a series of slides, she first asked us to concentrate on the form of a square, then on a simple diagram of the Vedic fire altar, and finally on the ground plan of a temple. Slowly and logically she showed us how to observe and internalize the symbolic richness of the square, the geometric form of universal opposites, the circle of the mandala squared. The square was shown to be the original "sacred space," drawn in the ritual of building a temple in order to enclose the sacred ground or *templum* and separate it from the profane world:

*Although this ritual diagram is neither the ground-plan of the temple nor necessarily the plan of the site, it regulates them... It is drawn on the ground prior to the building of the temple and on it the temple stands either in fact or symbolically. In principle it is always square and is the record of an architectural rite. The knowledge of its correct execution forms the first part of the science of architecture... The name of the square*

*is Vāstu-puruṣa-maṇḍala. Puruṣa is the universal Essence, the Principle of all things, the Prime Person whence all originates. Vāstu is the site; in it Vāstu, bodily existence, abides and from it Vāstu derives its name. In bodily existence, Puruṣa, the Essence, becomes the Form. The temple building is the substantial, and the "plan" (maṇḍala) is the ritual, diagrammatic form of the Puruṣa...*

*Man here is the patron or Yajamāna (lit. the sacrificer) on whose behalf the temple is built by the architect who is guided by the priest in the principles of his work. In the diagram of the Vāstupuruṣa a communication is established between man (puruṣa) as the patron and the Puruṣa, the Essence of all things.*

Throughout the book, Dr. Kramrisch refers to the origin of the Hindu temple from the Vedic fire altar, whose measure was Puruṣa, the indwelling center in which the microcosm, man, and the macrocosm, the universal Man, are equivalent. A pure expression of this occurs in "The Hymn of Man" from the *Ṛg Veda*, a translation of which appears elsewhere in this issue. This association of the primal sacrifice with the conception and creation of the temple gives even the Westerner an insight into the elaborate structures and rituals that are the life of a temple, and the life of every Hindu who comes there to worship:

*To the pilgrim and devotee who goes to the temple, it is a Tīrtha (sacred place) made by art, as others are by nature, and often it is both in one. A Hindu temple, unlike the Vedic altar, does not fulfil its purpose by being built; it has of necessity to be seen. Darsāna, the looking at the temple, the seat, abode and body of divinity, and its worship (pūjā), are the purpose of visiting the temple. To fulfil this purpose, in addition to being an*

“One of the best books of the year.”

—London Sunday Times

## The Silbury Treasure

The Great Goddess Rediscovered

By MICHAEL DAMES

“One of the most interesting contemporary attempts to reveal the true shape of pre-history. . . . One comes away with a strong sense of the remarkable continuity and unity of neolithic culture.” —*Rolling Stone*. “If you are fascinated by ancient structures, this is the book for you. It has excellent explanatory photographs and illustrations.”

—*Resurgence*.

109 illustrations/\$12.95



Just published . . .

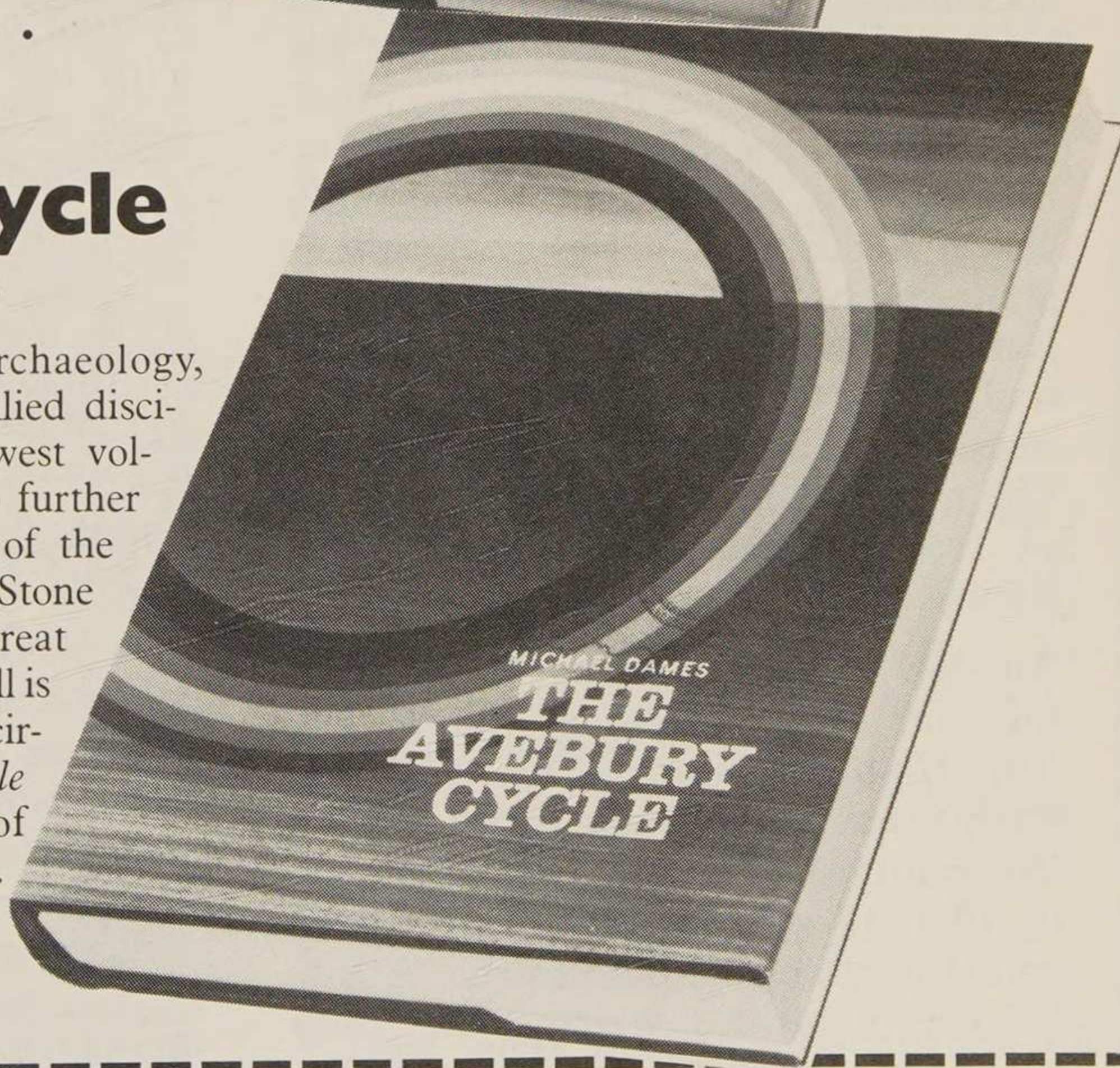
## The Avebury Cycle

By MICHAEL DAMES

Making skillful use of archaeology, ethnography, folklore and allied disciplines, Michael Dames' newest volume goes an important step further towards our understanding of the extraordinary collection of Stone Age monuments to the Great Goddess, of which Silbury Hill is one. From barrow, to stone circle, to hill, *The Avebury Cycle* explains the significance of each monument and location.

196 illustrations/\$12.95

At all bookstores, or use this coupon to order direct.



### Thames and Hudson Inc.

500 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10036

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of THE SILBURY TREASURE by Michael Dames @ \$12.95 per book, and \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of THE AVEBURY CYCLE by Michael Dames @ \$12.95 per book. If not completely satisfied, I may return the book(s) within 10 days for full refund. I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ (Check or money order)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please add applicable sales tax.

*offering and work of pious liberality the temple has not only its proportionate measurement but also the carvings on its walls, and the total fact of its form.*

Dr. Kramrisch explores the religious significance of the temple through detailed analysis of the history and meaning of its every element: building materials, superstructure, proportions, and images, as well as site and plan. By showing the rhythmic disposition of the basic ground plan and the superimposition of shapes along the temple's vertical axis, she enables her readers to understand the levels of movement and meaning. She traces the temple's form and significance from the central cube, the womb-house of the deity, to the apex of the superstructure, the peak point of intense concentration where the energy of the temple makes contact with the infinite. The analyses are documented by frequent reference to Vedic sources and to the ancient Indian scientific literature on architecture. As in the original edition, Dr. Kramrisch's conceptualization gains visual depth in the eighty stunning photographs by Raymond Burnier. Burnier concentrated on details of the sculptured forms that make up the surface of the great Indian temples. The majority of photographs are taken from temples of Khajuraho and Rājasthan.

Among her many authoritative writings on every aspect of Indian art, *The Hindu Temple* is Stella Kramrisch's enduring masterwork. When this seminal work was first published in 1946, it received high praise from eminent critics of Indian art. ("A Bibliography of the Writing of Stella Kramrisch," which, importantly, includes reviews of her work, has been compiled by Joseph Dye in "Marsyas: Studies in the History of Art," Vol. XVII.) Ananda Coomaraswamy hailed the work as "magnificent," and it inspired an entire chapter in

Schwaller de Lubicz's *Le Temple de l'Homme*. It became a coveted rare book among scholars and lovers of Indian art, and its reappearance in this high quality Indian reprint is most welcome. (It is now available in the United States through bookstores or by mail from South Asia Books, Box 502, Columbia, Missouri 65201).

In a review of a later book, *The Art of India*, E.M. Forster wrote, "I owe so much to Dr. Kramrisch that I find it difficult to review her book dispassionately." Other students who have been touched by the magic of Stella Kramrisch's scholarly imagination are bound to find themselves with the same critical disability, and will find that it is she herself who best summarizes the essence of her work in the excellent preface to *The Hindu Temple*:

*The purpose of the Hindu temple is shown by its form. It is the concrete symbol of Reintegration and coheres with the rhythm of the thought imaged in its carvings and laid out in its proportions. Their perfection is a celebration of all the rites enacted during the building of the temple from the ground to the pinnacle. Nothing that is seen on the temple is left unsaid in the verbal tradition nor is any of the detail arbitrary or superfluous. Each has a definite place and is part of the whole.*

*The Hindu temple is the sum total of architectural rites performed on the basis of its myth. The myth covers the ground and is the plan on which the structure is raised.*

Barbara Stoler Miller

*Barbara Stoler Miller teaches Sanskrit and Oriental Humanities at Barnard College, Columbia University. She has been a student of Stella Kramrisch's since studying with her at the University of Pennsylvania. She is the translator of several volumes of Sanskrit poetry, the latest of which is Love Song of the Dark Lord.*

**Hamlet's Mill: An Essay on Myth and the Frame of Time.**

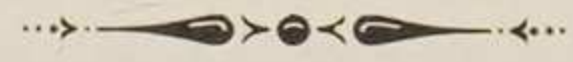
By Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend. Boston: David Godine Publisher, 1977. Pp. xxiii + 505. Illustrations. Paper \$6.95.

