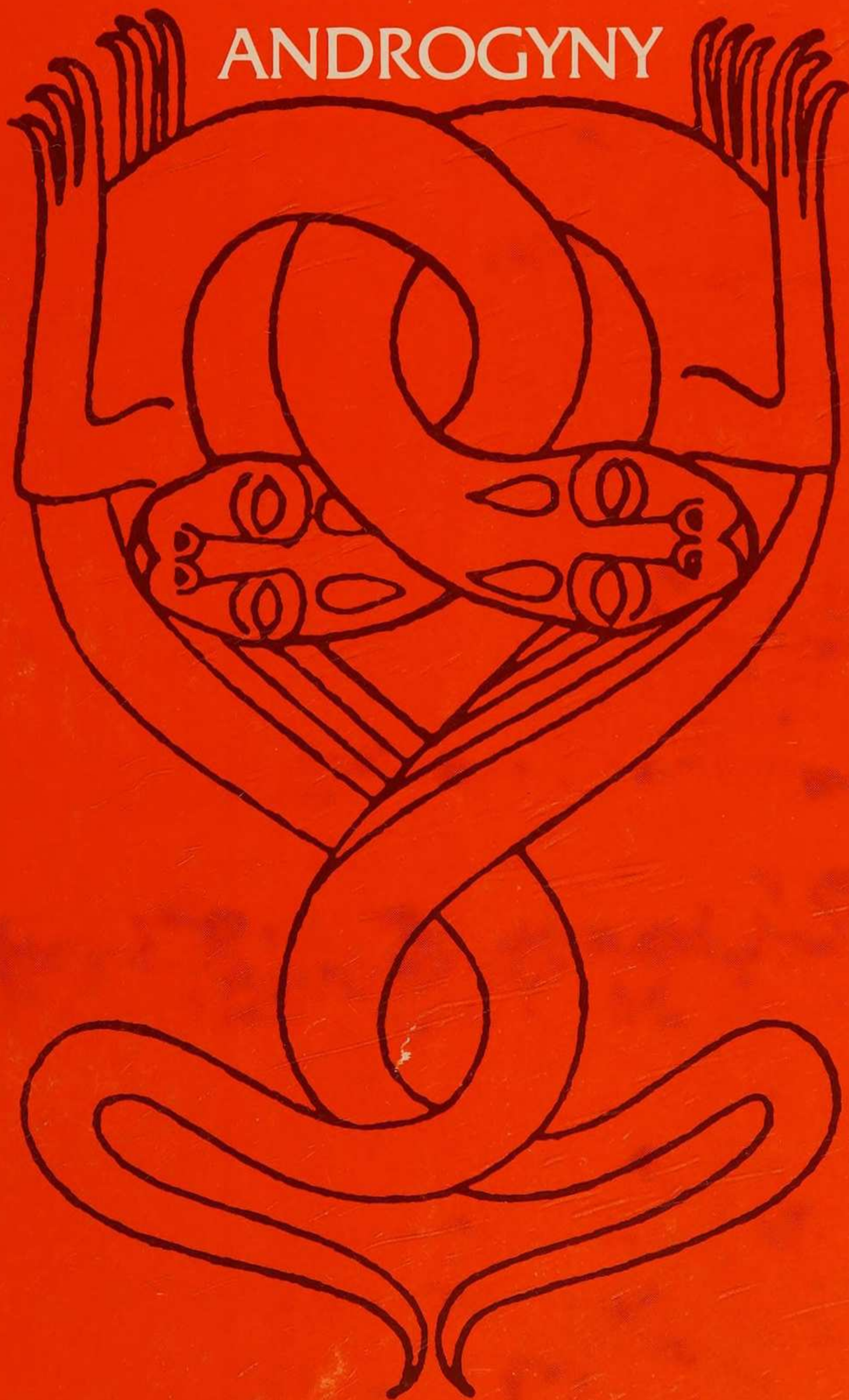


PARABOLIA

\$3.50
III:4

MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

ANDROGYNY



TITUS BURCKHARDT / KEITH CRITCHLOW / LOBSANG LHALUNGPA

BARBARA G. MYERHOFF / ELAINE PAGELS / P.L. TRAVERS



- 6 **The Gnostic Vision** by Elaine H. Pagels. *Varieties of androgyny illustrated by texts from the Nag Hammadi Library.*
- 10 **EPICYCLE: Beauty and the Beast**
- 16 **The Return of Ulysses** by Titus Burckhardt. *Homecoming as symbol of inner reunion.*
- 22 **ARCS: In Our Image, After Our Likeness.** *Reflections on the creative principle of polarity.*
- 34 **The Soul as Sphere and Androgyne** by Keith Critchlow. *An analytical study of the origin and resolution of duality.*
- 41 **EPICYCLE: Tiresias**
- 44 **Taming the Wild Horse:** *An interview with Lobsang Lhalungpa.*
- 58 **Letter to a Learned Astrologer** by P.L. Travers. *An insightful and surprising look at the twenty-four signs of the zodiac.*
- 66 **EPICYCLE: Anubis and Bata**
- 70 **EPICYCLE: Questions of King Milinda**
- 74 **The Older Woman as Androgyne** by Barbara Myerhoff. *A poignant contemporary study of the special functions of women.*
- 90 **EPICYCLE: Why Women Always Take Advantage of Men**
- 94 **EPICYCLE: Izanagi and Izanami**
- 2 **FOCUS**
- 4 **FULL CIRCLE: A Readers' Forum**
- TANGENTS**
- 96 **Quest for Living Faith** by David Leeming. *A commentary on the current television series "The Long Search."*
- 100 **Book Reviews**
- 134 **PARABOLA GUIDE**
- 142 **PROFILES**
- 143 **CREDITS**

FOCUS

Publisher and Editor D.M. Dooling
Executive Editor Lorraine Kisly
Managing Editor Susan Bergholz
Associate Editor Karyn Chao
Editorial Assistant Barbara Guttoff
Epicycle Editor Paul Jordan-Smith
Art Director Clint Anglin
Illustrations Julie Durrell
Subscriptions Christine Moser
Accounting Catherine Scholten

Contributing Editors John Loudon,
Winifred Lambrecht
Consulting Editors Joseph Epes Brown, Frederick
Franck, Barbara G. Myerhoff, P.L. Travers,
Barre Toelken

PARABOLA is published quarterly by
The Tamarack Press, Inc.

Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
and additional offices.

Single Issue: \$3.50. By subscription: \$12 yearly,
\$22 for two years, \$32 for three. Postage for
outside territorial U.S.: add \$3.50 for surface
rates, \$10.00 for air per year. Please specify
when ordering. Rates effective only until
December 31, 1978.

Correspondence regarding manuscripts, arti-
cles, proposals, and permissions should be ad-
dressed to the Editors. Two copies of each man-
uscript, 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 Ave-
nue, 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. Subscription inquiry, Tel.: 212-852-5190.

Postmaster: Send forms 3579 to PARABOLA, G.P.O.
Box 165, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

All material Copyright, 1978 by The Tamarack
Press, Inc.

VOLUME III, ISSUE 4, November 1978

Cover: Adapted from Romanesque form of the
caduceus, main door, St. Michael's Church, Pavia.

Inside Cover: Detail from temple wall, Konarak,
11th-12th c.

The search for meaning, as Focus has said
before, begins with a wish to deepen our
own understanding of our own selves. But
at the very outset of the journey inwards,
there is a crossroads. Signs point in both di-
rections, and I am pulled both ways. I find
that I am double. I want something and at
the same time I don't want it; I love and
hate the same person. I am light and dark; I
aspire to the heights and love my comfort.
What is the meaning of this built-in contra-
diction, and what can *my* meaning be in the
face of it?

The inherent duality of being has been
expressed perhaps since time began by the
symbol of the Androgyne: the two-in-one,
the perfect being which accepts, includes
and reconciles its opposites. In this issue,
PARABOLA tries to come closer to the sig-
nificance of this idea of the reconciliation of
duality, from many different points of
view: from abstract symbolism to life ex-
perience; from thought distilled into the
resonance of memorable words in *Arcs*, to



the multifaceted images of the *Epicycle* stories. Perhaps "Poimandres" has expressed the conundrum with the greatest succinctness: "Beyond all creatures, man is two-fold... Though male-female, as from a father male-female, and though he is sleepless from a sleepless sire, yet is he overcome by sleep." Sleep and waking: the greatest contradiction in the paradoxical being of mankind.

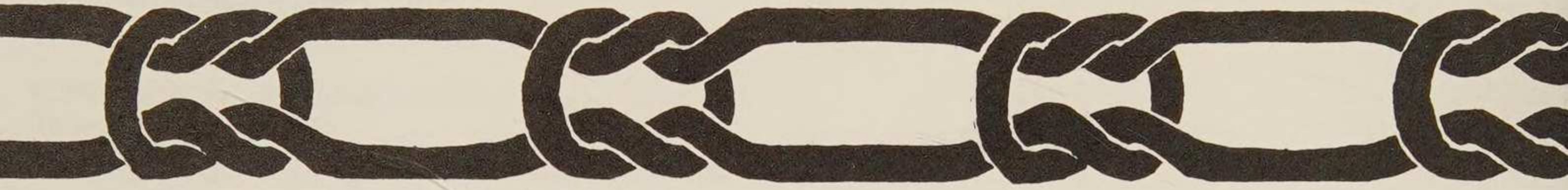
Yet it is our being; we did not choose it, we are so made. We are able to struggle to be masters of our sleep, not to be "overcome" by it, but we will never overcome it either. The opposites are there by divine decree. Where, then, is the hope of unity and of reconciliation, and of *meaning* in that sense of singleness and wholeness?

Curiously enough, the divine decree, as expressed in Genesis, is couched like a promise rather than a penalty. "I will not again curse the ground, neither will I again smite any more everything living; while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." The meaning, the unity, the whole circle is there in the movement of this polarization. How to keep the wholeness, how not to lose summer in the avoidance of winter? Wanting unity and having duality, we try to solve the problem by eliminating one of the two,

or by pretending they are both the same. But the reconciliation of male and female is not through unisex. The child, the *third*, the new *one*, comes from the union of opposites, not the adding of two like numbers or the subtraction of one of them. Our notion of solving the problem is to avoid the confrontation, and this is against Nature's law, as she is constantly showing us. The struggle which we want so much to avoid seems to be inevitable, and in fact the process by which meaning becomes clear.

As for the duality of ourselves, of our very being—"mortal because of body, but immortal because of the essential man"—no choice is permitted, nor are we ever able, in this life, to know the outcome. Perhaps after all we have to accept that our meaning is contingent on something far beyond us, that we "make sense" only as part of a process. What we bring to the process may be just the energy of the struggle between the eternal two in us.

—D.M. Dooling



PARABOLA is interested in an exchange of ideas and points of view through the active participation of its readers. We welcome your letters and comments on the issues raised in our pages. Please address all correspondence to:

The Editor, PARABOLA, 150 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10011

Re: Mrs. Le Guin's response to criticism of her comments on the film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (Vol. III, No. 2).

“‘Leave your nets behind and follow’— Follow whom? To what? Jesus had earned some right to say that.” Says who? Time and tradition? The fact that some have sought, others pretended to follow him the last 2000 years? What evidence is there that the hero of the New Testament is good? Are we to rush off to Calvary leaving our three kids behind every time some asocial character saying strange, half-remembered things is fool enough to get himself nailed up half-naked like a common criminal onto a cross?

Is there not a confusion here over descriptions? The variety of human perspective evolves differing descriptions of the same phenomena. If this were not so the world myths would have evolved one recognized religion, not the hundreds that have come, gone, survived, and returned. If it were not for this variety of description there would be no need for this awareness-awakening magazine to remind us time and again as D.M. Dooling so well stated in the

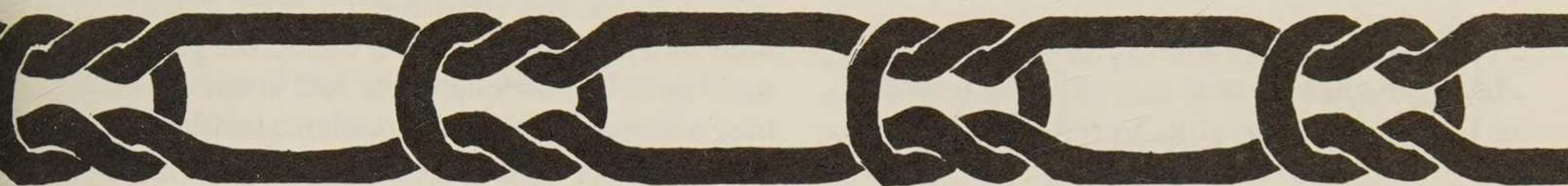
Focus that “all true teachings meet at their source and center, at the hub of the wheel whither all the spokes lead—if they are truly parts of the wheel.”

Mrs. Le Guin would maintain that the myth of *Close Encounters* is neither a well-crafted nor a true spoke of that revolving wheel of consciousness-raising awakening. I do not know the film; but I do know myths, and as Ms. McCorkle describes it, in similar terms which I have often heard from many other devoted viewers of this film, an impetus for that first step is provided that leads the individual away from individuality, away from selfness, away from the death-cycle as described through family, career, stability, towards an awareness, a perception of a different description, one that may lead through death to rebirth and at last to redeath.

Should we rush off to Calvary every time an unshaven, long-haired rebel gets nailed to the cross? Yes, if this description is one that sets you off on that quest. For many, for most today, it doesn't. And for many of those who claim to accept the way, they redescribe it for their own purposes, for their own rationalizations for straying, for cruelty, for intolerance. A myth, no matter how true, how perfect, cannot prevent misinterpretation, misuse; that is the wonder of human variety. And should we “rush off to Wyoming every time a lot of characters in white suits in a giant musical top comes by the planet”? Also yes, if this is what sets you wheeling towards your own close encounter.

Mrs. Le Guin freely enough recognized the film's use of a religious archetype, her

We have received requests from readers who wish to participate more fully in various PARABOLA projects. If you wish to join our volunteer staff, send us your name and address on a postcard and we will contact you.



complaint being that it is done without commitment, hence invalid. For her, the film is definitely deficient. But how many young Americans after this film, as a result of this film, have begun committing themselves to the way of this great myth. Whether Mr. Spielberg intended to or not, it seems his film must be seen as an integral step to the enlightening of America, of all humankind, to which we are each here committed.

—Donald Samson
Konstanz am Bodensee
West Germany

I wish to commend you—and Professor Schuyler Cammann—for his review of the Coomaraswamy trilogy in your recent issue. Not only is it excellent as a review; it contains material about the man that is new to most of us. This is important.

—Huston Smith
Syracuse, N.Y.

Annemarie Schimmel's article on "Sacrifice in the Poems of Rumi" (Vol. III, No. 2) brought to mind a comment about Rumi made by Meher Baba (1894-1969). As reported in his *Listen, Humanity*, narrated and edited by D.E. Stevens, Meher Baba was meeting with a group of visitors and asking them how they had slept during the night. One visitor complained that he had not slept well because some of the other men had been playing cards, adding, "I do not think they should play cards when they

are here to learn of God from you." Meher Baba replied:

"What has playing cards to do with one's love and longing for God? Playing with cards is better than playing with the whole of life. Shams Tabrīzī and his famous disciple Maulana Rumi were both very fond of playing chess. Shams' greatest work was done at the end of a chess game with Rumi.

"When Rumi lost the game he could not help crying out to Shams, 'I have lost.'

"Then and there, with the words, 'No, you have won,' Shams gave Rumi instant God-realization."

Here again is the theme of sacrifice: having sacrificed all his pieces in the game, Rumi won union with the Divine Beloved.

If Dr. Schimmel is available for comment, I would be interested in knowing the source of this story, as I have never seen it except in Meher Baba's book.

—Kendra Crossen
New York, N.Y.

Dr. Schimmel responds:

I have never come across the reference to Maulana's playing chess with Shams, and it seems very unlikely, although he, as most Persians writing poems, frequently resorts to chess terminology. There is one poem in the Divan in which he describes a "mystical game of chess"; it is Nr. 734 in the edition by B. Furuzanfar of the Divan-i kabir, and in my relevant chapter in The Triumphal Sun, p. 170-171, I wrote that it deserves a full analysis. It is quite possible that Meher Baba has developed the story out of such a poem, and even if it were not true it would still be a good story.

From the nine Muses one separated away. She came to a high mountain, and spent some time there, so that she desired herself alone, in order to become androgynous. She fulfilled her desire, and became pregnant from her desire. He was born. The angels who were over the desire nourished him. And he received power and glory there.¹

This myth, included in the *Apocalypse of Adam*, an ancient text recently discovered in Upper Egypt, claims to tell the birth of

another text, the *Interpretation of the Soul*, describes it as the original condition of the soul:

The wise, of old, gave the soul a feminine name. Indeed, she is female in her nature as well. She even has her womb. As long as she was alone with the Father, she was a virgin, and, in form, androgynous. But when she fell down into a body and came into this life, then...she prostituted herself...As long as the soul keeps running around everywhere copulating with

THE GNOSTIC VISION

by Elaine H. Pagels



the savior. Yet the image of androgyny contained in this ancient source bears a meaning that recurs often in contemporary works—the autonomy of the female. Desiring “herself alone,” she becomes self-sufficient and productive. Perhaps the myth also intends to suggest that she brings forth the male that is within her.

Other sources from the same discovery tell a similar myth—that Wisdom, severing her relationship with her male companion, became pregnant by herself. Yet the poet who tells this story, Valentinus, takes this as evidence of a fundamental disharmony in the universe, which, in his view, properly consists of masculine and feminine energies in harmony with one another.²

If the *Apocalypse of Adam* describes androgyny as an achievement to be attained,

whomever she meets,...she exists in suffering. But when she weeps and repents, then the Father will have mercy on her and will make her womb turn from outside and will turn it again inward, and the soul will receive her individuality...then the soul becomes again what she was before.³

This has a different message about human autonomy. It suggests that the soul in everyone, men and women alike, recovers its original androgyny—its “individuality”—by withdrawing from mere sensation, and turning inward.

Discovered by accident in 1947, these texts—and about fifty others—disclose astonishing new evidence of the early Christian movement. These texts claim to reveal secret traditions about Jesus, including sayings, myths, poems, dialogues, philosophical and mystical treatises—all of which were banned, burned, and destroyed as “heresy” as early as 80-140 A.D. For the first time, this discovery offers evidence of forms of Christian teaching that the orthodox church attacked and suppressed.

Yet the people who wrote and revered these texts did not consider themselves to be heretics; they insisted that they, not the orthodox, understood the true meaning of Christ and his teaching. The movement they represent is called gnosticism, from the Greek word *gnosis*, translated as *knowledge*, or *insight*, since these Christians claimed to “know” secret traditions that were kept hidden from “the masses.” The discovery includes the secret *Gospel of Thomas*, the *Gospel of Philip*, the *Gospel to the Egyptians*, and the *Secret Book of John*, to name only a few. Written originally in Greek in the late first or early second century, some may have been contemporaneous with the gospels of the New Testament; Professor H. Koester, of Harvard University, suggests that some of these texts may be even earlier.

Many striking differences separate these sources from what we know as orthodox Christian tradition. Here we can consider only one of these differences: these texts, which abound in sexual symbolism, frequently use the image of the androgyne. But when we begin to investigate this image in gnostic texts, we discover that it occurs in a variety of different ways that suggest different meanings.

Besides connoting the person who has achieved autonomy, as in the examples above, we find that often the image is used in a second way: to express a new vision of humanity. According to the gnostic teacher Simon, since the divine source of all things consists of a “bisexual power,”

What came into being from that Power, that is, humanity, being one, is discovered to be two: a male-female being that bears the female within it.⁴

This refers to the story in Genesis 2, which relates Eve’s “birth” out of Adam’s side; thus Adam, being one, is “discovered to be two,” an androgyne who “bears the female within him.” Rabbis in Talmudic times had

made a similar inference from the Creation account in Genesis 1:27: “So God created humanity (*Adam*) in his own image, in the image of God He created him, male and female he created them.” Rabbi Samuel bar Nachman, perhaps influenced by Plato’s myth in the *Symposium*, speculated that:

When the Holy One, Blessed be He, first created humankind, he created him with two faces, two sets of genitals, four arms and legs, back to back: then He split Adam in two, made two backs, one on each side.⁵

The gnostic author of the *Gospel of Philip* agreed with Nachman that originally humanity lived in harmony as an androgynous being. But when the two elements, male and female, became separated from one another, this, he explains, was the “fall” that brought death into being. To overcome death, humanity must recover that original androgyny:

When Eve was still in Adam, death did not exist. When she was separated from him, death came into being. If he again becomes complete and attains his former self, death will be no more.⁶

According to the *Gospel of Thomas*, Jesus teaches that whoever achieves the state of perfect consciousness perceives the male and female as “one and the same”:

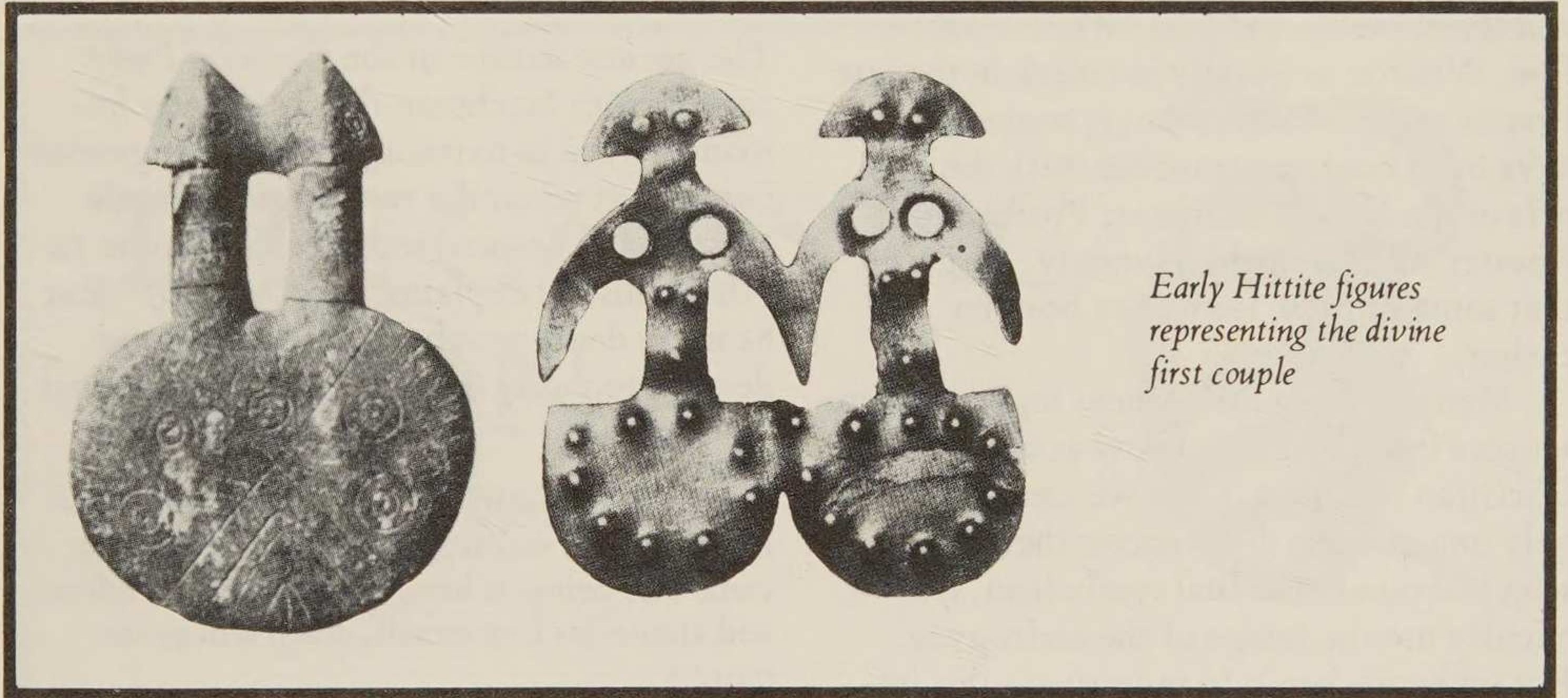
Jesus saw infants being suckled. He said to his disciples, “These infants being suckled are like those who enter the Kingdom.” They said to him, “Shall we, then, as children, enter the Kingdom?” Jesus said, “When you make the two one, and when you make the inside like the outside, and the outside like the inside, and the above like the below, and when you make the male and the female one and the same, so that the male will not be male and the female not be female... then you will enter the Kingdom.”⁷

Later, Salome asks Jesus, “Who are you, man... that you have come up on my bed, and eaten from my table?” Jesus replies to Salome that whoever sees differences between male and female has not achieved enlightenment. But whoever recognizes them as the same is “filled with light.”⁸

Some gnostic teachers, agreeing that Adam, existing in original perfection, was an androgyne, drew from this a more radi-

cal inference. They pondered the verse that precedes the account of creation, Genesis 1:26: “And God said, Let Us make humanity in Our image, after Our likeness.” How, they asked, could a masculine, single God say this—and to whom? Since the account goes on to say that humanity was created “male and female,” they conclude that the God in whose image we are made must likewise be both masculine and feminine—both Father and Mother!

terms serve only as metaphors, for, in reality, the divine is *neither* masculine nor feminine. A third group suggests that one can describe the Source of all things in *either* masculine or feminine terms, depending upon which aspect one intends to stress.¹¹ Proponents of these diverse views agree, however, that the divine is to be understood as consisting of a harmonious, dynamic relationship of opposites—a concept that may be akin to the Eastern view of *yin* and *yang*,



Early Hittite figures representing the divine first couple

Besides expressing an image of autonomy, or of the unity of humanity, then, androgyny often bears a third meaning in these ancient sources: it expresses the true nature of the divine being. The teacher Valentinus begins with the premise that God is essentially indescribable. Yet, he suggests, the divine can be imagined as a Dyad consisting of two elements: one he calls the Ineffable, the Source, the Primal Father; the other, the Silence, Grace, the Mother of all things.⁹ The gnostic Simon celebrates the divine Source as the

...one Power that is above and below, self-generating, self-discovering; its own mother; its own father; its own sister; its own son: Father, Mother, Root of all things.¹⁰

What do gnostic teachers mean when they describe God in this way? Different teachers offer different interpretations. Some maintain that the divine is to be considered masculo-feminine—“the great male-female power.” Others insist that the

but remains antithetical to orthodox Judaism and Christianity.

This third context for the image of the androgyne, then, intends to describe the “fullness of being,” of which we, in our limited sexual self-definition, usually experience only a part. Sometimes the image of androgyny is implicit, as in the account in the *Secret Book of John* that tells how John, the brother of James, went out after the crucifixion with “great grief,” and had a mystical vision of the Trinity:

As I was grieving... the heavens were opened, and the whole creation shone with an unearthly light, and the universe was shaken. I was afraid ...and behold... behold a unity in three forms appeared to me, and I marvelled: how can a unity have three forms?

To John's question, the vision replies:

It said to me, "John, John, why do you doubt, and why do you fear?...I am the One who is with you always: I am the Father; I am the Mother; I am the Son."¹²

John's interpretation of the Trinity—as Father, Mother, and Son—may startle us at first, but, upon reflection, we can recognize it as a natural and spontaneous interpretation. Where the Greek term for the spirit, *pneuma*, being neuter, virtually requires that the third "Person" of the Trinity be asexual, the author of the *Secret Book* has in mind the Hebrew term for spirit, *ruah*—a feminine term. He thus concludes, logically enough, that the feminine "Person" conjoined with the Father and Son must be the Mother! The same text goes on to describe the spirit as an androgyne, the Father-Mother:

She is...the image of the invisible, virginal, perfect spirit.... She became the Mother of the all, for she existed before them all, the Mother-Father (*matropater*), the first Humanity, the holy Spirit, the thrice-male, the thrice powerful, the thrice-named androgynous one.¹³

According to another of the secret texts discovered at Nag Hammadi, *Trimorphic Protennoia* (literally, the "Triple-formed Primal Thought"), when one discovers the presence of the divine within, one experiences its presence as androgynous. The text opens as a divine figure speaks:

I am Protennoia, the Thought that exists in the Light...She who exists before the All....I move in every creature.... I am the Invisible One within the All....I am perception and knowledge, uttering a voice by means of Thought. I cry out in everyone, and they know that a seed dwells within.¹⁴

The second section, spoken by a second divine figure, opens with the words:

I am the Voice...it is I who speak within every creature...Now I have come a second time in the likeness of a female, and have spoken with them...I revealed myself in the Thought of the likeness of my masculinity.¹⁵

Later the Voice explains that:

I am androgynous....I am both Father and Mother, since I copulate with myself...and with those who love me.¹⁶

We have noted, then, three different ways in which the image of the androgyne occurs in gnostic sources: first, to indicate a state of human autonomy; second, to describe the original unity of humankind, or its state of ultimate perfection; third, to represent the "fullness" of the divine. Yet we have sketched here only a few examples of the extraordinary range of images that these newly discovered texts offer. Published in English for the first time this year, as *The Nag Hammadi Library* (Harper & Row), they are currently attracting great attention: the discoveries they will make possible, perhaps especially in the study of literary imagery and in the history of religion and culture, are only beginning.

Notes

1. *The Apocalypse of Adam*, in: *The Nag Hammadi Library*, ed. James M. Robinson, Harper & Row (San Francisco, 1977), hereafter cited as NHL, p. 262.
2. For discussion and references, see: E.H. Pagels, "What Became of God the Mother? Conflicting Images of God in Early Christianity," in *Signs*, 2.2 (1976), pp. 293-303. For a fuller and more technical discussion of androgyny, see W. Meeks, "The Image of the Androgyne: Some Uses of a Symbol in Earliest Christianity," in: *History of Religions* 13 (1974), pp. 165-208.
3. *The Exegesis of the Soul*, NHL, pp. 180-185.
4. Hippolytus, *Refutationis Omnium Haeresium*, ed. L. Dunker, F. Schneidewin (Göttingen, 1859), hereafter cited as *Ref.*, 6.18.
5. *Genesis Rabba* 8.1, also 17.6; cf. *Leviticus Rabba* 14.
6. *Gospel of Philip*, NHL, p. 141.
7. *Gospel of Thomas*, NHL, p. 121.
8. *Ibid.*, pp. 124-125.
9. Irenaeus, *Adversus Haeresus*, ed. W.W. Harvey (Cambridge, 1857), hereafter cited as AH, 1.11.1.
10. *Ref.*, 6.17.
11. AH 1.11.5-21.1.3; *Ref.*, 6.29.
12. *Apocryphon of John*, NHL, p. 99.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 101.
14. *Trimorphic Protennoia*, NHL, p. 462.
15. *Ibid.*, pp. 465-466.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 467.

Beauty and the Beast

Once upon a time there was a rich merchant who lived with his three pretty daughters, the youngest of whom was so lovely that everyone called her Beauty. She was her father's favorite and in her turn she loved her father so tenderly that she did not wish to marry but to stay at home with him forever.

It happened that the merchant lost several of his ships in a storm at sea, and found himself in such straitened conditions that he was forced to move his family into a country cottage. The two elder daughters, who were vain and lazy, bewailed themselves as exiled and disgraced, but Beauty tried to remain cheerful and a comfort to her father. After a time, he received the news that one of his ships had survived the storm, and though blown far off her course had now come safe to port. Greatly hoping to restore at least a part of his fortune, the merchant made ready for a journey to redeem his cargo. The two elder sisters begged him to bring them back dresses and jewels, but when he turned to Beauty to inquire what she would like, she asked only for a rose.

The merchant's business was not as successful as he had hoped. After much delay and bargaining, he found himself little richer than before, and started home without much more than the presents for his two elder daughters. He hoped to find as he travelled a rose still in bloom for Beauty. But it was growing late in the year and as night fell, he was nearing home and had not found a single flower. Just at dusk he came upon a great gate, through which he glimpsed a garden that seemed full of bloom; and venturing through the gate, he came into a bower of glorious roses. He selected one that was very large and perfect, and plucked it. At that very moment he heard behind him a snarling roar and whirled around to see a frightful creature advancing toward him.

"Thief!" it cried harshly. "You shall pay for my rose with your life."



The merchant fell on his knees and pleaded for mercy, telling of his reason for picking the rose and his love for his daughter.

“You say she is beautiful *and* good,” rasped the hideous creature. “If that is so, bring her here in three months’ time in your stead, and I shall spare your life.”

The merchant thought, “I shall gain a little time, and be able to see my darling daughters again before I die,” so he agreed.

“I am known as the Beast,” said the creature. “Enter my house and you will find food and lodging for the night. In the morning you may go. But if you do not return I shall find you and kill you.”

With this he disappeared. The merchant supped and slept well in a sumptuous chamber and in the morning found his horse awaiting him at the door, laden with saddle bags which when he arrived at his own house he found to be full of gold coins, a sufficient fortune to settle

his daughters in life. He gave all three their gifts, saying to Beauty, "Yours was the most costly, my child; for it I have given my life," and he told them the whole story.

The two older daughters began to weep and protest, but Beauty, though she was very much afraid, had no intention of sacrificing her father to such a terrible fate, and when the three months were up could not be dissuaded from accompanying him.

They found the house prepared for them with the greatest richness, and supper laid for two, although as before there was no sign of servant nor of host. But as they sat down to supper, the Beast appeared, frightening Beauty out of her wits with his ugliness. He greeted them politely, however, and asked Beauty if she had come of her own free will. She could barely find her voice to say yes; but he told her not to be afraid, that she was his guest and could do whatever she wished as long as she did not set foot outside the garden walls. Her father must leave in the morning, he said, and left them to face their parting with what courage they could find.

In the morning the merchant rode away weeping, and Beauty, when she had dried her eyes, began bravely and with some curiosity to explore the mansion and the gardens. Everything was extraordinarily beautiful and seemed arranged especially to please her. She had only to think of something she would like, and there it would be when she turned her head. Only there was not a soul, in all the house or the grounds or the stables, with whom to share all these delights. The Beast did not appear until suppertime, when he came and sat with her. To Beauty's surprise, she was much less afraid of him this time and even rather glad to have someone to talk to. He was grave and courteous in spite of his ugliness, and after an hour he rose and bade her goodnight.

So she lived for some time. Every night the Beast came and visited her. So gradually that Beauty was hard-



ly aware of it, her fear of him changed to affection. Soon she was looking forward to their nightly conversations, to which she could bring all that happened to her in the day and all that she had thought and wondered about; at first she was surprised by the wisdom and kindness of his response, but then she began to expect it and even count upon it. The Beast seemed to take pleasure in her company, but his eyes, which were as big and dark as those of a dog, were always sad. One night when he seemed more melancholy than usual, Beauty asked him, "What is the matter, dear Beast?"

"Beauty, will you marry me?" asked the Beast in return.

"Oh no! I could not—please don't ask me!" cried Beauty, alarmed.

The Beast rose at once. "Don't be afraid," said he sadly. "Goodnight, Beauty."

Thereafter at intervals he would ask her, "Beauty, will you marry me?" and though she ceased to be afraid, her answer always was "No."

Finally her homesickness and longing to see her father grew so great that she became thin and pale, and the Beast said to her:

"Beauty, I love you too much to keep you here against your will. You may go home if you wish. But you must know that if you do not come back I shall die. Put on this ring, and when you are ready to return, twist it three times around your finger, saying, 'I wish to go back to my house and see the Beast again.' But if you delay more than three months, you will not find me. So good-night, Beauty."

"Goodnight, dear Beast! Indeed, indeed, I shall come back," cried Beauty joyfully, and putting on the ring she went happily to bed thinking of her journey on the morrow; but to her amazement on waking she found herself in her father's house. In her room stood trunks full

of jewels and beautiful clothing and gifts of all kinds for her father and sisters. Her father was overjoyed to see her, and if her sisters were not, they pretended to be. They were full of curiosity about her life with the Beast, and Beauty was surprised to find that though they envied her riches, they pitied her for being in the power of a hideous monster. Now this was exactly the way in which she had often pitied herself, but when her sisters expressed it like that it made her very angry indeed.

“But he is not a monster!” she cried. “He is a very kind and clever creature, and not really so ugly at all. He has beautiful eyes,” and she would feel a pang of some nameless feeling as she remembered the deep sadness that she always saw in them.

Her sisters did not wish to make her angry, for she had brought them very handsome gifts and they wanted this bounty to continue, so they stopped talking about the Beast, and Beauty, oddly enough, found it easier to stop remembering him than to endure that pang she felt at the thought of him. It was a strangely uncomfortable twinge that made her feel that something was missing, or that there was something she had not done that had to be done and she was afraid of; and this made her feel guilty, which was something she had managed to avoid all her life. So she enjoyed herself with her family and friends, and time passed.