*Hamlet's Mill* is the result of the search by Professors Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend for "the point where myth and science join." That the authors are qualified to pursue this immensely important subject no one would deny; Santillana especially is a recognized expert in the field of the history and philosophy of science. But this reviewer does deny that *Hamlet's Mill* adds anything significant to our understanding of myth or science. The book seems to me to be an attempt to prove a pet theory, to the exclusion of others equally valid. The authors pull out all stops, including an irritating arrogance; Jung, who contributed so much more to our understanding of myth, is dismissed with a quip. Other mythologists of importance—Mircea Eliade, Joseph Campbell, and Claude Lévi-Strauss, for example—are not even mentioned. And we are informed that J.R.R. Tolkien's fictional efforts—which brought the possibility of mythical consciousness to a whole generation—"carry as much conviction as the traditional three-dollar bill." But most of all, the authors appear to be blinded by their own voluminous scholarship; their extensive footnotes, appendices, and tangential meanderings most of the time bury whatever it is they are trying to say. In fact, *Hamlet's Mill* reads like a parody of nineteenth century scholarship of the German variety. For all its pretensions to freshness and originality, it is, in my view, the most tedious, and one of the most muddled books yet written on the subject of myth.

For years Santillana had believed that the roots of the origins of science

UNIVERSITY OF  
NOTRE DAME PRESS

Notre Dame, Indiana 46556



*First time in English*

**THE FORBIDDEN FOREST**

**Mircea Eliade.** The greatest novel of the noted historian of religions is set in Romania before, during and after World War II and reveals many of the themes prominent in his nonfiction: the sacred and profane, time, myth, free will and death. \$18.95

**THE CITY OF THE GODS: A Study in Myth and Mortality**

**John Dunne.** "... a haunting study of the myths by which men through the ages have met the fact that they must die." — Michael Novak in *Christian Century*. \$12.95 cl., \$4.95 pbk.

**THE WAY OF ALL THE EARTH:  
Experiments in Truth and Religion**

**John Dunne.** Reflections on the common experiences of mankind from the Eastern religions in dialogue with Christianity. "[Dunne] provides his readers with a continuous flow of rewarding insights." — *The Critic*. \$12.95 cl., \$3.95 pbk.

*Also by John Dunne:*

**TIME AND MYTH: A Meditation on Storytelling as an Exploration of Life and Death,** \$2.95 pbk.

**A SEARCH FOR GOD IN TIME AND MEMORY.** \$10.95 cl., \$3.95 pbk.

were in the "eternal myth of invariance"—the myth of the Many deduced from the One. The key, he felt, might be found in the Pythagorean assertion that "things are numbers." While reading Charles Dupuis' *L'Origine de tous les cultes et tous les religions* (1795) Santillana was struck by the statement, "Le mythe est né de la science; la science seule l'expliquera," and eventually he "saw." "Number gave the key. Way back in time, before writing was even invented, it was *measures* and *counting* that provided the armature, the frame on which the rich texture of real myth was to grow." In the Neolithic age counting and measures began from celestial rather than terrestrial models.

Meanwhile, Professor von Dechend, looking for the essential meaning of the myths of gods and heroes and finding the traditional systems of approach—archaeological, historical, anthropological, and psychological—inadequate, decided that "maybe one should count for a change," and she asked herself "what it could mean when a hero was on his way slightly more than two years, 'returning' at intervals, 'falling into space,' coming off the 'right' route." The solution, she decided, lay in the planets. Professors Santillana and von Dechend had both determined that the nature of myth was neither ritualistic, historical, nor psychological; rather, it was astrological and astronomical. But what, then, they both asked themselves, was the actual function of myths; what purpose did they have in that distant age?

*Hamlet's Mill*, first published without much recognition in 1969 by Gambit in Boston and now reprinted in paperback by David Godine, is an attempt to answer that question. The myth of Hamlet in its many pre-Shakespearean forms (if indeed the narratives chosen by the authors are forms of the myth) is used as a starting point to illustrate a central thesis which goes something like this: Archaic peoples of the Middle East—perhaps as early as 4000 B.C.—had developed a system of cosmological knowledge based on the relations between time and astronomy and an understanding of the precession of the equinoxes and the annual cycle of the constellations. The whole system with its complicated mathematics, say Santillana and von Dechend, was expressed in what was then a universal techno-language we now call myth. This explains the remarkable similarities to be found in the mythologies of various cultures. If we no longer understand the ancient language we can look at its remnants in the late mythological systems of Greece, Northern Europe, Mexico, and so forth and begin to reconstruct the pieces. Enter Hamlet and his philological ancestor's mill—the cosmic *maelstrom*-driven determiner of the movement of the heavens around the pole star and of the destiny of each of us. The Hamlet figure is actually only a gimmick which is more or less left hanging fairly early in the book; the purpose of *Hamlet's Mill* was never to define Hamlet but to illustrate the fact that myths are metaphors for the most ancient of sciences, that the many versions of the "Once and Fu-



A HARPER PAPERBACK

The Aquarian Frontier  
and the Evolution of Consciousness

**UNFINISHED ANIMAL**

THEODORE ROSZAK

"Some think this whole consciousness revolution is a sign of mental decay. *Unfinished Animal* is a brilliant, eloquent plea for the opposite view, namely, that we are witnessing nothing less than the beginnings of a mutation in human consciousness which is mankind's only real hope of survival."—JOHN WREN-LEWIS, *Psychology Today*

"I do not see how anyone could fail to be grateful for this valiant essay by a lively and well-stocked mind, wielding a fluent pen, to contain as a whole the formidable plethora of off-center cultural movements now scattered about the world, and to compare, interpret, and evaluate them in terms of their possible evolutionary significance."—OWEN BARFIELD



CN/537 \$3.45

Harper & Row

Paperback Dept.  
10 E. 53d St., New York 10022

ture King"—the universal hero—"express the behavior of that vast complex of variables once called the cosmos."

All of this is fascinating in the way that Erich von Daniken's work on ancient spacemen and Immanuel Velikovsky's *Oedipus and Akhnaton* are fascinating. Like these books, *Hamlet's Mill* is, finally, fantasy, but unlike them, it is fantasy too top-heavy to enjoy. Of course astronomy has something to do with myth; everyone knows this. The problem is, Santillana and von Dechend try to prove a nearly exclusive connection by means of a parade of loosely related information. This is the rationalist fallacy. Give me a theory—especially one as wild as this—and with enough mythic material I can "prove" it, simply because there are so many mythic "facts" to draw from. A concise, clearly-stated examination of the Santil-

lana-von Dechend theory without the side trips, without the scorn for other points of view, and without what appears to be the contents of every one of the authors' research cards, might have made for interesting reading. Instead what we are presented with is the record of Santillana and von Dechend's prejudice against any understanding of myth based on evolution or psychology and their extraordinary failure to see through their partially valid, overly-illustrated theory to the now obvious relationship of myth and science in the great quest itself. This, of course, is the individual and cosmic quest for meaning or self-discovery which greater thinkers such as Jung, Teilhard, Heisenberg, and Einstein have helped us to understand in such ways as to convince not only our minds but our souls.  
*David A. Leeming*

*David Leeming teaches Mythology, Religion and Literature at the University of Connecticut.*

### **The Silmarillion**

By J.R.R. Tolkien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1977. Pp. 365, plus map. \$10.95.

### **The Book of Merlyn**

By T.H. White, prologue by Sylvia Townsend Warner, illustrations by Trevor Stubley. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1977. Pp. 137. \$9.95.

### **The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever: Lord Foul's Bane, The Illearth War, The Power that Preserves**

By Stephen R. Donaldson. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1977. Three Volumes. Pp. 352 in each. \$10.00 for each volume.

Folklorists Iona and Peter Opie have written that "A child who does not feel wonder is but an inlet for apple pie." Such children grow up to talk about apple pie, mom, and the flag, one suspects; they make the wheels of the bureaucracy turn without imagination, spark or fancy. They are also the ones who capitalize on the wonder-hungers of the children and the childlike who want more than apple pie.

For every tale spinner like Tolkien, there are the spin-offs like *The Sword of Shannara* and *The Shining*, books that mock writer and reader alike with their false premises, false tensions, manipulative terrors and bad prose. And now, capitalizing on the masterpieces of Tolkien and Arthurian apologist T.H. White are minor-pieces by the famous authors themselves. Now that they are both safely dead, such stories are being resurrected, books composed of notes they either rejected or cannibalized or put aside. These newly published works are really the arcs and circles of any author's Palmer-method by which he gets himself or keeps himself writing.

*The Silmarillion* by Tolkien is, for all the hoopla and fanfares, appearances

on the best seller list and long *Times* book review, a strange combination of exegesis and pseudepigrapha. (Obviously Christopher Tolkien saw this as the Bible of Middle Earth and *Lord of the Rings* more an epic adventure grown out of it.) Not that Tolkien, even at his densest and most oblique, could write badly, but this compilation of notebooks by his son Christopher at the behest of the Apple Pie People, is unreadable except as explanation, interpretation, interpolation, and addendum to *The Lord of the Rings*. For cultists, such a work is an invaluable tool in settling disputes, ranking heroes, finding Middle Earth Roots, criticizing theology, and establishing a religion based on a well-defined mythology that is at least as eclectic and satisfying as many others now holding sway over huge portions of the world. But is it fun to read? *The Silmarillion* is mostly a bore.