There were young men who admired her, and one night one of them begged so hard to marry her that she was thinking of him somewhat tenderly when she fell asleep. But in her dream she was back in the Beast’s garden, in a favorite spot of hers where there was a grassy slope and a fountain. On the grass, in her dream, the Beast was lying and she knew that he was dying or already dead. She woke suddenly with her heart pounding and the strange pang so sharp that it could not possibly be pushed away; and sitting up in bed she turned the ring on

her finger three times, crying aloud, "I wish to be home and with my dear Beast again." At that moment she lost consciousness and when she came to herself she was in her room in the Beast's house, with the morning sunshine coming through the window.

Jumping out of bed she dressed as quickly as she could and began to run through the house calling him. There was no answer, and she remembered that he never showed himself till suppertime. She tried to pass the time reading and playing music, but the day dragged by slowly. At nightfall she sat waiting by her untouched meal, but the Beast did not come; and the pang in her heart, which had been there all day, turned again into something too sharp to be borne. She was weeping as she ran out into the garden and across the lawns to the glade she had dreamed of. And in the moonlight, she saw that he was indeed lying there stretched out on the grass, and she flung herself on his body, sobbing and panic-stricken. How thin he was! Her fingers touched his ugly, bony face with the utmost tenderness. When she touched him he opened his eyes and in the moonlight Beauty caught her own reflection in them. Her face was swollen with tears and creased in an anguish of self-loathing, and she saw herself ugly and ashamed. When the Beast's eyes focused on her they began to shine with love and gratitude and Beauty cried harder than ever.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "dear, good, beautiful Beast! How could I ever have thought that you were ugly, or that I was beautiful?"

So then, of course, he came back to life and they embraced, and ugly Beauty and the beautiful Beast were married and lived happily ever after.

—Retold by D.M. Dooling



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

by Titus Burckhardt



Every path leading toward a spiritual realization requires of man that he strip himself of his ordinary and habitual "I" in order truly to become "himself," a transformation which does not occur without the sacrifice of visible riches and empty pretensions, thus not without humiliation, nor without struggle against the passions of which the "old I" is woven. This is why one repeatedly finds, in the mythology and folklore of almost all peoples, the theme of the royal hero who returns to his own kingdom in the semblance of a poor stranger—even a juggler or a beggar—to recover, after many trials, the property which is legitimately his and of which a usurper has robbed him.

In place of a kingdom to recover, or parallel to this theme, myth often speaks of a wonderfully beautiful woman who will belong to the hero able to deliver her from the physical or magical fetters with which an adverse power keeps her imprisoned. In the case of this woman already being the wife of the hero, the idea that she belongs to him by law is found to be reinforced, as is the spiritual meaning of the myth, according to which the wife delivered from hostile forces is none other than the soul of the hero, boundless in its depth, and feminine because complementary to the hero's virile nature.¹

We find all these mythological themes in the last part of the *Odyssey*, the part that describes Ulysses' return to Ithaca and to his own house, which he finds overrun with young suitors to his wife's hand, who squander his wealth and force him to undergo all kinds of humiliations until the mo-

ment when he makes himself known—not only as the master of the house, but as their merciless and quasi-divine judge.

It is also this part of the epic which includes the most direct allusions to the spiritual domain, allusions which prove that Homer was conscious of the deep meaning of the myths that he transmitted or adapted. These openings are nevertheless rare and as if neutralized by a tendency in some way naturalistic—careful to remain within very human bounds. What a contrast with the great Hindu epics like the *Mahabharata*, for example, or even with Germanic mythology, where it is precisely the improbable, the excessive, the discontinuous, and even the monstrous which mark the presence of a transcendental reality!

The last cantos of the *Odyssey* belong, moreover, to the *récit-cadre*, for it is as host of the Phaeacians that Ulysses relates his adventures since leaving Troy, so that this entire peregrination is presented retrospectively as a long and painful return toward his homeland, hindered several times by the insubordination or the madness of his companions; it is they who, while Ulysses is sleeping, open the leather flasks in which Aeolus, the god of the winds, had enclosed the hostile winds, entrusting them to the safekeeping of the hero; and the demoniac forces, imprudently freed, fling the little fleet far from its goal. It is these same companions who kill the sun god's sacred cattle, thus incurring his curse. Ulysses is forced to visit the Hyperborean regions, there to consult the ghost of Tiresias before continuing home; he alone is saved, without his companions; shipwrecked and lacking provisions, he finally reaches the island of the Phaeacians, who receive him warmly. They transport him to Ithaca and deposit him, sleeping, on the shore. In this way Ulysses reaches his much longed-for home without knowing it; for upon awakening he does not at first recognize the country, veiled in

mists, until Athena, his divine protectress, lifts the fog and shows him his homeland.

Here one finds the famous description of the cave of the nymphs, in which Ulysses, following the advice of Athena, hides the precious gifts he received from the Phaeacians. According to Porphyry, the disciple and continuator of Plotinus, this cave is an image of the whole world, and we will see below what this interpretation rests upon.² One thing is certain: Ulysses' visit to the cave marks the hero's entry into a sacred space: henceforth the island of Ithaca will no longer be merely the hero's homeland, but will be, as it were, the center of the world. Yet Homer barely touches on this dimension; as always when he speaks of spiritual realities, he expresses himself through allusion:

At the end of the port a long-maned olive
And next to it the dark, welcoming cave,
Consecrated to the nymphs called Naiads.
Inside there are bowls and stone amphoras
 where the bees keep honey.
There also are tall stone looms, on which
The nymphs weave wine-colored cloth,
 wonderful to see;
There also waters flow ceaselessly. The doors
 are two,
One which descends toward Boreas is for men,
The other, turned toward the South,
 is meant for the gods;
Men cross it not, for it is the path
 of immortals.

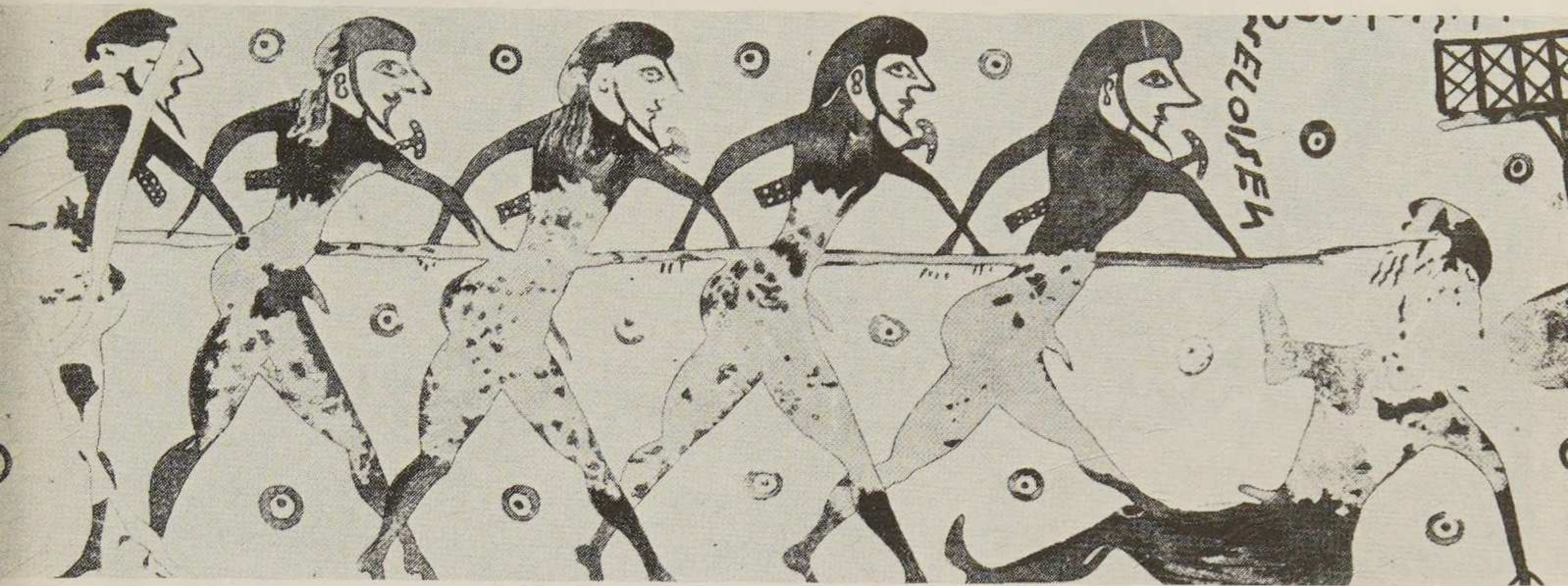
According to Porphyry, the stone of which the cavern and the objects found within it are made represents the plastic substance of which the world is a coagulation, for the stone has no form except inso-

far as form is imposed upon it. It is the same for the waters that gush from the rock: they are also a symbol of this substance in its original purity and fluidity. The cavern is dark because it contains in potential the things of the world. The garments which the nymphs weave on their high stone looms are those of life itself, and their purple color is that of blood. As for the bees that deposit their honey in stone bowls and amphoras, they are like the Naiads of pure powers in the service of life, for honey is an incorruptible substance.

Like the great cavern of the world, the sacred cave has two doors: one, boreal (northern), is for the souls that go again into the evolutionary process, while the other, meridional (southern), may only be entered by those who, immortal or immortalized, ascend toward the world of the gods.³ These are the two solstitial doors, *januae coeli*, which are actually two doors in time, or rather outside time, for they correspond to the two turnings of the annual cycle, to the two stopping-moments between the expansive phase and the contractive phase of the sun's movement. In order to understand Homer's allusion, one must be aware of the fact that the "place" of the winter solstice, Capricorn, is located in the meridional hemicycle of the solar orbit, while the "place" of the summer solstice, Cancer, is located in the northern, or boreal, hemicycle.

Porphyry also reminds us that the sacred olive tree which stands near the cave is the tree of Minerva, and that its leaves turn in winter, obeying the yearly cycle of the sun. Let us add that here this tree is the image of the tree of the world, in which the trunk, the branches, and the leaves represent the totality of beings.⁴

There is one thing Porphyry does not tell us, doubtless because in his eyes it went without saying; that is, that the sacred cave is the symbol of the heart. It is in this con-



Ulysses and his companions blinding the one-eyed Cyclops Polyphemous

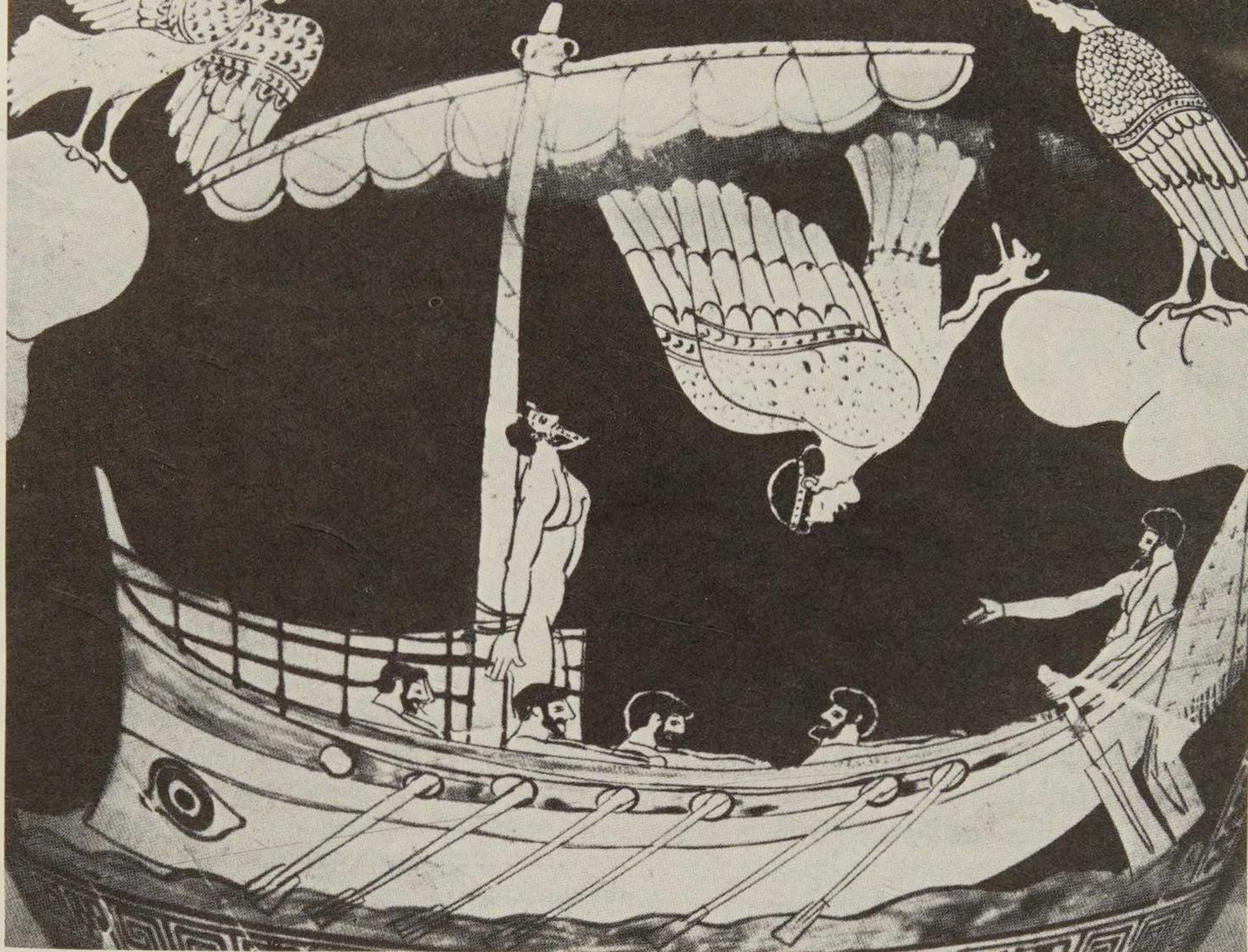
text, however, that Ulysses' gesture of entrusting all his treasures to the safekeeping of the divine Naiads acquires all its import: henceforth he is like one "poor in spirit," inwardly rich and outwardly indigent.⁵ Athena, through her magic, confers on him the countenance of a poor old man.

The fact that Ulysses is the protégé of Pallas Athena, the goddess of wisdom, forces us to believe that guile, which he exhibits on every occasion and which is almost his most salient trait, meant something entirely different in the spiritual cosmos of the ancient Greeks from what it means for a Christian like Dante, who places Ulysses in one of the most terrible regions of hell as a liar and deceiver par excellence. For the Greeks, Ulysses' guile was a positive property of dissimulation, the mark of a sovereign intelligence and almost a magic of the spirit that penetrates and fathoms others' thought. Let us refer to Porphyry, who analyzes the spiritual and moral nature of Ulysses in the following way:

It was not possible for him to free himself easily from this life of the senses, and so he set himself to annihilating it at one blow... For he who dares to do such things is always persecuted by the wrath of the gods who rule the ocean and the substance of life.⁶ Therefore he must first reconcile them with sacrifices, then with the sufferings of a beggar's poverty and other acts of perseverance, at times struggling against passions, and at times using tricks and spells, and from there passing through every possible way of being in order that finally, stripping himself of his own rags, he may become master of all.⁷

The inhabitants of Ithaca believe Ulysses is dead; Penelope herself, the ever-faithful wife, doubts he will ever return. In fact, he has already returned, stranger to his own house and as if dead to this life. In asking for shelter from the suitors who abuse his property, he puts them to the test, and he undergoes this test himself. Before he came, they were relatively innocent; now, they burden themselves with faults through their outrages toward the stranger, while Ulysses is justified in his intention to destroy them.

According to a more inner aspect of things, the arrogant suitors are the passions which, in the hero's very heart, have taken possession of his birthright, and which seek to ravish his wife, the pure and very faithful depth of his soul. However, stripped of the false dignity of his "I," having become poor and a stranger to himself, he sees these passions for what they are, without illusions, and decides to fight them to the death.



Ulysses and his crew escaping from the Sirens

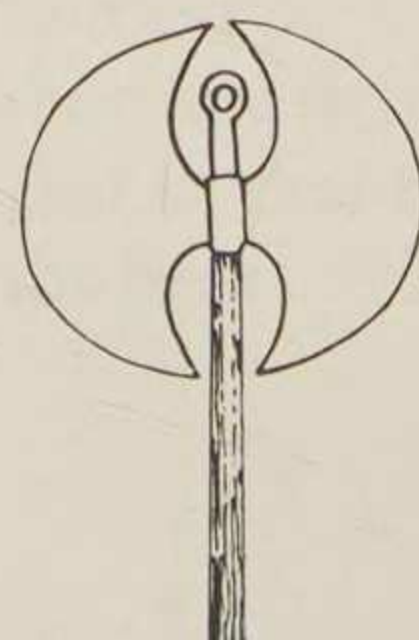
It is the contest that Ulysses himself suggests to his wife that gives him an opportunity to begin the ordeal. It consists in bending the sacred bow and sending an arrow through the holes of twelve hatchets lined up and planted in the ground. The contest takes place at the time of the festival of Apollo, for the bow is the weapon of the sun god. One will recall on this subject the analogous trials undergone, according to Hindu mythology, by certain *avatars* of Vishnu such as Rama and Krishna, and even the young Gautama Buddha: it is always the bow of the sun god which they bend.

The twelve hatchets planted in the ground, through whose holes the arrow had to be sent, represent the twelve months or the twelve abodes of the zodiac which gauge the path of the sun. The hatchet is a symbol of the axis, as is indicated by its Germanic name (*axt* in German and “ax” in English), and the hole of the hatchet, which had to be placed at the end of the handle,⁸ corresponds to the “axial” door of the sun at the time of the solstice. There are only two solstices in the year, but each month corresponds, in principle, to a lunar cycle, analogous to the solar cycle and including in

its turn an “axial” passage repeating the solstice in some way, whence the row of twelve hatchets. Their number, moreover, made the trial more difficult.

We do not know for certain the form of the hatchets Homer was thinking of: they could have been simple war hatchets; they also could have had the form of Cretan hatchets with double blades. In this last case, their significance at the same time axial and lunar would be particularly clear, for the two blades of the *bipennis* resemble the two opposing phases of the moon—waxing and waning—between which is located, in effect, the celestial axis.

The path of the arrow thus symbolizes the sun’s route. One could object that this route is not a straight line but a circle—however, it occurs not only in space but also in time, which is compared to a straight line. From another point of view, the arrow as such symbolizes the beam which the sun god hurls at the darkness.



The sun's force is at the same time sound and light: when Ulysses alone succeeds in bending the sacred bow, the string of which he causes to vibrate "as the path of the swallow," his enemies tremble and foresee the terrible end he is preparing for them, even before he has revealed to them his true nature—that of the hero protected by Athena.

The description of the massacre which follows is so horrible that it would be repugnant to us were it not for the fact that Ulysses incarnates light and justice, while the suitors represent darkness and injustice.

It is only after having killed the suitors and purified the house from bottom to top that he makes himself known to his wife. Penelope, we have said, represents the soul in its original purity, faithful wife of the spirit. The fact that every day she weaves her nuptial garment and unweaves it every night to trick her suitors indicates that her nature is related to the universal substance, a cosmic principle both virginal and maternal: like her, Nature (*physis* in Hellenism or *māyā* in Hinduism) weaves and dissolves manifestation according to an eternally renewed rhythm.

The much longed-for union of the hero with the faithful wife thus signifies the return to the primordial perfection of the human state. This Homer indicates clearly and through Ulysses' own mouth, when the latter names the signs by which his wife will recognize him. No one except he and she knew the secret of their marriage bed—how Ulysses had built it and rendered it immobile: with his own hand he had walled in their nuptial chamber around an old and venerable olive tree, whose trunk he then cut to the height of a bed, carving in the solidly rooted part the support of the bedstead made from plaited strips. As in the description of the nymphs' den, the olive tree is the tree of the world: its oil, which nourishes, heals, and illuminates, is the principle of life itself; *tejas* in Hindu terminology.

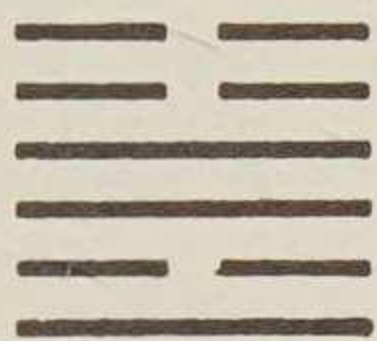
The trunk of the tree corresponds to the axis of the world, and the bed carved in this trunk is symbolically located in the center of the world, in the "place" where contrasts and complementaries, like active and passive, man and woman, mind and soul, unite. As for the nuptial chamber built around the tree, it represents the "chamber" of the heart, across which passes the spiritual axis of the world, and within which is realized the marriage of intellect and soul.

Translated from the French by Barbara Gutoff, copyright 1978.

Notes

1. The Hindu myth of Rama and Sita is a special case: Sita, delivered from demons, is repudiated by Rama despite her fidelity.
2. Porphyrius: *De Antro Nympharum*.
3. According to Hellenic eschatology, the only alternatives are deliverance by divinization or the return to evolution; it doesn't conceive of a permanent resting of souls in a paradise, this sojourn being impossible save in the spiritual shadow of a savior or mediator.
4. Note that the olive tree is a sacred tree not only for the "pagan" world, but also for Judaism and Islam.
5. In Islamic esotericism, the initiates call themselves "poor toward God" (*fugara ila-Llah*).
6. Allusion to the anger of Poseidon, god of the ocean, whose son, Polyphemus, Ulysses had blinded. According to Porphyry, the ocean represents the universal substance in its terrible aspect.
7. Porphyrius, *op. cit.*
8. Some interpret the text in the sense that the hatchets were handleless and planted in the ground by their blades, the hole by which the arrow had to pass being precisely that where ordinarily the handle fitted in. But that means that the arrow had to be shot two hands above the ground, which is practically impossible. Thus one must believe that the hole in question was located at the far end of the "axis" and ordinarily served to hang the hatchet on the wall.

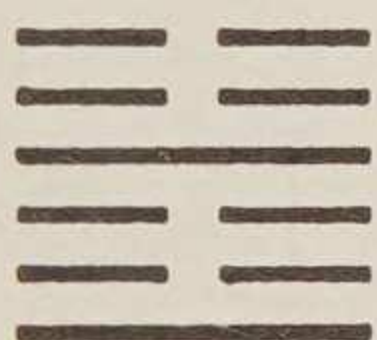
IN OUR IMAGE, AFTER OUR LIKENESS



Abundance

The unlike is joined together, and from differences results the most beautiful harmony.

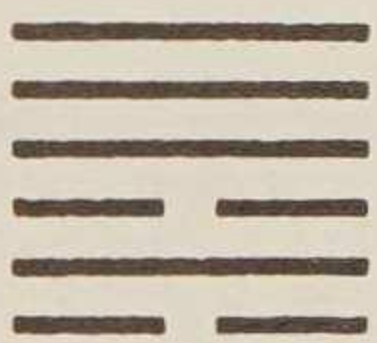
—Heraclitus



The Arousing

I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace and create evil: I the LORD do all these things.

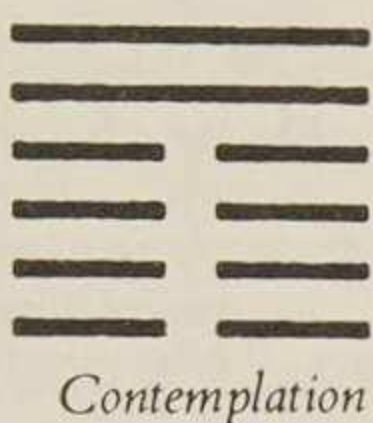
—Isaiah 46:7



Conflict

A tendency towards ordered consciousness and a basic tendency towards—let us call it a counter position, something that acts according to emotion, moods and momentary disturbances, a semi-animal figure—is there from the very beginning. It comes up at the same moment as a double movement of the birth of consciousness, just as when you stretch out your arm you move two muscles, one which contracts, and one which does the opposite. So you can say that from the very beginning of consciousness, if there is that Yes towards consciousness there is also the No, the tendency towards undoing and creating a counter position.

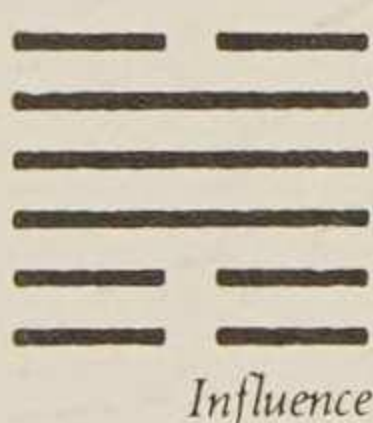
—Marie-Louise von Franz¹



Contemplation

*A person may come to sense two kinds of movement
taking place within him as he prays.
At times he feels the left hand of God
pushing him away;
at other times God's right hand draws him near.
But even as he is pushed away,
he still should know
that this is only for the sake of his return.
Even as he feels
the might of God's left hand upon him,
he should see
that it is God Himself who touches him.
This too he should accept in love,
and, trembling, kiss the hand that pushes him—
for in that very moment,
the right hand awaits his coming near.*

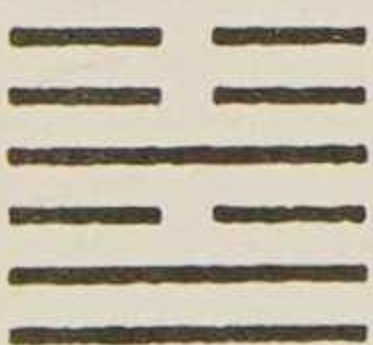
—Hasidic prayer²



Influence

*Beyond all creatures on the earth man is twofold: mortal because of
body, but immortal because of the essential Man... Though male-
female, as from a father male-female, and though he is sleepless
from a sleepless sire, yet is he overcome by sleep.*

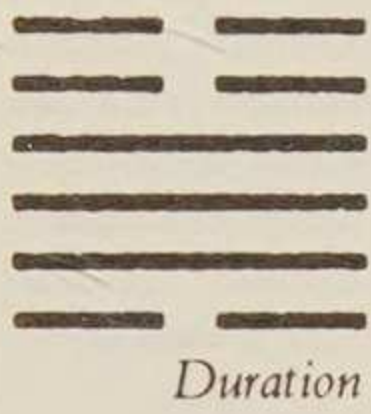
—Poimandres
Corpus Hermeticum



The Marrying Maiden

*“What, you say that God has both sexes, Trismegistus?”
“Yes, Asclepius, and not God alone but all beings animate
and vegetable.”*

—Corpus Hermeticum



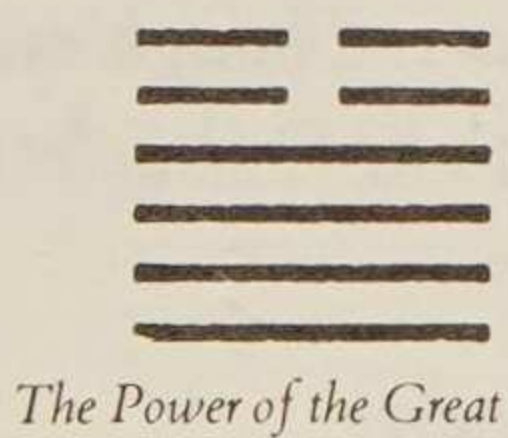
An extraordinary plant formed the first human couple, two beings so like one another, so closely united with each other, that the male could not be distinguished from the female, much less isolated. On these two beings, or rather on this still dual being, this androgyne, descended one and the same Light of Glory, one and the same soul, which existed before the physical organism.

—Henri Corbin³



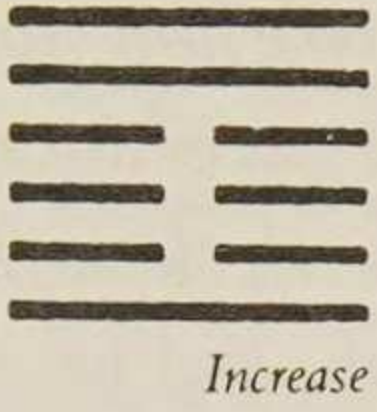
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth... And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth... So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created...

—Genesis



*I am Atum, the creator of the Eldest Gods,
I am he who gave birth to Shu,
I am that great He-She,
I am he who did what seemed good to him,
I took my space in the place of my will,
Mine is the space of those who move along
like those two serpentine circles.*

—From the Egyptian Coffin Texts⁴



In the beginning, this universe was nothing but the Self in the form of a man. It looked around and saw that there was nothing but itself, whereupon its first shout was, "It is I!"; whence the concept "I" arose. (And that is why, even now, when addressed, one answers first, "It is I!" only then giving the other name that one bears.)

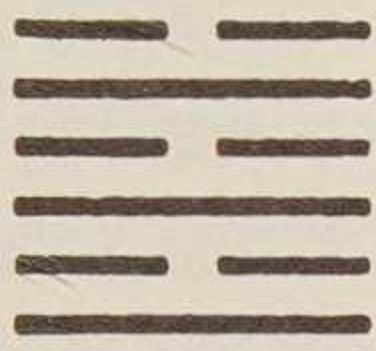
Then he was afraid. (That is why anyone alone is afraid.) But he considered: "Since there is no one here but myself, what is there to fear?" Whereupon the fear departed. (For what should have been feared? It is only to a second that fear refers.)

However, he still lacked delight (therefore, we lack delight when alone) and desired a second. He was exactly as large as a man and woman embracing. This Self then divided itself in two parts; and with that, there were a master and a mistress. (Therefore this body, by itself, as the sage Yajnavalkya declares, is like half of a split pea. And that is why, indeed, this space is filled by a woman.)

The male embraced the female, and from that the human race arose. She, however, reflected: "How can he unite with me, who am produced from himself? Well then, let me hide!" She became a cow, he a bull and united with her; and from that cattle arose. She became a mare, he a stallion; she an ass, he a donkey and united with her; and from that solid-hoofed animals arose. She became a goat, he a buck; she a sheep, he a ram and united with her; and from that goats and sheep arose. Thus he poured forth all pairing things, down to the ants. Then he realized: "I, actually, am creation; for I have poured forth all this." Whence arose the concept "Creation."

Anyone understanding this becomes, truly, himself a creator in this creation.

— Brihadaranyaka Upanishad⁵

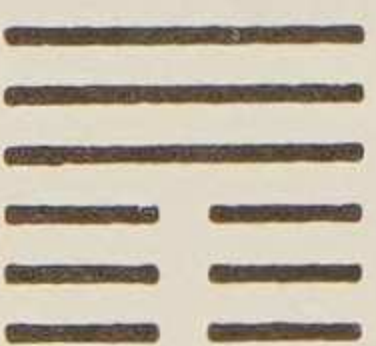


After Completion

God created man directly from the matrix. He took him from the matrix and made a man of him. . . . And then He gave him a matrix of his own—woman. . . . To the end that henceforth there may be two of them, and yet only one; two kinds of flesh, and yet only one, not two. This means that neither of them is perfect alone, that only both together are the whole man. . . . Thus the son is created from the limbus—the father—but he is shaped, built, and endowed with his complexions in the matrix. . . . just as the first man was created in the macrocosm, the Great World.

There are three different kinds of matrix: the first is the water on which the spirit of God was borne, and this was the maternal womb in which heaven and earth were created. Then heaven and earth each in turn became a matrix, in which Adam, the first man, was formed by the hand of God. Then woman was created out of man; she became the maternal womb of all men, and will remain so to the end of the world. Now, what did that first matrix contain within itself? Being the kingdom of God, it encompassed the spirit of God. The world encloses the eternal, by which it is at the same time surrounded. Woman is enclosed in her skin as in a house, and everything that is within it forms, as it were, a single womb. Even though the female body was taken from the male, it cannot be compared to it. It is true that in shape it is similar to the male body, for woman too is formed as a human being, and like man she carries God's image in her. But in everything else, in its essence, properties, nature, and peculiarities, it is completely different from the male body. Man suffers as man, woman suffers as woman; but both suffer as creatures beloved by God.

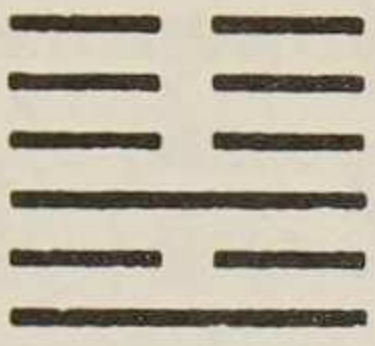
—Paracelsus⁶



Standstill

If man and woman were the same, that would be stalemate. The earth would be sterile. Where the land is flat there is no flow of water; it has nowhere to go; it stagnates. In order to produce energy you must have opposites—an above and a below. There must be a difference in level, and the greater it is the swifter and more forcefully does the water flow.

—C.G. Jung⁷

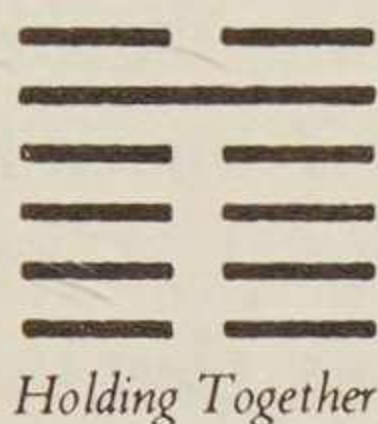


Darkening of the Light

French and English decadents occasionally return to the theme of the androgyne, but always in the form of a morbid or even satanic hermaphroditism (in Aleister Crowley for example). As in all the great spiritual crises of Europe, here once again we meet the degradation of the symbol. When the mind is no longer capable of perceiving the metaphysical significance of a symbol, it is understood at levels which become increasingly coarse. The androgyne is understood by decadent writers simply as a hermaphrodite in whom both sexes exist anatomically and physiologically. They are concerned not with a wholeness resulting from the fusion of the sexes but with a superabundance of erotic possibilities. Their subject is not the appearance of a new type of humanity in which the fusion of the sexes produces a new unpolarized consciousness, but a self-styled sensual perfection, resulting from the active presence of both sexes in one.

This idea of the hermaphrodite has probably been encouraged by the study of certain ancient sculptures. But the decadent writers did not know that the hermaphrodite represented in antiquity an ideal condition which men endeavoured to achieve spiritually by means of imitative rites; but that if a child showed at birth any signs of hermaphroditism, it was killed by its own parents. In other words, the actual, anatomical hermaphrodite was considered an aberration of Nature or a sign of the gods' anger and consequently destroyed out of hand. Only the ritual androgyne provided a model, because it implied not an augmentation of anatomical organs but, symbolically, the union of the magico-religious powers belonging to both sexes.

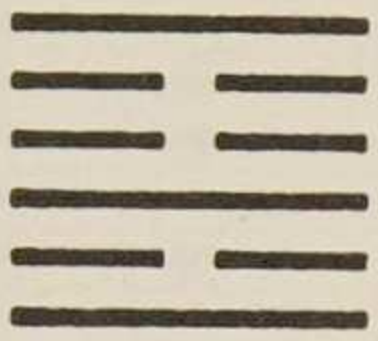
—Mircea Eliade⁸



One of the principal polarities in life is the one between the male and female sides of human nature. As with the polarity of good and bad, or of life and death, we tend to feel uncomfortable with the male/female polarity in ourselves, and therefore we bring one or the other side into prominence. Western society has traditionally favored the male side rather than the female. Instead of recognizing that the personality of each man and of each woman is the result of an interplay between female and male elements, it has established a static order where all men are supposed to be masculine and all women feminine, and it has given men the leading roles and most of society's privileges. This attitude has resulted in an over-emphasis of all the yang—or male—aspects of human nature: activity, rational thinking, competition, aggressiveness, and so on. The yin—or female—modes of consciousness, which can be described by words like intuitive, religious, mystical, occult, or psychic, have constantly been suppressed in our male-oriented society.

In Eastern mysticism, these female modes are developed and a unity between the two aspects of human nature is sought. A fully realized human being is one who, in the words of Lao Tzu, "knows the masculine and yet keeps to the feminine." In many Eastern traditions the dynamic balance between the male and female modes of consciousness is the principal aim of meditation, and is often illustrated in works of art. A superb sculpture of Shiva in the Hindu temple of Elephanta shows three faces of the god: on the right, his male profile displaying virility and willpower; on the left, his female aspect—gentle, charming, seductive—and in the center the sublime union of the two aspects in the magnificent head of Shiva Mahesvara, the Great Lord, radiating serene tranquillity and transcendental aloofness. In the same temple, Shiva is also represented in androgynous form—half-male, half-female—the flowing movement of the god's body and the serene detachment of his/her face symbolizing, again, the dynamic unification of the male and female.

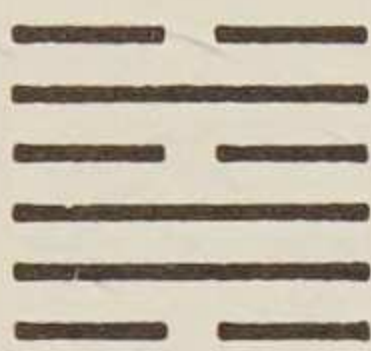
—Fritjof Capra⁹



Grace

All tradition speaks in the last analysis of God as an innumerable and perfectly simple Identity, but also of this Supreme Identity as an identity of two contrasted principles, distinguishable in all composite things, but coincident without composition in the One who is no thing. The Identity is of Essence and Nature, Being and Nonbeing, God and Godhead—as it were, masculine and feminine. *Natura naturans, Creatrix universalis est Deus.* On the other hand, a division of Essence from Nature, Heaven from Earth, subject from object, is a *sine qua non* of the existence of composite things, all of which are, but in different and particular ways. Nature then “recedes from likeness to God, yet even insofar as it has being in this wise, it retains a certain likeness to the divine being.” Henceforth Essence is the Creator and active power, Nature the means of creation and passive recipient of form—“Nature as being that by which the generator generates.” Of which the relation of man to woman is a likeness: the relation of marriage is a sacrament and rite because an adequate symbol and reflection of the identification of Essence and Nature in divinis.

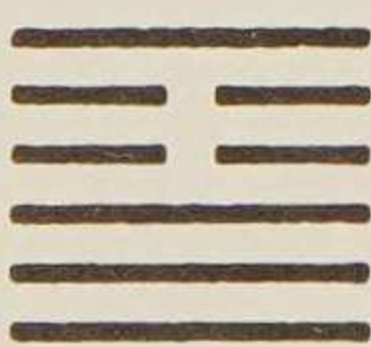
—Ananda K. Coomaraswamy¹⁰



The Well

“One who has a man’s wings
 And a woman’s also
 Is in himself a womb of the world”
 And, being a womb of the world,
 Continuously, endlessly,
 Gives birth;
 One who, preferring light,
 Prefers darkness also
 Is in himself an image of the world
 And, being an image of the world,
 Is continuously, endlessly
 The dwelling of creation;
 One who is highest of men
 And humblest also
 Is in himself a valley of the world,
 And, being a valley of the world,
 Continuously, endlessly
 Conducts the one source
 From which vessels may be usefully filled;
 Servants of the state are such vessels,
 To be filled from undiminishing supply.

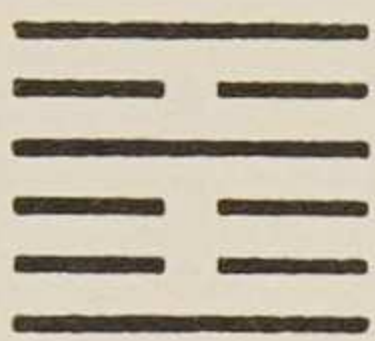
—Lao Tzu¹¹



The Taming Power of the Great

The sight which regards the ebb and flow of good and ill
 Opens a passage for you from misfortune to happiness.
 Thence you see the one state moves you into the other,
 One opposite state generating its opposite in exchange.
 So long as you experience not fears after joys,
 How can you look for pleasures after disgusts?
 While ye fear the doom of the angel on the left hand,
 Men hope for the bliss of the angel on the right.
 May you gain two wings! A fowl with only one wing
 Is impotent to fly, O well-intentioned one!

—Jalal al’din Rumi¹²

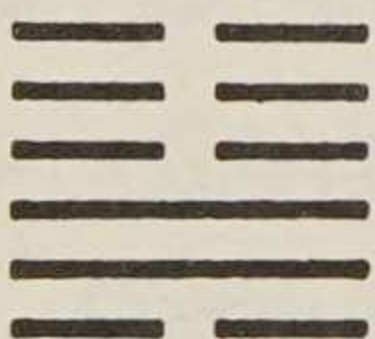


Biting Through

“The Two Lords” (another name for Pharaoh) were the perennial antagonists, Horus and Seth. The king was identified with both of these gods but not in the sense that he was considered the incarnation of the one and also the incarnation of the other. He embodied them as a pair, as opposites in equilibrium. . . .

Horus and Seth were the antagonists *per se*—the mythological symbols for all conflict. Strife is an element in the universe which cannot be ignored; Seth is perennially subdued by Horus but never destroyed. Both Horus and Seth are wounded in the struggle, but in the end there is a reconciliation: the static equilibrium of the cosmos is established. Reconciliation, an unchanging order in which conflicting forces play their allotted part—that is the Egyptian’s view of the world and also his conception of the state.

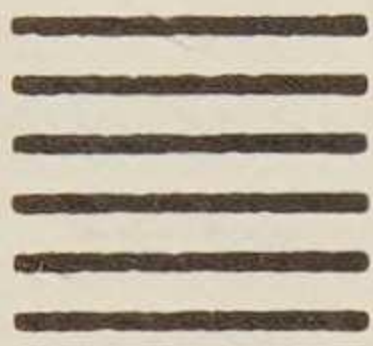
—Henri Frankfort¹³



Pushing Upward

The penitent does more than return to his proper place. He performs an act of amendment of cosmic significance; he restores the sparks of holiness which had been captured by the powers of evil. The sparks that he had dragged down and attached to himself are now raised up with him, and a host of forces of evil return and are transformed to forces of good. This is the significance of the statement in the Talmud that in the place where a completely repentant person stands, even the most saintly cannot enter; because the penitent has at his disposal not only the forces of good in his soul and in the world, but also those of evil, which he transforms into essences of holiness.

—Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz¹⁴



The Creative

Unified am I, quite undivided,
unified my soul.
Unified my sight, unified my hearing,
unified my breathing—both in and out—
unified is my continuous breath.
Unified, quite undivided am I.
the whole of me.

—Atharva Veda¹⁵

Notes

1. Marie-Louise von Franz, *Patterns of Creativity Mirrored in Creation Myths* (Zurich and New York: Spring Publications, 1975).
2. Arthur Green and Barry W. Holtz, editors, *Your Word is Fire* (New York: Paulist Press, 1977).
3. Henri Corbin, *Spiritual Body and Celestial Earth* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977).
4. R. T. Rundle Clark, trans., *Myth and Symbol in Ancient Egypt* (New York: Thames & Hudson, 1978).
5. Joseph Campbell, *The Masks of God: Oriental Mythology* (New York: Penguin Books, 1976).
6. Jolande Jacobi, ed., *Paracelsus: Selected Writings* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1951).
7. William McGuire and R.F.C. Hull, editors, *C.G. Jung Speaking* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977).
8. Mircea Eliade, *The Two and the One* (New York: Harper & Row, 1965).
9. Fritjof Capra, *The Tao of Physics* (Boulder: Shambhala, 1976).
10. Roger Lipsey ed., Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, *Selected Papers, Vol. II: Metaphysics* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977).
11. Witter Bynner, trans., Lao Tzu, *The Way of Life* (New York: Capricorn Books, 1962).
12. E.H. Whinfield, trans., *Teachings of Rumi* (New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1975).
13. Henri Frankfort, *Kingship and the Gods* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1948).
14. Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz, "Repentance", *Shefa*, Vol. I, No. 1, Summer 1977.
15. Raimundo Panikkar, ed., *The Vedic Experience* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1977).

N.B. The symbols beside each quotation are hexagrams from the I Ching.

A special
holiday gift for
your special friends

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

PARABOLA

**AND NOW
A SPECIAL SAVINGS!**

Return the above
form before
December 31
and you will
SAVE ONE-THIRD
over newsstand prices.



A gift
that shares
your concerns

A gift that is
renewed with
each season

A gift with
meaning

PARABOLA's price will
rise January 1, 1979

ORDER NOW AND SAVE

We will send a
personalized card
in time for the
holiday season.

A GREAT GIFT IDEA ALL YEAR ROUND

The Soul as Sphere and Androgyne

by Keith Critchlow

Are we on the way from or the way to the first principles?

—Plato quoted by Aristotle

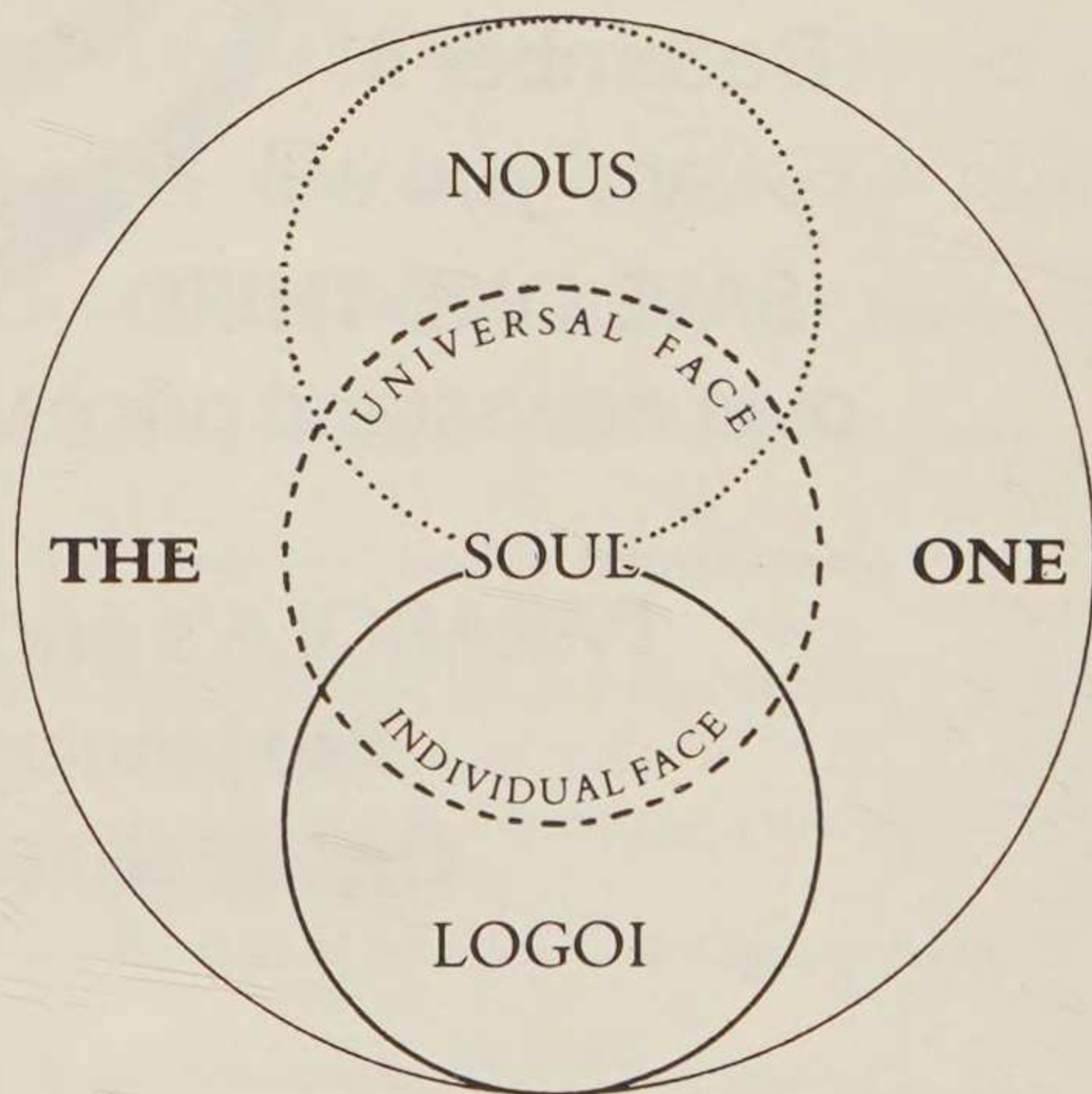
While the scientific mode of consciousness is to be critical on the one hand and sceptical on the other, the dogmatic mode of consciousness is based on tradition and authority. The third mode, the mystical, can be characterized by paradox and analogy. Each of these paired aspects will appear positive or negative depending on the mode from which it is viewed.

The subject of this essay is the human soul as androgyne, using geometry as analogy and therefore the mystical mode as viewpoint.

The soul, or psyche as it is called in the original Greek, has a contemporary logy or

logic which in no way honors or recognizes its parenthood. Traditional psycho-logy by definition is founded in original, eternal, immutable principles and is concerned with their expression and embodiment in matter and, through distillation, their eventual re-integration with their source: a fulfillment of evolution through recollection and grace. The soul is subject to this evolution no less than is the expression of archetypes through their reflecting principles.

The soul is described as part of this threefold evolutionary nature; as, in fact, the unifying or bridging aspect, between Nous, the eternal Unity, and Logos as the expression or duality of Nous. Plotinus, representing the perennial tradition, describes the soul as emissary of Nous and vehicle of Logos, providing (providence) the formal means for being of the visible universe. Providence, then, is the intellectuality of the universe in the fullest meaning of this term. Plotinus thus explains that the nature of the sensible (material) universe is



“contrary”; polarization; duality. A warring of logoi. Yet this warring is ordered by the Soul of the All in its aspect as One Logos. This is a parallel to the manner in which our soul holds the key to our own integration of wholeness. For the perennial tradition represented by Plotinus, the trace of form and beauty is the trace of intellectual being—the Nous. But this traditional view of soul is very different from the “psyche” that is attached to contemporary

“psychology.” For the tradition, an individual soul is a reflection of the soul of the All, that is, both a Logos and sum of warring logoi. “As the world soul can govern the universe without contamination, so our own soul is centered in this perfect (World) Soul and itself possesses perfection and traverses the Heavens and governs the Cosmos” (*Ennead iv*).

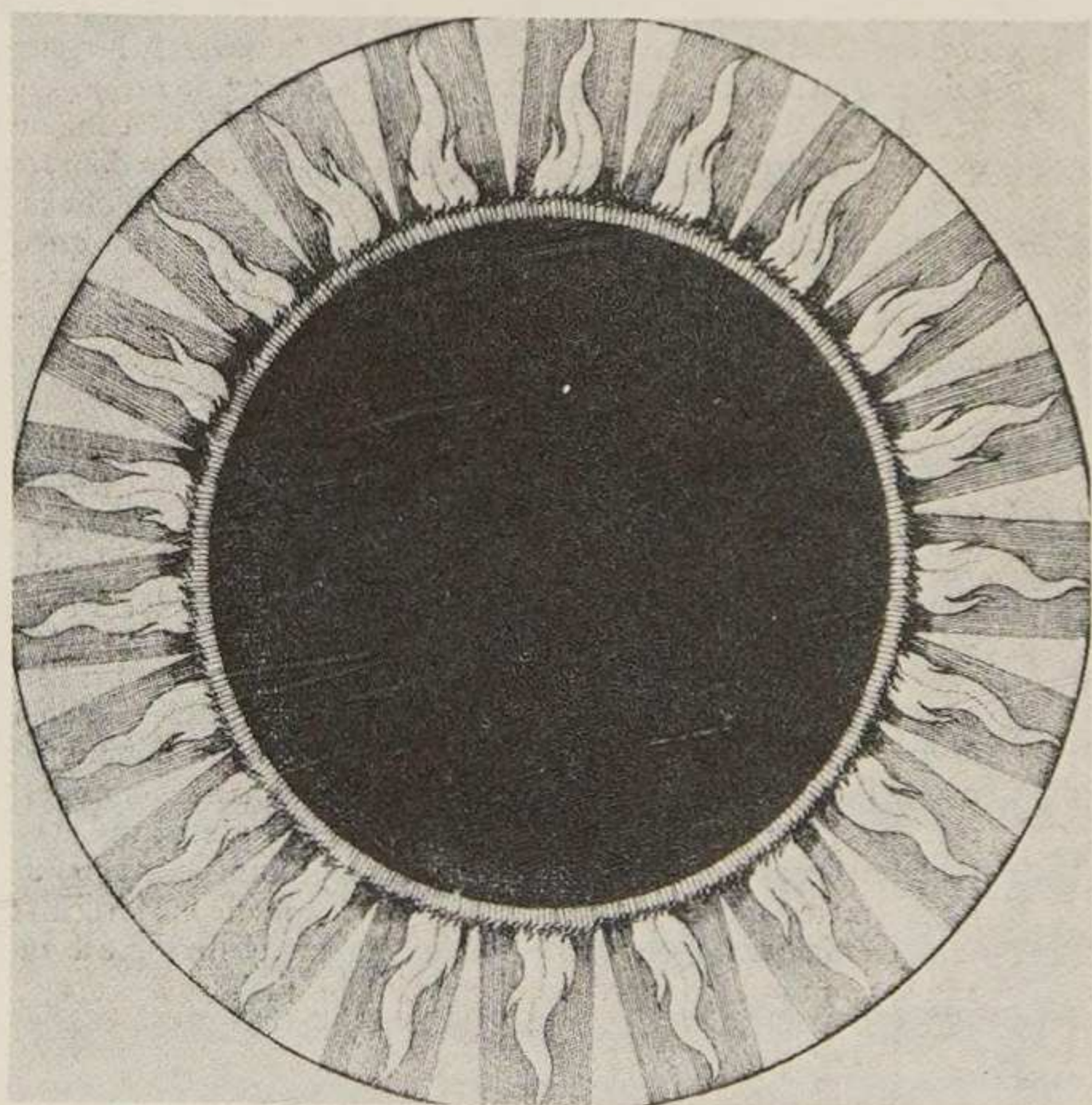
According to Synesius (circa A.D. 404): “If it were not for the contact with the warring of the logoi as the principle of contrariety, the soul would never turn its face away in repulsion to regain its unity with Nous, its source.”

As vehicle for Logos and the principle of duality—of which human sexuality is a natural expression—Soul itself is obviously the principle of sex rather than its expression. It represents both an initiatory principle and a fulfilling unity: a unity which is reflected as the “goal” for the overriding instinctive desire for union characteristic of the sexual drive in humankind.

Mythologically, Pallas Athene is represented at the trial of Orestes as speaking from this principial standpoint by saying “I am born of no mother (*materia*), the child only of my father Zeus (Nous), sprung from his forehead, a male virgin, who cannot marry, yet born the protectress of men” (among the warring logoi): an androgynous being from an androgynous “source,” Pallas already bearing a femaleness and a maleness *in potentia*. The very act of divine effusion, “birth,” or exteriorization of divinity immediately establishes *in principio* a creator-creature, generator-generated reflection which is “unified” in the *relationship* between them. In the human sphere the “relationship” developed between two people similarly has as a basis the desire for potential completion (recollection) on all levels.

The seven liberal arts were traditionally recommended for the liberation of the Soul.

The practice of the arts was based on the principle of anamnesis or recollection of pure gnosis or divine knowledge, before the soul was intoxicated with its attachment to matter. This means that the fundamental principles of number, space, harmony and motion inhere in the soul, as there could be no *recognition* otherwise. In other words these principles as Arithmetic, Geometry, Harmony and Astronomy *originate* through the Soul (from Nous), so when Plato suggests that “the Soul is most like the divine, immortal, intelligible, uniform, indissoluble, and unchangeable,” we are being given a warning that only an analogy to sensible experience can begin to convey its nature. The soul is fundamentally and axiomatically different from the changing (warring logoi) world of generation that our bodily nature is composed of. Plotinus weaves a beautiful analogy when he compares the Soul to “a huge light, which shining to its



The appearance of the first actual created light

uttermost limits becomes darkness. The soul seeing this darkness, which it has made subsist, forms this darkness (as a hollow of light).” The most apt formal analogy to clothe this image is a sphere—the uninterrupted radiant form of a light to its limits. The sphere also aptly answers to Plato’s description in the *Laws*: “Soul is among the primal things, elder-born than all bodies and prime source of all their changes and transformations.”

The sphere as light is a beautiful symbol of the total transparency of space to light and the “original” non-separation of center, interspace, and periphery of the undifferentiated unified form. Philoponus,* a seventh century commentator of the Platonic succession, was probably making an accurate representation of the esoteric tradition when he describes the more subtle bodies of ourselves: “There is moreover, beyond this (spiritual body) another kind of body, that is for ever attached to (the Soul), of a celestial nature, and for this reason everlasting, which they call radiant (*augo-eides*) or star-like (*astroeides*).” Furthermore he goes on to establish the radiant sphere analogy by saying: “Matter of celestial bodies is not of the four elements, but there is another kind of body—the fifth element or quintessence, and its form (*eidos*) is spherical.” We will explore the image of the sphere as analogy to Soul. It is simplicity, compoundness, completeness (in terms of rotational symmetry). It is all-embracing, “just” in its equality, unbiased (on any radii from center to periphery). The shortest distance between any two points on a sphere’s surface will always be a segment of the circle that exactly divides it into two equal halves. The sphere “at rest in the perfection of itself,” then, is an apt symbol for the Androgyne—as both the origin and the resolving of duality. In its relation to Soul it also represents the centering of the individual soul with the Soul of the All.

The perennial tradition represents Actuality (our world of facts) as a reflection of Reality (the world of principles and archetypes), so in what way can we see this spherical analogy enacted in actuality?

All of us start life in this world as this selfsame archetypal form—the sphere—in the body of the fertilized ovum or human

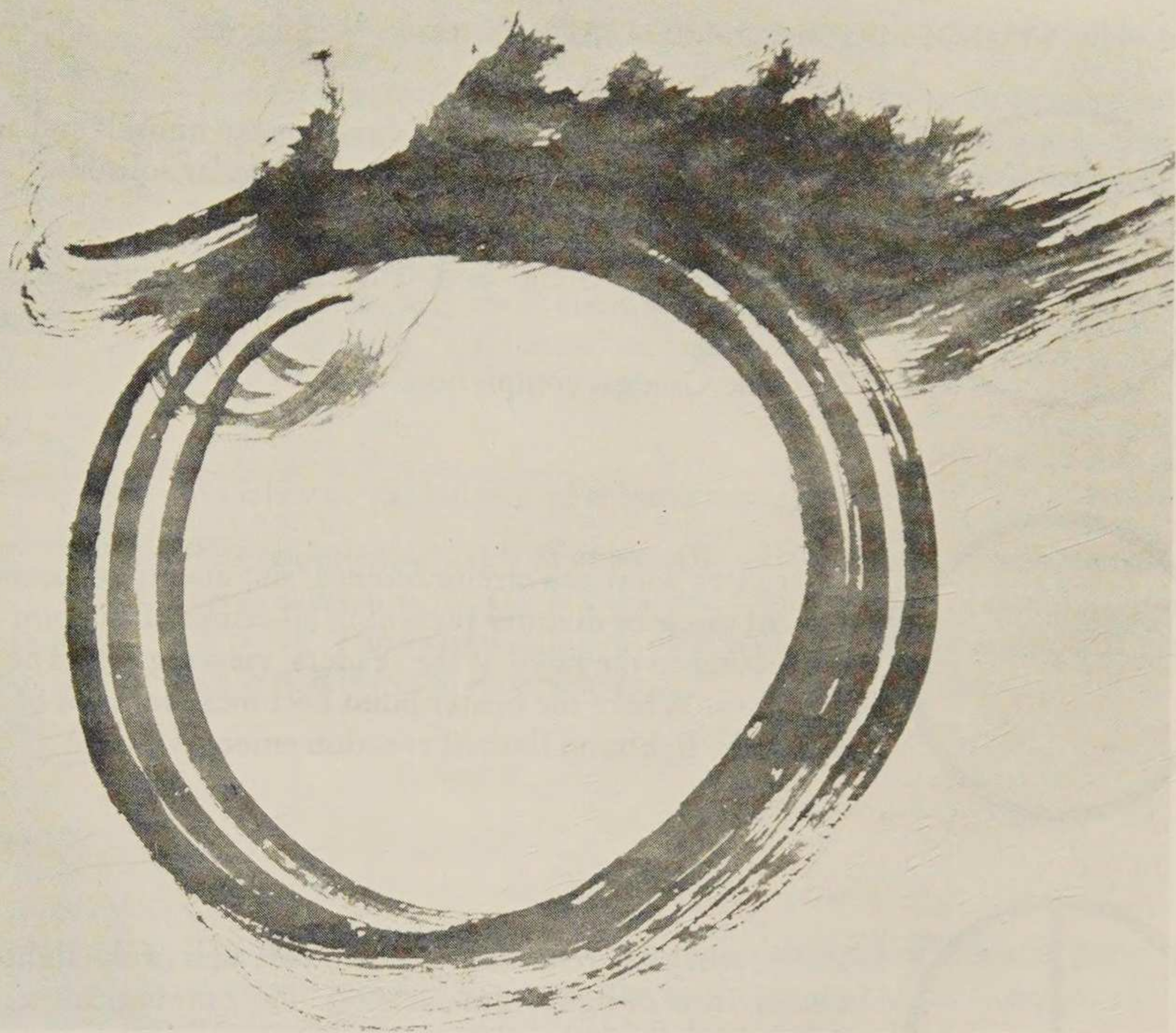
**Philoponi in Aristotalis de Anima.*

egg; a minute single cell barely appreciable to the unaided eye at approximately 1/175 of an inch and 1/20th of a millionth of an ounce in weight; a universal starting point or point of departure. At the moment of conception an unprecedented sacrifice has taken place. The mother has *devolved* from a multi-billion-celled organism or microcosmos to a single representative in much the same way as has the multi-billion-celled microcosmos of the father. Both parent “cosmoses,” reduced to single representatives within hours or even minutes of death, form a profundity of union that reflects the sexual union of the parents’ act and in this special instance achieves a physically androgynous state symbolically reproducing the primordial sphere which, tradition holds, integrates individual soul with the Soul of the All. From this brief, profound moment of *devolution* to Unity, not back or forward but *In* to the very point of existence, *evolution* will once again take place through its first act of polarization (the contrariety of Logos) known as cleavage; until another fully evolved physical being is ready to begin its individual task of individuation or integration. Such is the continuous evolution of Spirit—symbolized by the recollecting of the “sphere of the soul” which through its centering can reintegrate with its own undifferentiated Source.

Whereas the unmoved sphere can be taken to represent the serenity of perfection, immediately on the initiation of any movement of the sphere two unmoving points remain in the sphere’s periphery; these are the poles of rotation of that movement. They are the two ends of an invisible spindle through the center of the sphere.

Movement or spin, then, is the primary polarization of the unitary sphere and establishes contrariety exactly in the “north” or “south” poles of the sphere as well as expressing the contraries of stillness (spindle) to movement. Movement also polarizes rightness and leftness (or handedness) as one side of the sphere regards its opposite point (through the transparency of the sphere across the equatorial plane). A further contrary is the “least” and “greatest” devia-

八十翁原在
作

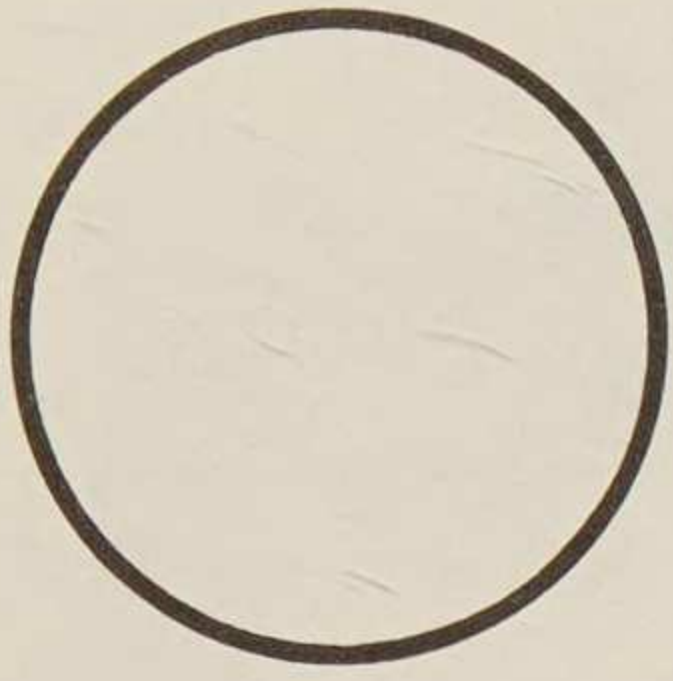


“Sacred Jewel”: painting by Zen Master Hara Zaicho in his eighty-sixth year

tion (or strangeness) from the norm of the axis represented by the greatest movement of the equatorial plane in relation to the least movement in the axial spindle (90° to it). The establishment of a spindle by the polar bodies in the human unicell is the signal for the first polarization or cleavage to take place as this spindle parts the paired chromosomes into two separately defined nuclei.

It is just this primordial movement in the sphere (sometimes called the emergence of time in space) which not only gives birth to our world of change and differentiation but is expressed in traditional cosmologies as concentric effusions of consciousness. True symbols, as distinct from mere signs,

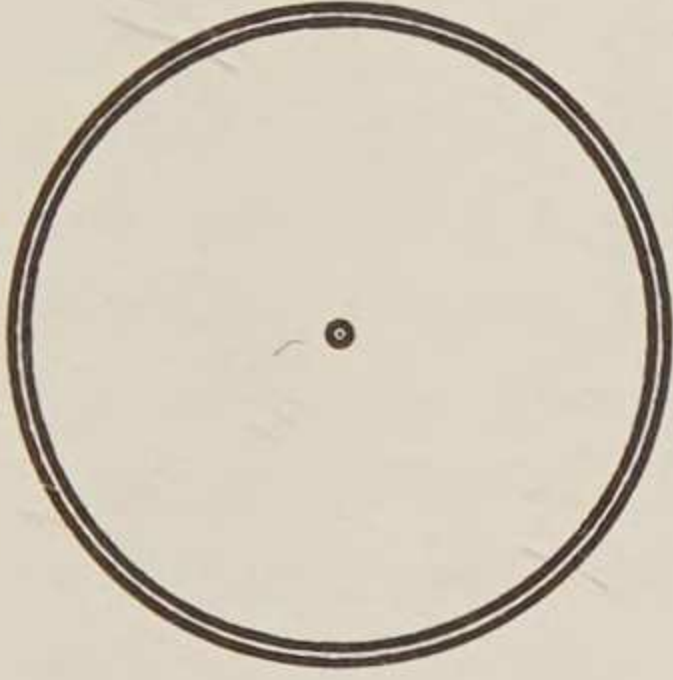
express these fundamental patterns in their own way. It is important to remember that “symbols” have a sacred function. By *sacred* in this instance is meant knowledge that is essential to normal orderly evolution, through the physical, emotional, intellectual, and spiritual spheres to full integration. The function of symbols is to “throw together,” fuse experiences into significances directed toward a state of recollection. “Diabols,” on the contrary, function entropically: they “throw apart,” *confuse* and *disorder* experience. The cosmologies of concentric spheres solve the perennial paradox of unity in diversity or “coming into Being” within Being. The Envelopes of consciousness which veil the blinding light of Reality require careful and controlled penetration with love, discipline and determination. Yet simply and ultimately the Unique, Unity, and Union are One.



“But He [God] is equal in all directions to himself and altogether eternal, a rounded sphere enjoying a circular solitude.” — Empedocles Frag. 28

Non-being, “no-thing” and “all.” The transcendent mode of divinity.

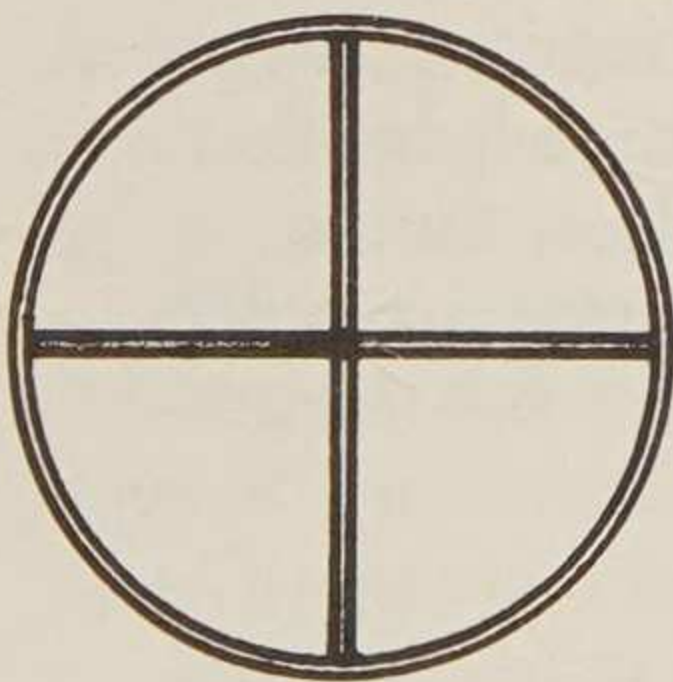
Zero and Omega, completion.



The center point and circumference: singularity of essence. The immanent mode of divinity present in all things. The point of vision connecting to the pupil of the readers’ viewing eye. The symbol *theta* or *theos*. Where the center point becomes the point of light from which the lightning flash of creation emerges.



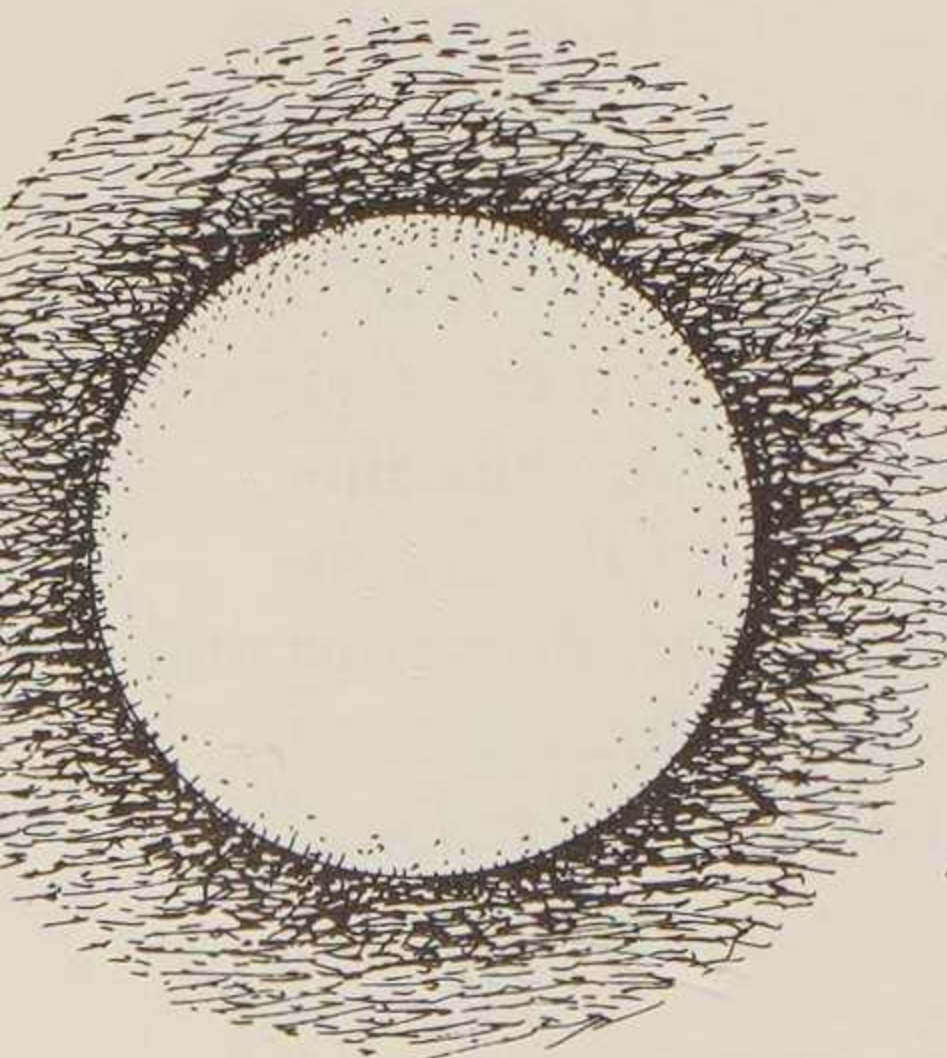
The potency of creation or vertical ray: axis of the lightning flash. The division of light from darkness. The ontological axis of being. Related to *phi* (Φ) as in *phyo*, to bring forth, and *physis*, nature, and *phylon*, race, sex. One version of this symbol—the Hittite—is used as the determinative for the “gods.”



The balance of creation. The balancing meridian between the “poles” of heaven and earth. The axes of sameness (vertical) and otherness (lateral). Axis of spin and equator. The division of the four elements into fire and air above and earth and water below.

The quadrature of the degrees of existence as expressed in each individual psyche.