T.H. White's long-lost fifth book of the Arthur quartet, *The Once and Future King*, is equally boring. *The Book of Merlyn*, like the new Tolkien, is lit by flashes of insight, and prose that still sparks fire in the Wonderer. But it is T.H. White the lecturer, the didactic moralist, the sadistic pacifist who speaks in this lingering, extra-slow last night that King Arthur lives on earth. Arthur himself remains strangely voiceless, serving—as do the animal characters and Merlyn—as puppet mouthpiece for the dictating White. White's barely controlled misogyny has flowered into full-fledged misanthropy in this final book. Luckily, because no one would publish it while he was alive, White cannibalized parts of *The Book of Merlyn* for his brilliant four-part work. And those parts—Arthur transformed into an ant, into a goose—are the most imaginative and exciting sections of this book.

Reading such books is invaluable as part of the canon for White and

**A new old book -**  
**Anecdotes taken from**  
**Menaquibu L'Arifin**  
written by the historian  
**Shemsu-'D-Din Ahmed**  
**El Eflaki in A.D. 1353**  
Translated by  
**JAMES W. REDHOUSE**

# LEGENDS OF THE SUFIS

with an introduction by  
**IDRIAS SHAH**



Published to help people in their search for life's meaning  
Available at bookstores, or prompt shipment from **QUEST BOOKS, Dept. P., 306**  
West Geneva Road, Wheaton, Illinois 60187



Over 200 uniquely delightful  
myths and miracles - authentic  
anecdotes from the mystic  
wise ones.

The deep charm of these tales  
emanates from the feeling of  
"other-worldliness" so much a  
part of the Sufi heritage. The  
stories puzzle and please at  
the same time. They titillate  
the senses as they stretch the  
mind, climaxing with stimulat-  
ing flashes of intuitive com-  
prehension.

Writes Shah: "This book is  
about Jalaluddin Rumi, one of  
the greatest saints, mystics,  
and Masters of all peoples. The  
text is regarded as one of the  
five source books for material  
on this tradition."

Quality softcover \$3.95

Tolkien cultists. Reading them was a labor, but a labor of love.

One of the best of the Tolkien spin-offs is the over-long, over-written, and at times downright silly *The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant Unbeliever*. In three, three hundred-plus page hardback books, this story unfolds. It concerns an Earth-bound leper named Thomas Covenant who is thrown (or called) into a different or parallel universe where he is a quasi-savior despite his disbelief in the reality of the Land. Covenant is a unique hero. His young creator, Stephen Donaldson, certainly knows leprosy, having grown up in India where his surgeon father worked with lepers. Yet the realistic earth-bound parts of the book are so unconvincing that when, at the end of a thousand pages, Thomas Covenant decides to return to his leprous condition in the real world, it does not seem right. All this, of course, could have been done in

one, four-hundred-plus page hard cover with great hunks of the adventure saved for some other three or four novels. But there is an Industry Need (read Apple Pie) for trilogies that can be packaged and sold as the New Tolkien. Editors throw away their sense and their blue pencils in hopes of black ink on the ledger. So the Wonderers are left hungry and some may, in the end, opt for Apple Pie. *Jane Yolen*

*Jane Yolen, whose most recent book is The Hundredth Dove and Other Tales, has written over 40 books for young people which have been translated into German, Afrikaans, Danish, Japanese and Zulu.*

## Many Dimensional Man: Decentralizing Self, Society, and the Sacred

By James Ogilvy. New York:  
Oxford, 1977. Pp. 372. \$14.95.

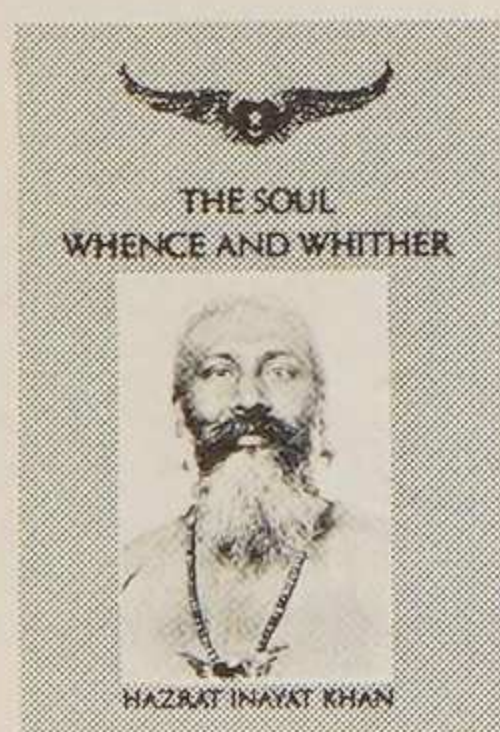
In *One-Dimensional Man* (1964) Herbert Marcuse attacked "advanced industrial civilization," both capitalist and communist, and accused it of crushing the human spirit beneath the monolithic mass of the warfare-welfare state. While the common man willingly enslaves himself to a system which rewards him with narcotic comforts, scientists and intellectuals embrace a "neutral" positivism which ignores history and thus abets oppression. In a world such as this, liberation seems next to impossible because it is literally unthinkable.

Ogilvy takes his starting point as well as his title from Marcuse. His theory of decentralization aims at breaking down the constricting unanimity that threatens us in the inter-related guises of old-fashioned power

politics, the single "imperial ego," and monotheistic religion. He argues for a balanced pluralism that rejects "both the solitary One and the collective All in favor of the ambiguous Some as the proper locus of freedom." Like Marcuse, Ogilvy is a passionately Utopian thinker, but where Marcuse spends most of his time analyzing the logical foundations and institutional patterns of the one-dimensional present, Ogilvy looks to the possibilities of the many-dimensional future. And here, right at the beginning, we find a critical ambiguity: is Ogilvy describing a contemporary archetype, like Camus' *Stranger*, or a visionary projection, like Blake's *Albion*? Are we dealing with an inevitable historical process or a hopeful speculation (however dazzling its philosophical rationale)?

In the opening pages of his book the author coolly announces that the presidency (like God) is dead. Not long afterwards he talks about the

## NEW from . . . SUFI ORDER PUBLICATIONS



### The Soul Whence and Whither

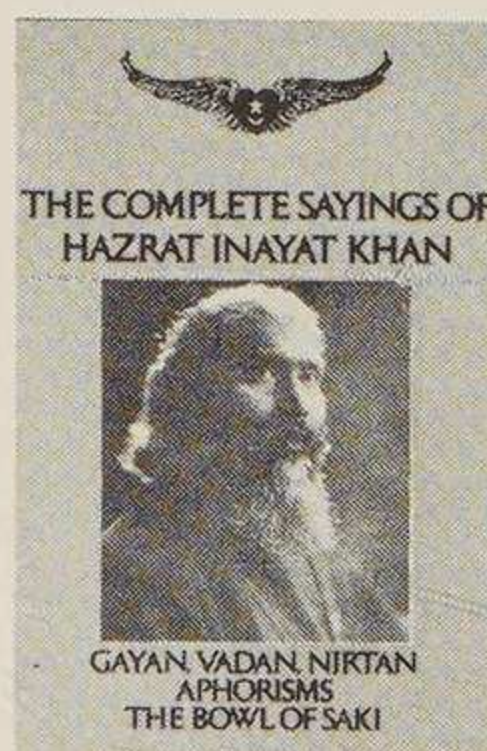
by  
HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

The *Soul Whence and Whither* contains the teaching of the Sufi Master Hazrat Inayat Khan on the inner laws of manifestation. It reveals life to be a far vaster journey than merely that between our physical birth and death, and unveils a whole new dimension of reality.

Hazrat Inayat Khan was familiar with every shade of human existence, and his teaching shows his great reverence for life and the value he placed on the integration of the best qualities found in humanity everywhere.

190 pp. with index

\$6.95 cloth, \$4.95 paper



### The Complete Sayings of Hazrat Inayat Khan

GAYAN, VADAN, NIRTAN  
APHORISMS  
THE BOWL OF SAKI

The *Complete Sayings of Hazrat Inayat Khan* contains the essence of the Master's teachings. Many sayings were noted down by Hazrat Inayat Khan after his interviews, so they are not simply spiritual clichés but express the wisdom that emerges out of the blending of the mystic vision when confronted by the depth of human seeking.

One experiences in the outlook of Hazrat Inayat Khan a new dimension, where higher consciousness is not sought by abandoning life in the world and all it entails, but by penetrating deeper into the sphere of humanity to find, to one's surprise, the Divine Perfection arising out of the shards of human existence.

320 pp. with two indices

\$7.95 cloth, \$5.25 paper

Individuals please prepay. Add 50 cents per book shipping charge.



SUFI ORDER PUBLICATIONS

P.O. Box 396P/New Lebanon, New York 12125/Phone (518) 794-8080

"demise of the singular self." Ogilvy is perfectly aware that the White House (like the churches) is still in operation, just as people are still paying psychiatrists to help them discover their "identity." But, whether we know it or not, a new age has dawned; we have entered "third realm rationality." (The first realm is characterized by teleological explanation, as in Aristotle's metaphysics, the second by a reliance on efficient causality, as in Spinoza, Newton, and "contemporary common sense.") Third realm or relational thought turns away from the idealized abstractions, the oversimplified pushes and pulls, of "single cause explanation." It appeals instead to complex structures of causality, to "networks of negative restraints." It "asks not why one particular thing happened but... why everything else did not happen." This "cybernetic" principle is the key to the era of liberation apparently about to be born.

But is it? Only at the end of the book does Ogilvy admit that he has been backing a long shot rather than a sure thing. How good, exactly, are the chances for the flowering of the "polytheistic" self, with each person "containing a pantheon," that is, a harmonious, non-hierarchical community of selves which are "transformational introjection of the gods?" Again, if it is true that "like the Holy Roman Empire, the politics of advanced industrial nation-states... obstructs rather than facilitates human freedom," how long will it take this new empire to fall? In his final paragraph Ogilvy remarks ruefully that "to see the opportunity is not to be sanguine." No indeed.

This is very much a young man's book. It runs an enormously broad gamut of disciplines and subjects, from religion to economics, from computer science to Greek mythology, from Anaxagoras to Derrida. Like a champion debator, Ogilvy has done a great deal of homework and is eager

to say his piece. He goes too fast and too far, but the performance is nonetheless impressive. His arguments flow with clarity and verve. He is occasionally glib or gauche, but never pedantic. Best of all, his book has an intellectual density, a reflective richness that make it both demanding and rewarding. Few readers, if any, will be willing to swallow it whole, but practically everyone can get some nourishment out of it.