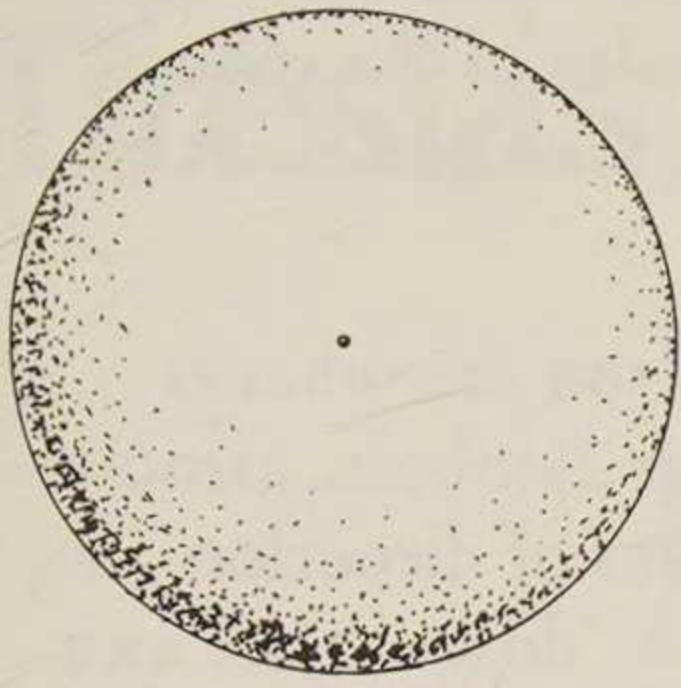
The four worlds, elements, qualities, and states of matter—materiality expressed.



The sphere of light in the “formed” darkness. Symbol of the “uniform,” “indissoluble,” and “unchangeable.”

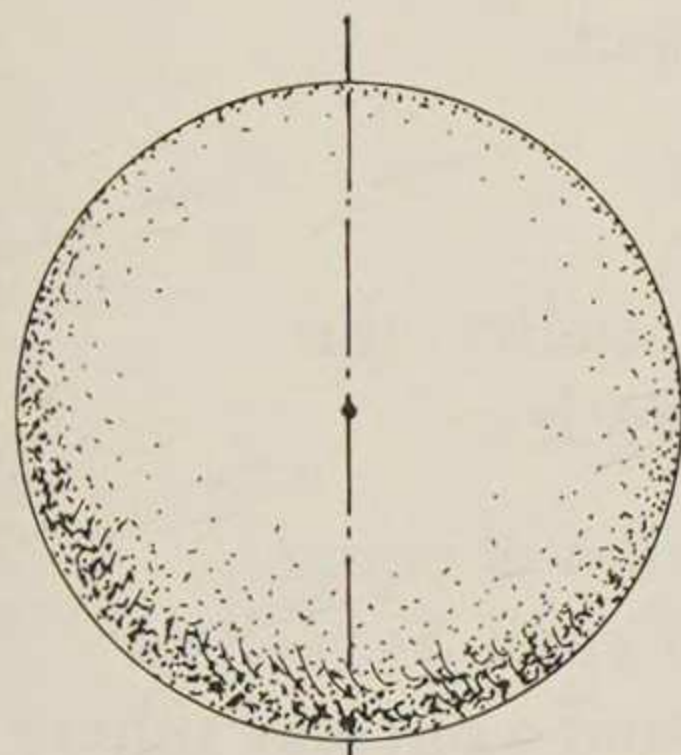
“Mathematics are moved changeless...all symmetries occurring in mathematics should be listed as belonging in common to the soul; as a result, then, the soul co-exists simultaneously with the geometrical, arithmetical and harmonical proportion, so that the soul is identical with (all) formulas of analogy.”

—Iamblicus, p. 40, 9-41, 1F.



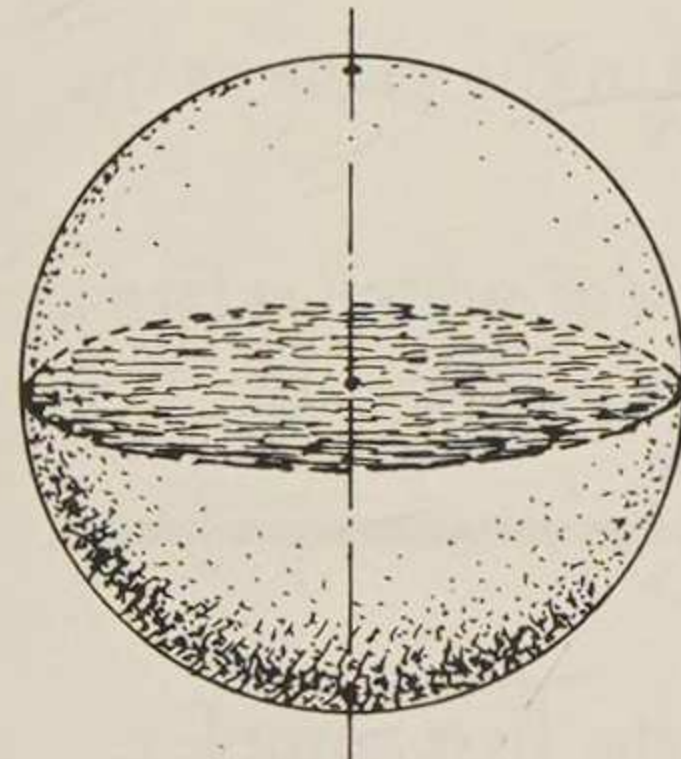
Singularity: of central essence, of interspace, of containing sphere.

This threeness of the unit sphere symbolizes the unification of the mathematical; that is arithmetical unity and totality; spatial point origin and spherical plenum; harmonically as the "note" and full orchestration of sound; astronomically as the center and boundaries of the perceivable universe; temporally as the eternal moment and the complete fullness of time; substantially as the ultimate particle (atom) and the "total mass" of creation.

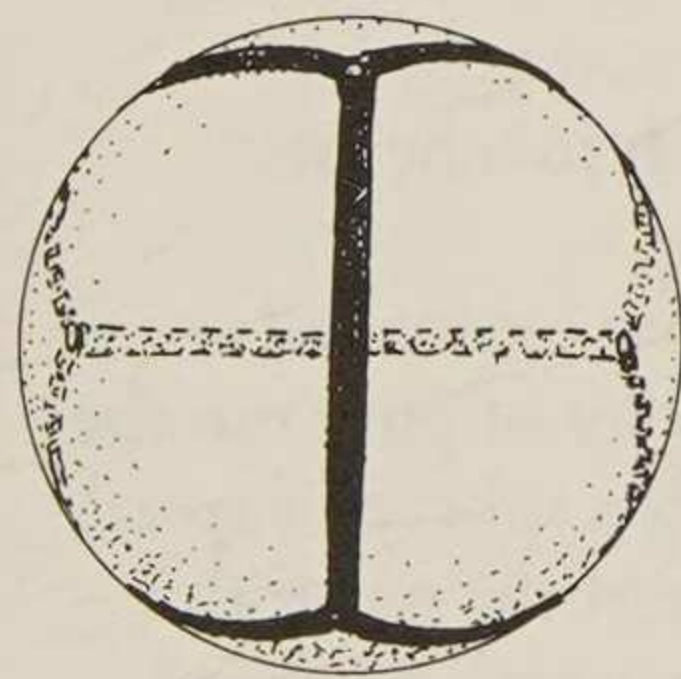


Axiality or the balance of motion through spin.

The complementarity of unity. The axis of consciousness, sometimes known as the ray of creation. Identification of qualitative axis of being. The axis of stillness (eternity) through the motion of time. Two points in the limit sphere.

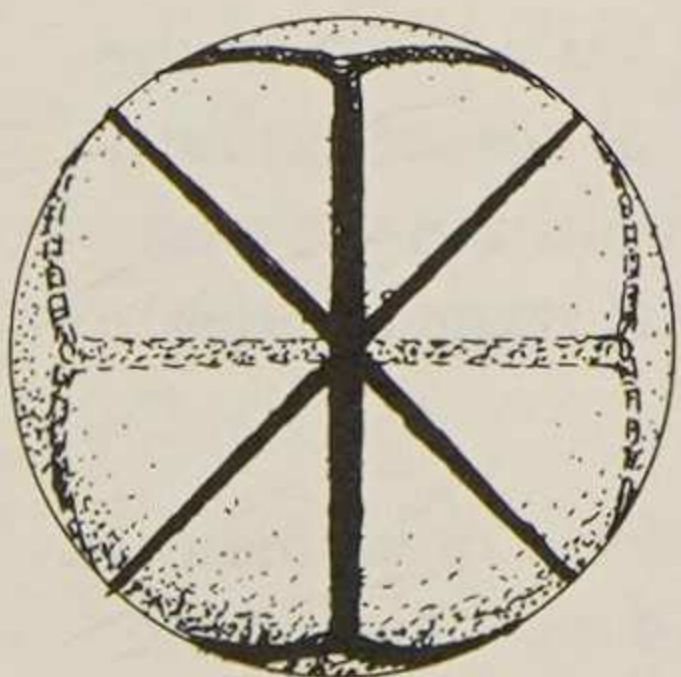


The balance of motion through spin: threeness of balance, polar axes and plane of equator. The establishment of the domains of "heavens" above and "earth" below.



The fourness of the spherical surface symbolizing the fourness of creation, earthly or solid, water or liquid, airy or gaseous and fiery or radiant, outward expressions of the four states of consciousness in themselves symbolic of the four "worlds" or "divine presences."

The six paths between the four points symbolizing the six days of creation or in the ancient Chinese tradition the six lines of *Ch'ien*, the creative principle.

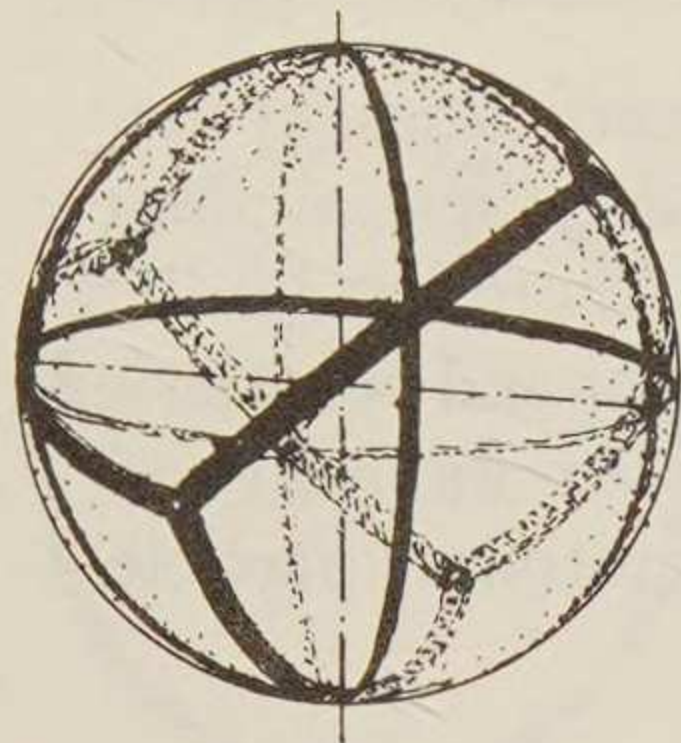


The complementary axes or "boundaries of creation." The three great circles of the octahedron or X,Y,Z axes. The three-dimensional cross. The six directions or "paths" to and from the center and the "six motions" of the soul according to Plato.

The three intermediary "great" circles which divide the *plane* into an eightfold division and the *sphere* into eight surface triangles are known as the spherical octahedron.

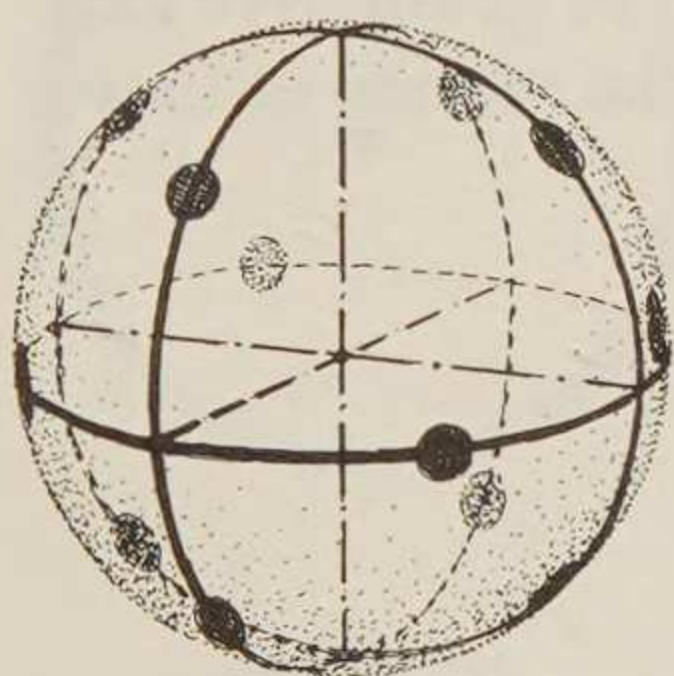
N.B. Two great circles can be clearly seen added to the original spherical tetrahedron. The third great circle is in the plane of the drawing and is therefore represented by the circular boundary of the sphere.

Continued



The sphere turned onto the X,Y,Z axes (those of the spherical octahedron) demonstrating how the four points or nodes of the spherical tetrahedron occupy four alternate "faces" of the eight faces of the spherical octahedron.

The three axes of the great circles of the octahedron are what is known as the three-dimensional cross. These have symbolic associations with human orientation as the determinatives of direction, *i.e.*, the ontological axis is representative of "up" and "down"; the axis almost in the plane of the paper represents "right" and "left." The third (equatorial) axis represents "front" and "back."



The full "chromatic" spectrum of three dimensionality: the twelveness of the edges of the octahedral great circles.

The twelveness expresses both a surface subdivision of equal rhombs or diamonds with a point at the center of each, as well as potentially the centers of the twelve spheres around a nuclear sphere.

The twelve degrees of freedom and constriction.

This universal symbol of twelveness is expressed in the plane as the zodiac mansions in "our" world.

All the points lie in a set of four great circles each of which relate at tetrahedral angles to each other with six points in each circle.

To understand the ancients' attitude to number necessitates differentiating between principial number as an inherent essence and the "numbers" that mathematicians calculate with (pragmatic number). The former is to be regarded as qualitative and represents in a special way the laws of coming into being or the "way" that cosmic intelligence (of which our individual intelligence is a participatory reflection) formulates the laws of nature in "our" world.

There are fundamental patterns that can be observed within the domain of "mathema" which co-ordinate Arithmetic and Geometry, and which are indicative of qualitative truths that "echo" throughout the metaphysical realms and into the natural world in which we live. Such a principial pattern is the relationship between twelve, thirteen and unity.

If we take one complete sphere—irrespective of size—and inquire how many similar spheres can surround the primary sphere, it will be found by calculation or physical experiment that the number is ex-

actly twelve. Therefore the first complete shell or "sphere" of spheres surrounding the primary (nuclear) one is composed of twelve, each one of which touches its neighbor and the center.

Twelve is a cosmic law expressed as precisely in the morphology of pure number (each unit of *number* being a sphere of *space*) as in the various domains of the natural world from nuclear "particles" outward.

The finality and certainty of this number quality is verifiable also in all the revealed wisdoms of mankind as a principle of cosmic association, from the disciples of Christ to the Immams of Shi'a Islam to the "mansions" of the zodiacal constellations. In our present physical evolution we pass through the embryological stage of *being* twelve cells.

It is not in the nature of Number or harmony to accept anything false for it does not belong to them.

— Philolaos

Tiresias

By the spring of Telphusa the Thebans paused in their flight from their doomed city, and made camp for the night. There, surrounded by darkness, they thought upon their city and their fate. With them sat Tiresias, his face alone untouched by grief. His blind eyes saw neither the flames of the campfire nor the drawn face of the men around it, nor the tear-streaked cheeks of the women. In his mind's eye, which saw the future, Thebes was a city of the past; Adrastus, the last of the Seven, would die upon the morrow and Thebes would fall. Then he, Tiresias, would also die, for his own life hung upon the same thread. He too was already a shade, and in his heart he had long ago passed into the land of the dead.

In the silence, the storytellers began in measured cadence to recite the story of the founding of Thebes and the creation of the Sown Men, the Spartoi born of the dragon's teeth. The story of Oedipus was told, yet not a flicker of response crossed Tiresias' face when his part in the tragedy found its place in song. Finally the masters of song told of the siege of Thebes, ending with the prophecies of the seer who sat unmoved among them; how Adrastus, the last of the Seven, would with the coming dawn hear of the death of his son in battle, and himself die of grief; and Thebes, invulnerable as long as at least one of the Seven was alive, would now yield her walls to the invaders.

The song died away, to be remembered only by a few. Among them was a boy whose curiosity, aroused by the quiet face of the seer, prompted him to ask, "And what of you, old man? How came you to know the fates of men, you who cannot see even their faces?"

Then Tiresias answered, "This, child, is my story:

"My fate too is bound up with Thebes, for I am descended from Udaeus, son of the Spartoi, the men sprung from the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed at the Castalian spring. My mother was the nymph Chariclo.

“Nothing unusual marked my childhood: I was not gifted with the inward sight, and throughout my youth, my eyesight was only as keen as yours. Then, in accordance with a fate I then could not see, I found myself one day upon Mount Cyllene, in the country of Arcadia. I came upon two serpents on the mountain top, coupled in the eternal and life-giving embrace, and, startled, I struck at them with my staff. By chance, I killed the female and by such an act of thoughtless sacrilege, was on the spot transformed into a woman.

“As a woman, I lived a life of harlotry: and this too was decreed by fate. For seven years I lived thus, until by the merest of accidents, I found myself again upon that mount and again beheld two serpents locked in embrace. Again I struck, but this time fate decreed that I should kill the male, and so regain the sex that I was born to.



Hera and Zeus

“Still I was blind to the fates of men and of myself, until one day I was summoned by Zeus and Hera, the father and mother of the gods. Hera was upbraiding her husband for his numerous infidelities, and Zeus replied, dismissing her rage, that at least when they embraced, she enjoyed it more than he. ‘For it is well known,’ said he, ‘that women take more pleasure in the act than men.’

“This further infuriated Hera, who denied the claim and declared the opposite to be the case. So it was that I who, alone of men and gods, knew both circumstances, was summoned to settle the dispute.

“In awe of god and goddess alike, I told the truth: that of the pleasure of love, women receive nine parts and men only one. In her rage at hearing the truth, Hera struck me blind, even as Zeus roared with delight at my reply. Then, because the gods are not unsympathetic with the woes of man, he said,

“‘What Hera has done, I cannot undo. And yet, you will have your sight. Let it be no longer through your eyes, but through your ears. From this day forth, you will know the language of the birds. From them, if you listen well, you will learn all that the Fates have allotted to your fellow-men.’

“Then was my life extended to seven generations, and even when, tomorrow, I shall pass from this life, the gift of the gods shall remain intact even beyond the gates of death.”

His tale told, Tiresias fell silent again. In wonder, the boy took to his dreams all that he heard. And it was he who found the body of the old man in the morning, sitting by the well of Telphusa, and so was the first to know that Thebes had fallen and was no more.

—Retold by Paul Jordan-Smith

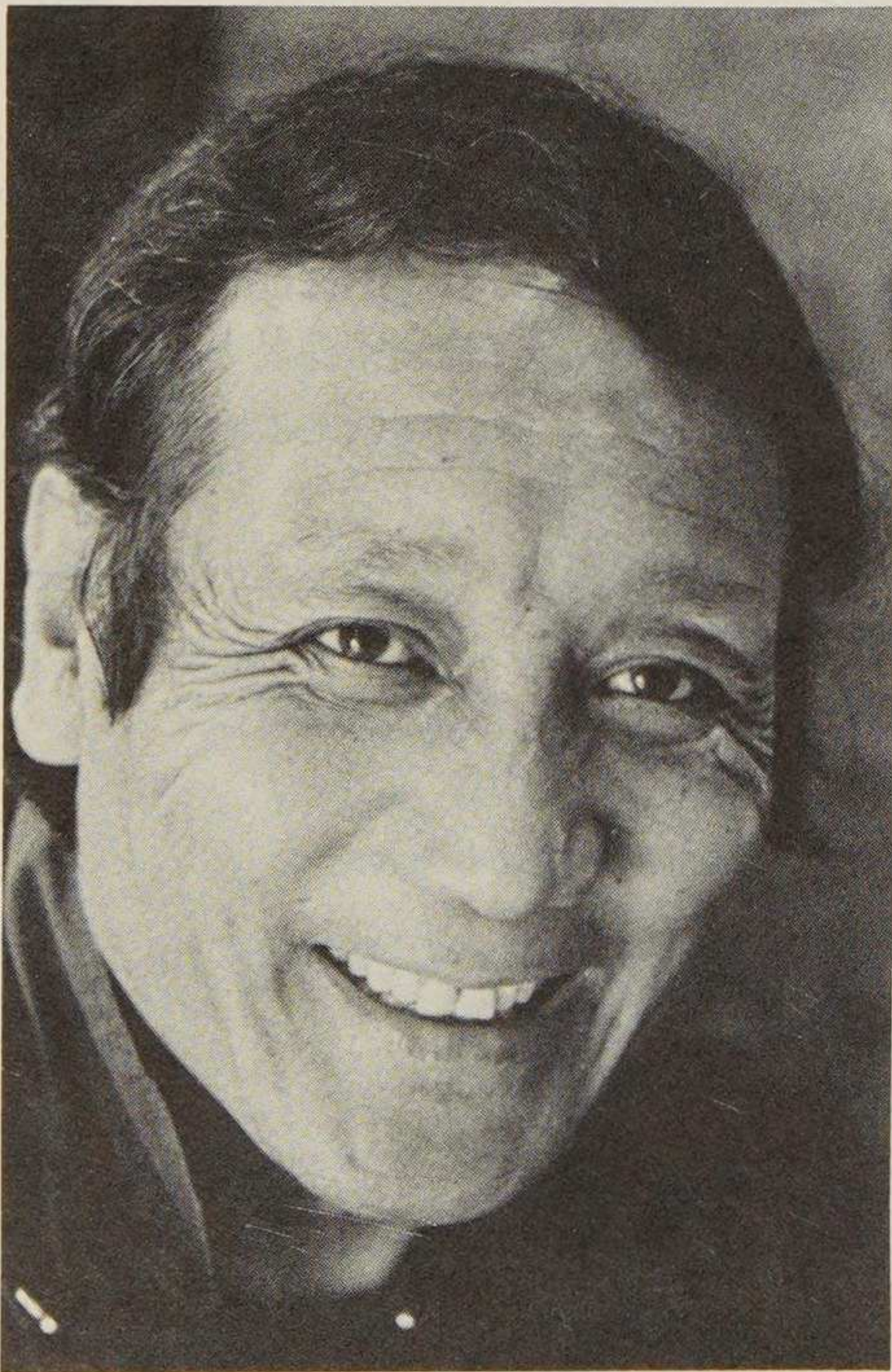
TAMING THE WILD HORSE

*A Conversation
with Lobsang Lhalungpa*

"A tradition is a world," Lobsang Lhalungpa has written; and on meeting him, one recognizes instantly the citizen of such a world, so rooted and grounded that now it is as though he were one with it, and can move with equal certainty in any other. In his presence one meets his world, without the awkward or resistant reaction that comes, perhaps, from the fear of losing one's own footing. Lhalungpa's sureness and grace have a liberating effect. He opens a window for you to look through and stands beside you, friendly and tolerant, laughing at times his wonderful laugh, and boundaries disappear.

Lhalungpa was born in Lhasa in 1926 and studied under many eminent lamas of various or-

All photographs by Dianne Edenfield



ders. He tells us a little about two of them: the extraordinary woman lama H.E. Jetsun Lochan Rinpoche, and Gonsar Tse Rinpoche who was his granduncle. From the age of fifteen to twenty-one he was a member of the Ecclesiastical Service of the Tibetan government and served at the Grand Secretariat of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. At twenty-one he was sent to India by the Dalai Lama as cultural and educational representative of Tibet. He was twenty-five, and the communists had already taken over China (but not yet Tibet) when the order went out from the Red Army to return home. Lhalungpa refused to go, and remained in India trying to prepare a place of refuge for his countrymen and the treasures of their tradition in the tragic conditions which he foresaw were coming. He founded the Indo-Tibetan Buddhist Cultural Institute, and directed it for several years. Before and after the Chinese take-over of Tibet he continued to work for his people in India, until he began to feel it necessary to devote his special training and capacities more wholly to the translation of sacred texts, now greatly needed for exiled Tibetan Buddhism in its search for a new home. In 1971 he left India and went to Canada where he taught for a year at the University of British Columbia, continued his own work, studies, and translations, and since 1975 has been translating ancient texts and manuscripts for the Institute for Advanced Studies of World Religions at the Stony Brook campus of New York State University.

His works in English include two books on Tibetan music, a Textbook of Colloquial Tibetan (co-authored by George Roerich), chapters in Buddhism in Tibet (edited by Kenneth Morgan) and in The Way of Inward Discovery (edited by Jacob Needleman and Dennis Lewis), and a new translation of The Life of Milarepa, in collaboration with Far West Translations, published by E.P. Dutton in 1977.

East is East and West is West, but when we talked with Lhalungpa we knew they could not only meet but communicate; not mix, but exchange. The Buddhist demand for "compassion for all sentient beings" ceased for a moment to be just an idea (and an Oriental one at that) and we felt our common kinship in the human situation and the human search. So we believe that Lhalungpa is a "translator" of more than ancient texts. We would need rounder words than labels to cover the multidimensionality of the capacity he has to be a connector, a bridge between people and between worlds.

PARABOLA: *We are very much impressed by your introduction to The Life of Milarepa which you translated with Far West Press, and it seems that in the difference between Milarepa and Marpa we find an aspect of the relation of two forces, which is the subject of this issue of PARABOLA. Marpa the Translator is fully engaged in every aspect of life and Milarepa practices extreme austerities and complete renunciation. You seem to have a special feeling and admiration for Milarepa. And yet, wouldn't you call yourself more a follower in the footsteps of Marpa?*

LOBSANG LHALUNGPA: (Laughing) Yes, quite!

PARABOLA: *How do you look at that? You've chosen Marpa's way.*

L.L. The kind of life I've finally come to live is closest to what we call a lay yogin, a devotee. I certainly have no such achievement and qualities as Marpa had. To follow the kind of life Milarepa led requires tremendous sacrifice and devotion and determination. As I explained in that introduction, Milarepa came at a time when Tibet was beginning to revive the Buddhism which had been introduced there and then destroyed. At that time there was a need for a teacher of Milarepa's tenacity, determination, and sacrifice. At the same time there were a number of other teachers who had a different approach, and each of them in their own way was able to contribute to the revival of Buddhism in Tibet.

PARABOLA *Do you mean that Milarepa's way is more difficult?*

L.L. There is an instance in his own life when Milarepa was already functioning as a teacher and quite a number of people were gathered around him who had a very deep feeling of veneration for him. And they said to him, "We really admire your capacity to sacrifice, to go through tremendous hardship and asceticism. We consider you to be the reincarnation of a great soul; this kind

of sacrifice would be impossible for an ordinary individual." And Milarepa said, "As a religious practice perhaps it is good that you have this great admiration for me. But it is a great obstacle to your own achievement. By attributing to me an extraordinary, superhuman capacity, you deny your own possibilities. I was just an ordinary man. What I have done is within the possibility of each individual, with determination and sacrifice."

PARABOLA *Didn't Milarepa also say at one time that he was incapable of following Marpa's way? Didn't he say he would be "like a hare following in the footsteps of a lion" and that he could not maintain that spiritual force in the midst of life, as Marpa did? So it's a question which way is the most difficult.*

L.L. It is a very interesting question, and the answer is implied by an essential and unique aspect of Buddhism in Tibet. In other countries such as Ceylon and Burma, no layman ever claims to reach the level of a monk who has devoted his life to meditation and study and spiritual development. The observances there are very disciplined and formalized. In Tibetan Buddhism too, there is a monastic community in the orthodox tradition where lamas have the necessary learning and experience for guiding the lay community. At the same time there are many lay people who have received the teachings from the lamas outside of monastic establishments and carry on the same kind of religious activities — some of them becoming teachers themselves. Both ways are recognized within the Tibetan tradition.

PARABOLA *What is your own work now? Do you plan to translate more texts?*

L.L. I have recently completed the translation of a major text called *Mahamudra* which was written in the fifteenth century by a very great lama and required tremendous effort to translate. There are not simple and clear-cut Western equivalents for the concepts and techniques of higher meditation, and so many subjects have to be treated with great care.

PARABOLA *So it is a text which contains exercises and practices?*

L.L. Yes, practices and theoretical training. The two go hand in hand, certainly. I did it at the request of the Institute for Advanced Studies of World Religions at Stony Brook, and because of my own traditional obligations I had to ask the high lamas for permission. Before, it was very difficult to get permission.

PARABOLA *Why do you think it has changed now?*

L.L. I think now they see the need in the West. Some of the lamas have their own religious centers in Europe, America, Canada, and they are training people in this discipline. I think they are coming to a stage where they need serious materials for their students' study and use. Not all of them can study Tibetan and read the original. The lamas seem to recognize that these texts have a very important bearing on the life of these new students.

PARABOLA *Do you think that the need for the teacher still remains?*

L.L. Well, it all depends, certainly. If one is interested in a tradition like Tibetan Buddhism, no one ever thinks of going without teachers, without studies. And, almost all the texts are written in such a way that no individual student on his own can read and understand them fully. They were so designed that each student would have to discuss them with the teacher. This is especially true of the esoteric texts. There are so many important points that are deliberately made vague or simply alluded to and not explained. Sometimes symbolic terms are used which could mean many things. And I think there is a reason for that. There

are certainly a lot of people who have the intellectual capacity to go ahead on their own, but they lack the necessary experiential training. Whatever is written in the text has to grow within them, beyond the level of intellectual comprehension; they have to *understand*. So if somebody uses these techniques without knowing how this process is gradually carried on, it can cause a lot of problems, certainly. A lot of the meditations, even simple meditations, can cause problems for people—not knowing what to do at that stage or in what way emotional problems can be dealt with. And all these things suggest that some experiential guidance is necessary.

PARABOLA *I see what you mean, that to a certain extent in the more important texts there's a sort of built-in safeguard; they are really hidden from anyone who has not prepared himself. At the same time, don't you think it can be harmful when people do think they understand and begin then to experiment? There are so many techniques being spread around, nowadays, techniques of real inner work, that are not really understood.*

L.L. That's true. It's amazing how in these last years all kinds of techniques have come out of traditional contexts and are being made popular. Years ago even Hindu hatha yoga was never practiced as a separate kind of physical exercise. It is still true with us. We can't use these hatha yoga practices simply for daily physical exercises. They have to be part of one's intensive meditational course. There are examples of this in Milarepa's life: he runs into some difficulty at a particular stage and then he opens a little scroll Marpa left him and finds that at that point—which Marpa had foreseen—he must eat a certain type of food and do a certain type of exercise. One has to reach a certain stage of inner development and then appropriate physical techniques can support and further it. While the interest in Buddhism grows, the right approach and understanding still remain an enigma to many students. The formal aspects of the Dharma seem to take the place of understanding the spirit of it. Intellectual communication seems to supersede inner self-transformation. Thus strange things do happen. I can think of a specific case where some students

who had recently received an initiation from a great lama quite innocently spoke of their intention of giving the same initiation to their friends back home. Any intelligent person can emulate a lama by giving an esoteric initiation, but without the requisite understanding and inner attainment it will be an exercise in futility. Certainly anybody can imitate a lama, and read the texts, and so on, but it means absolutely nothing! (Laughs)

PARABOLA *What do you think will be the effect? What will really happen to people like this?*

L.L. You know, it all depends on how serious they are. People who are very, very serious will never do these kinds of things. They will go to the proper people and gain experience. I think that people who wish for exciting experiences have a tendency to explore without going deeper into the disciplines. So they never gain any real experiences in the first place, simply because they have not given enough devotion. But if they go far enough, it could certainly create some problems. I have known quite a few people who thought that by reading certain esoteric books they had sufficient understanding to do these practices on their own; and finally it created serious psychological problems. I remember translating for a couple of people who were discussing their problems in front of some lamas. (A deeply thoughtful pause) But with most of these very serious traditional practices, if the students are serious and trained properly, I think they really do learn very fast. We have quite a few Western Buddhist students who have not only acquired theoretical knowledge, but also meditational experiences and some of them even started a three-year retreat. For the first time, we have a group in France, entirely Western, some men, some women, all of them doing a three-year retreat. So far there are no problems; everybody seems to be doing very well.

PARABOLA *Can anyone learn, then?*

L.L. Anyone can learn. That's why the lamas seem now to be very receptive if people show interest. And this was unthinkable even, in Tibet, years ago. Esoteric teachings were not given simply because someone came and asked for them. The lamas would wait and see if that person was ready or if he needed some more training to prepare himself to receive the teaching. We very often say: There is no use giving a child a wild horse if he isn't trained to ride. If he tries, it will be to his own disadvantage. So he has to learn the art and train the wild horse; then he will be able to ride.

PARABOLA *Look what Milarepa had to go through!*

L.L. (Laughs) Yes, that was tremendous.

PARABOLA *You say some very strong things in your introduction to Milarepa about the qualities of a true lama and of the difficulties nowadays for people to find a true lama. The prevalence today of teachings without teachers is sometimes rather alarming.*

L.L. Certain things in this age of technology are beyond the control of teachers, in



spite of their wish to impart the traditions properly. But we are certainly very aware of this problem of good teachers and this is certainly very disturbing, having lost our own country and so many hundreds of teachers in Tibet. Quite a few have come out, however. But this generation of teachers is the last one—the younger ones have not come to their level yet. And another problem is that our young monks and lamas have for the first time been exposed to completely different, new, modern ways of life. I think the younger people are going to be in many ways quite different as teachers. They certainly seem to have a much wider understanding of modern life, which is in a way healthy, but at the same time it is necessary to prepare themselves to lead modern lives, and they must spend time doing many things such as learning different languages. I think this does have one disturbing effect: the quality of the training of the young teacher is never going to be as intensive or as good as it used to be. But modern teachers will know much *more* in terms of intellectual things.

PARABOLA *But that's not the whole thing, is it?*

L.L. That's not the whole thing. This is where the disturbing factor comes in. If ultimately the inner quality and the spiritual attainment of a teacher is important, then all that goes to make a teacher a good teacher, like spiritual training, is important. But then the young lamas are busy, and there are many distractions also, so it's not easy.

PARABOLA *Taking Marpa, for instance, as a model, isn't it so that part of the function of the*

teacher is to make sure that the pupil has a hard enough time? Doesn't one get by too easily now? Nowadays we think of a teacher as somebody who can make it easy for the pupil, but I think it's quite the opposite. We don't have enough teachers who know how to make it hard!

L.L. (Laughs) I know. This is one of the modern phenomena and I think in some respects the teachers themselves are helpless. They see that their own time is so very limited; and they're very anxious to train a lot of young students. It really presents a problem for the teachers—how to bring about a sensible scheme of training which will give a really good ground for inner, spiritual strength. We have a few students who are unmindful of the distractions and just carry on the program of training—some are very



serious-minded young people, but their number is very limited. And with more and more new centers coming up in various parts of the Western world, there is pressure on the teachers and the monasteries to produce quickly—a demand for instant teachers! As a result, young monks who have some knowledge are quickly given language training and then sent out here, there... That probably is unavoidable, and in some respects maybe they have a role to play. As long as the senior, learned, experienced lamas are available, I don't see anything wrong with the younger ones taking a certain role; and that is part of their training, to learn to go about facing new situa-

tions and meeting new people. It prepares them for higher teachings. In that respect, I see some useful role for these young monks. But they cannot substitute for the old teachers, not at this stage.

PARABOLA *Would you tell us about your own teachers?*

L.L. Fortunately I have had quite a number of teachers. I was admitted to a monastery but my father wouldn't allow me to stay there; he wanted me to stay with him and study privately under great lamas. This I did. It proved to be very effective and beneficial to me. Some of them are still alive in India.

I had a woman lama in Tibet, an extraordinary woman. Her name was Jetsun Lochan Rinpoche. She had very close connections with my family. Two of my cousins became nuns at her nunnery. It wasn't a nunnery in the strict sense of the word, but a kind of institution where old or young women—anyone—could go and spend time with her for different teachings, and then stay at the establishment and carry on their practices. There were many nuns and lay people as well. She belonged to the order known in the West as the Red Hat sect, the *Nyingmapa* order, but actually she was eclectic. In giving teachings to students or disciples, she would always speak in comparative terms and encourage them to develop understanding of every teaching of the different schools and traditions. She herself was certainly respected by all the great monasteries in Tibet; she was one of the most widely respected women teachers that have lived in Tibet. She lived to one hundred and fifteen years of age and had a tremendous following throughout the country. She never travelled very widely, but people came to her at her mountain retreat. An extraordinary woman! Not so much in terms of deep learning; while she knew a good deal about Buddhism itself, it was her own inner development, inner experience

and attainment that was so great. A lot of people who didn't actually study with her still received from her directly. Just being present there in front of her, they seemed to experience some deep sort of change.

PARABOLA *Did she receive people up until her death at that age?*

L.L. Up until her death. She never stopped—never stopped. Maybe only at night when she went to her bed-chamber. At that time she went into meditation. She never actually slept. She trained herself in that way. She was always in a high meditational state of mind—very alert. I was able to spend a good deal of time listening to her and she really gave me many things.

PARABOLA *She came out of Tibet into India?*

L.L. No, she died a few years before the Chinese invaded Tibet.

PARABOLA *Would you consider her your chief teacher?*

L.L. I have had many great teachers, but this woman lama, Jetsun Lochan Rinpoche, gave me tremendous insight into the spiritual life. I was interested in devoting myself wholly to meditation, but she said: "Right now stay where you are and carry on your studies and practices. After you have done this for some time you will achieve the inner realization."

PARABOLA *We still have a question as to whether the kind of tradition you come from can be available to anyone. It seems to me that it can't; that there are great differences between being Eastern and being Western.*

L.L. I've been in close touch with the various Tibetan lamas who have centers in the West. We have a few who think there's a need to present the traditional teachings and techniques in a new, modern, simple, acceptable form. People like Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche who first devoted himself to learning the Western approach and Western psychology. By and by he started presenting Buddhist teachings to Western students in a suitable form.

The more traditional lamas, on the other hand, are cautious and unwilling to

start a mass movement to popularize Buddhism. They seem to think that those who have a deep urge for a living spiritual experience will find teachers who have the adequate knowledge and experience providing they are ready to go through the necessary training. These students might then form a nucleus of Dharma practitioners able to present the same teachings to their fellow-beings in an exemplary manner with true understanding and a sensible approach to modern life, its promises and perils.

The great lamas seem to have chosen a surer but slower way of bringing the Dharma to the people. They are anxious to prevent the Dharma from becoming the tool of exploitation in the highly commercialized and changing societies of the West.

PARABOLA *Do you think a tradition can be made acceptable, as you say, without distorting or weakening it?*

L.L. Oh yes, certainly. The Buddhist tradition can and must be adapted to the need and ingenuity of Western people and their culture. I have some Western friends who, strictly speaking, have not really gone through a very traditional training, but who, with their intellectual background and capacity, studied and discussed with lamas and did their own practice and have come to more or less the same kind of understanding, the same kind of spiritual experience. I'm speaking of people who already have a well-organized, disciplined life. I don't think essentially there's so much difference between the Eastern and Western approaches to understanding the prob-

lems of life; it's only a matter of formal differences, differences of a certain approach, also the conceptual understanding or interpretation of things.

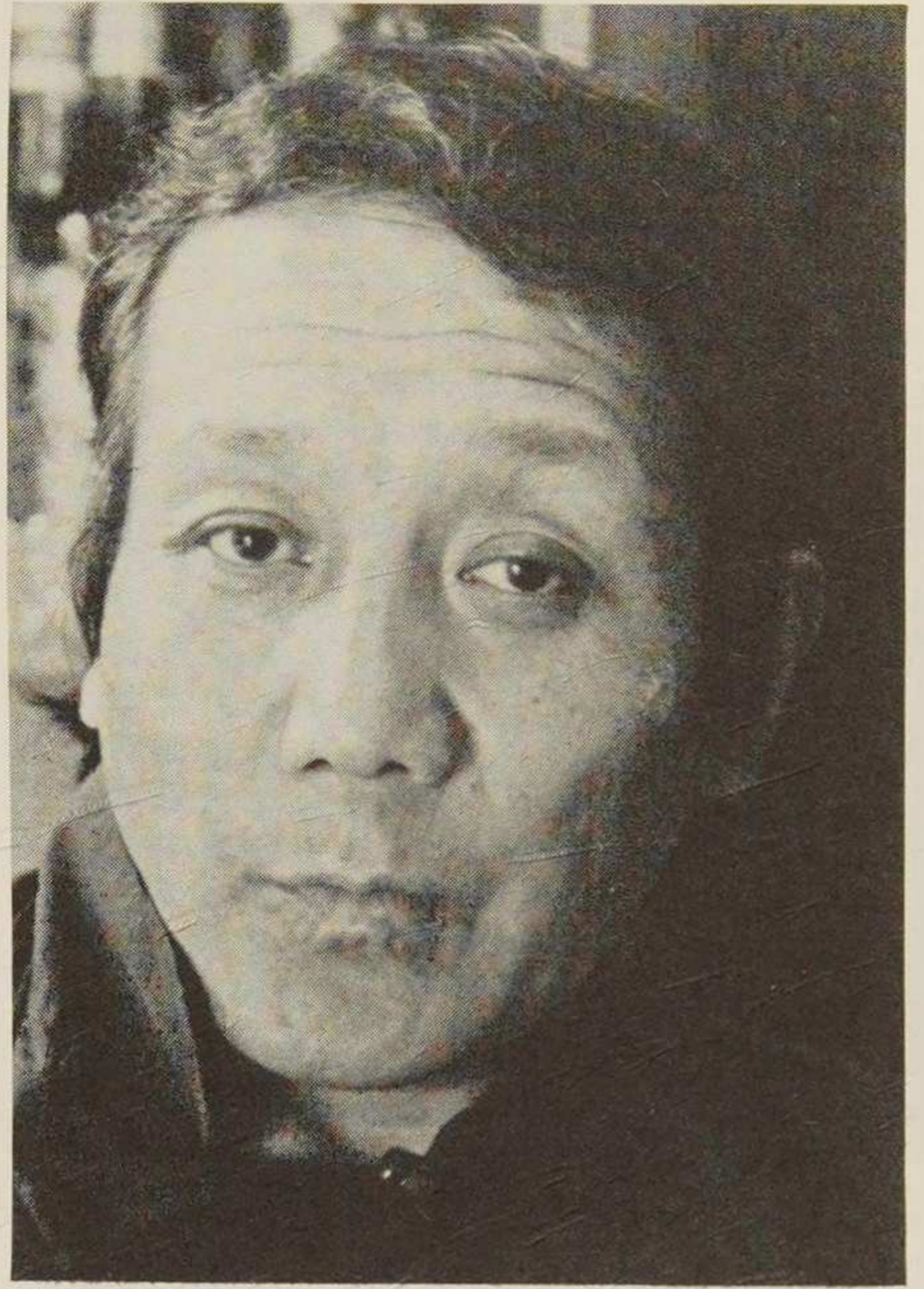
PARABOLA *And the symbolism, I think. For instance, the symbolism of Tantric Buddhism is simply incomprehensible to most Westerners.*

L.L. I think what happened in the West was that before esoteric Buddhism was introduced or understood properly, some of the Western pioneers, like Evans-Wentz, took up such highly esoteric books as the *Book of the Dead* and translated it, and a lot of people read it, for various reasons. Recently I happened to read a chapter with some of the explanations that he gives. Some of the wrathful deities are designated as "blood-drinking deities"; and the symbolism of blood was given in a footnote. I was shocked! It indicated to me that Dr. Evans-Wentz, with all his learning, his enthusiasm, his sincerity and hard work, still had not solved the problem of the inner symbolic meanings. These were understood only by lamas who were not available at that time in Sikkim, or in any of the Himalayan areas outside Tibet. In those days it was difficult to find a very learned lama in these areas. Someone who is interested in inner, spiritual development may be horrified to read about "wrathful blood-drinking deities"; but when one is ready to understand the language of a symbolism, then certainly it is a great aid to understanding and realization. For example, the text speaks of blood, and the footnote says that blood symbolizes existence, life itself. But that is not really a symbolic meaning. That is a literal meaning. Blood is certainly an essential part of life, without which there is no life. The blood symbolizes the highest meditational experience: supreme bliss itself. This is endowed with the two attributes of enlightenment, boundless compassion and transcending awareness. That is what Tantric Buddhism explains, for we may not be fully aware of this tremendous spiritual potential within us. And a substance such as blood, which we ordinarily abhor even to talk about, is an indication of all these forces, these inner elements. If you ignore them, well, you have lost a precious

gem, but if you understand the true significance and the deeper spiritual potential, then this will be a tremendous aid to your own inner development.

PARABOLA *I think we—perhaps especially Westerners—tend to confuse form and content. Here perhaps is one way in which modern science is beginning to come to some real inner truth in the “new” idea that energy and matter are not separable, that they are really aspects of the same thing. But I think we still tend in our culture to make an absolute division: this is flesh and blood which is matter, energy is something entirely different—something that we can’t really come to grips with.*

L.L. This is a very important point. Buddhism believes and teaches the interrelationship of everything. Philosophers have made this tremendous division, either speaking of absolute eternal existence as reality, or, on the other hand, the materialistic approach which is a complete negation of everything beyond that which is visible or tangible: life is simply an aggregate of matters, material forces, and beyond that is nothing; once a man dies, he dies and nothing remains, and there is therefore no spiritual factor involved. But Buddhism doesn’t believe in either view. There is an intimate interrelationship between mind and matter, matter and energy—especially in esoteric Buddhism. When mind is spoken of, it always refers to higher energy. The deities that we see in so many paintings, the union of male/female which is so often depicted, all explain in the simplest form the union of compassion and wisdom; mind/matter, and the appearance of phenomena and its inherent emptiness. So there is nothing you can conceive of as a completely distinct duality. One cannot separate mind as higher energy from what one ordinarily understands as mind and mental forces. Similarly, speaking of the good and evil forces as an example of two opposite forces: while Buddhism did accept some of the ancient beliefs of the



cosmic forces of good and evil, it teaches that you cannot divide the good and evil into two completely distinct and separate entities, whether you are speaking of the cosmic universe itself or your own human cosmos of the mind, the body, and everything that goes to form one individual. After all, good and evil are concepts that originate from the mind; in their common origin they have a basic interrelationship. If we understand things according to the causal relation, cause and effect, cause and condition, then we understand why there cannot be an evil which is absolute on the one hand, and good which is absolute on the other; if this were so, we would either be completely perfect or completely imperfect, absolutely evil with no possibility of improvement. On the other hand, a third approach is that in everything there is a combination, the forces are combined. There are plants and animals, for instance, that can thrive on poison. If we understand this, then we understand human nature itself. You cannot say: this man is absolutely evil. Even a bad man has many good qualities; like everything else, he is mixed. I think what Buddhism is trying to say is that the intrinsic nature of man is incorruptible,



is in a way pure in itself, the true nature of the human mind is perfect; but what has happened is that there are internal and external conditions that contribute to a change into different levels of consciousness, either understanding or lack of understanding, which bring about either realization or lack of realization. With the lack of realization, one becomes the victim of one's own inner delusion, and so every action that a man does brings about its own reaction, in an unending vicious circle. I think it depends on each human being, according to his own intellectual and spiritual capacity, to develop his inner potentiality. Not necessarily following one certain teaching—you know, there are so many different paths one can follow. But there are also those human beings who can on their own find new ways of understanding their own true nature, and thereby find out how to go about living in a way that is more meaningful to them and to others, more beneficial to them and to others.

PARABOLA *The difficulty we've found in this issue about androgyny is that while the separation you speak of is clear, what we're trying to understand is the union of these two forces. The relationship of the one, the two, and the three. Instead we get a constant contradiction, a going away instead of a coming together. Wouldn't you say that it's necessary to understand this apparent division before there can be the right relationship?*

L.L. Well—it's a very fundamental question, very fundamental, universal, having great, widespread implications, cosmic as well as individual. Certainly various traditions have concepts of the nature and the function of these two forces manifesting in many ways. We can take the example of these two forces, good and evil, in terms of Buddhist ideas. How does Buddhism define good? Basically in terms of the individual; that is the most important thing, because religion, psychology, metaphysics, all these first of all must have the fundamental root within the individual himself, the basis of understanding from which he starts. So, in terms of the individual life, what is good? Good is something that does not bring any injury to him or others, something that brings great benefits to him and to other fellow beings. Good is something that has to be not only harmless but helpful, beneficial, not only to himself but to all others. The same thing applies to evil. Evil is something that brings injury to you and to others. So we understand what good and bad actually mean. Once that is established, how does an individual go about devoting himself to those things that he thinks are good and trying to get rid of what is evil? There are three avenues of action: these are physical, vocal and mental. If his actions, if his speech, if his thought are all good, good for himself and good for others, that is goodness. And the reaction or result that it brings certainly will be helpful, beneficial to him and perhaps to his fellow beings and to his environment as well. You have always to think and to speak in terms of something good and something right. But here another problem arises that has to be understood: why is one interested in this question of good and evil? Here comes the main problem: the root of all happiness, and all misery, lies in a person's consciousness of

self. That is the root. Therefore, if he is anxious to develop, to do something good, is it "good" to think only in terms of his own good? That is where the different approaches come in. From the very beginning a human being must have a sensitive, humanistic approach, not only thinking in terms of his own problems but the problems of other human beings, and therefore be willing to work for others and share the good and bad, misery and everything else. But if he is only an individual who is deeply interested in spiritual matters and is, say, very egotistic, in all his strict observation of rules and moral principles his motivation is very limited. He's still only concerned with his own good, and so has mixed motivation bringing mixed results.

Also, the "evil" aspect plays a very important role in every sphere of life. Instead of insisting that from the outset the evil aspect has to be eliminated, you could understand that you have to use the force that you have. The negative aspect has a tremendous force, you know, and therefore you must know how to use it. There are people who have the capacity to use this force in a very effective way, from the start. There are those who think: I must first pursue my own good and then think of others. The concern for oneself and one's actions is important, but the motivation to work for oneself must change in order to reach higher teachings. If someone is to receive initiation and go through esoteric training, he must first understand that this aspect of evil that he has been using for his own good must now be reoriented and turned, not inwardly but outwardly, to others. Therefore, from that moment the tremendous concern for the self has to change completely—he has reached a point where the self-concern with which he began is an evil; so evil is relative. His ego must undergo a big transformation if everything he does is to focus itself on others; and this is the fundamental ground on which to receive the initiation. All the

symbolism which is painted, carved, or sculptured explains this essential aspect. It explains two things: understanding of the measure of human beings, of human minds; and the need for limitless compassion. But this too one can cultivate. You can be a *naturally* compassionate person but you have to go through the discipline and bring about this inner change. A process, a gradual change, is necessary.

With the first approach, anger is bad, hatred is bad, therefore they must be eliminated. But in terms of esoteric teaching about mind and mental forces, energies and all the psychological factors, each thing must be understood properly. By understanding the nature of hatred itself, you can open up new kinds of spiritual vision. Hatred is bad in a way, but don't reject it because there is great force that is produced with it, an energy that can be put to immediate use.

PARABOLA *So the first necessity then is seeing.*

L.L. Yes, exactly, *inside* seeing; it is that which esoteric teaching can bring about.

PARABOLA *Discrimination, really.*

L.L. Yes, therefore, straight away evil and hatred can be turned into something positive and good. It's a different approach that is necessary. Instead of centering around your own person, you are diffusing this tremendous energy in relation with the good of others. This is what esoteric Buddhism teaches. And therefore, all these people that you see in union in Buddhist art are all symbols of compassion and wisdom. They also represent the reality with its apparent form and its inherent, absolute nature. These dual aspects of phenomena are not separate realities, they are not two completely separate things. One is what we see when we look at things; but we don't see the true nature itself. It's beyond our ordinary senses. It requires a tremendous understanding, a certain level of mind; and that you can reach through meditation. That level is certainly possible for everybody to reach.

PARABOLA *Meditation, then, is the tool for a sharpening of the inner vision?*

L.L. Yes, exactly.

PARABOLA *You have been speaking about training of mind. In the introduction to Milarepa, you spoke about the training of the emotions. That interested me very much.*

L.L. Training of mind is a very essential factor in Buddhism, whether we are speaking of the exoteric or esoteric teaching. In exoteric Buddhism it is simple and straightforward mind training: making students be aware of the consequences of their actions, good, bad, and neutral actions. But in esoteric Buddhism, the student is taught how to deliberately develop or bring about emotions. Emotion to us is either a disturbed or an elevated state of mind; so disturbed emotions are those like anger and delusion of mind. Esoteric Buddhism teaches a man to straight away observe the very first moment when he is overcome with a certain kind of emotion. Then he must try to find out the nature of the emotion itself, and what it is doing to him. Also, in his meditation he could go further, beyond the analytical sort of investigation, to a level which is a combination of this contemplative analysis with something that is beyond ordinary cerebral, mental faculties. Here he sees the final calming down of the emotions, and then a deeper awareness manifests itself, where he is not consciously trying to do anything or to activate himself, but is just aware of what is now taking place in himself. I think in this kind of training, the vast energy that is produced by all of these strong emotions can become a great aid to elevating the spiritual experience and understanding, and also lead to final realization.

PARABOLA *Is there a distinction between the kind of emotions you're speaking of, which are mostly violent, negative reactions, and real feeling which is a feeling-perception of the situation, or of another person? What would that kind of "feeling-perception" be? I am trying to get at the connection between what you call in Buddhism compassion, which I connect with this feeling-perception. If you are aware and really perceive yourself and the human condition, I'm sure this is the beginning of compassion. But what is the connection between that and our ordinary emotional states? Are compassion and emotion contradictory?*

L.L. Well, it depends; disturbing emotions can bring about different reactions. If a person is overcome with some kind of problem, naturally it is necessary for him to sympathize with human beings who have similar problems and are afflicted with the same kind of misery. Compassion is certainly essentially emotion; and it is considered the primary virtue because its center is not directed toward oneself, but directed elsewhere, outwardly. It's not ego-oriented; it's ego-less. The moment a person is compassionate, then he doesn't care what happens to him. But this gives me the chance to explain that because compassion is an emotion, though of a very special kind, a man can also be overcome with compassion. And then he goes all out to do something good for others, and in the process, if he's not fully awakened, or if he has no deeper spiritual capacity to sustain himself, or to sustain this tremendous emotion and its forces, he may do all kinds of things and go through various problems and difficulties, but his strength gradually declines and he is left without protection. So compassion and wisdom must always go together. This is what Buddhism says. You must first know the nature of compassion, the nature of yourself. You must have this deeper strength, so that when you really sacrifice something for people, it will not ultimately destroy you, but will bring you to your highest spiritual level, and also closer to final realization, to understanding and wisdom itself. Wisdom simply means the understanding of the true nature of man, or the true nature of things.

PARABOLA *And that has to come first?*

L.L. They have to come hand in hand together. That's why the male/female union always symbolizes these important things.

PARABOLA *What do you think will happen with Tibetan Buddhism in India? And in Tibet itself?*

L.L. Well, in Tibet it's a completely different story now. First, after the uprising, the Chinese deliberately suppressed religious



practices and did everything to force the monks to leave the monasteries and join the labor forces or go to the villages to work. A lot of the monasteries were destroyed; only a few of the very famous ones are still maintained as museums. The Chinese make a point of taking the foreign visitors there to tour them, but it is quite obvious even to the visitors that in what had been a huge monastic town housing tens of thousands of monks, now there are only a dozen or so old monks looking after the buildings. During

the cultural revolution, I think the final destruction came about; whatever was left was destroyed by the Red Guards. Also in ordinary life, everything is organized in such a way that nobody can now say or do anything to suggest that he is doing some kind of religious exercise; if he does, he is in trouble. Life is organized very strictly in the totalitarian way. It's incredible how the Chinese could have such a hold over people. Organization is the weapon they use. They organize every ten families into some kind of group or commune, and then every movement and every word is listened to or watched. There are group meetings where they have "criticisms" and "self-criticisms," and where incredible things happen—sometimes the children accusing their parents—incredible! History has never known such cruel methods for tormenting human beings and depriving them of their freedom. Our original society may have been backward, but I was born and grew up in that system and it was certainly not an oppressive regime. Maybe there were a lot of poor people, but I never saw any restrictions being placed on anybody, on his movements or on what he said. If he didn't like the government, he could openly say so; he could make up songs about it and sing them! There were no restrictions whatsoever. It was a very liberal society, in a way. People always tried to be pious and to help each other.

PARABOLA *So will your tradition have a chance of surviving in a politicized atmosphere like India's?*

L.L. I think it still has a sixty percent chance. Firstly, the settlements are rather isolated. Secondly, because Buddhism originally came from India, and although there are a lot of undercurrents and sometimes you sense a kind of anti-Buddhist feeling, there's no active antagonism toward Tibetans. I think Tibetans have brought a tremendous enrichment to the Indian culture by their experience and their artistic and other talents, as well as the manuscripts and things they brought with them. Sensible Indians really appreciate this; they say very openly that our people have brought a tremendous gift.

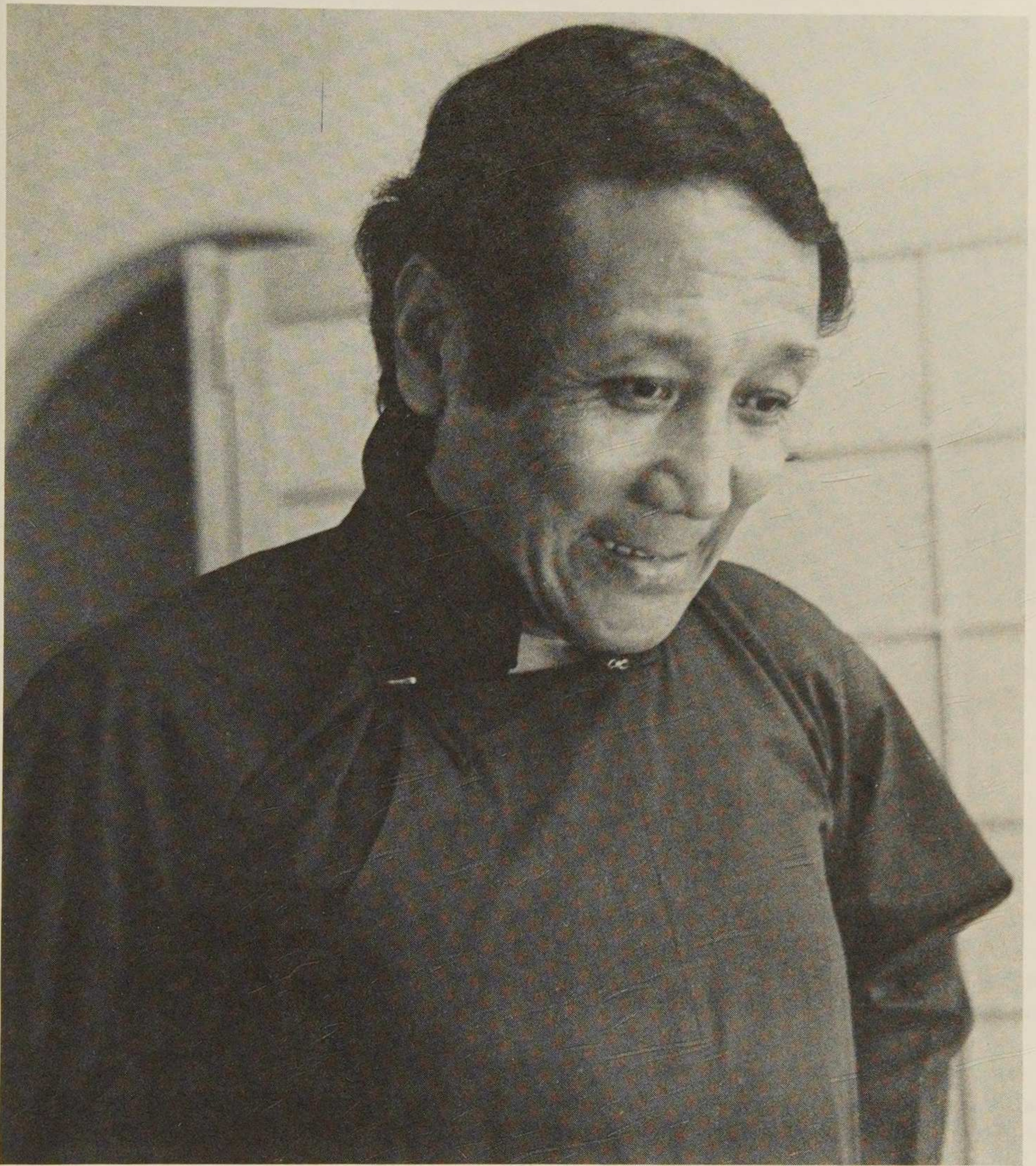
PARABOLA *I was wondering how you see your role in the preservation of your tradition. We heard that you spent a lot of time and energy helping the refugees.*

L.L. Yes, I came out of Tibet long before the refugees came. I had a rather unusual experience with my granduncle who was a very famous lama. Before I left Tibet, in 1945, I spent a good deal of time with him at his monastery. He was in Mongolia in the early 20's before the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. He had a number of followers both in Inner and Outer Mongolia, and he was able to talk to them in the Mongolian language. Then suddenly the Russian revolution affected Outer Mongolia because the Mongolian radicals had the support of the Bolshevik army. In 1945, when nobody could foresee the fall of China to Communism yet, my granduncle and teacher Gonsar Tse Rinpoche told me that our country would soon be invaded and occupied by Chinese Communists who would carry out an unprecedented destruction of life, culture and religion. He was in tears when he said this. Before long I went to India to look after the Tibetan cultural and educational projects on behalf of the Dalai Lama's government. In 1950-51 the Chinese Red Army invaded Tibet and occupied it. I have always felt that I have an obligation to help preserve some of the essential aspects of our Tibetan spiritual tradition and that my extensive training and personal experience have put me in a unique position to do so. Under the leadership of the Dalai Lama we have been able to revive Buddhism and to reestablish the monasteries of all the four

major orders of Tibetan Buddhism in India and Nepal. Already before leaving India I had the strong desire to work on a series of translations of selected Buddhist texts into English with a view to providing a basic literature for new Dharma students in the West. Great lamas of the various orders have asked me to include in my translation project texts which they have chosen and consider important. This endeavor has also received the blessing of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. Most of these texts are written as teaching manuals which can be understood only with tutorial explanations. Now I am facing certain problems such as lack of financial support and finding—or inventing—suitable terms to explain complex Tibetan ideas and subtle thoughts. But I am trying hard and still feel that these translations will be a very substantial contribution. In addition I intend to write and give lectures on different aspects of Buddhism and Tibetan culture.

PARABOLA *I hope you will do some more writing for Western people, such as the introduction to Milarepa, because I think you have the capacity to make the bridge. The wonderful thing is the personal connection you have with the material which comes through to the reader; it's as if you know the people you write about. Most translators don't have that; they are separate from their texts.*

L.L. Thank you! Perhaps that is because my father and my family were intersectorian, and from early childhood I tried to open up to many things at the same time. In the process I managed to go to many different teachers and study a little bit here and there. In a way, this did help me a good deal; it broadened my understanding. That's why I feel that all of these different Tibetan traditions are like little pieces of a mosaic that you fit in to a more total pattern and each one has something important to offer, and if one is missing, then something important is missing. So this is how I look at the different schools and the different approaches they represent. I try to follow whatever my limited understanding of a particular school is, and to expand my personal connections with the lamas of the different schools. They understand what I am up to and so I have no problem getting



their cooperation. They have different ways of looking at the same thing, but when you really understand them all, you know, it's just a matter of different methods and emphasis. This is the result of the original approach of Buddha himself. He would not hand out one set of teachings and say, "You follow this, or just forget it." He said to

each individual, "Your need is this, and *your* need is this." So he opened a different way for each one. And this has survived through the various schools of Buddhism.

PARABOLA *The great teachers were all more liberal than their disciples!*

L.L. (Laughs) Right! The people who are high up can see the totality of things, and they can tell you all kinds of things in a simple way. People in the valleys don't see much. So they are limited. It's very strange; but that's the way things are.



Letter to a Learned Astrologer

by P.L. Travers

Rupert, do you remember the wine and the candles and you poring over the charts and saying, "Something is wrong. The hour, the month, the year, the place. You are simply not a Leo."

"Do you mean that I was left on a doorstep? But there are records. You have seen them."

"Yes, yes, I know all that. But where is the swing of the tasselled tail, the roar in the jungle, the proud mane?"

"You are right," said Hilary, not at all as an astrologer but as a man convinced of the truth of his own instinct. "She could never, ever, be a lion. That defenseless smile!"

"Yes," you went on. "And when Helen and I went to Greece and asked her what we should bring back—'Something that costs a penny,' she said. And the job we had

finding it! Leo would have wanted something grander." It was clear that the Lion was not your favorite sign.

So, together, you tried to remake the past, while Helen and I, mute as caryatids, and no wiser—but perhaps no more foolish, either—looked on as you juggled with times and planets; ripped me untimely from the womb to birth me, according to your joint assumptions, into a more appropriate sign.

And the planets would not budge.

You sighed and set to work on the soufflé. "Sun in mid-heaven, all that largesse in the zenith, but you don't really live your sign. No swanning around. No king of the beasts. It may, of course, be due to your Saturn. But Saturn is the great Teacher and the signs say you are willing to learn. It's as if—and I'm not now being scientific—as if you felt there was something missing."

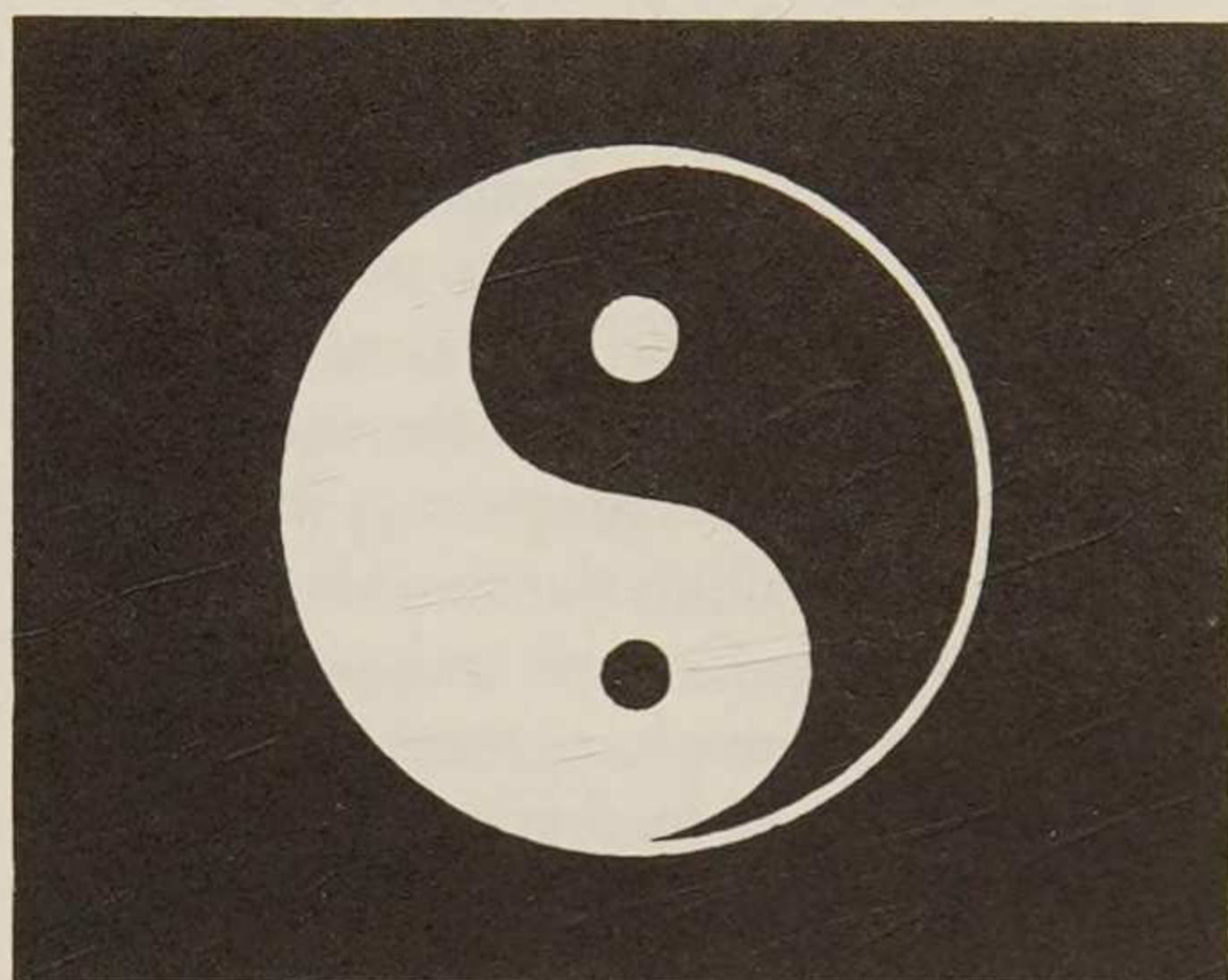
"Well, what's in the mid-hell?" I asked.

"Nadir," you corrected me. "Nothing. It's quite empty."

Something stirred. Not a flash of light. I have never been to Damascus. It was more as if an inward glass had very gently cracked. A thought went blowing through me that was wiser than my own. Quick to come and quick to go among the wine and candles.

Afterwards, you cast the Tarot and took down the lines, as you always did, whenever I threw the *I Ching*. I was shy of doing either by myself, a feeling of insufficiency that left me when you were part of the process.

"Ah, that," you said, "is your Mars trine Venus. The black fish with white eye, white fish with black. You will always



want the two of them together in the circle. But you know that. Chart or no chart."

We all laughed. Vive la différence!

And again that conceptual cracking of glass.

It took me years to learn what it meant. And I could not talk to you about it. You had gone away among wandering stars whose courses only Helen could chart. And, in any case, would I have told you? To speak of anything till it is ripe—that is dangerous. Maybe, indeed, it's dangerous ever to speak at all.

So I let things go on fermenting in me till gradually I came to understand that the two fish function on many levels. It did not occur to you that night, when we laughed at Mars and Venus, that, as well as those planetary lovers, the South would naturally long for the North and the zenith not be satisfied until it was aligned with the nadir, nor the sun content without the dark.

Ever since I can remember, that full mid-heaven had for me been empty. As a child I used to dread the sunset because of the longing that came with it. "There must be something else," I would say, not at all knowing what it was, but knowing, too, that as far as the wind blows and the sky is blue I would go and find it.

I seized upon any opportunity that would set me on my way. One came when a

special issue of the *Children's Encyclopedia*—sent by some relative from England—slipped from the postman's saddlebags and disgorged a letter addressed to me. "Dear child," it began sweetly, in a manly human hand; and went on to outline the delectable subjects the editor was preparing, inviting me to explore with him the worlds that were opening up before me and earnestly wishing for my future happiness. It was signed "Affectionately, Arthur Mee." I had received my first love letter.

In vain did the grown-ups rudely assure me that it wasn't written to me. Thousands of children would receive the same letter which, moreover, was not written by hand but by some sort of machine. I did not believe them. To do so would be to accept betrayal. Here was a man who understood exactly what I needed. So I wrote to this Arthur Mee, explaining my situation—as far as I then understood it—and asked him to send me the fare to England. (How else could I go exploring with him?) He would not have to provide for me, I assured him, for I planned to sweep crossings, like Little Joe.

The answer was long in coming—and when it came, unsatisfactory. He had no real wish, apparently, to go with me anywhere, he had no continuing concern for my welfare; there was no sign of check or money order; merely an injunction—a great-aunt's rather than a lover's—to be a good girl and help my mother. Signed Somebody Something, Secretary. And not even by hand.

Naturally, I was reprimanded. Not for Soliciting Strange Men but for Bothering That Dear Mr. Mee.

Years later, I was to learn that Dear Mr. Mee had detested children but, according to someone who had worked with him, had delighted in Mary Poppins. I wonder what course my life would have followed—Robert Frost's "road not taken"!—if he had delighted in me.

It was a setback. But children take such things in their stride. They are familiar with the word No from the time they are in the womb. Another door, I knew, would open. And, to my mind, it did.

Walking on the hillside one day, I came upon a group of gypsies. Now, gypsies, I knew, were apt to steal children. They also travelled the world. The juxtaposition of two such facts seemed to me auspicious. But these were not tinker gypsies. They were creatures such as I had never seen—tall, stately men in blue gowns and women veiled in black. Looking back, I see that they must have been Mohammedans, with their peaked tents and a camel browsing. Any child stolen by such people would be taking part in a pilgrimage—or perhaps a circus, I wasn't sure which—that would, without doubt, end up in England. So I stationed myself on the edge of the camp, waiting, like something on a bargain counter, to be speedily snapped up. Nothing happened. The noble people went about their chores, quietly, taking no notice of me and addressing each other in some strange tongue. Shocked at this lack of enterprise, I took the affair into my own hands, marched towards the tallest man and—prompted by an atavistic impulse very far from childish—unlatched my sandals and offered them to him. If he took those—obscurely, I was sure of it—it—he would certainly take me. A veiled woman gave me a kindly smile as he turned the sandals in his hands to see how they were made. Then he bent down, deftly buckled them on my feet and gently but determinedly directed me to the road. It was impossible to misunderstand. They were

not going to take me across the world. I was there for the plucking and the gypsies did not want me,

“Not surprisingly,” was the dry comment, when I reached home.