In a brief review, a glimpse at one of the sections of Ogilvy's thesis, with its strengths and flaws, will have to suffice. Throughout the book he takes polytheism (i.e., the gods of Olympus) as a metaphor for the pluralist universe, and its attendant consciousness, which he is promoting. Zeus, Apollo, Ares, Aphrodite, Hermes, Dionysus, etc., do not merely symbolize human qualities, they are giant projections of the various selves who live, potentially at least, within us. Like those selves they dwell together in a lively, non-repressive federation. The "believer" who gives all of them their due escapes both the guilt of Christianity and the arrogance of atheism. By subscribing to a "heterarchy of values," rather than to a rigid system, he is saner, wiser, and ultimately more human than the monotheist or the atheist (the authoritarian or the anarchist, the petrified or the protean personality, etc.).

One must first object that Ogilvy is a sloppy classicist. As Homer makes clear, in *Iliad*, VIII, 11. 17-27, for instance, Zeus exercises unquestioned dominance over all the other gods. (Elsewhere Ogilvy mistakenly calls Narcissus a god and Dionysus a satyr.) But, letting that pass, what about a more disturbing problem: how can a polytheistic personality make promises, and can we trust it when it does? Ogilvy replies that since we already *are* "a collection of individual, relatively autonomous, intrapersonal selves," we have to mediate between them and society as

carefully as we can. There is no magic formula for doing away with the tragic implications of our multiplicity. Here Ogilvy quotes Gurdjieff with telling effect: "A small accidental 'I' may promise something, not to itself, but to someone else at a certain moment simply out of vanity or for amusement. Then it disappears, but the man, that is, the combinations of other 'I's' who are quite innocent of this, may have to pay for it all his life. It is the tragedy of the human being that any small 'I' has the right to sign checks and promissory notes and the man, that is, the Whole, has to meet them. People's whole lives often consist in paying off the promissory notes of small accidental 'I's'."

The pluralistic self, says Ogilvy, is caught in the tension between oaths (spontaneous "eruptions of the moment") and troths (long-term commitments). The more we dispose of our future by solemn promises, the less room we leave ourselves to respond to novelty. There is no solution to this dilemma, only a prudent rule of thumb: "... each of the aristocrats in the society within each individual will make troths with others only rarely and reluctantly, the better to stand security for troths made *and* leave room for the making of oaths as well."

This settles nothing, of course, no more than the rest of *Many Dimensional Man*, nor would Ogilvy want it to. In a pluralistic framework a definitive interpretation is a contradiction in terms. The book is bound to draw fire: in his rapid march across a dozen or so academic fields Ogilvy treads on a lot of professional toes. He can be provoking as well as provocative, as when he speaks of "the dull idea of the perfect individual represented at its best in the person of Jesus Christ," but that's a predictable and pardonable drawback of a gifted rhetorical nature. So ambitious is its scope, Ogilvy's book could serve as a

programmatic introduction to the undertaking of a lifetime. Whether or not he follows through on this, he has already sketched out a bold synthesis of issues too vast for any specialist to handle. And that, after all, is what philosophy is for. *Peter Heinegg*

*Peter Heinegg is professor of Comparative Literature at Union College in Schenectady, N.Y.*

### Castle

By David Macaulay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1977. Pp. 80. \$8.95.

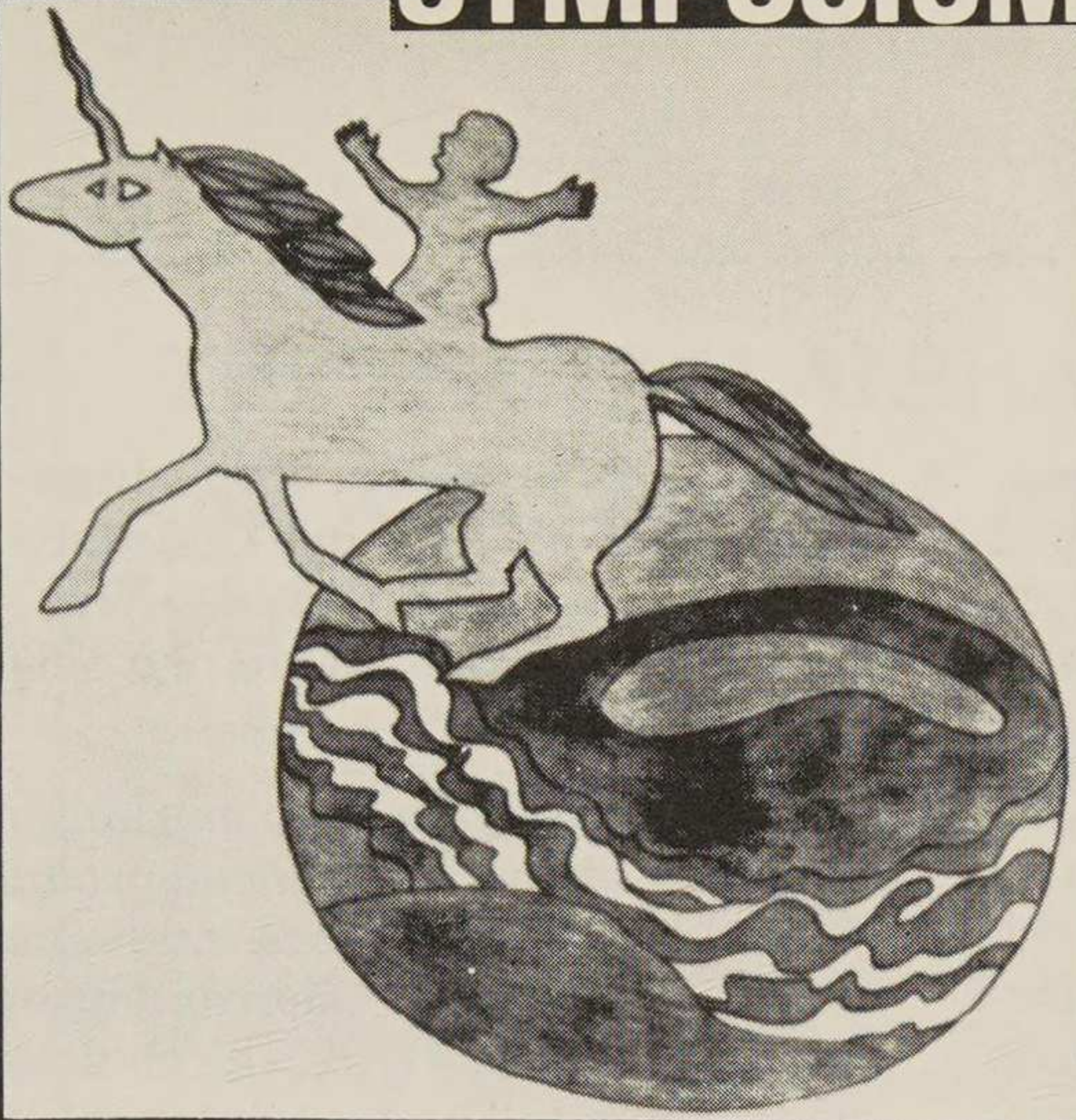
David Macaulay, an instructor at the Rhode Island School of Design, presents the principles of architecture in a popular and accessible form in his series: *Cathedral*, *City*, *Pyramid*, *Underground*, and the latest volume, *Castle*. These large and elegantly designed and printed, picture books were initially marketed for children, but their appeal has not been confined to the classroom. They can be found in most bookstores as readily in art sections as in juvenile departments.

Macaulay's texts are never merely captions to technical diagrams. He has cleverly fashioned each story around a fictional event in history with a careful interweaving of art, sociology and science. Each title is filled with lively, occasionally brilliant, drawings of its structure during various stages of its development. These pen sketches rarely neglect the particular in favor of the whole; he is as proficient in depicting a castle's *garderobe*, (a medieval toilet), as in offering an aerial view of a grand cathedral. Only *Underground* seems less inviting as its subject is less inspired, and here Macaulay's flippancy is disconcerting when he fills his sewers with alligators and lazy rats and discloses a human skull and a dismembered hand among the debris near a fire hydrant. His single defi-

# SYMPOSIUM ON . . .

# STORY & MYTH

APRIL  
28-30  
1978



Sponsored by:

The Department of Religious Studies, Niagara University and  
The Society for Art, Religion, and Contemporary Culture

Conducted at:

**The Niagara Hilton, Niagara Falls, New York**

A unique weekend symposium that does more than talk about story and myth. A gathering of theologians and mythologists, storytellers and myth-makers, to explore, critique, and celebrate the power of Story to shape our universe and create meaning in our lives.

Major sessions on the following mythic themes: Polarities & Opposites — Beginning/Rebirth — The Journey of the Hero/Heroine. Each session includes presentations from three perspectives: (1) from a traditional or contemporary storyteller; (2) from a theologian or mythologist; and (3) from a myth-making therapist or healer.

**REGISTRATION FEE:** \$65 (Includes Meals)  
\$60 (Two or More)

*Advanced Registration is required because Enrollment is limited.*

MAIL-IN REGISTRATION

Mail To: Office of Special Programs  
Niagara University, N.Y. 14109

Enclosed is my check for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ payable to Niagara University,  
In registration for \_\_\_\_\_ number of persons for the Symposium  
on Story & Myth.

Last Name \_\_\_\_\_ First \_\_\_\_\_ M.I. \_\_\_\_\_

Address No. and Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_ Soc. Sec. No. \_\_\_\_\_

If Hotel Reservations are needed, check here

# NIAGARA UNIVERSITY

ciency as an artist lies in his figures. Sadly he lacks the ability to depict the human anatomy as convincingly as he can construct an amphitheater or a Pharaoh's tomb.

Macaulay's approach is limited. He seldom dwells on the philosophy of architecture. As he is a disciple of the modern Bauhaus tradition that function should determine design, he does not acknowledge that sacred structures reflect human aspirations. Consequently their forms developed symbolically. Otherwise his cathedral would look like the Chutreaux branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank. In showing its floor plan, Macaulay does not note why it must be in the shape of a cross. He does not explain the philosophical necessity of the vaulted ceiling; according to *Il trattato d'architettura* (1451-1464) of Antonio Averlino, il Filarete, the church fathers thought the low-domed temples of antiquity humbled their worshippers, and they wanted a person on entering their sacred space to feel his soul rise in contemplation of God. Macaulay's rationalization for the building of his cathedral as being largely provincial chauvinism is unconvincing. More assured is his latest volume where he reminds the reader that castles were built primarily for defense and not as places to live happily ever after. Still the series' strengths far outweigh its faults, and each book remains a fine introduction to its subject.

*Michael Patrick Hearn*

*Michael Patrick Hearn is the author of The Annotated Wizard of Oz and The Annotated Christmas Carol. He is currently working on a critical study of the art of illustration for children, The Pictured World.*

**Julian of Norwich: Showings**  
*Translated by Edmund Colledge,  
OSA and James Walsh, S.J. New  
York: Paulist Press, 1978. Pp. 363.  
\$9.95, paper \$6.95.*

At best, translation from one language to another is a choice of compromises. When six hundred years intervene between the modern version and its original, as is the case here, the choices become critical. The translator must be faithful to his medieval text while making it accessible to his twentieth century audience. Wrong or poor choices blur the original and fail the reader.

In this translation, Fathers Colledge and Walsh have chosen their compromises with mixed success. They call this fourteenth century English woman and mystic Julian, the name manuscripts record, despite the twentieth century sense that this is a man's name. Similarly, they often choose to follow Juliana's sometimes involved syntax through several series of "that" clauses, or an interlock of alternating phrases, clauses and antecedents, rather than cut through these to her plain meaning. This results in an authentic "sound" for Juliana, but at best obscures and at worst loses her sense. (One must note that the authors' own prose in the Introduction is not infrequently as clotted and obscure as Juliana's, without the excuse of being medieval).

On the other hand, their choice of twentieth century equivalents for fourteenth century expressions and concepts is usually good, and their decision to include both the Short text (Juliana's first recording of the revela-

# THE ENGLISH ALPHABET is a code, that when unraveled, tells the majestic story of man.

In large measure we have forgotten that our alphabet was invented by holy men as a means of instructing us in the sacred Word of God. It is possible to re-discover some of these "secrets" in our most ordinary words if only we learn how to read them.

It is not by chance that the two middle letters of the alphabet (M and N) when animated by the A spell MAN. *Thus man is concealed in the very midst of the WORD (alphabet) and is responsible for balancing it.*

Neither is it a coincidence that the form of the A owes its origin to the hieroglyph of a yoked ox  $\nabla$ , or that the H can be traced back to a simple representation of a fence ++++ and the M to water  $\wedge\wedge\wedge$ .

You may have wondered why the eighth letter (H) and the eighth number (8) sound very much alike (eight-ch). It is related to the concept of self-consuming or "eight-ching". (Eight — and also H — are traditional symbols of the self that has to be consumed — eaten or "ate".

Why is the S used to signify the plural and the D to signify the past? Why does "god" backward read "dog"? and "live" — "evil"? A clue can be found in the meaning of the letters.

Hundreds of words are analyzed in the light of these esoteric concepts. The word "true", for instance, means in this connection, "based on three" or nothing can be true which is "less than three". "Truth" then, is the realization of the three (TR) in relation to the individuating principle (TH) — the Theo or Unity. Herein is the "truth" of the Trinity or Tri-unity.

*"... captivates its readers with a delight in what paradoxically seems to be truly esoteric, and at the same time perfectly obvious. Anyone with an attraction to letters or literature—or to the English language—will like the book.*

—Bill Quinn, *The American Theosophist*

Order from your local bookstore or write to:

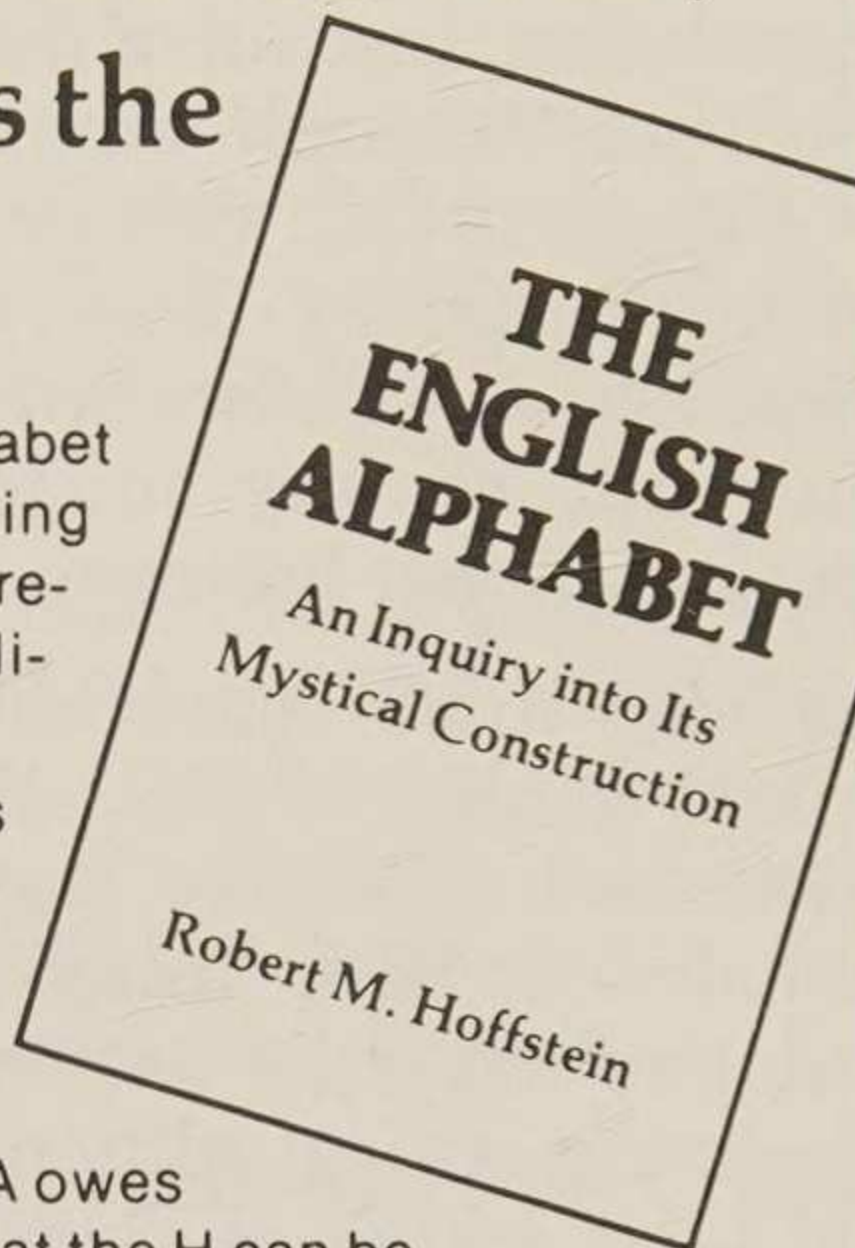
**Kaedmon Publishing Co.**, 150 Broadway, Suite 915, New York, N.Y. 10038

Enclosed is \$7.95 (in N.Y. State please add appropriate sales tax) for my copy of THE ENGLISH ALPHABET. If not satisfied, I will return book no later than 10 days after receipt and receive a full refund.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



tions), and the Long (their amplification by twenty years' meditation and prayer) is absolutely right.

On the whole, while the translation takes some ploughing through, it is reasonably sound. The translators' undefended choice of the (physically very readable) Paris manuscript as a base for the translation, instead of the more usually chosen (though admittedly crabbed) Sloane 2499, despite their controversial assertion (here unsupported) that it is not a sixteenth but a mid-seventeenth century production, must raise questions, however.

Questions also arise concerning the quantity and quality of the technical information and scholarly argument to be included in their Introduction. The translators' expertise as preparers of a forthcoming critical edition of the Short and Long texts has hindered as much as helped them choose compromises. They declare they write "not for the professional medievalist" but they cannot resist raising the usual scholarly questions of manuscript reliability and relative worth, sources, and influences. These they answer with flat assertions, referring the reader to their critical edition for supporting evidence and documentation, and repeating the referral as issues are raised, allegations made and arguments answered. This leaves all readers, general and "professional," frustrated—tantalized by the persistent sense that the meat of this Introduction appears in another book.

In offering a context for Juliana's work, Colledge and Walsh supply for the intentionally anonymous Juliana an unabashedly speculative biography. They present, and misrepresent, her as a scholar deliberately weaving contemporary theology and philosophy with Scripture and writings of Church Fathers, continental and English mystics, in order to present "her doctrine" and to deny or affirm other theologians' writings. The texts themselves, explicitly recordings by Juliana

of what she has been shown and led to understand by God, deny this kind of activity. All she has learned and experienced from whatever source has been drawn spontaneously into the orbit of the revelations to illumine and be illumined by them—but the focus is on God who has spoken to her, not on men who have spoken to each other about Him.

The authors are more successful in their attempts to clarify the relationship between Short and Long texts, and to elucidate the development of themes unifying the sixteen revelations. Since they have decided to do these tasks simultaneously instead of sequentially, however, neither is done fully and clearly.

The Paulist project *The Classics of Western Spirituality*, of which this is the first installment, is worthy in its aim to make these works accessible to the twentieth century reader. The Series is pushed far beyond its natural limits, however, by its proposed content: writings of "Catholic, Protestant, Eastern Orthodox, Jewish, Islamic and Native American Indian" spiritual masters, through the eighteenth century Quakers. The twenty-three (of an eventual sixty) titles listed include a preponderance of esoterica, perhaps because the staples of Western spirituality are currently being republished in new translations by other houses, notably Doubleday Image, at reasonable prices in attractive, readable formats. Unfortunately, the Paulist book designer has made *Showings* an ugly book, with a bad semi-abstract painting for the cover, inharmonious type faces (huge bold and italic chapter headings dwarfing the text), and virtually unreadable elements (spidery italic quotations and miniscule footnotes). The idea is a good one; at this point, the execution leaves much to be desired. *M.L. del Mastro*

*M.L. del Mastro* is an Associate Professor of literature at CUNY, Brooklyn College, New School of Liberal Arts, translator of *Juliana of Norwich's Revelations of Divine Love* and, with Anthony C. Meisel, of *The Rule of St. Benedict*.

## The Temple In Man

By R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz,  
translated by Robert and Deborah  
Lawlor, illustrated by Lucie Lamy.  
Brookline, Ma.: Autumn Press,  
1977. Pp. 132. Paper \$4.95.