Families, perhaps luckily, have a unique facility for minimizing capacities and aspirations simply by disbelieving in them, making them butts for witticisms. The wise child quickly learns to dissemble and keep its dream safe and intact.

Never for a moment was my intention shaken. But gradually I came to see that “Ask and ye shall receive” is no penny-in-the-slot affair, request at one end, gift-package at the other. No one would take me bodily to where I wanted to go—which was not merely, I came to sense, a geographical locality but as well an inward country. I would have to do more growing up, begin to put away childish things and find the money myself. Time, not always maleficent, helped. It is, by its nature, on the side of Necessity. And when, at last, pullet still rather than full-grown fowl, I stood in London with ten pounds in hand—five of which I promptly lost—the ancestors dwelling in my blood who, all my life, had summoned me with insistent eldritch voices, murmured together, like contented cats. In my person, the Antipodes had come to their own Antipodes. So, rejecting the fairy-tale injunction to sip no sup in the Underworld, I drank deep of the sunless North and was ready to take the consequences. Persephone, reft from her sunny field, taken below by her dark bridegroom—from corn in the ear to corn at the root—did not eat of the pomegranate more readily. If, later, at Eleusis, she was to be co-equal with her mother at the elevation of the grain, this was the thing she had to do. And also take the consequences.

It had not been easy. But then I had never expected ease. Was it that old guru, Saturn, who coined the phrase, later pilfered by Yeats, “The fascination of what’s difficult” and taught it to those “afflicted” by him, to show them how to live their own sign? I throve on what was difficult, the difficult man, the difficult child; the arduous exploring of the Empty Quarter, your nadir, where no planets were—where, perhaps, (dear Brutus!) it was necessary that I should become my own planet; the discovery that in lack lies treasure if you are willing to find it; and that by confronting the Unknown—not as though it were knowable but as an absolute—one receives, oh, intimations; the hard-won realization that life, like Coyote, is a trickster, conning one into expectations that have no basis in reality; that there is nothing to expect, nothing to be gained, and nobody to blame; that there are no rights of any kind but only a purpose to be served—was that my “something else”? I had to learn that to be vulnerable, naked and defenseless is the only way to safety; that the sieve knows a lot about water, emptiness of plenitude, the Erynnes of kindness. This is easy to say, less so to accept. But one can grow ripe on difficulty as a plum grows ripe on sunlight.

Your charts were not wrong. I am a Leo. And your instinct was right. I am not a lion. I carry no golden shawl on my shoulders. I have never felt I was king of the beasts. But the lion, remember, keeps a hand-maiden—not consort, she’s no queen of the jungle—the nakedest of all creatures, kin to him only in one aspect, the tassel on the tail. But it is she who does the work, kills the zebra, gives the cubs what they need and him his fabled share. She also—my zoologist affirms what I inwardly know—reserves a fair portion for herself. Servant she may be, but not slave. Naked, she has her pride. Do not offer her less than her due. She will not accept it.

And so, I owe you a debt. That night, all unconsciously, you revealed to me—though I did not realize it till much later—the dual nature of the signs. But for your doubts about times and places I might have gone through life tossing a non-existent mane and chafing at the burden of it. As it is, I travel light and keep Delos in my mind.

There, in that island, where nobody may be born or die (nor presumably—though I have not heard this explicitly stated—participate in that third process that reconciles birth and death) stands the avenue of lions. But *are* they lions, or *solely* lions, stripped as they are down to the bone of their regal vestments, their manes—if they *are* manes—simply tokens, mere metaphors of the chisel? Have we not here a twofold symbol of the island's twofold lord—neither lion nor lioness, but sacerdotally both—priest-and-priestess of Apollo and Artemis, son-and-daughter in each marble shape of the son and daughter of the sun?



Perhaps you think this irrelevant. I have no right to be right, remember—nor wrong, either, for that matter. But, knowing the charts, you will also know that I cannot evade the two fish. Therefore, I have a need to question something I cannot help but call the monolordship of the zodiac. All right—we have Pisces and Gemini, both pairs astrologically always assumed to be males. But can there be any place, process, activity, concept where the two fish, complementary opposites, have not, by the very nature of things, each their own particular sphere? Is not every sign lawfully partnered by its counterpart, its mute spouse, leman, affinity?

On a fishmonger's slab, a female trout cannot be distinguished from the male; on a dish they taste exactly the same. But in their own watery world, they must surely function differently; and, astrologically, as bearers of portent, if the signs have influence at all, this difference must work upon the souls born under Pisces.

Aries, Taurus, Capricorn, are, like Leo, the grandees, and easily accessible to this concept. They are, let us say, the coverers. One can see their analogues, the covered, in every field and pasture, creatures bearing appellations that the world has turned into epithets. What woman, under the sign of the Ram, would confess to being a sheep; a thing that bleats, stands in queues and obeys even a dog? Yet if you have ever lived near a flock you will know that each sheep speaks with her own voice; attacks your backside if you annoy her; teaches her young to suckle kneeling and knows that Christ did not say to Peter "Feed my wolverines."

And who, when asked her zodiacal identity, will say "I am a cow!" Yet the cow gives milk, of all creatures is the most meditative, thinking things over in mind and stomach without presuming to come to conclusions. If it could be said of me what



Robert Louis Stevenson said of her, I would feel I could die happy.

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

As for the she-Capricorn, will she admit to Nanny-Goat? Yet Nanny, too, ruminates and is milked; fosters younglings not of her breed; is quick to attack, slow to obey; compared to the billy, smells like a rose and has a digestion that can cope as easily with the lid of a kettle as with a blade of grass. Strong, earthy, dauntless, affectionate—no bad way to live by the sign of the Goat, if you're willing to assume the name.

As to the Twins, traditionally the lily-white boys a-clothed all in green-o, Castor and Pollux, tamers of horses—well, one can but wonder! The abstract symbol, which more often reveals the inner meaning than the figurative version of a sign, shows Gemini simply as the Roman II. If *Green Grow the Rushes-o* had rather said “the lily-white children,” it would have come closer to the truth. The Gemini-she can also tame horses—indeed, it is part of her role to do so—but her horses will be of a different color and she will tame them differently. Indirectly. With hint and suggestion. Going forward one moment and withdrawing the next. Never let him see that you want him, and the colt will come sniffing at the bridle.

With Cancer, we are again in water and, as with Pisces, who am I, creature of earth, to know how a sea-thing functions?

Crabs move sideways. But this biological fact merely assures me—myself a lover of indirection as a way to find direction out—that on the broad beaches and down in the ocean, the sideways-going of the female would be somehow different from that of the male, sidling, devious, oblique. Here, again, it is best to stay with the symbol which, without words, pours its meaning out, to be apprehended if not understood. Hath the rain a father? Who can know the heart of a crustacean?

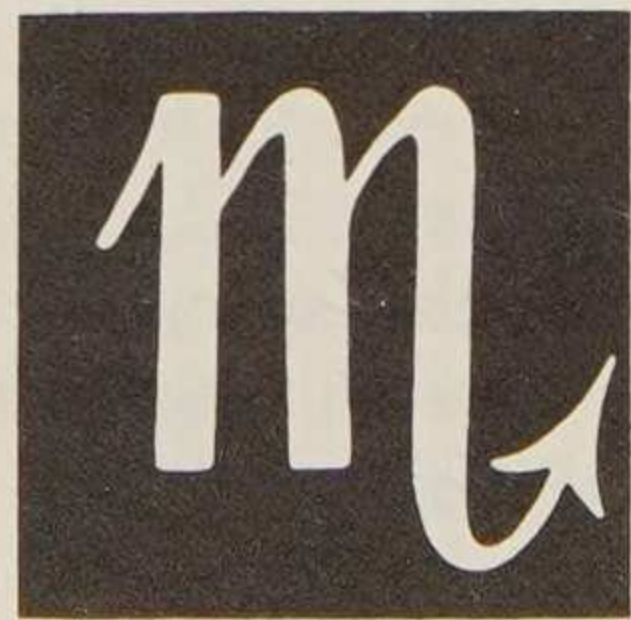
Let us pass Lord Leo by. We have, in a sense, dealt with him. And he will not notice our neglect. As male—and all but a few females—he is wholly concerned with his own grandeur, and hedged with his kingly divinity.

So we come to her, the one sign in the zodiac traditionally presented in feminine guise. But why? Are there no male virgins? And what does virginity mean here—the nun, the monk, chords of *Ave Maria* only, no *Hymen O Hymenae*? Surely not. It is possible to be profligate and still in a state of Virgo grace. The clue lies—again!—in the abstract sign, so like—one cannot but feel it was by intention—that of Scorpio; the M with the tail turned inwards, to screen, protect, preserve untouched; and the M with the tail turned outwards, to touch, to sting, to remind. Does not that inverted tail suggest that in both male and female some part should be kept intact, unravished, his or her idiosyncratic own, the secret seed of the self? The woman who gives—or inflicts?—her All will feel betrayed by and revile the man who will not part with his. If All is

given, what is left? An emptiness that nothing will fill, not even resentment. On the other hand, the man who is lost and drowns in her will never satisfy the woman, who is looking for a rock. “Where are *you*?” she will say. “Where is that in you that is not for me and is, for that reason, precious?” In fact, she is asking him to be Libra, with male in one scale, female the other; holding the balance; not overthrown. And if he cannot manage this, she will be well within her rights if she hops into the next sign and gives him a scorpion sting.

Both Scorpios—again my zoologist!—have poison in their tails. “But would not the sexes,” I inquired, “use their weapon in different ways?” “No, no,” he replied. “Same tail, same sting!” He is not a man who would have any truck with metaphor or symbol. But stinging is a feminine activity, no matter which sex does it. A female Scorpio, I tend to think, would wily, before shooting her dart, make sure there was not a dock leaf handy.

I was careful, as you may imagine, not to press the expert about the Centaur. “A myth!” he would scoff, meaning lie, of course. “A way of telling savages that man is a twofold composite of intellect and lust. How could there be a female centaur?” And I would merely raise my eyebrows and wonder where he had been all his life. But a woman born under Sagittarius will, if only figuratively, also need to hit—or miss—the mark. And to do it in her own way which is not the way of a man. Watch any archery contest—a man will use his bow and arrow simply as adjuncts, instruments. With a woman, they are part of herself. (It is the same with a tennis racket.) She is the bow-string and the *flèche*. It is she herself who flies to the target. And can we forget the



Amazons, daughters of the Great Goddess, formed as vessels for bearing life, who mutilated their mother-part in order more deftly to inflict death? No, for they are ever with us, allegorically breastless, demanding, in spite of their lineage, equality with men. Equality! One does not know whether to laugh or weep at such a declination. A difficult sign to live, the Archer.

And what of Aquarius, whose age, some say, is already here. Others disagree—no matter. If it be not now it is to come. Our readiness is all. Well, we have waited long for it, some two thousand years. In the pictorial zodiac, the one who will lead us to the upper chamber is always shown as a man alone, not a female in sight. But what does he carry in his hand? A pitcher, flagon, or amphora, the ultimate morphology of the feminine! And the abstract sign is that of water, the element of Yin. Black fish with white eye, white fish with black are not more essential to each other than these two, man and watering-pot. The process is one—relationship at every level—but the functions, naturally, are two. “I will pour out.” “I will be poured.” Is there not an echo here of St. John’s Apocrypha? To me this is the epitome of all the zodiacal signs. It tells us, more clearly than any of the others, that where there is one, there will be two; and if two, inevitably three, the blest proceeding third—life-giving, baptismal, releasing water, or spirit, if you like. That proceeding third—neither and both—is, to me, the heart of the matter. If I could choose, I would choose this sign. But, as with rights, there are no choices. Only that implacable purpose, my “something else” that awaits the name that, under Aquarius, may perhaps be spoken.

You may say, for you are a learned man, that all this has always been implicit in astrological parlance; that Eve, after all, is a rib of Adam and why extrapolate at length on one of Adam’s parts? Even so, Sir, the doubt remains. Why, on that night of wine



and candles, did you not descry, within the Lion, the lion’s naked rib? Typically, I had to do the work myself, to travel far and dig deep in order even to come to the question.

I will take this letter to the river bank and ask Charon to row it over. He surely will not charge me. I know that you will not lightly dismiss it, if only for friendship’s sake. You may even, perhaps, discuss it with cronies. If Pythagoras, whom I deeply revere, should happen to be among them, say—even though he smile at my foible—that if he were not a vegetarian, except, of course, in the matter of beans, I would gladly kill a springbok for him.

Of course, I shall not look for an answer. My business is with questions. But when at last I pay my obol, meet me at the the ferry!

Copyright P.L. Travers, 1978

Anubis and Bata

From the Papyrus D'Orbiney

Long ago in Egypt there were two brothers who loved each other dearly. The elder was called Anubis and the younger Bata. Anubis had a wife, a house and fields and cattle, and Bata lived with him and worked the fields and tended the cattle. All things throve for Bata because he cared for them with all his strength, and his strength was great; and he understood the language of animals and heard all that they said.

At plowing time Anubis sent his brother to the house for seed. Anubis' wife was combing her hair, and when Bata came from the storeroom carrying a great load of grain, she said to him, "You are very strong," and she laid her hands on his arms and asked him to sleep with her. Bata was enraged and cried out, "You are like my mother and Anubis your husband is like my father. Never again speak to me of such wickedness, and I shall never tell anyone what you have said." And he went to the fields and worked with his brother without saying anything to him, but the woman was afraid. So she tore her clothes and pretended to be ill, and when her husband came home she told him that his younger brother had tried to sleep with her, and when she refused him he had beaten her.

Then Anubis became like a raging leopard and took his spear and went to the stable to await Bata's coming and to kill him. But when Bata approached the stable with his cattle, the lead cow said to him, "Your brother is waiting to kill you," and Bata saw the shadow of his brother behind the door and turned and ran, and Anubis ran after him. Bata heard his footsteps close behind him and prayed to the gods for help, and they heard him; suddenly a river ran between him and his brother, and it was full of crocodiles.

From one side of the river Bata called to Anubis on the other side, and told him the truth of all that had hap-

pened, and rebuked him for having believed his wife. When he had finished speaking he took a knife and cut off his phallus and threw it into the river, and it was swallowed by a fish; and Bata's strength failed him. When Anubis saw this, he wept, and he would have gone to minister to his young brother, but he could not cross the river full of crocodiles.

After a while Bata called to him again, saying, "I am going away to the Valley of the Pines. I shall leave my heart on the top of the pine tree; if something should happen to it, you will know because the jug of beer in your hand will ferment. Search then for my heart, and when you find it, put it in a bowl of cool water."

So Bata went away and Anubis went home mourning; and when he saw his wife he took her by the throat and killed her, and cast her body to the dogs.

While Anubis lived alone in sorrow, some of the gods had pity on Bata and formed for him a woman who was more beautiful than any other; but others of the gods decreed that she should die by violence. But Bata loved her, and told her the secret of his heart in the pine tree. "My beloved," he said, "do not leave the house, for the gods foretell danger to you and I am no longer a whole man and could not save you."

Bata went out daily to hunt, and one day his wife slipped out of the house, and the sea caught a lock of her hair and carried it to Pharaoh. It smelled very sweet and the king desired the woman to whom it belonged, and sent envoys to find her. At first Bata killed the envoys, but when the king sent rich jewels the girl coveted them, and left Bata and went to Pharaoh's court. The king persuaded her to betray her husband and she told the secret of the heart in the pine tree, and the king had the tree cut down and made Bata's wife his queen.

At this same moment, Anubis entered his house and took a jug of beer, and it fermented; so he knew that something had happened to his brother. Hurrying to the



Valley of the Pines, he found Bata lying dead, and wept over him; but remembering what he had been told, he began to look for his brother's heart. For three years he searched everywhere, and at the end of that time he found a strange fruit which when he plucked it became a heart. He took it to the Valley of the Pines where his brother's body lay, and put it in a bowl of cool water, and sat beside it. When night came Bata's body began to move. Anubis gave him the bowl of cool water to drink, and his heart returned to him, and the two brothers embraced each other.

In the morning Bata said to Anubis, "I shall change myself into a great bull of extraordinary beauty, and you shall sit on my back, and we will go to Pharaoh the king.



I shall be worshipped as a marvel and you will be rewarded with gold and silver for bringing me there. Then you may return to your village; and I shall find the way to avenge myself upon my wife." Thus they went to the court, and the bull was acclaimed for his size and beauty, and Pharaoh loved him.

One day the bull approached the Queen, who had been Bata's wife, and spoke to her with a man's voice. "I am Bata," he told her. "You had the pine tree cut down, but I am alive in spite of you." She was very much afraid;

and persuading Pharaoh to promise her anything she asked for, she demanded the bull's liver. The king was very sad, but he had given his promise and the bull was sacrificed.

As the sacrificers cut the animal's throat, two drops of blood fell, one on either side of the royal door posts, and they sprang up overnight as two giant Persea trees. The king was very proud of this marvel. One day he was sitting under one of the trees and his lady under the other, and Bata whispered to his wife, "I am Bata. You had the pine tree cut down and the bull sacrificed, but I am alive in spite of you."

Again the queen was afraid, and again she made Pharaoh promise to do whatever she asked. This time she demanded that the wood of the two Persea trees be made into furniture; the king was grieved, but he had the trees cut down. While this was being done, the Queen stood watching, and a chip of the wood flew into her mouth. She swallowed it and became pregnant.

When the queen's son was born, Pharaoh was very happy, and he loved the child, who was Bata come to life again. When he grew up, Pharaoh made him his heir and prince over the whole land, and when in the course of time the king died, Bata became Pharaoh. Then he had his mother, who had been his wife, brought before him and he judged her before his counsellors according to her sin. Anubis his elder brother he made his heir, and when he died, after ruling Egypt for thirty years, Anubis became king in his stead.

—Retold by D.M. Dooling

The Questions of King Milinda

“The Questions of King Milinda” is adapted from an ancient Pali source text of the same name. Tradition holds it to be the faithful record of dialogues held between the Buddhist monk Nagasena and his contemporary, the Greek king of Bactria, Menander. The dialogues are of interest not only as Buddhist texts, but also as attempts to demonstrate the kinship and divergencies of two forms of thought. PARABOLA has published other dialogues in past issues. The following is the last in the series.

Among the dilemmas posed by King Milinda to Nagasena was that concerning the gift of King Sivi. “Venerable One,” began the king on this occasion, “among your people it is said that King Sivi gave his eyes to a blind beggar and received new eyes from heaven. Now this story cannot be true unless that Sutra is false which says, ‘When the eye is removed, when there is no basis left, then the divine eye cannot arise.’ This dilemma is double-pointed, knottier than a knot, more piercing than an arrow, more confusing than a jungle. Refute it, if you can!”

“Be not in doubt, O king: King Sivi did in fact give his eyes away to the beggar that asked him for them, and when he had become blind, divine eyes were given to him instead.”

“Then, Nagasena, is the Sutra false which says that the divine eye cannot arise when its basis has been destroyed?”

“Certainly not, O king.”

“Then upon what basis were divine eyes given to King Sivi?”

“How would your Majesty describe a deed performed in complete sincerity, a veritable Act of Truth?”

“Such things are not given to ordinary men, Nagasena,” replied the king, “for by Acts of Truth holy men cause rain to fall, and ward off certain danger, and quench fires without water.”

“Well said, O king,” replied Nagasena. “Now if such a one were, upon a cloudless day, to utter in complete sincerity an appropriate charm and say ‘Let a mighty rain

now fall;’ and if, further, the rain should fall, there being no reason for it, what would be the cause of the rain?”

“The charm itself would be the cause.”

“If such a one were to confront a raging fire, burning out of control and threatening a village with certain destruction, and in complete sincerity utter a charm commanding that the blazing, raging mass of fire retreat, and that fire should indeed retreat at that moment, what would be the cause?”

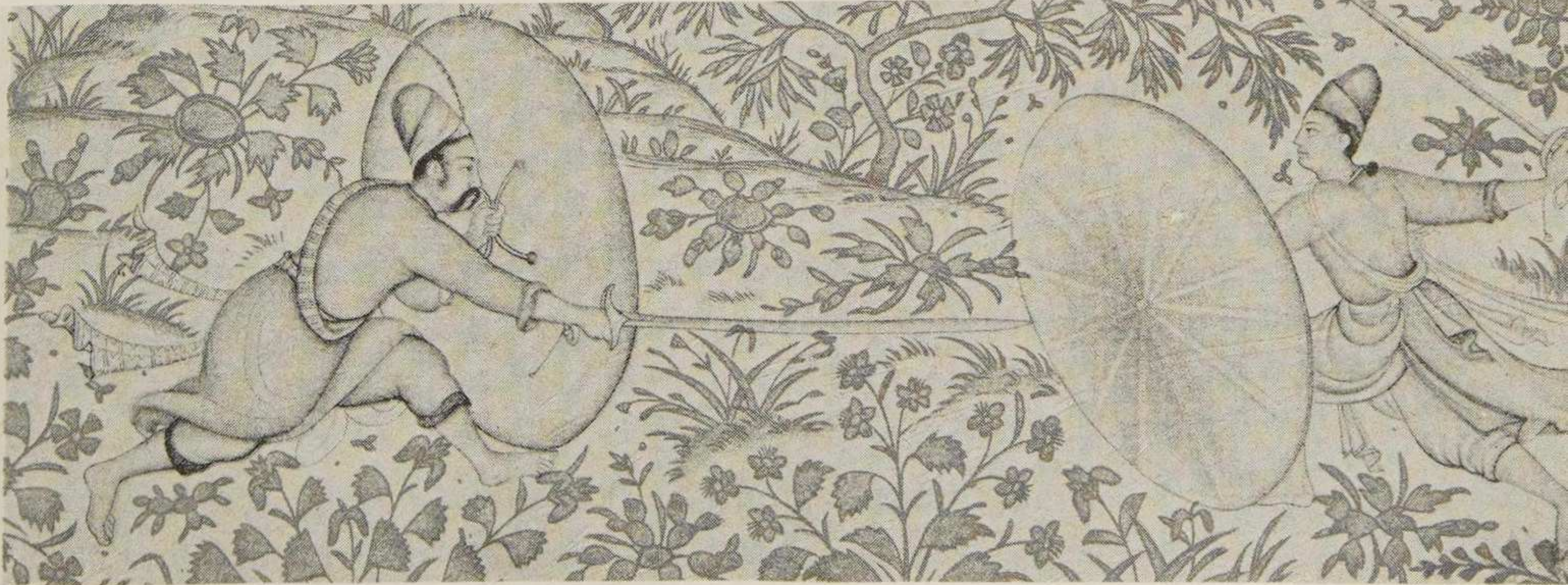
“Again, O Nagasena, the charm itself, uttered in sincerity, would be the cause.”

“In China there is a king who by an Act of Truth can charm the great ocean so that when his royal chariot approaches the sea, the great waves roll back, and when he returns, the waves flow once more over the spot where his chariot had passed. But what ordinary power could roll back the waves of the sea?”

“There is no ordinary force that could accomplish this, Venerable One.”

“By this, then, you should know the force of Truth. There is no place to which it does not reach.

“It is said that when Asoka, the righteous ruler, stood one day in the city of Pataliputra, he beheld the mighty Ganges as it rolled along, fed by the freshets from the hills, full to the brim and overflowing. He said to his



officers, 'Among all the people of this land, my friends, is there one who is able to make this great river flow backwards?'

"'Sire,' replied his men, 'this is impossible.' But among the crowd of people there at the riverside was a certain courtesan, Bindumati by name, who overheard the question of King Asoka. And she said to herself, 'Here am I, a harlot of the city of Pataliputra; by the sale of my body do I gain my livelihood, and I follow the lowest of vocations. Let the King behold the power of an Act of Truth performed even by such as I.' Then did Bindumati call to mind the attributes of the Buddha and all the Bodhisats, and brought herself to a state of complete contemplation, directing her whole attention to the teachings. Then, in utter sincerity, she made a solemn declaration of faith in those teachings, and thus performed an Act of Truth. And at that moment, the mighty Ganges, roaring and raging, rolled back and began to flow upstream in the sight of Asoka and all the people.

"Now when Asoka beheld the waves and whirlpools of the river, and saw that it flowed backwards, he was struck with awe and amazement, and asked his officers how it had happened. The king hastened to find the woman. He asked her, 'Is it true that by your Act of Truth the Ganges was made to flow upstream?'

"'Yes, Sire,' she replied.

"'By what power can you do this? By whose divine authority can such a one as yourself make the river flow backwards?' demanded the king.

"'By the power of Truth, your Majesty,' replied the harlot.

"'The king was amazed and said, 'How can that power be in you, a woman devoid of virtue, wicked and sinful, one who has overstepped all limits and who lives on the plunder of fools?'

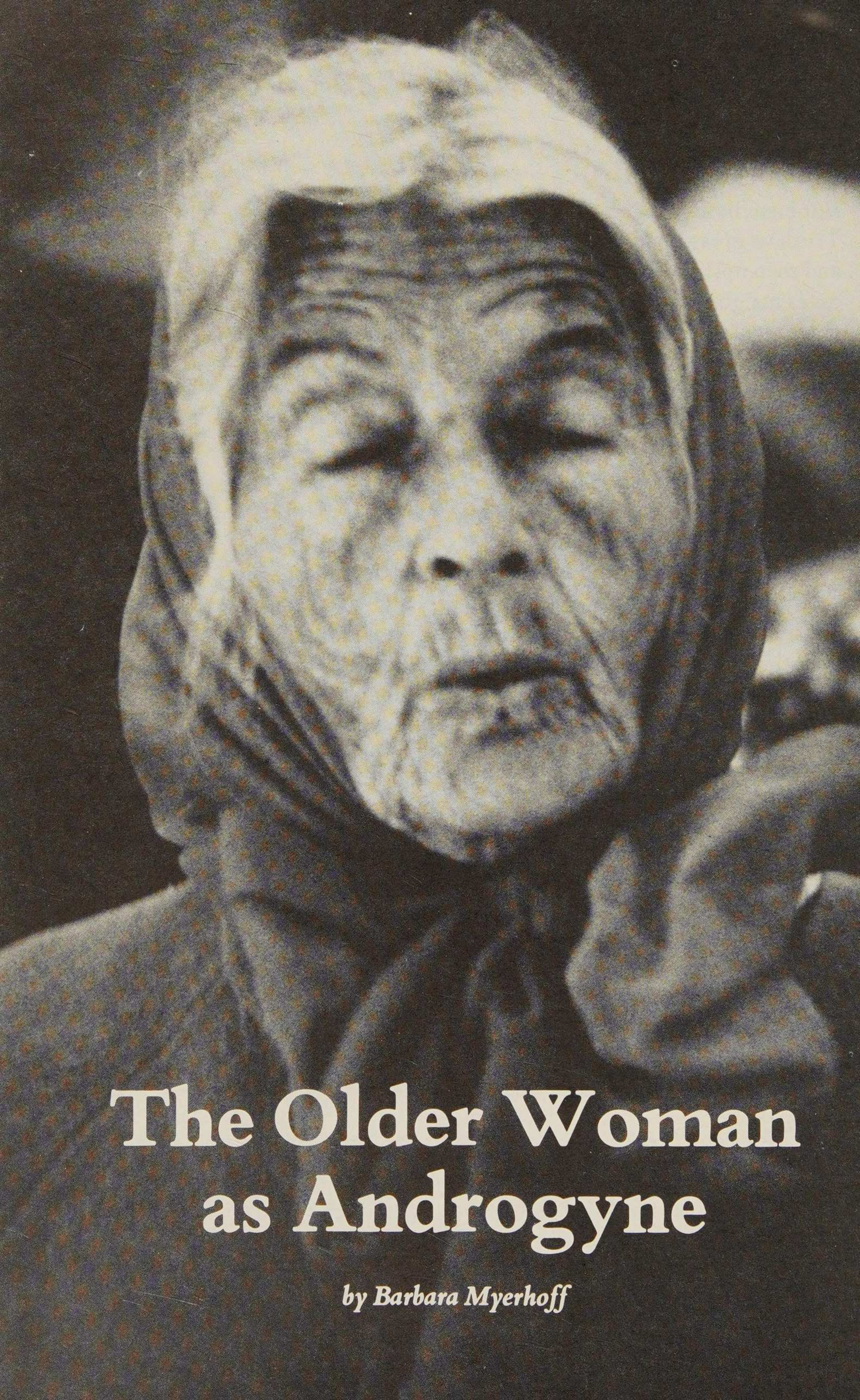
"Bindumati replied, 'It is true, O King, that I am even as you say: that is just the kind of creature that I am.



But even in such a one as I is the power of an Act of Truth so great that I could turn the whole world of gods and men upside down by it. For, your Majesty, whoever gives me gold—be he nobleman or servant, brahman or tradesman—I treat him the same as all the others. I make no distinction in favor of the nobleman, nor do I despise the slave. Free from fawning and dislike, I serve him who has bought me. This, your Majesty, is the basis of the Act of Truth by the force of which the mighty Ganges was made to flow upstream.’

“Thus, O king,” continued Nagasena, “there is nothing which those who are steadfast and sincere may not enjoy. When King Siva gave his eyes to the blind beggar who asked for them, he gave them freely and without consideration for himself, being in sight of the Truth. And that inward sight that arises out of contemplation was the basis upon which he was given divine eyes from heaven.”

—Retold by Paul Jordan-Smith



**The Older Woman
as Androgynous**

by Barbara Myerhoff

To integrate, unify, make whole, in a word to abolish the contraries and reunite the parts, is in India the Royal Way of the Spirit.

—Mircea Eliade

In East Indian sacred texts, European folklore, and the Kabbala, in the writings of artists, scholars and theologians from Berdjaev, Goethe, and Jung to Virginia Wolfe, the symbol of unity par excellence is the androgyne. The mystery of totality, the secret dimension of continuity underlying duality and opposition, is signified by the union of maleness and femaleness. In psychological and religious terms, the androgyne is equated with integration—human and cosmic.

In social terms an androgynous role is a social opportunity provided to an individual to transcend his or her conventional sexually-stereotyped behavior, without labeling the person as aberrant or neuter. Androgynous roles are enlarged uses of human capacities, unlimited (or more accurately, less limited than usual) by reference to one's sex. I am interested here in one of potentially many forms of androgyny, that allowed to older women.

Women's lives are defined in terms of their fertility. While women are fertile they are of maximum interest to society and maximally restricted. The society has a heavy investment in their conduct; they must not only bear children but bear them to the proper group, in the proper manner and time, and then rear them as proper men and women. When fertility is over, women may be left alone, and then their chances enlarge. New opportunities for individual expression appear, often for the first time. Even in the most restrictive societies this may happen. The new roles are usually optional—not enforced on a categorical basis as were those pertaining to her fertile phase.

In many primitive societies, old women are specialists in those critical moments when the designs of culture are threatened

by a breakthrough of nature—birth, illness and death—moments when we are reminded of our animal origins and human limits. Women of advanced age are healers, midwives, dressers of corpses, and may be admitted to exclusively male realms which would be contaminated by association with young women; older ones have access to the objects and rituals of the hunt, spirits, warfare. Among the Sauteaux, Huichol, and Samoan people, for example, old women demonstrate their affinity with non-cultural forces as shamans, diviners, mediums, and magicians.

Elderly females are often allowed to set aside behavior which demonstrates their sexual shame, are even given license and privilege allowed to no others. Egyptian women of age may uncover their faces, own property and break wind in public. Elderly Chagga women may physically express affection for men. Old Aztec women in Pre-Columbian society could drink fermented beverages. Elderly Lapp women may smoke and old Yugoslavian women may publicly dance, drink, tell lewd stories and play the fool. In some societies old women are tricksters and clowns.

Very frequently, old women may acquire considerable financial and political as well as ritual, ceremonial and supernatural power. The marketplaces of Africa and Mexico are arenas for female exploits. And, in the home, manipulations of daughters-in-law and influential sons allow women to become formidable forces in even the most rigidly patrilineal and patriarchal societies.

Do these illustrations, drawn from primitive contexts, tell us anything about the actual situations or possibilities for older women in our own society? In this paper, I shall describe some older women in a complex, urban, industrial society, in terms of both androgynous and sexually stereotyped roles. Androgynous roles are opportunities for an enlargement of the human repertoire of responses and all societies have them, in varying degrees and for varying occasions.

The older women described here are part of the membership of a senior citizens' center in an urban ghetto. All members are Jewish and all originate from Eastern Euro-

pean villages and towns which existed in the nineteenth century and were called *statlach* (plural; *shtetl*, singular). The *shtetl* was an exclusively Jewish community, surrounded by hostile peasants on whom it was ultimately dependent, legally, economically and politically, though it had a complete and autonomous set of institutions which regulated everyday life. Religion was the dynamic force of the society and its *raison d'être*; it was the concern of everyone, but the specific responsibility and privilege of men. The *shtetl* male was the spiritual custodian of the community and his religious duties, faithfully discharged, worked toward the redemption of all Jews everywhere, of all mankind in some interpretations, since the fulfillment of these duties hastened the coming of the Messiah.

The woman was extremely important, an absolutely essential member of the community, but always through her assistance to the men and facilitation of the man's religious activities. She was to bear and train children to carry on the faith. She provided the harmonious home in which prayer and study by sons and husband was possible. She followed the instruction and interpretation of men in carrying out the elaborate and demanding dietary laws. She worked outside the home, bringing in money to free her sons and husband to spend more time in study. In modern parlance, the woman provided the support system, the mundane base which allowed for the primary, esteemed undertakings of the men.

In her own right, woman was nothing. But to the extent that she fulfilled her secondary role, she could achieve great esteem. Folklore extols a woman who sold her hair for money which gave her husband economic freedom that permitted him to study. Another tale tells of a woman who sold her soul for her husband. But this story may be apochryphal since there was debate as to whether women actually had souls. It is quite consistent, in view of this descrip-



tion of woman's place, that she was identified with the animal side of humanness and that man was considered the spiritual.

The woman fulfills herself through others, children and men. Observing the same negative commandments as men, she must obey only three positive commandments, and their substance illuminates the interpretation of her nature and place. She must purify herself in a ritual bath after menstruation, so as not to pollute her husband and her community. She brings her household a taste of Paradise by lighting the Sabbath candles on Friday evening. (This is appropriate since it was Eve who originally cost mankind his place in Paradise.) She must burn a bit of Sabbath loaf, "taking hallah," which represents a sacrifice to God, made in the household oven ever since the destruction of the Temple. All these commandments pertain to her biology and her position of homemaker and keeper. She is essentially and officially a facilitator.

The woman in the *shtetl* was very much a pragmatist. She had to manage the complexities of running a family, keeping a household going, making and budgeting money, directing her family's activities, and

regulating time, funds and attention so as to avoid conflicts between them, now favoring one, now the other as situations dictated. And there was yet a third activity to which she must devote herself regularly—community work. She cared for sick neighbors, shared in home duties and child care with other women, collected money for brides without a dowry, fed visitors and strangers in the town, and extended her nurturant obligations even beyond her immediate home, family and community. She was given to outbursts of emotion—laughing, shouting, crying, ranting more, and more often, than her male counterpart. She was after all more associated with the animal realm and this behavior was consistent. And because she was weak and imperfect, a woman was expected to complain.

Men, on the other hand, appeared much more limited by roles related to religious obligations. The ideal male's demeanor and physical type contrasts sharply to that of his wife. He prays when she is jostling, shoving and making-do in the mundane world. His beauty is far from the rosy-cheeked vitality allowed to the woman. The attractive man



is above all dignified. His hands are soft, his eyes weak, his brow furrowed, his skin pale—reflecting his spiritual concerns, the hours spent in religious reflection and study. To fall short of this was not regarded as inevitable, as in the case of woman, but was seen as lamentable.

The world of the *shtetl* constituted the childhood and early adolescence of the women and men whom I am studying. They left it to come to America at the turn of the century, shortly before the *shtetl* was finally obliterated by the Holocaust. That world, now gone, shaped them as people, providing their original role models, molding their understandings as adult men and women. From it they drew the basic materials in terms of which they formulated responses to new situations presented by life in the New World. In some ways, their lives were quite different from that of their mothers and fathers, in some ways the same. The most significant alterations were the loss of the tightly integrated community, the deterioration of religion, and a substitution of a new set of sacred duties allotted to men: making money and becoming American. In America, work was the ultimately serious business of life, and as before, the serious matters were done by the men. The women were pulled out of the labor market as soon as possible, since being an American meant a man did not want and did not need his wife to work. Ironically, in the *shtetl*, where the prestigious activity was study, the men studied and the women occupied the marketplace. In America, when work in the world “counted,” the women stayed home and the men did the important business of making money.