The appearance in English of the first book by R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz is welcome. Written in rather abstruse French, it presented a formidable task for the translators whose excellent Foreword gives an evocative glimpse of the almost unknown author who died some twenty years ago. The whole of Schwaller de Lubicz's work and that of his wife and collaborator will no doubt now be in demand. It is to be hoped that this translation will be followed up by that of his major work, *The Temple of Man*, to which the present book is no more than an introduction.

Schwaller de Lubicz can be classified as an Egyptologist, whose preparation included and developed the work of previous writers and scholars in that field and the related fields of sacred art and architecture. In one of his books he traces back admirably the line of descent from Egypt through classical antiquity of all our Western philosophies, ethics and sciences up to the present day. His inner search was based, we are told, on a deep study of Alchemy, which brought him late in life to a "sojourn in Egypt." He and a small group of collaborators chose to concentrate this search on the Temple of Luxor where they lived and worked for fifteen years. After this period of meticulous survey, he began to publish his findings in 1949. It was in that year that *The Temple*

*in Man* first appeared. In the years that followed he gave a number of public lectures (one of which appeared in *Parabola*, Volume II, Issue 3).

His thesis was opposed, he tells us, both by "those who think they know" and by "those who believe," and his statement indicates the very unusual nature of his approach to the center of learning in Pharaonic Egypt.

All that remains of that center today—once the focal point of planetary, solar and cosmic forces radiating to create a theocratic, pyramidal social structure—is a complex of ruined buildings, silent and fast disintegrating. Schwaller de Lubicz set himself to discover whether it was still possible even now to hear with the inner ear something of the oral teaching which had once animated those temples.

Beyond all expectation, the patient day-after-day search for clues led from defaced fragments and broken lines to a gradually emerging pattern. In the Temple of Luxor the outline proved to be that of the Body of Man—from a viewpoint far more "objective" and all-inclusive than the Image created, for example, in the cruciform Gothic cathedral. Awe-inspiring, its content is of such power and density that the mind can hardly encompass it. For the Luxor group, the first glimpse must have been like seeing in a flash the infinitely great atom of all knowledge, analogous in all respects to the infinitely small atom that so fascinates our modern scientists, releasing simultaneously creative and destructive forces of inconceivable magnitude.

The contour of the Body of Man first appeared as that of a newborn infant. Its proportions, by ordinary statistical measurement, were exact; but using "Pythagorean" calculation, an extraordinary difference appeared. According to evidence of the existence of not one but several axes on the ground of the Temple, and by constant reference to the hieroglyphic and pictographic writings on the walls, the static picture became dynamic and developed into a "moving picture" of the growth of Man's physical body. Natural man was represented from birth to maturity with each system and organ functionally and proportionally interdependent and related centrally to the head. In time the vision expanded, without interruption of the movement, to the psychic and spiritual actuality and potential of Man. One set of measurements corresponded to a figure whose head was cut off at the "threshold of the Sanctuary"—or crown—and another included the Dual Mind in that area above the "cerebral intelligence."

As a pioneer in this attempt to listen to what the ancient teachers had inscribed over millennia, Schwaller de Lubicz's research opens the question of Time on the scale of humanity. Was this message, broadcast so long ago, timed to reach us just now, and not before? If this is so, how is it to be heard? How are we to understand and acquire the "Intelligence of the Heart"? This is the question stressed above all by the author.

We are told on the jacket that this book is likely to "whet our appetite for more." But it must be admitted that the meat offered is tough. Those who think they know will again turn to some other more familiar Egyptology rather than try to learn an entirely new vocabulary, while those who prefer to believe may tend to skip the mathematics and diagrams and look elsewhere for something to satisfy the appetite. Furthermore, at each remove

in translation, the original text seems more remote, avoidably or inevitably less accurate, slightly distorted due to lack, as in this case, of a language close enough to its organic origin for the transmission of knowledge from its energetic source. Nevertheless, the book under review gives a taste of that source, and a contact with the Myth represented on the walls of Luxor, which is analysis and resynthesis of Microcosmos in relation to Macrocosmos. And in its appeal to the heart, the Myth points to a vision beyond that of Anthropocosmos, to Man as the symbol of himself, the universe, Horus and Osiris in one.  
*Nancy Pearson*

*Nancy Pearson is a student and translator of traditional literature. She has translated works by Leo Schaya, Henri Corbin and Lizelle Reymond.*

### **Psychology of the House**

*By Olivier Marc. Translated from the French by Jessie Wood. London: Thames and Hudson, Ltd., 1977. Pp. 144. \$12.95.*

### **Pythagorean Palaces: Magic and Architecture in the Italian Renaissance**

*By G.L. Hersey. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1976. Pp. 216. \$22.50.*

### **Shelter, Sign & Symbol**

*Edited by Paul Oliver. Woodstock: The Overlook Press, 1977. Pp. 228. \$22.50.*

### **Parthian Art**

*By Malcolm A. R. Colledge. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1977. Pp. xiv + 200. \$23.50.*

"Space" defined in terms of both time and dimension is the medium through which we imbue architecture with meaning. While the quality of meaning in space changes from culture to culture, there are some universal meanings to particular spatial configurations which have remained unchanged in various cultures, and constant throughout all time.

These four books approach the problem of meaning in space in various ways, but the major idea expressed to some degree in all four is that "space" is filled and fills man with meaning. This meaning is expressed through the art of architecture and is discoverable in the visual experience.

*Psychology of the House* by Olivier Marc explores the significance of space in houses and sacred spaces in religious structures throughout the world. It is a beautiful work, rich in deep intuitive questioning and understanding. Marc searches for the primal meaning of doors, roofs, gardens and other architectonic elements and discovers repetitive forms which he sees as basic to the understanding of our place in the universe.

He begins by asking why man chose to build shelters—why he decided in the first place to leave the security of the cave.

*...Birth is a break with unity, and the split is caused by an evolutionary demand. A child cannot keep from being born; a mother cannot keep from giving birth.*

*So it was, I imagine, with the first men. An inner compulsion tore them from the protective earth and forced them to build the house.*

Why the first shelters took the form of round huts with dome-shaped roofs, Marc proposes:

*Their houses look like slightly attenuated pouches, each with a vertical slit along one side. Seen from a certain angle, they reminded me of enormous breasts pointing up towards the sky. But even more striking than the shape was the entrance, a thick-lipped slit, the only decorated element of the structure.*

*I was then convinced that the model which has presided over the bulk of the form had been a mother's womb, seen from the inside. These houses were wombs.*

Beginning with this primordial urge to build, Marc traces what he sees to be the basic architectonic elements with which man symbolically constructs his universe of meaning.

*Four [symbols] alone, the circle, the triangle, the square, and the cross, accounted for the construction of the world's temples, Tibetan mandalas, Indian and Himalayan stupas and chortens, Sumerian ziggurats, Egyptian and American pyramids, the Ka'ba of Mecca, the alchemist's equations—all the architecture of the world. These symbols contained such a wealth of meaning that they provided the basic texture of language and art. Organized in another way they produced the house.*

Marc sees the square as the symbol for man, the circle the symbol of the perfect universe, the triangle the dynamic form pointing the direction to unity, and the cross the symbol of the human condition. He traces these symbols through the history of world architecture from Celtic crosses, Mexican funerary houses, Apache tents, Cambodian thatch huts, Mongolian yurts, Russian churches, Muslim mosques, and Venetian palaces.

These general forms apply to the house in the following way: the square is the plan as manifested by the walls of the house, and the roof is the triangle making the transition from the base to the sky. The square symbolizes man, and the triangle points to the perfect universe. In sacred architecture, Notre Dame Cathedral for example, the circular rose window is framed by a square and capped by a triangular roof form. All three symbols are incorporated.

Marc challenges his readers to look at

the modern world and ask what are the implications of buildings with flat roofs, or multi-story apartment buildings where most people have no roof at all. *Psychology of the House* raises many questions and charges the built world with rich meanings.

*Pythagorean Palaces: Magic and Architecture in the Italian Renaissance* by G. L. Hersey explores the magical and numerical meanings in space and spatial volumes as shown in the early architecture of the Renaissance. Although most students of the Renaissance are familiar with the concern for proportion during that period, few realize the philosophical roots of these ideas. For the great architects of the Renaissance, such as Palladio, proportions were systems of relationships refined for their beauty or visual qualities. Hersey shows how these ideas originate with the Renaissance Pythagoreans and Platonists who saw proportions in terms of repetition of the cube:

*The notion of the cube-as-father has a mystical side. The Pre-Socratics and Plato in the Timaeus had equated the cube with Earth. It was held that each planet corresponded to an ideal solid—Mars to the pyramid, Jupiter to the octahedron, and so forth—and that the most stable of these solids pervaded the motionless planet on which man resides and builds...*

Hersey shows the evolution from Vitruvius' use of the repetitive squares and cube to the three-dimensional grids of the Renaissance perspective, infusing space with infinite numbers of cubical volumes repeated endlessly in all directions. The *Corpo Transparente*, or three dimensional grid which ordered architectural form in the Renaissance, derived its meaning from the proportions of man's body as well as from the repetition of the symbol for Earth. Hersey shows the evolution of the ideal circle and square as the measure of man: Vitru-

vius inscribed man in a circle whose center is his navel; Leonardo placed him in both circle and square (man's height equal to his breadth with his arms outstretched, thus forming a square). In Cesarian's depiction, the square is broken down into 10 x 10 or 100 squares, and finally man is shown with arms and legs outstretched forming the diagonal of a square centered in his navel, all inscribed within a circle. Thus the cubical space had philosophical roots in the form of man as well as of earth.

In contrast to the idea of space as seen by Marc's primordial man—a manifestation of his desire to achieve a unity with the universe through the symbol of the womb—Hersey describes a Platonic, measured idea of space. The major element this reviewer finds lacking in Hersey's thesis, however, is the relationship of these philosophical ideas to our understanding when looking at a Renaissance palace. What is it that we feel when we are looking at a building created on a *corpo trasparente*? The development of the ideas is clear and logical, but the reader must look elsewhere for the answer to the meaning of these ideas in the visual realm.