In the American setting, women from the *shtetl* were more isolated and more dependent on their husbands than ever. In the absence of family, community and economic activities, they had contact outside their homes only through husband and children. Such contacts as they had were with women like themselves.

The present world of these old people is predominantly female, since they are nearly all in their middle eighties to middle nineties and have outlived most of the men. The Center to which they belong, housed in a

small dilapidated hall facing the ocean, is the hub of a stable but rapidly diminishing population, homogeneous for age, education, occupation, cultural background, religion and social history. Many people have lived in the area for two and three decades, settling there soon after retirement. The old people all live far from children and family, and due to their long shared residence, have established primary ties with each other.

All these people are on small, fixed incomes, pieced together from pensions, savings, childrens' contributions, and occasionally welfare; the great majority are considerably below the national standards for official poverty. Every part of their lives is lived with great care, so as to conserve waning resources in terms of health, strength and money. Virtually all live in substandard housing, even those few with savings. These old people rarely venture out of the area and, in turn, their children rarely visit them here. Externally, they are cut off, poor, immobile, impotent, bereft. In fact, they are, but they are also vigorous, resourceful, engaged, and independent. Often they are bitter and cynical but they are not defeated people.

The majority of the people in this group, perhaps sixty in number, are widows, living alone in a rented room or rooms, with meager cooking facilities or kitchen privileges. There are about a dozen couples all of whom run their own households, and two of whom own their own homes. A group of fifteen to twenty women live in boarding houses, and the rest, perhaps thirty, are single men living alone in rented rooms.

It would be reasonable to assume that men would dominate and lead the life of the group. Culture and belief, combined with scarcity of men, on logical grounds should give rise to male supremacy. The picture is not this simple, although everyone says that men, of course, are more important than women. Women with men, whether long-

term spouses or newly acquired boyfriends, are regarded as enormously fortunate and viewed with envy and pain by the single women. Men exert a drawing power on the women. It is not unusual for a single woman to seek to attach herself to an amenable couple, forming a stable triad. Competition among women for men's favors and company is fierce, and many outbursts of jealousy occur, sometimes breaking up female friendships of long standing. The men are closely watched and fussed over. However, it cannot be said that they are leaders or even consistently significant in all the Center's activities.

In group discussions, men are not deferred to, and since they do not usually talk as loud or as much as women, they exert little influence on the flow of talk, though serious discussion was one of the exclusively male activities in the *shtetl*. It has become clear to the men and women, after years of association, that the men are no brighter, no more well-educated, no more perceptive than the women. Except for occasional





pieces of specialized religious knowledge, or statements made by the two men who are rabbis' sons (and so, by definition, wise) it is not assumed that the men have anything particularly worthwhile to contribute. Women are more assertive also in other verbal activities, producing essays, stories, poetry and songs, tirelessly. Only one man in the group writes regularly, though literacy was a totally male endeavor and of the highest value among Old World Jews.

In governance, where one would certainly predict male domination, the pattern is repeated. The real work is done by the women—the organizational tasks, and those maintenance and administrative jobs that amount to running things. Several men are officials—officers and board members. The President is always a man and the President Emeritus, along with the Center Director, are men. But with one exception, they are allied with or married to important women whose direction and influence are unmistakable.

Men are used symbolically by women for various purposes. A common sight is that of a woman entering the hall, marching across it accompanied by her male companion, bearing herself proudly, almost with disdain, asserting publicly her superiority in being “attached,” then leaving her partner on the side while she enters the fray, unwilling to be encumbered or slowed down. Meanwhile the abandoned male sits smiling on one of the benches lining the hall, clapping to the music, nodding his head, tapping his feet, and waiting for the next woman to sweep him away for a dance. When the lady who came with him is ready to leave, she stops for him and departs as she entered, on his arm, grandly, as though pulling on her gloves. The men often appear as counters, not personalities, passive tokens manipulated in the significant interpersonal exchanges between women.

As a group, the men appear more worn out and demoralized than the women. It is impossible to do more than speculate as to why this might be so. Perhaps the same biological factors that cause men to die sooner than women contribute to earlier debilitation. There seems a definite difference between the sexes in terms of energy level,

and this probably reflects some complex combination of physiology and culture.

There are two specific circumstances in which the former complementarity between men and women reappears; and in these situations, once again, male and female roles are genuinely reciprocal, expressive of mutual need and service. In the two situations which I shall now describe, the interaction between the sexes is short-lived but intense, without any trace of the tokenism which characterizes their everyday relations. It is not surprising that these two circumstances revolve around matters thoroughly fundamental: ritual and food.

Of the three female positive *mitzvot* (commandments), only one is still available to these old women. Post-menopausal, they do not attend the ritual bath; they have no households into which to invite the Sabbath. Their access to the *mitzvot* of women is through the Center *Oneg Shabbat* (literally: Delight of Sabbath), the only regular religious ritual conducted there.

ONEG SHABBAT

The *Oneg Shabbat* is the climax of the week's activities. It is always well-attended, and people bring guests, wear their best clothes, and come to it in high spirits each Friday afternoon. There are scoffers and cynics who claim it is not *Shabbat* at all. It is held much too early in the day. But old people cannot be out in the streets of their deteriorating neighborhood after dark, so they cannot wait for twilight. Neither is there a Sabbath meal; for economic and mechanical reasons this is not possible at the Center. Thus the entire ceremony consists of what properly would be a ritual prologue to the meal. Nevertheless, the *Oneg Shabbat* is unfailingly effective and genuinely sacred.

People assemble in the early afternoon. A table is placed before the audience which faces it. It is covered with a white linen

cloth by the women. The men are seated there. They are the Center Director, the President, the President Emeritus, a young rabbinical student assigned to the Center for this occasion, and two or three honored guests. The latter may include women, but they are outsiders, never members. For this event, the men at the table wear head coverings, usually richly decorated velvet *yarmulkes*. Before them on the table is the ritual equipment: wine, wine glasses, prayer book, candles, matches, a small dish of salt, a knife and two covered twisted Sabbath loaves. The ceremony opens with a greeting from the Director who welcomes guests and makes announcements concerning the activities for the coming week. The President then takes over and leads the rest of the program. The content varies little. The rabbinical student makes a short speech in English and leads the people in Hebrew Sabbath songs. The President Emeritus, a venerated man of ninety-five, reads the Yiddish poems he has written during the week. Then Bessie or Pauline is invited to sing, tell a story or folktale, or recite a poem which she has prepared in advance, concerning some aspect of the meaning of the Sabbath, usually in the *shtetl*. Some reference to the shared past, the childhood world of *Yiddishkeit* is always brought in. More songs follow, and then there is a speech or discourse by one of the guests. Frequently young people attend, bringing guitars and accordions, leading the members in Israeli folksongs and dances. This program lasts about one and a half to two hours. It is an unusually long period for the old people, and the women frequently grow restive. In uncharacteristically loud and authoritative voices, the men at the table admonish them to be more restrained. "What's the matter with you? Is this any way to act on Sabbath?" shouts Jake and pounds on the table. But to little avail. The women continue to engage in side conversations with each other, and burst out in response to that which interests them when they are supposed to be listening.

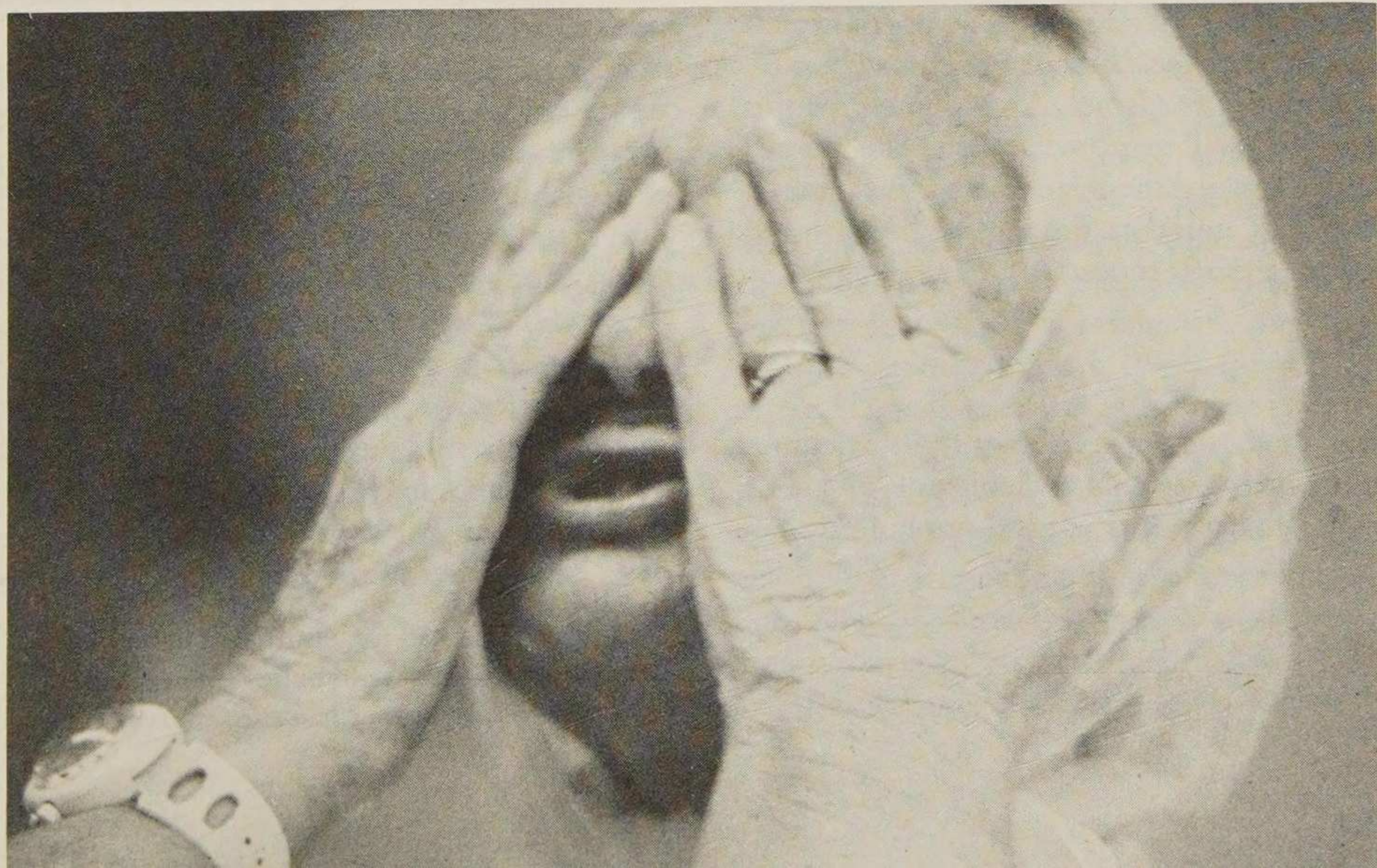
Their excitement builds and the ceremony seems to be degenerating into complete confusion just before the climax, which occurs almost at the end. The Presi-

dent indicates that it is time to light the candles, that a woman will be asked to *Bentch Licht*, bringing the holiness of the Sabbath into their midst. This was the highlight of the week for all the *shtetl*, an event more sacred than the high holidays, for it is the foretaste of Paradise on earth, the source of meaning for everyday life. And it is the moment of supreme significance for the woman, when her mundane activities are bent toward bring about Paradise. Literally and figuratively, her kitchen becomes a sacred place and her most trivial, repetitive tasks of maintenance and sustenance are sanctified.

For all the old women at the Center, the earliest memories of childhood are bound up in *bentching licht*. Every one of them remembers watching her mother perform this blessed obligation. Some but not all have kept the Sabbath as adult women; for all, however, it is a moment of the deepest personal as well as religious significance.

The *Oneg Shabbat* at the Center is very predictable in every detail, except in the designation of the woman who shall light the candles. This is not established ahead of time. The tension before a woman is named, therefore, is acute and palpable. Who will be honored this week? In the si-

lence before one is named, there is a subtle fluttering. It is those women who know the prayers and wish to be invited to the candles. They flutter their scarves quietly in their laps, wordlessly signaling their readiness to come forward. One is named. It is Sadie. She approaches the candles slowly, turns her back to the assembled group and drapes her head. Barely audibly, she says the short Hebrew prayer, blessing "the Lord who has commanded us to kindle the Sabbath light." She lights the candles, bows her body forward over the flames, then circles her hands over them three times, drawing their holiness toward her face. She finishes this gesture by covering her eyes with her hands as she silently and privately prays to herself in Yiddish. Tears course through her fingers and she prolongs the moment. When she removes her hands, she looks about with transformed visage, smiles at the assembled people and bids them "*Gut Shabbos*." She circulates among the people, kissing her special friends, shaking hands, wishing everyone "*shavua tov*," a good week, while the men at the table exhort her to be seated and allow the ceremony to continue. Reluctantly she does so, but smilingly reaches to clasp the hands of her neighbors who thank and compliment her. Her characteristically strong personal style is nowhere in evidence. She is gentle, subdued, nearly wordless, submitting reluctantly to



the President's annoyance at her disruptive behavior. Uncharacteristically, she does not make a sharp retort to his admonitions that she sit down and be quiet.

The ceremony is resumed with difficulty, since the women feel the important part of it has been completed, and the Sabbath has entered. The men feel the important part, the blessing and drinking of wine, has not yet taken place. At last, the President commands sufficient attention to do so, says the prayers, and passes the glass of wine to those at the table. Then he concludes by taking up the Sabbath loaves, blessing them, passing the knife over them, cutting and handing the pieces to the men beside him, who dip them in salt before circulating them. At last the women in the audience receive a piece of the bread and the ritual is finished. The women bring out tiny paper cups of wine or punch and coffee cake.

As always it has been a good ceremony, full of emotion. The Sabbath never fails to come and while the afternoon lasts, the people treat each other with a generosity, respect, attention and even tenderness which is unique. The atheists and the orthodox purists complain about one thing or another, but come again the following week. The event is a hierophany that lasts a few hours, for when they meet again the next morning, it has fled without a trace. Normality reasserts itself. Apart from this ritual setting, the men resume their characteristic quiet and abstract repose. As they walk out, Sadie spots a friend whom she presses to come to the *Kahal* luncheon next week, to raise money for Israel. An argument begins as to who will bring what dish. The men shuffle toward the benches and sit facing the ocean, quietly enjoying the lingering light of the afternoon.

THE CHARITY LUNCHEON

Food never exists in its own right. It comes in a context—social and cultural. It is always a matter of ritual and symbol, in some

cases richer than others but never absent. Food among these people is heavy with significance. The people described here were all raised in kosher homes and none of them observe the dietary laws at present. Nevertheless, they have very strong ideas about Jewish food (clean, more nourishing) and *goyishe* food which is without value and dirty. Over and under their overt, stated beliefs are their associations of Jewish food with the women who prepared and served it, their wives and mothers. Here the sexual division of labor was absolute and unchanging throughout their lifetime. When men and women came together, the women cooked and served, the men received and enjoyed. Above all, for the woman, the kitchen was her place, her sacred space where she prepared her offerings, enjoyed praise, reaped the rewards of her efforts, displayed her skills and her person. Here she showed her lights, in keeping the dietary laws well or badly. Family, religion and personal worth were affairs of the kitchen. Both sexes shared a verbal and non-verbal vocabulary based on food, expressive and satisfying to giver and receiver alike. As always in such matters, personal statements and interpersonal manipulations took place in terms of this vocabulary. At table, a woman bestowed or withheld good feelings, read her worth and standing from the men's reception or rejection of her offerings, manifested her various moods and talents. For men, food was never neutral; it did not exist apart from a profoundly social and emotional setting. The folklore surrounding the *Yiddishe mama* and her preoccupation with food, urging children to eat, interpreting their refusal as a rejection of love, is abundant. Like much folklore, it is an overstatement of an accurate observation.

Food had significance beyond the family. It was an expression of nurturance and responsibility for all who were in need, and anyone who came within the ambit of the Jewish householder in the *shtetl* was treated as one deserving of care. Hanna remembered her mother in these terms:

My mother, you had to admire her. No matter how poor we were—and believe you me we were poor—my mother had the samovar going

and a little piece of herring hidden away. When someone came to our house, she would never let them go away without taking a glass tea and a little herring, maybe some bread. To this day, when I go to someone's house, if they don't at least offer me, I don't feel like I'm welcome.

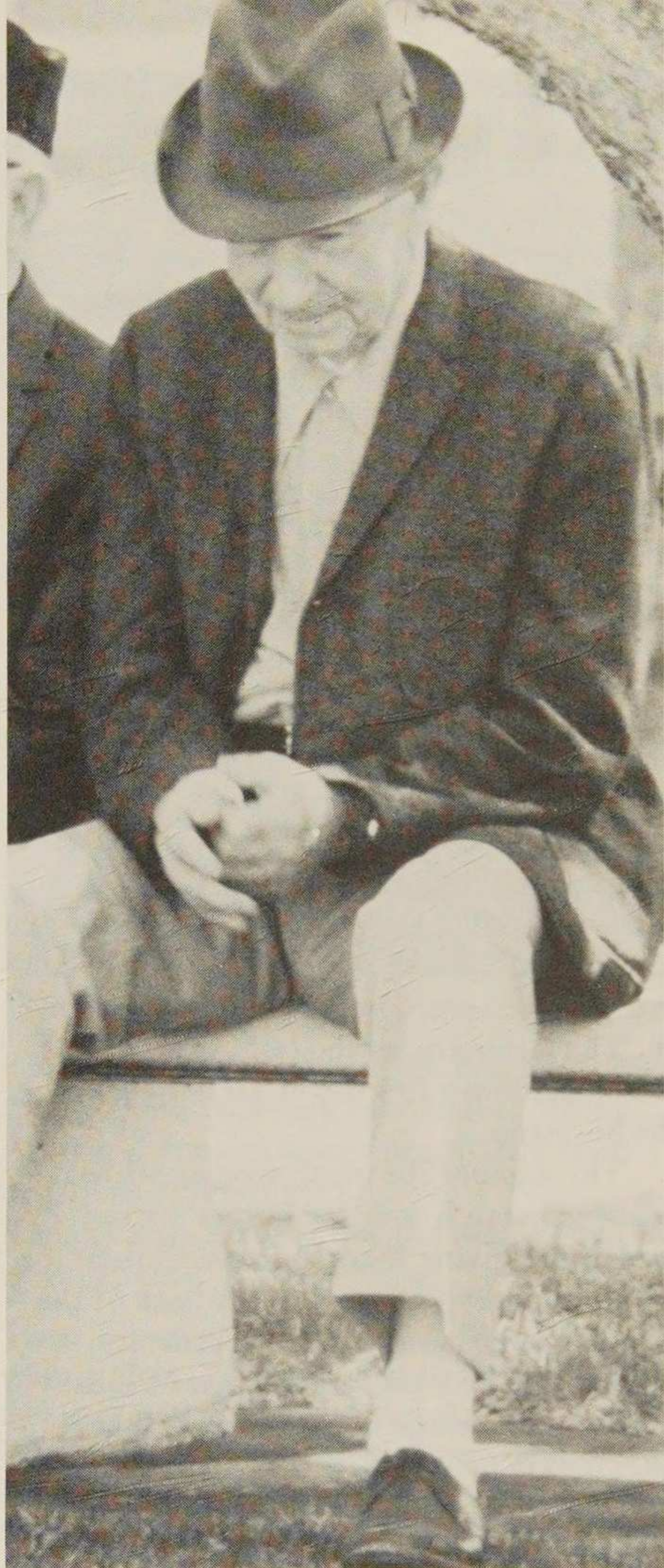
Meals were the focus of daily and religious life. Each began with a blessing. All religious holidays were celebrated at home and centered around a meal; each holiday had its special dishes. Girls and young married women were considered incapable of making certain dishes; a lifetime of experience was necessary for concocting a proper *cholent*. Only grandmothers made the *krep-lach* for major events.

Compounding these cultural and social levels of meaning are the special requirements for food among the aged and poor. Poor teeth and uncomfortable dentures, digestive difficulties, special diets for diabetics and those with high blood pressure means attention must be given to every bite. The problem of eating properly is harder and harder for these old people.

Most troubled by this problem are the single men. "It isn't right for a man to do. It isn't natural. Who knows from cooking?" asked Abe when he talked about how unhappy he is. "It's the worst part of living alone." Mealtimes, unceremonial and lonely affairs, are regular, insistent, miniature traumas, full of hazards, cruel reminders of their loneliness and the secular nature of their lives, since for *shtetl* Jews religion and food were inseparable.

Food is probably the single most important of their concerns, more charged with meanings, emotions, associations, and more capable of giving pleasure as well as pain. For all these reasons, the monthly luncheons at the Center are important occasions, presenting the opportunity for eating in a suitably social and Jewish fashion. And not surprisingly, the original models of male-female relations reappear at these times.

Anyone who buys a ticket may attend. The meals are regarded as exceptionally



good and good bargains, "a three-dollar meal for a dollar fifty, plus entertainment."

A recent, typical luncheon began at 11:30 A.M. on a Sunday—the hour and day chosen to maximize attendance. About fifteen to twenty Center women are the hostesses. Altogether about fifty people are served. The tables are carefully set, covered with shiny flowered oilcloths and fresh flowers. Everyone wears his or her best clothes—women wear gloves and men *yarmulkes*. The proportion of men attending is high, relative to other events. Seating is always a source of argument; the official hostesses attempt to distribute guests as

they see fit and the guests insist on following their own preferences. Tables near the kitchen are much desired for early service; those with two or more men are also desirable.

The assembled guests are welcomed by a visiting dignitary, a woman of formidable efficiency in her mid-forties. The food is brought out by the hostesses, two plates at a time, who serve not in order by table but in order of their friendship ties. Naturally, this causes considerable commotion and women object loudly when they are passed by in favor of another. The men receive their plates first, and a little tussle may develop as to which woman will actually give the plate to the man. If the woman sitting next to him can take it from the hostess' hands to place it before the man, she will reach for it, as though the real giver of the food is the one who finally places it on the table before him. It is understood that women with men will be served before the single women. The latter are served last in an order which demonstrates the social networks of the hostesses.

Throughout the meal, women seated near men watch over the latter's plates, sometimes giving them morsels off their own, reminding a man that the back of the chicken is the best, that bread crust is healthy and he should eat it, that he must not eat salt because of his heart, that he likes lemon in his tea, and so forth. Sometimes, a woman will take something from the plate of another woman and give it to a man. Throughout, the hostesses in aprons and scarves bustle happily about, overseeing everyone and checking to be sure that their dishes are eaten. "Don't tell me you had jello, Jake. Sofie's jello you couldn't eat—it's like rubber. Mine is made with pure fruit juice. No water. Taste." Though the menu varies little, expertise is asserted in minute terms by the women who cooked. The planning has taken into account the specialties of the hostesses. One is responsi-

ble for the chicken, one for the blintzes, one for the fish and so on. When luncheons fall on holidays, festivity is more intense. The ethnic character of the dishes is more evident and the excitement palpable when the women bring out *gefilte* fish, *matza brei*, *tsimmi*, potato *latkes* and sour cream. Special diets are ignored and the hall is redolent with the scents and flavors of the people's shared childhood.

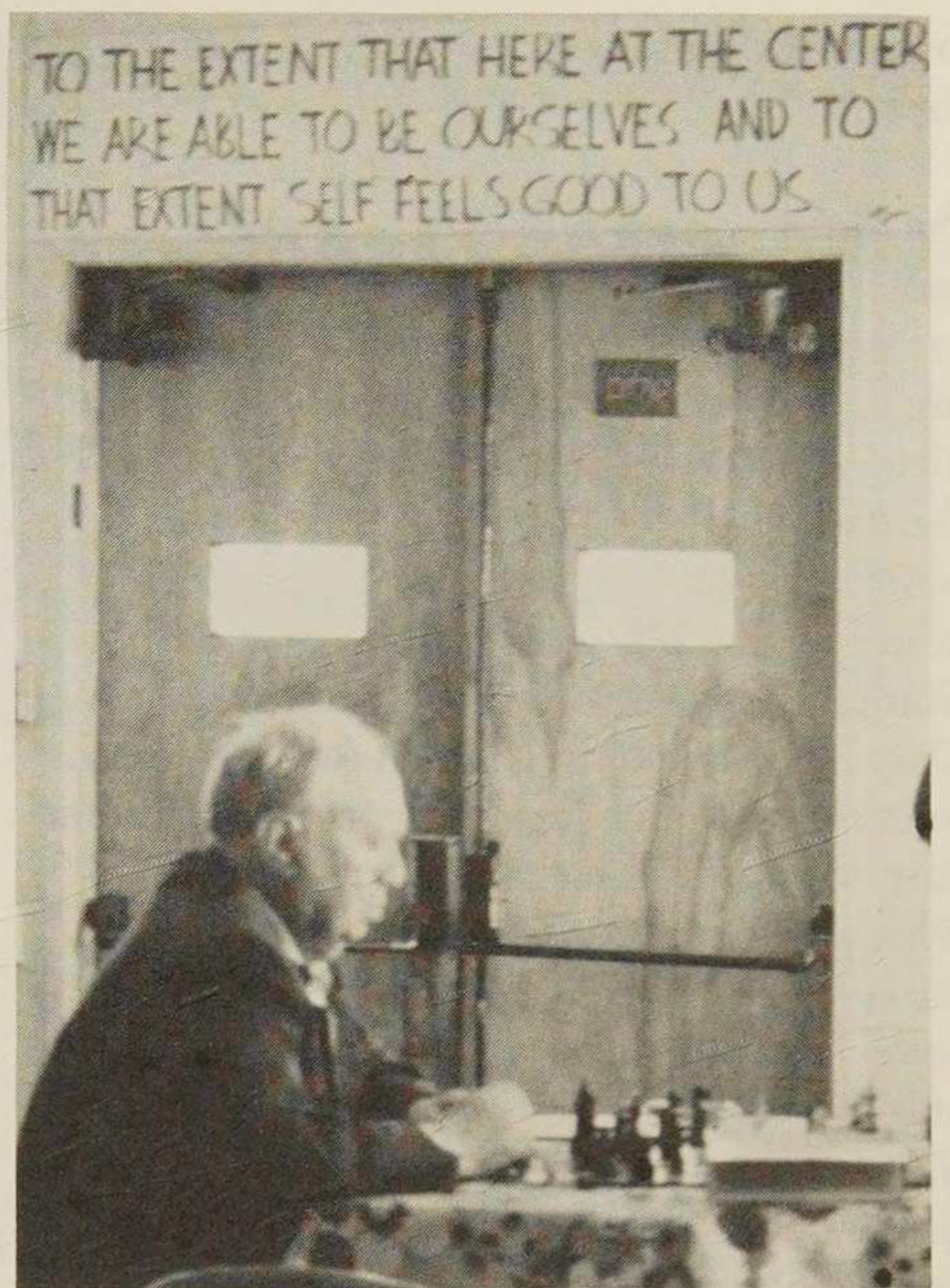
Throughout the luncheon the nurturant role of the women is divided into the joint tasks of raising money for Israel and serving food. While people are eating, one of the hostesses circulates, selling raffle tickets. Then, when the main course is complete, the program begins. This is always a troublesome moment, since the program is one of the main reasons for assembling, for the organizers, but not for the majority of those attending. If the meal is concluded before the program, people leave; so they are blackmailed into remaining by the expectation of dessert and coffee, which are not brought out until after the program. But this annoys them, and they complain and express irritation until they are reprimanded sharply by the efficient lady. "I talk to you about Israel and you talk to me about coffee. Shame on you." After her exhortations about Israel's need for their help, the "entertainment" section begins. Bessie's son-in-law, newly returned from Israel, describes his and his wife's recent trip, circulating pictures of the children on the kibbutz being supported by the organization. Though he refers to "my wife and I" throughout his presentation, and his wife, seated beside him, is a member of the organization and the daughter of a Center member, there appears to be no doubt that he and not his wife will give the talk. In other circumstances, the woman would be the lecturer, but it would be inconsistent to follow that norm at a luncheon oriented covertly to serving food and deferring to men.

The fund raising efforts are flagging when two old men enter, outsiders, gathering information on those lost in the Holocaust for an archive in Jerusalem being assembled by the Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Authority. They circulate

questionnaires inquiring after the place, manner of death and picture of the deceased. The effect of this, in a quiet way, is overwhelming. The hostesses press the advantage by rapidly circulating with their little boxes from table to table. The son-in-law once more takes to the platform with a spontaneous speech. He holds up pictures from his trip: "See this kibbutz? You built it with your little *pishkes*,* with your nickels and dimes. Without you there would be no Israel." The allusion to the *pishke* brings out a murmur of approval. The *shtetl* women viewed the jar, box or bottle for charity as part of her regular household responsibilities. No matter how poor a person or household, one could always save something for someone needier. The sense of community in the hall is heightened when the agony of the Holocaust is palpably included in this way, intensified by the Jewish food, the conviviality of the meal and the resumption of former roles by men and women.

Ritual is often a means for access to the past, by abrogating time and change, reasserting identity and continuing and recreating moods and feelings of prior experiences. In both religious and household rituals, Jews are able to establish temporary, profoundly emotional connections in terms of their broadest identity as an ancient people, and with their identities as individuals and as members of families. The reversion to original sex roles means, in these instances, that women are controlled by the men in the religious ritual of the *Oneg Shabbat*, and the men are controlled by the women in receiving their meals. Males and females are grateful for these opportunities to resume familiar roles and readily submit to the legitimate domination of the opposite sex in these matters. That they are dependent and sometimes resentful about the man-

**Pishke* or *pushke* is Yiddish for the little container kept in the home, usually in the kitchen, in which pennies for charity were collected.



ner in which the opposite sex doles out access to these experiences changes nothing. Abuses of control do not necessarily raise questions of legitimacy.

Abe's statement after the luncheon is illustrative:

Those women think that they can do what they want with us. They bring out a bowl of *tsimis* and expect us to fall over dead. And why not? Where else can a man get real *tsimis* these days? Not for a dollar fifty, not for a hundred and fifty!

This is the women's opportunity to give and withhold, and who can do without her offering? The men no less than the women vibrate with excitement during the really successful meals. They are light in spirit, flushed, and animated. They encourage the women to rush about perspiring, holding high heavy, steaming bowls. They demand their due portion imperiously, inflame the competition between women, and acknowledge their physicality with a kiss or a pinch, or an amiable slap on the bottom. Their pleasure has a boyish tone, and one can imagine their feelings when the taste of a rarely available, familiar, cherished morsel fills nostrils and mouths. Surely it brings them their past, a recollection of the wom-

en in their homes caring for and dominating them, with food and love.

The counterpart for women occurs on the *Oneg Shabbat*, when men, with or without fairness, replace them in a social, cultural context. Bertha discussed this in moving terms. She spoke one afternoon of her bitter disappointment at not being called to the candles the Friday before. She had, for some reason, been quite sure she would be honored that day, and made this expectation public by bringing fresh flowers to the *Oneg Shabbat* and inviting an outside friend to come with her for the event. She had her hair washed and set in a beauty parlor which on her income represented a major outlay. She brought her grandmother's head covering. But she was passed over. The public embarrassment was little beside the more serious loss of the experience of continuity with her family and herself as a child. She was angry, desolate and utterly helpless, for only the men could give or withhold this opportunity for her:

Do you know what he did to me (by not calling me)? When I was a little girl, every Friday I would stand beside my mother when she would light candles. She cried and I cried. It was so beautiful. My mother was beautiful. No one home but us. The kitchen was full of cooking food. The house was clean. We came from the bath and had clean clothes on. Always we were poor but we wore our best whatever it was. My hair was still wet and everything in the house was warm. To this day, when I put my hands over my eyes, and the candle is hot on my face, the tears come and I feel my mother's hands on my cheeks.

The sexually stereotyped roles for men and women are still present, and no doubt are the preferred ones. The old women have developed alternative roles from necessity, not choice. The social setting in which the old roles obtained is gone utterly and their present, temporary inhabitation of them is an adumbration of other times, other selves, other lives, when men and women



lived and worked together and really needed each other, and reciprocity was more important than the relative inequality of one sex with the other.

It does seem that the women in this group have adapted better than the men. Since childhood, the women have always been constructing whole lives out of leftovers, devising entire, though miniature worlds out of their peripheral status and tasks. Within the structured points of her day in the household, she did a great many highly diverse tasks, all at the same time, always expecting to be interrupted, never expecting full closure, bustling from one activity to the next, watching her work come undone as soon as completed. Men did not have to be as self-regulating and flexible in daily life as the women. In their present circumstances, there is no clear manifestation of androgyny among them as there is among women. In the earlier discussion of the *shtetl*, the androgynous behavior of the women was pre-figured not in the

sexually stereotyped role of idealized wife and mother, but in her contingent role as custodian of everyday life. If there was a male counterpart to the female contingent role which I construe as preparation for androgyny among women, it has not been well recorded, for there is no evidence of it in the ethnographic sources, field observations or folklore I have consulted.

There are many other factors which account for women's seeming advantage over men. That these women are marginal people thrice over could be important. All these people are presently marginal, being poor and old. They always were marginal as Jews, in both the Old Country where anti-Semitism was official, relentless, and overt, and in this country where their outsiderhood was as immigrant people, non-Americans. The men, however, were always seen as superior to the women of their own society, and thus were caught in a conflicting set of hierarchies, creatures exalted from within their immediate group, but disdained outside of it. The state of women was utterly consistent: they were on the bottom on all counts. Perhaps the simplicity and consistency of this made it possible or easier for them to work out solutions in personal terms.

The allotment to women of responsibility for expressive leadership may be very advantageous for the elderly in a society such as ours. Roles based on nurturant functions are expandable; they last a lifetime. There is always someone who needs taking care of. This role has two added advantages: putting the caretaker one up in terms of never being the worst-off person in the world, and arousing obligations and sentiments in those cared for which offer the possibility of developing into long-lasting ties.

Part of the nurturant, expressive role of women was always sociability. In this they were experts. Retirement is full-time sociability; in lieu of any other tasks, retired people are expected to keep themselves oc-



cupied and enjoy each other; and sociability for women requires mastery of no new concerns or techniques, as it does for men. But for men, the loss of work is an inestimably serious blow. Work has regulated their lives in minute matters, providing social ties, a sense of worth, dictating the use of time and energy in an absolute and external manner which was not replicated in the household world. Within the household, it was true that women were tied to biological rhythms of young children, and to outside activities of adult members. But within this framework there was considerable choice and discretion and a gradual lifting of non-personally generated limits as the children matured. The nearest equivalent to male retirement is the "empty nest" for the woman, but this is less abrupt and irreversible. Children need her less in small increments; and even after they have physically left the home, they return for her services, favors, meals, advice, baby-sitting and the like. Before and after the empty nest she has more time to establish her independence and accept her losses.

The elderly take stock of their lives, estimating what went well, what remains, and what counts in the end. The men have devoted their time and efforts primarily to two concerns which "do not count" in their present reference: making money and religious study. The meaning of the latter has been lost along with their religious community; life in America is a secular affair. The money they made has disappeared, in most cases without a trace. What does count in their life review? Above all, rear-

ing children who are law-abiding, well-educated and well-married, good parents in their own right, children who consider themselves as Jews and raise their children to be Jews, children who respect their aged parents. Again the women have the deck stacked in their favor. They maintain closer ties with children than the men and are considered more responsible than the men for "how the children turn out." The men paid the bills, the women raised the children, and to them goes the praise or blame. Since few women consider their children as complete wash-outs, they almost always gain more satisfaction than grief from looking at their children as the important work of their lives.

There is a final comment to be made concerning the different bases for evaluation of one's life work, comparing men and women. It is often said that the contingent nature of woman's work makes it intrinsically less satisfying, and that this is why it is consistently and permanently devalued by society. Women are identified (correctly) as responsible for the work of nature; culture is officially allocated to the male. Women, it is felt, concur with men in viewing cultural projects as the more valuable enterprise. But is it surely true that women consider their work lesser in their



heart of hearts? Women's work is very complex and subtle, not made of the kinds of victories celebrated in war dances and hunting parties. The work is not clear cut; unequivocal successes and failures are relatively rare. Every mother is reminded continually as to how much of her "product" is beyond her control. She is facilitator, participant-observer if you will, mediator, not maker. "Outcome" is not an accurate term in reference to people, who as long as they live offer surprises and are full of potentiality.