*Shelter, Sign & Symbol*, edited by Paul Oliver, is a collection of individual works that explore the generation of vernacular architecture in fourteen regions in Asia and Africa. Space is seen as the container for the symbolic meanings generated by society. Unlike Marc and Hersey who discuss their interest in form with a sense of the transcendental, Oliver's analysis of vernacular architecture demonstrates the great variety of attitudes toward space exemplified by various cultures. For the Australian aborigines, for instance, the particular features of the natural landscape are symbols for the mythical landscape of the world of "Dreamtime" heroes: *The mythical landscape is super-*

*imposed over the physical landscape and they coincide at natural features.*

From the city and houses as an expression of the cosmic order of the universe, Oliver takes us to Galle, Ceylon. The section of the book entitled "The Boat as an Architectural Symbol" by Lewcock and Brans is an excellently developed thesis showing how the Asian curved roof is derived from the form of ritual boats, characteristic of many Oriental fishing societies:

*The boat as a shelter implies a very tight social organization, as on a ship... Sometimes, indeed, it may eventually happen that its symbolism is no longer understood, but the tight social and cultural organizations will continue giving expression to its form. This phenomenon may explain architectural characteristics in many cultures, not only in the case of the apparent boat symbolist influences in China and Japan already cited, but also boat symbolism in Scandinavian and early Buddhist architectures in India.*

*Shelter, Sign & Symbol* is an excellent book for its variety of clear, in-depth analyses of some of the myriad human interpretations of architectural forms and space.

In contrast, *Parthian Art* by Malcolm A.R. Colledge seems to miss completely important aspects of the Parthian culture. He makes a clear, historical presentation of the Parthians by tracing the various cultures that lived and fought for the lands of present-day Iran and Afghanistan. He fails,

however, to capture their spirit or explain why they built as they did; all of the structures are categorized as having been made for "cult purposes." The title of the book seems inappropriate, as it is concerned more with Parthian history than Parthian art.

In general, these books, in their varied approach to the problem of meaning in space, underline the importance of architecture as the art form which par excellence expresses man's image of the universe and his relation to it. *Walter D. Brown*

*Walter D. Brown is a practicing architect, planner and urban-designer in New York City.*



A revolutionary way of viewing reality that provides a unique understanding of traditional thought and experience is presented in:

## TIME, SPACE AND KNOWLEDGE

A New Vision of Reality  
by Tarthang Tulku

This comprehensive, new knowledge will benefit Humanity through all Time and Space. Available from many bookstores, or from the publisher.

Dharma Publishing 5856 Doyle Street  
Emeryville, CA 94608

# Full Circle: A Readers' Forum

---

*Parabola* arrived in the mail recently, a wedding present from a friend, and a most thoughtful gift. Not knowing what *Parabola* was, I sat down to look it over and ended up reading it from cover to cover. This issue was about relationship, a subject about which I have many questions. This issue gave me much food for thought.

I was particularly touched by "Strangers at the Gate, Ancient Rites of Hospitality" by Robert E. Meagher. It related to my own experience of meeting my new husband's family, who are Indian and live in a small Mexican village. I went to meet them with great trepidation, being a stranger and a foreigner to their way of life. The whole family assembled together, some eighteen adults and twenty-one grandchildren, to meet the bride of the eldest son. With broad smiles and literally open arms, they embraced me, one and all, including the children. In their simple, unaffected gesture, they immediately and at once welcomed me into their home and their family.

On this same day a distant relative, a stranger to the family, stopped to visit on the way to his own village. With him were his wife and twelve children. They were welcomed, as I was, with open arms and made to feel "at home." What food there was stretched to include everyone.

My continuing experience of my new family and the people of their village is an experience in the art of relationship and hospitality. I am happy to share with you that it is an art that is alive and flourishing in the village of Alejandra, Morelos, Mexico.

Thank you for your magazine. It fulfills a need in my life for material with which to ponder.

*June Malakin de Figueroa*  
Mexico City, Mexico

Your selection of material usually strikes me as excellent. But in the last two issues, two kinds of material have appeared that I feel are inappropriate to this publication.

One is poems by contemporary individuals (as opposed to folk poetry). There are hundreds of "little magazines" for that sort of thing.

Another is the folk tale "Blue Jay." I don't see how it contributes to "the quest for meaning." It is just another trickster folk tale with little to say about the human condition or aspirations. There are many folklore periodicals for such materials.

Still, your editorial judgment is for the most part admirable, and I appreciate *Parabola*.

*Louis Waters*  
Los Gatos, California

## Submission: Sayings of the Prophet Muhammad

By Shems Friedlander. New York: Harper & Row, 1977. Pp. 144. \$5.95.

*Submission* is the new offering by Shems Friedlander, author and designer of the beautiful book entitled *The Whirling Dervishes*. In *Submission* he presents to the English-speaking world a quintessential selection of the wisdom and moral sayings of the Prophet Muhammad, the *hadith*. The volume reflects Friedlander's reverence and affection for Islam, and combines exuberance and dignity in its style. While respectful to the *sunni* concepts, the central dogma of the Faith, it celebrates the mystical *sufi* dimensions with tangible fervor. The result is an exquisite visual and intellectual appreciation of Islam's fundamental wisdom and its real life.

The vast majority of Muhammad's moral precepts, brief homilies on *sum-mum bonum*, aphorisms and maxims are original, although some seem to rephrase or echo the received tradition of the Near East, including Talmudic and Biblical wisdom. Certainly they rank him as one of the greatest among the world's religious thinkers. When he says "None of you has faith unless he loves for his brother what he loves for himself," he posits the foundation of ethics and the principle of universal brotherhood so paramount in Muslim theology as well as in most major religions. The pronouncement that "This world is a prison for the believer and a paradise for the unbeliever," has provided succor to the *sunni* and *sufi* circles for generations. Often the utterances are optimistic: "There is no disease for which Allah has not sent a cure," or give guidance for the good life: "An hour's meditation is better than a year's adoration," "Those who keep back grain in order to sell at a high rate are sinners," "The food of one is sufficient for two, the food of two is

sufficient for four, and the food of four is sufficient for eight," and "The best of you is he who is best to his family."

Friedlander presents each saying on a separate page, under the heading of one of Allah's traditional names written in beautiful Arabic calligraphy by Hattat Hamid al-Amidi. Calligraphy is the supreme, virtually sacred, art in Islam. The al-Hamidi work in *Submission* is in the best tradition. It enables Friedlander to combine Muhammadan ethics with the high achievement of Islamic esthetics.

The photographs masterfully depict repose and serenity, ranging from the ceiling of Hagia Sophia to the face of a ninety-year old woman. The most exciting ones show the varieties of dervish experiences.

The study of the Prophet's traditions has been a major form of Islamic scholarship, often referred to as a science, *ilm al-hadith*. Taking their inspiration from the *hadith*, "Seek learning even if you must go to China," scholars travelled far and wide to find Muhammad's communications and narratives. Traditionally, such travel for higher learning was called "*al-rihlal fi talab al-ilm*." Shems Friedlander has returned from his *rihlal* with a splendid book.

Talat Sait Halman

Talat Sait Halman, Turkey's former Minister of Culture, currently teaches at Princeton University. His books include *The Humanist Poetry of Yunus Emre, a study, with translations, of the thirteenth century Turkish mystic folk poet*.

### **The Giants' Farm**

By Jane Yolen, illustrated by Tomie De Paola. New York: Seabury Press, 1977. Pp. 47. \$6.95.

### **The Seeing Stick**

By Jane Yolen, illustrated by Remy Charlip and Demetra Maraslis. New York: T.Y. Crowell, 1977. Pp. 27. \$6.95.

### **The Hundredth Dove And Other Tales**

By Jane Yolen, illustrated by David Palladini. New York: T.Y. Crowell, 1977. Pp. 64. \$7.50.

Here are three offerings from one prolific author, illustrated by four different artists, demonstrating three types of magic.

For the first, permit me to categorize the *Giants' Farm* as Making Believe, the magic of fantasy. But in this picture book intended for young children, the five giants are presented with such two-dimensional simplicity that it renders them practically ineffectual. There is no sense of "giantness" whatsoever; they might just as easily have been dwarfs. Mr. De Paola's drawings correspond well to the text, for he represents five comic-strip caricatures of flat figures who could be giants or dwarfs or anything.

They are neuter, harmless, and evoke little response; the five giants all live together on Fe-Fi-Fo-Farm, but the five short chapters have little to do with farm life. In each we meet a different "giant" interacting with his fellows according to his temperament: big, grumbly Grizzle, ever-eating Stout, giggly identicals Grab and Grub, and small but clever Dab. The stories are very simple, with clever or endearing twists, embellished with rhyme, song and repetition, complete with a recipe for "Giant No-Cook Bon-Bons," sweet and appealing. However, a steady diet of such stories is not truly nourishing to growing minds who search, like Hansel and Gretel, for real food in the forest of life. Beware lest your child become a

prisoner of the gingerbread house that tastes so sweet in the beginning...

The second book, *The Seeing Stick*, offers something more substantial, which I will call the magic of Reality. It is written and illustrated with feeling: the feeling of remote China, created-by-decree-of-Heaven-and-the-Emperor, impregnable to all forces except that of blindness. Here's the rub of reality: blindness has claimed as victim the emperor's little daughter, Hwei Ming; and all the power, all the splendor, all the riches of her father's kingdom mean nothing to her. So the emperor, who is not without hope, issues a call to any and all in his kingdom who might restore his daughter's sight. Many come, without success, until at last an old man appears, whose magic opens all doors for him, even that of the Imperial Palace. And there he demonstrates how his magic can indeed grow eyes on the fingers of little Hwei Ming by means of his "seeing" stick.

The illustrations here also correspond to the text very well. They enable us to feel the seeing stick as the old man carves upon it the images of all he "sees." And there is no difference between the world seen through eyes and the world felt with fingers. All the characters—emperor, princess, guards, old man, city, walls, mountains—await their places on the seeing stick. Executed in luminous wax crayon or soft pencil, the drawings bear both the delicacy of a porcelain princess and the solidity of a walking-stick. This book can raise questions: Who are indeed the blind? How does one truly see the world?

In the third book, *Hundredth Dove And Other Tales*, the magic of Reaching Beyond operates between the world of men and the forces of nature. These tales recount what takes place when a single, focused wish from the world of men meets with its fulfillment from the world of primal forces. What results is not transfor-

# WE HAVE THE BOOKS YOU WANT

Consumers Union recently made a list of 10 important current titles. Their shoppers went to 122 general bookstores and found that only 8 carried all 10 titles. Has that happened to you? What happens when you want the important but unusual books? We stock over 10,000 titles from a thousand publishers, located on every continent. We have two catalogs of this vast collection: **Books for Inner Development**, which contains some 8,000 annotated listings plus introductory articles; and **Wellness**, which does the same thing for 1500 books on holistic health and healing. Both are distributed by Random House and are available from your local bookshop or by mail from us. Three times a year we issue a supplement to each book, with the same incisive reviews that will bring you up



to date on all the new titles that have been published. These are sent free to our mail order customers and are also available at \$2.00 a year to libraries and bookshops. We are proud of our worldwide mail order service. We emphasize speed and personal service. Your order arrives in the morning. Most of the time we speed it on its way the same afternoon. We have thousands of enthusiastic customers:

*You are doing an excellent job of handling my account. Most mail order houses have little of personal appeal, but I am well pleased with your treatment of my orders.*  
—rural PA.

*Your store seems too good to be true. You exemplify efficiency, trust and generally everything one could hope for in a bookstore but rarely gets. It's highly appreciated.*  
—APO No.

Try us. If it's a book in this field, we probably have it. Better yet, get our catalogs and let us help you survey the whole field. The **Los Angeles Times** called **Books for Inner Development**: "probably the most useful guide to the literature old and new of the consciousness revolution yet produced." **Mother Earth News** said of **Wellness**: "If there's a better, more complete guide to wholistic healing literature on the market today, we haven't seen it."

**Yes!** YES! BOOKSHOP  
1035 31st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007

Please send me:

- **Books for Inner Development** . . . . . \$5.95 postpaid
- **Wellness** . . . . . \$4.95 postpaid

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# An introduction to a mystical tradition

## MACUMBA

The Teachings of Maria-José,  
Mother of the Gods

Serge Bramly



In tropical America, millions of people from all walks of life practice a magic religion of ancient origin. It has many names. One of them is MACUMBA. And now, for the first time, one of its high-priestesses reveals its inner teachings. She discusses the history of the Afro-Brazilian cult, its black magic counterpart, and the gods who descend into the bodies of mediums during ceremonies. This powerful and eloquent force in Brazilian life at last has an opportunity to speak to the world. Documented with 62 photographs.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of MACUMBA  
@ \$10.95 each, plus 75¢ postage and applicable sales tax  
(check or money order included).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

NAJ 2/78

P 2/15/78

mation of the wisher, as in myth and fairy legend, but the consequences of magic. (This was the first lesson of Dread Mary, the sea witch in Ms. Yolen's earlier work *The Magic Three of Solatia*.) Each of the seven stories deals with the opening of a passage between worlds so that the force of one invades the other. One of the tales, "The White Seal Maid," has appeared in a previous issue of *Parabola*. In order to open this passage between worlds, a singular experience from adult life turns the key: the blind loyalty of the King's fowler, the secret desire of a lonely fisherman, the consuming fantasy of a poetic charcoal burner, or the sublimated passion of a homely girl. These and other themes are matters some children can sense intuitively, but such experiences are for the most part beyond their grasp. The tales leave a deeply disturbing taste behind them, but not the kind that elevates, but instead depresses. I do not consider this a book for children, although it is presented in the story-book format. It is extremely well-written, in a style

deceptively simple, calling to mind the short stories of Pushkin, whose maxims of writing were "clarity, brevity, simplicity." His work gives an impression of childlike simplicity, but beneath are subtly concealed psychological depths. Ms. Yolen's tales are closely woven also, yet light; her well-chosen words convey whole tapestries of feelings. Yet the result of this skillful weaving of words are tales heavily laced with a sense of inevitability, a melancholia arising from knowing that justice will be served in the end, and that there is no escaping the consequences of magic.

The quality of David Palladini's illustrations matches that of the tales themselves: extremely well-drawn portraits in charcoal which capture the density and high contrast of the text, yet at the same time are finely-detailed. The drawings present the essential character of each tale with the same melancholic, precise framing which lends the book its fateful quality, as certain, one feels, as the Ragna Rok of the Norse gods. *Ann Himler*

*Ann Himler is an apprentice story-teller.*

# PROFILES

**Thomas Bridges** is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in the *New York Times*, *Paris Review*, *Atlantic Monthly* and others. He has been a frequent visitor to Peru.

**Ananda K. Coomaraswamy** (1877-1947) was a cardinal figure in twentieth-century art history and in the cultural confrontation between East and West. He built the first large collection of Indian art in this country as curator of Asiatic Art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He was also an erudite scholar in Sanskrit and Pali literature, as well as in the ancient and medieval literatures of the West. Among his best known writings are *The Christian and Oriental Philosophy of Art*, *Transformation of Nature in Art* and *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism*.

**Hélène Fleury** is a member of the Association Archéologique Kergal in France. The group is making extensive studies of the megalithic civilizations.

**Irving Friedman** is a scholar of the rabbinical tradition and the author of *The Book of Creation*, published by Weiser, 1976.

**Robert Lawlor**, formerly a painter-sculptor and instructor of Fine Arts at Pratt Institute, was a pioneer member of the international community of Auroville in South India. More recently, he has lectured on "Sacred Geometry" at Lindisfarne and co-translated *The Temple in Man* and the forthcoming *The Symbol and the Symbolic* by R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz. He lives in Tasmania where he farms, translates, studies and writes.

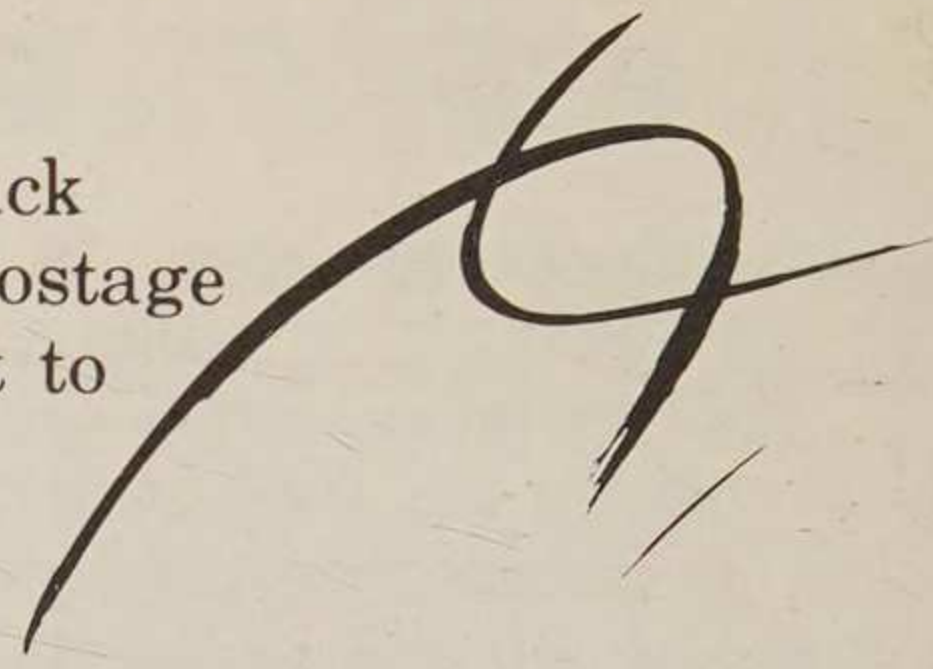
**Andrew L. March** has taught Geography and Chinese Studies at a number of universities. His book, *The Idea of China*, was published by Praeger in 1975.

**Pablo Neruda** (1904-1973), one of Latin America's finest poets, was born in Chile. He served in the diplomatic corps in Burma, Spain (where he supported the Republican cause) and Mexico. He returned to Chile in 1943; it was at this time that he journeyed to Macchu Picchu. Other works in English include *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*, *The Captain's Verses* and the posthumously published *Memoirs*.

**Richard Smithies** works for an agency of the United Nations and has travelled extensively in conjunction with his work. He is also a guest lecturer on comparative religions and mythology at various colleges and universities.

# A Reminder...

PARABOLA Magazine has a limited number of back issues available at \$4.50 per copy (includes \$1.00 postage and handling per copy). We are sure you will want to assemble a complete set of PARABOLA.



\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume I # 1 The Hero*—Mircea Eliade, Barbara Myerhoff, Barre Toelken, P.L. Travers, Jacob Needleman, Edward Edinger, Minor White, Huston Smith interview.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume I # 2 Magic*—Barbara Myerhoff, Daniel Noel, Robert Ellwood, Jacob Needleman, Victor Turner, Thomas Moore, Christmas Humphreys, Joseph Campbell interview.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume I # 3 Initiation*—Sam Gill, Janwillem van de Wetering, Arthur Amiotte, Evelyn Eaton, Fernando Llosa Porrás, Mircea Eliade interview.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume I # 4 Rites of Passage*—Frederick Franck, James Wolfe, Ursula K. Le Guin, D.M. Dooling, Robert E. Meagher, William Irwin Thompson interview.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume II # 1 Death*—P.L. Travers, Conrad Hyers, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Brother David Steindl-Rast, William Doty, William Burk Jr., Interview with Tibetan Lamas.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume II # 2 Creation*—Sam Gill, P.L. Travers, David Rosenberg, David Johnson, Jane Yolen, John Fentress Gardner, Daniel Whitman, Kenneth Phillips, Zalman Schachter interview.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume II # 3 Cosmology*—Brother David Steindl-Rast, Ursula K. Le Guin, Schwaller de Lubicz, Lorel Desjardins, Elaine Jahner, Jean Toomer, Anne Bevan, Harry Remde, Lloyd Motz interview.

\_\_\_\_\_ *Volume II # 4 Relationships*—Frederick Franck, Robert E. Meagher, Shems Friedlander, Lizelle Reymond, Jean Toomer, Barre Toelken, Jane Yolen, Diane Wolkstein interview.

**Plus:** Epicycles and Reviews in every issue.

Remember: supplies are definitely limited. To insure that you have a complete set of PARABOLA Magazine  
**ORDER NOW**

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ issues.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: PARABOLA, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011