Women are kept humble by the nature of their everyday activities. They are immersed in unglamorous stuff—the mess of life itself, bodily excretions and necessities,

transient and trivial details that vanish and reappear every moment. But this does not mean that a woman is not fully aware of the enormous importance of offering food, producing and raising children. Why then do we not hear about it? Why is there no public, general female statement vaunting these tasks? I would claim that there is a set of understandings, regularly stated and shared among women, concerning the meaning and value of their conventional functions. These are communicated but in a form not easy to recognize. They are enacted non-verbally in the quiet acknowledgements that pass between women in their work. Because their tasks are particularized, concrete, embedded and subjective, there is no desire (not to mention opportunity) to make them into platforms, public festivals, ideological treatises. They are known as part of living rather than discussions about living, and it would be inconsistent to formulate them as enduring, collective principles. These understandings are a kind of underground culture, quietly transmitted in situations, no less treasured than the starkly evident, grandiose cultural productions we customarily attend. They are real but sometimes easy to overlook. They continue through the lifecycle. They re-emerge as essential aids in later life.

These old ladies communicate a quiet conviction and satisfaction; perhaps because they did what had to be done, did it as well as they could, and knew that without what they did there would be nothing and no one. This is not scant comfort when one looks back and appraises his or her worth and reason for being. Woman's work provided an end and a means. Perhaps this is the secret shared by these old women, who expected little and found more than the men, who expected everything and are left now with much less.

The above article is adapted from a forthcoming book, Number Our Days, E.P. Dutton, January, 1979.



Why Women Always Take Advantage of Men

This Black American folktale was retold in dialect by Zora Neale Hurston in 1935 and was printed in her collection, Mules and Men, published by Negro University Press, and distributed by Greenwood Press.

You see in de very first days, God made a man and a woman and put 'em in a house together to live. 'Way back in them days de woman was just as strong as de man and both of 'em did de same things. They useter get to fussin' 'bout who gointer do this and that and some-time they'd fight, but they was even balanced and neither one could whip de other one.

One day de man said to hisself, "B'lieve Ah'm gointer go see God and ast Him for a li'l mo' strength so Ah kin whip dis 'oman and make her mind. Ah'm tired of de way things is." So he went on up to God.

"Good mawnin', Ole Father."

"Howdy, man. Whut you doin' 'round my throne so soon dis mawnin'?"

"Ah'm troubled in mind, and nobody can't ease mah spirit 'ceptin' you."

God said, "Put yo' plea in de right form and Ah'll hear and answer."

"Ole Maker, wid de dawnin' stars glitterin' in yo' shinin' crown, wid de dust from yo' footsteps makin' worlds upon worlds, wid de blazin' bird we call de sun flyin' out of yo' right hand in de mawnin' and consumin' all day de flesh and blood of stump-black darkness, and comes flyin' home every evenin' to rest on yo' left hand, and never once in all yo' eternal years, mistood de left hand for de right, Ah ast you *please* to give me mo' strength than dat woman you give me, so Ah kin make

her mind. Ah knows you don't want to be always comin' down way past de moon and stars to be straightenin' her out and it's got to be done. So give me a lil' mo' strength, Ole Maker, and Ah'll do it."

"All right, man, you got mo' strength than woman."

So de man run all de way down de stairs from Heben till he got home. He was so anxious to try his strength on de woman dat he couldn't take his time. Soon's he got in de house he hollered, "Woman! Here's yo' boss. God done tole me to handle you in which ever way Ah please. Ah'm yo' boss."

De woman flew to fightin' 'im right off. She fought 'im frightenin', but he beat her. She got her wind and tried 'im agin but he whipped her agin. She got herself together and made de third try on him vigorous, but he beat her every time. He was so proud he could whip 'er at last, dat he just crowed over her and made her do a lot of things she didn't like. He told her, "Long as you obey me, Ah'll be good to yuh, but every time yuh rear up Ah'm gointer put plenty wood on yo' back and plenty water in yo' eyes."

De woman was so mad she went straight up to Heben and stood befo' de Lawd. She didn't waste no words. She said, "Lawd, Ah come befo' you mighty mad t'day. Ah want back my strength and power Ah useter have."

"Woman, you got de same power you had since the beginnin'."

"Why is it, then, dat de man kin beat me now and he useter couldn't do it?"

"He got mo' strength than he useter have. He come and ast me for it and Ah give it to 'im. Ah gives to them that ast, and you ain't never ast me for no mo' power."

"Please suh, God, Ah'm astin' you for it now. Jus' gimme de same as you give him."

God shook his head. "It's too late now, woman. What Ah give, Ah never takes back. Ah give him mo' strength than you, and no matter how much Ah give, he'll have mo'."

De woman was so mad she wheeled round and went on off. She went straight to de devil and told him what had happened.

He said, "Don't be dis-incouraged, woman. You listen to me and you'll come out mo' than conqueror. Take



dem frowns out yo' face and turn round and go right on back to Heben and ast God to give you dat bunch of keys hangin' by de mantel-piece. Then you bring 'em to me and Ah'll show you what to do wid 'em."

So de woman climbed back up to Heben again. She was mighty tired, but she was more out-done that she was tired so she climbed all night long and got back up to Heben again. When she got befo' de throne, butter wouldn't melt in her mouf.

"O Lawd and Master of de rainbow, Ah know yo' power. You never made two mountains without you put a valley in between. Ah know you kin hit a straight lick wid a crooked stick."

"Ast for whut you want, woman."

"God, gimme dat bunch of keys hangin' by yo' mantel-piece."

"Take 'em."

So de woman took de keys and hurried on back to de devil wid 'em. There was three keys on de bunch. Devil say, "See dese three keys? They got mo' power in 'em than all de strength de man kin ever git if you handle 'em right. Now dis first big key is to de do' of de kitchen, and you know a man always favor his stomach. Dis second one is de key to de bedroom, and he don't like to be shut out from dat neither, and dis last key is de key to de cradle, and he don't want to be cut off from his generations at all. So now you take dese keys and go lock up everything and wait till he come to you. Then don't you unlock nothin' until he use his strength for yo' benefit and yo' desires."

De woman thanked 'im and tole 'im, "If it wasn't for you, Lawd knows whut us po' womenfolks would do."

She started off, but de devil halted her. "Jus' one mo' thing: don't go home braggin' 'bout yo' keys. Jus' lock up everything and say nothin' until you git asked. And then don't talk too much."

De woman went on home and did like de devil tole her. When de man come home from work she was settin' on de porch singin' some song 'bout "Peck on de wood make de bed go good."

When de man found de three doors fastened what useter stand wide open, he swelled up like pine lumber after a rain. First thing he tried to break in, cause he



figgered his strength would overcome all obstacles. When he saw he couldn't do it, he ast de woman, "Who locked dis do'?"

She tole 'im, "Me."

"Where did you git de key from?"

"God give it to me."

He run up to God and said, "God, woman got me locked 'way from my vittles, my bed, and my generations, and she say you give her de keys."

God said, "I did, man, Ah give her de keys, but de devil showed her how to use 'em!"

"Well, Ole Maker, please gimme some keys jus' lak 'em so she can't git de full control."

"No, man, what Ah give Ah give. Woman got de key."

"How kin Ah know 'bout my generations?"

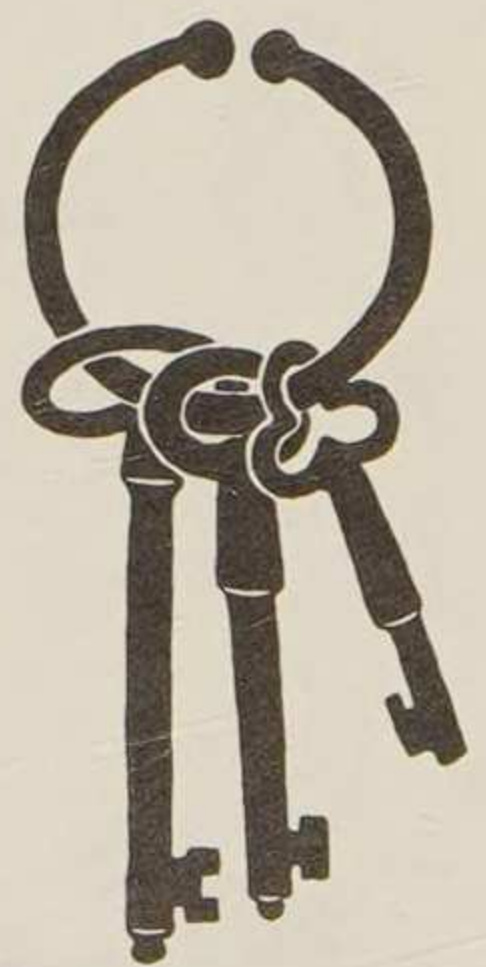
"Ast de woman."

So de man come on back and submitted hissself to de woman, and she opened de doors.

He wasn't satisfied but he had to give in. 'Way after while he said to de woman, "Le's us divide up. Ah'll give you half of my strength if you lemme hold de keys in my hands."

De woman thought dat over so de devil popped and tol' her, "Tell 'im, naw. Let 'im keep his strength and you keep yo' keys."

So de woman wouldn't trade wid 'im, and de man had to mortgage his strength to her to live. And dat's why de man makes and de woman takes. You men is still braggin' 'bout yo' strength, and de women is sittin' on de keys and lettin' you blow off till she git ready to put de bridle on you.



Izanagi and Izanami

The story of Izanagi and Izanami has been adapted from two traditional sources of Shinto mythology—Nihongi (“Chronicles of Japan”), translated by W.G. Aston, and Ko-ji-ki (“Records of Ancient Matters”), translated by B.H. Chamberlain.

In the very beginning, that is, before the beginning of beginning, Heaven and Earth were one and undivided. Together, they were like an egg, but an egg without limit. The finer matter was diffused and eventually became Heaven, while the coarser matter settled down to become Earth. The finer matter easily came together to give shape to Heaven, but the coarser matter was sluggish and consolidated itself with difficulty. Thus, Heaven was formed before Earth. When Heaven and Earth were divided, the divine beings were produced between them.

Among the divine beings were the seven generations of Gods, of whom the last, the seventh generation, were Izanagi, the Male-Who-Invites, and Izanami, the Female-Who-Invites. When they had come into being, all the other heavenly deities commanded them to give rise to the drifting land. They were given a jewelled spear and, standing upon the Floating Bridge of Heaven, the two deities thrust down the spear and stirred the brine until it curdled. Then they drew up the spear and the brine that dripped down from it formed the Island of Onogoro.

On Onogoro-jima, Izanami and Izanagi built themselves a magnificent palace, with a huge central pillar that reached to heaven. Then the Male-Who-Invites said to his spouse, “How is thy body formed?” The Female-Who-Invites answered, “My body is completely formed, except that one part is incomplete.” Her spouse replied, “My body too is completely formed, except that one part is superfluous. Let us supplement that which is incomplete in thee with that which is superfluous in me, and thereby create the world.” Izanami replied, “It is well.”

Then Izanagi said, “Let us proceed around the heavenly pillar and, meeting on the other side, let us become



united in wedlock. Go thou around the left, and I shall go round from the right." This they did, and when they met on the other side, Izanami said, "How delightful! I have met a lovely youth!" And Izanagi said, "How delightful! I have met a lovely maiden," but he thought to himself, "It was inauspicious for the woman to speak first."

From the union of Izanagi, the Male-Who-Invites, and Izanami, the Female-Who-Invites, came the islands of Japan, the first part of the world to be created. From them also came the gods, including the God of Fire. From that birth, Izanami did not recover, but was mortally burned. She therefore descended into the underworld, and Izanagi was forced to seek her there. In darkness they met, and Izanami begged her husband to be patient and wait at the door of the underworld, and upon no circumstances to bring light into the world of darkness. But Izanagi grew impatient waiting for his wife, and so lit the tooth of his comb. Then, bearing his torch, he entered the palace, seeking Izanami. At last he found her, but to his horror, he beheld her undergoing the process of decomposition. Panic-stricken, he fled, pursued by his wife, and finally emerged into the upper world. Firmly he placed a stone over the aperture to the underworld and recited the chant of separation. Then were they parted forever, Izanagi and Izanami, he to dwell among the gods in heaven, and she to reign in the land of the dead.

—Retold by Paul Jordan-Smith



Quest for Living Faith

by David Leeming

The Long Search

A Peter Montagnon series narrated by Ronald Eyre in thirteen episodes. A BBC—Time/Life colorcast to be aired on PBS via KCET, Los Angeles, September 16–December 10, 1978.

The Long Search

By Ninian Smart. Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown and Company, 1977. Pp. 315. Illustrations. \$17.50.

In *The Long Search* the BBC might appear to be doing for religion what it did for art and learning in *Civilization* and *The Ascent of Man*. The one hundred fifty thousand-mile, fourteen-nation voyage taken by the narrator, Ronald Eyre, is reminiscent of the Clark and Bronowski odysseys. And the personal visions of the narrators are at the

center of all three series. The likeness ends there, however. Kenneth Clark and Jacob Bronowski were chosen as acknowledged experts in their fields. Ronald Eyre is a stage director and playwright whose self-proclaimed ignorance of religion is the very factor on which *The Long Search* depends. Eyre is not so much our guide as our representative and this is both the beauty and, to a lesser degree, the problem with the programs. He does not approach the major tenets of the world's religions in anything like a scholarly or even terribly organized fashion. Rather, he takes us with him as he is led by circumstances to obscure monasteries, temples, ceremonies, and various unexpected holy men or teachers. And we listen as he asks the kinds of questions most of us might ask: "What do you feel like when you beg for your food?" or "What good is it to be a cloistered nun when half of the world is starving?" or "What does it take to find Nirvana?" There is no attempt to be all-inclusive or academic. This is no course on the "great religions." As Eyre himself tells us, it is "a series of encounters with men and women who are living their faiths now." The crucial word here is "living," and these encounters work for the viewer to the extent that the men and women chosen by Eyre are able to convey a living faith rather than a mere tradition. Some are more articulate and more obviously possessed than others, and it should be said, our own biases and traditions have something to do with the effectiveness for us of the given guru or religious teacher.

Twelve religious approaches are treated in the series, each in the context of a focal point which is not necessarily one normally associated in common knowledge with the religion in question. For his study of Orthodox Christianity Eyre goes neither to Constantinople, nor to Greece, nor to Russia, but to a Rumanian village. The central personalities in the Catholicism segment are a family in Leeds and a small community of worker monks. By approaching his subject obliquely Eyre hopes to discover the essence of living cults as opposed to the institutionalized beliefs which, he implies, have lost the fire of faith.



From the episode "Orthodox Christianity: The Rumanian Solution"

Episode I, on Protestantism, takes us to Indianapolis, Indiana where a true *protestant* spirit is sought among the many branches of Protestantism to be found there. Is it in the defiantly self-righteous and self-satisfied anti-Darwinism, anti-relativism, anti-permissiveness, and anti-Communism of the fundamentalist church whose Sunday services resemble well-staged, prime-time television spectacles? Is it in the complacent establishment sect whose intellectual theology and liberal group discussions reflect the "curiously unemphatic" nature of its worship? Is it perhaps more likely to be found in the flamboyant and emotional worship and practical social action of the black "store front" church whose congregation is by definition unassimilated into the dominant society and therefore protest-ant? Eyre suspects that once protesters create dogmas and institutions they are well on the way to establishment status and that they must then pass the protestant label on to others.

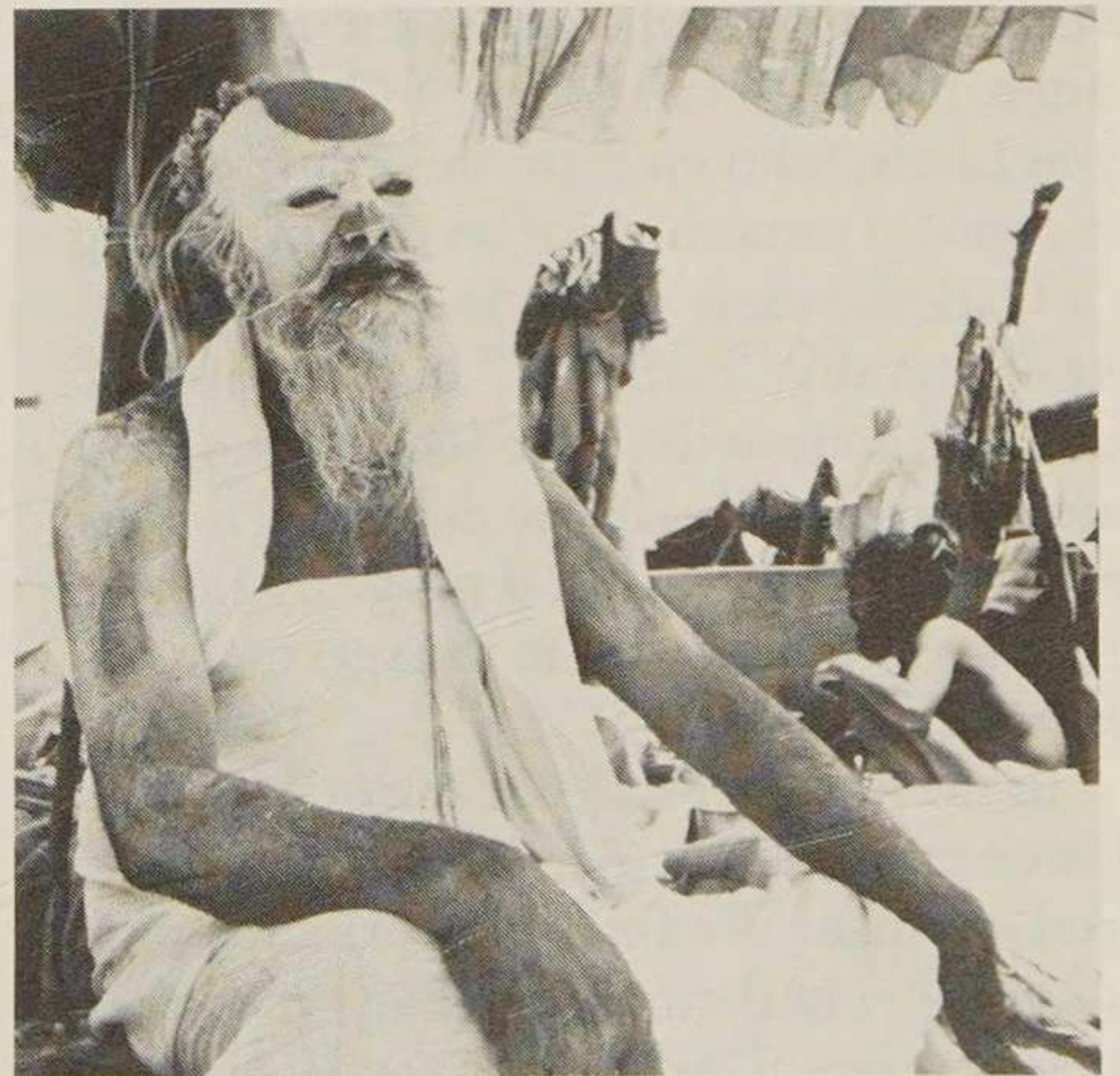
Buddhism as practiced in a monastery in Sri Lanka (Ceylon) is the focus of the second of the programs in the series. In this segment as in the later one on Hinduism the camera speaks effectively of mysteries which language tends to obscure. How can words describe the combination of "letting go" and total awareness, of self-love and selflessness, which are basic to the Buddhist way? Yet in one silent sequence at the end

of the program we view for some two minutes the walking meditation of a monk. For the most part we concentrate on his feet and somehow all the answers our narrator and his teachers have been groping for in the preceding fifty minutes come to life in this wordless sermon. The feet are free, the feet are conscious; the feet are an individual's, the feet are the image of Being.

Each of the episodes contains such moments of understanding. In the third program on the Orthodox church in Communist Rumania, there is a moving confrontation between Eyre and a nun, for whom such questions as "why do you believe?" and "why should I believe?" are literally nonsense. We gather this more from the expression of amazement on her face than from her answers. It is as if she were meeting a being from another universe.

The fourth stage of Eyre's journey is in Indonesia where one of the world's "primal religions," the Toraju cult, is examined. There are moments when the quest proves fruitless; the funeral of a Toraju queen turns out to be a staged tourist event. But a visit with an old priest takes us into an ancient and vibrant religious world of faith healing and self-awareness.

Judaism is treated in the fifth program and the focus is on the fact of being a Jew in the shadow of the Nazi Holocaust—an event which Eyre feels defines what it means to be a Jew today as much as the



From the episode "Hinduism: 330 Million Gods"

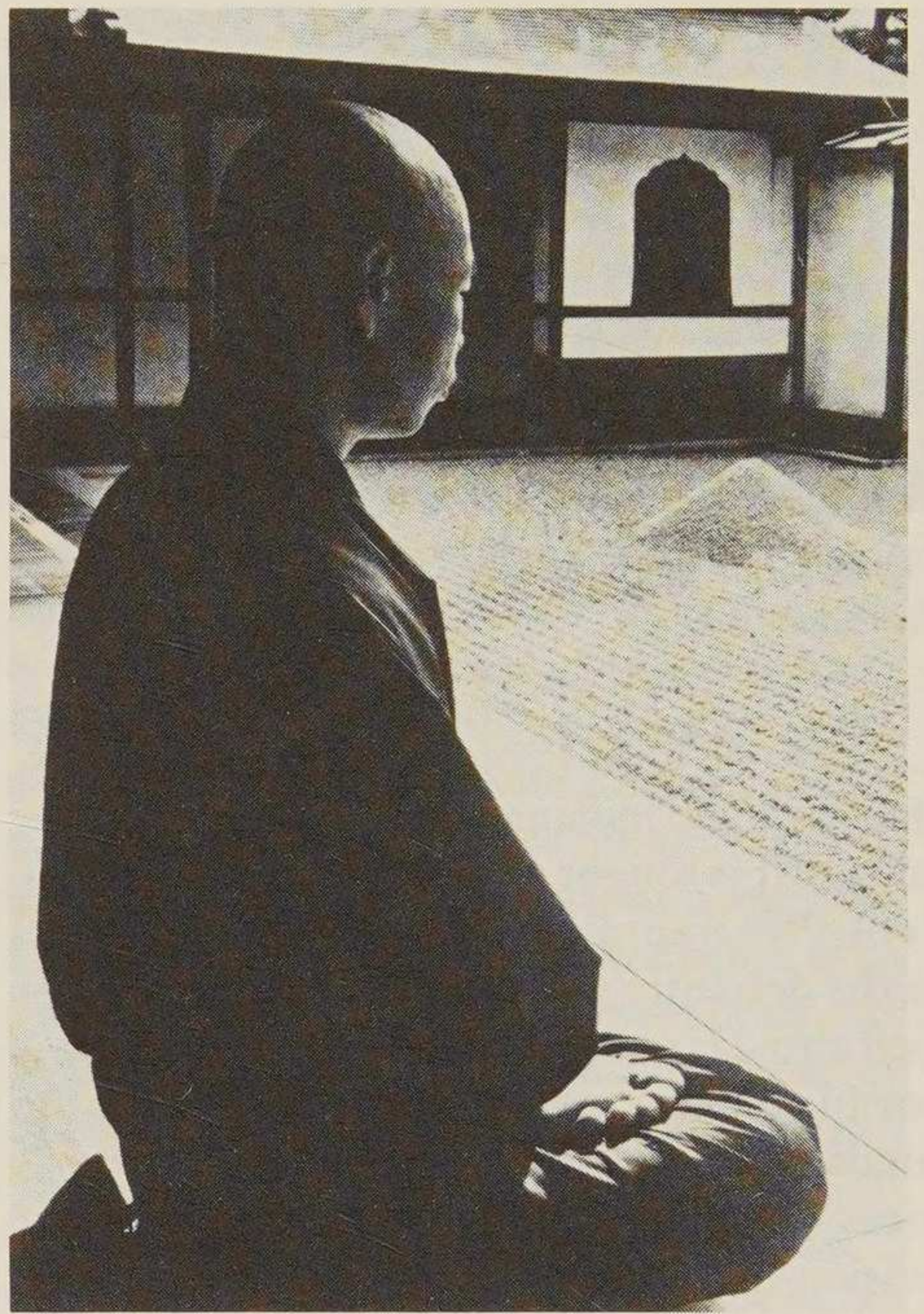
event of Exodus did for Jews of the past. The narrator's "teachers" are a New York writer who is a survivor of the concentration camps and a rabbi in Jerusalem who tries to convey the trials and joys involved in being a "chosen" people.

One of the most successful programs in terms of its use of the medium of television is the one on Hinduism. The challenge here, as in the Buddhism program, is to literally picture the ineffable reality of mystical religion. We view by way of startling contrasts—ceremonies of fertility, the ritual bathings of millions, the initiation of a Brahmin boy—the seemingly infinite variety of Hindu worship. On the other hand, the camera's ability both to range freely and to juxtapose leads us to a realization of the essential unity of Hinduism, the transcendence of that variety of the here and now which is so evidently a part of every Indian's life.

The seventh episode, on Islam, finds Eyre in Egypt, where he interviews an *imam* and a modern married couple—both doctors—who travel to Mecca as *hadjis* or pilgrims. The fact that husband and wife are both very much of the contemporary world of science and technology takes us beyond the stereotypical view of Islam as a religion of veiled women and fierce warriors.

The program on Roman Catholicism sweeps from the spectacle of a pontifical Mass in the Vatican to the desert meditations of The Little Brothers of Jesus. In so doing Eyre seems to imply the distance between an elaborate facade and a mystical center. It is with the help of a Catholic family in Leeds, who mediate this contrast, that we come to something of an understanding of a Catholic view which is truly all-inclusive—literally "catholic." In the words of the Leeds housewife, "the seed must germinate in darkness"—in the desert, in loneliness, in the womb—but it properly flowers in the mystical ecstasy, in the spectacle of ceremony, in birth.

In the ninth episode we encounter the elusive principles of Zen Buddhism as practiced in Japan. We find these principles in calligraphy, in the required daily meditation exercises of a restaurant staff, in sword fighting, and in the ancient tea ceremony.



From the episode "Buddhism: The Land of the Disappearing Buddha—Japan"

One comes away from all this variety with a feeling of dissatisfaction. The situation is somewhat saved by our contact with the Pure Land sect, whose simple quest for salvation and rebirth is on more familiar ground.

A blend of Zulu and Christian practices marks the program on African religions. The camera moves from an almost violent Zionist sect baptism in the South African sea to a conversation with Zulu visionaries in the backlands. What permeates this part of *The Long Search* is a sense of a people seeking roots in religion in the face of their denial of roots by a white-dominated society. An old Zionist woman tells Eyre that her city is the city of God, the city of Zion, and that she lives there even as she walks every day to the bus that will carry her to menial tasks in white Johannesburg.

The eleventh program shows us the effects of classical Taoism on the relationships between family members in Taiwan, but one comes away feeling that the popular Taoism practiced in the elaborate and highly artificial ceremonies of various public rites of passage is the dominant form. Taoism seems the least living and the least satisfactorily understood step in Eyre's quest.

One of the most interesting and most seriously approached stages is the last one in which Eyre travels to California in search of a common denominator in the meeting of Oriental and Occidental traditions characteristic of the many cults and religious movements which thrive there. Theodore Roszak and Jacob Needleman are excellent choices as guides through this particular labyrinth—Roszak always urging us on to the higher consciousness, Needleman cautioning. A highlight in the program is the interview with Fritjof Capra on the roof of the Stanford particle accelerator. Here the author of *The Tao of Physics* sets the tone for this program and even for *The Long Search* as a whole, by leading us, full circle, by way of atomic physics, from technology to mysticism.

Whether the thirteen-part series succeeds as a total television experience is difficult to say. As might be expected, the particular approach chosen by Eyre and the producers works best when the camera can support and supplement the conversations, which are themselves often inconclusive and even—it must be said—embarrassingly inept. One thing we do feel throughout is that this is an honest and unpolished search. And we also feel that Eyre has, indeed, often stumbled upon examples of living faith even in the midst of tired, institutionalized religious practice. One thing the narrator does not do is dominate the program in the way that Kenneth Clark and Jacob Bronowski dominate theirs, and this takes us back to the strength and the weakness of *The Long Search*. It is refreshing to be left somewhat on our own to search, but we miss the imagination and the perception of a Clark or a Bronowski.

A companion volume to the television series is theologian Ninian Smart's book of the same title. It is, in fact, not directly re-

lated to Eyre's search but should be thought of as a popularized version of a scholar's view of that search. It provides the factual and theological information which the television program cannot give us and as such it might be valuable to the viewer.

In some ways the book and the television versions of *The Long Search* can be said to have come to the same conclusion: God wears many masks, some better made than others, some in the process of being made, some worn out. Some people—probably most—never get beyond the given mask, yet each is properly sacred to the person or group whose particular needs and traditions it reflects. This is roughly Ronald Eyre's view as expressed in the thirteenth and final episode of *The Long Search*, and it seems to be sensible enough.

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

Book Reviews

Her-Bak, Egyptian Initiate

By Isha Schwaller de Lubicz. Illustrated by Lucie Lamy. New York: Inner Traditions International, Ltd., 1978. Pp. 396. Paper \$6.95.

Reviewed by Peter Tompkins

An "initiate," says the author of *Her-Bak*, is "one who has penetrated into the understanding of the vital motive"—a tease which endures to the end of her book.

The earlier volume, *Chick Pea*, took a younger Her-Bak through a relatively light and entertaining "living school of nature." In this continuation the reader is dragged, with an older hero, over rougher ground through what purports to be the "Eastern aspects of the Egyptian Mystery teachings," a fiction which only barely veils the accumulated philosophic notions of R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz as interpreted by his talented and ardently interested wife Isha.

The premise is that fifteen years of probing in the temples and tombs of Egypt enabled the two de Lubicz', with the help of the careful drafting of Isha's daughter, Lucie Lamy, to decipher the hidden meaning behind the Egyptian hieroglyphic system, a decipherment which got them to the essence of the philosophy and cosmology of ancient Egypt.

Inevitably, Isha is only a little less obscure than her husband in conveying to the reader this evanescent magic. By their own evidence it cannot be done with words; only with symbols. But any effort to break through the *symbolique* barrier is worth the candle; and this makes the book essential reading. It gets away from the sterile dissecting of bones and stones indulged in by

the standard Egyptologist without falling into romantic fantasy as a substitute for history.

By analyzing the symbols that appear on papyrus, stela, and wall, de Lubicz and his wife have gone after the images and the imagination of the spiritual beings who inhabited the bodies and buildings of ancient Egypt.

When Her-Bak asks why, if his masters possess such a basic science, do they not write it down intelligibly instead of giving it out in riddles, incomprehensible to one who isn't guided, he is told that the science becomes progressively accessible only to the "open-faced and open-hearted" who grow "mature in the rejection of prejudice and a relentless search for the real."

In answer to his question as to what is real, Her-Bak is told that "symbols are the quickest way from the world of appearance to the world of reality."

Only through the science of forms in space, and with the help of intuition, can he explore a world that is closed to rational thought.

Fundamentally, say his masters, he is dealing with geometry, number, and measure. "Every axiom, every truth," the Geometer tells him, "must be susceptible of geometric expression. For every phenomenon is the result of movements and rhythms that give form and character by the law of number."

Her-Bak tries to get things more *terre à terre*. He wants to know *who* he is, what the first man came from, and what is the purpose and meaning of death. "If death were a final end," says Her-Bak, "what is the use of knowledge?"

For answer he is told that he is but a link in the becoming of the divine consciousness of humanity, and that: "It is the spiritual aim of all human life to attain a state of consciousness that is independent of bodily circumstance." In other words, a return to cosmic man.

The history and evolution of symbols...

An Illustrated Encyclopaedia of Traditional Symbols

By J.C. COOPER. In nearly 1500 entries, many of them strikingly illustrated, J.C. Cooper has covered the history and evolution of symbols from prehistory to our own day. The author has also traced symbols in widely divergent societies. Every article includes not only an explanation

of the symbol's basic, universal meaning, but also a specific indication of how it changed in time and place. 180 illustrations. \$14.95



Of related interest...

TIME

Patterns of Flow and Return

By MARIE-LOUISE VON FRANZ. The author, a distinguished analytical psychologist and a colleague of the late C.G. Jung, brilliantly reveals her many insights into the function of myth and the meaning of time. 130 illustrations, 16 in color. Coming in late November. \$7.95 paperback

Thames and Hudson Inc.

500 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036

Distributed by W.W. Norton & Co.

Sometimes it is hard to tell whether the philosophy in Her-Bak is old, new, or simply perennial. When Her-Bak is taught that he is dependent on what he cannot do without, and that desires and necessities are the tyrants that impose their will on him, along with habits, sickness, and needs, whether material, affective, passionate, or spiritual, it is teaching that bears repeating no matter what the origin, as is the suggestion that he must "learn to face these problems, adopt them, or refuse them."

Most appealing in the book, along with the illustrations by Lucie Lamy, is the chain of subtle conceits: that the real appears as a reaction, that the riverbed makes the river, that humans, animals, and plants are reflections of facets of their mother earth, that life for the Egyptians was too fluid to withstand definition, least of all with words; that only the intuitive "intelligence of the heart" could glimpse the truth.

In the end, the wisdom of the Egyptians as reinterpreted by the de Lubicz' may produce for us the Horian data needed to save us from the deadly science of Seth, which, with its constant attempt to reduce all spirit to matter, denies the creator incarnate in the creature.

Peter Tompkins has spent many years investigating ancient civilizations and the ancient and modern sciences. His works in this area include Secrets of the Great Pyramids, Mysteries of the Mexican Pyramids, and The Secret Life of Plants.

Symbol and the Symbolic: Egypt, Science and the Evolution of Consciousness

By R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz. Translated by Robert and Deborah Lawlor, with illustrations by Lucie Lamy. Brookline, Mass.: Autumn Press, 1978. Pp. 100. Paper \$3.95.

Reviewed by John Anthony West

After fifteen years' work on the Temple of Luxor, R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz's discoveries led him to reformulate and re-inter-

pret the whole of Ancient Egyptian civilization. Western scholars, he contended, by their stubborn refusal to see Egypt through other than their own rational eyes, had missed the point of a civilization whose sophisticated scientific and philosophical wisdom was expressed in the non-rational language of symbol and myth.

In no sense are myth and symbol "primitive" modes of expression—dry runs for Western philosophy and science; nor are they merely intuitive means of expressing physical and metaphysical realities—legitimate but still "primitive" alternatives to rational thinking. Rather, de Lubicz concluded, the symbolic method, understood correctly, was the *only* valid means for arriving at an understanding of Principles, Functions and Processes, the Realities underlying the physical world of phenomena whose effects were being measured by Science, but whose causes remained as mysterious as ever.

In 1949, it was already clear to de Lubicz that the revelatory discoveries of high energy physics necessitated a total revision of scientific thought—a notion shared by many physicists. But, according to de Lubicz, rational thought, by its nature, could not be employed to express the inner significance of this new knowledge. Only a valid symbolic language was capable of transcending problems posed by the illusory concepts of Time and Space engendered by our senses. While de Lubicz thought that physicists might succeed in developing a new symbolism, expressed in mathematics, to deal with the new discoveries, the fact is, thirty years later, that language has not materialized, and if it did, it would be accessible only to a new elite, even more exclusive than the initiates of the Egyptian temple.

Meanwhile, thanks to de Lubicz, the keys to the ancient science of symbols have been presented to us. Every ancient civilization expressed a similar metaphysical understanding of causes in individual but compatible symbolic languages. De Lubicz finds parallels to Egypt in India, China, Gnostic Christianity, Meso-America and Africa.

The Egyptian system is not necessarily older or better. Its advantage is that it

comes to us in its pristine form, unaltered by transmission through the ages. We can read Egypt as it was in the beginning, and we can trace the manner in which its theosophy was ramified and proliferated through the four thousand years of its existence, becoming increasingly complex and "intellectual" but never losing sight of its original revelation. That revelation concerns what de Lubicz calls "the laws of Genesis," precisely those Principles, Functions and Processes that high energy physics finds itself faced with, and at present, cannot cope with.

Egypt expressed these laws and their interactions in myth and in symbol. The Egyptian *neter* is not a primitive "god," nor is a hieroglyph simply a picture describing an object. The concrete symbol (jackal, falcon, branch, hand, etc.) is meticulously chosen from the world of everyday experience as that image that best synthesizes a gamut of functions and principles; thus the sign for a bird in flight represents not only the physical bird, but also the principle of flight, the capacity to escape the confines of earth, hence volatility, and finally "Spirit." When we see a frieze depicting a quartet of "gods" drawing closed a netful of wild birds, we are not looking at a charming but fanciful scene from daily Egyptian life, but rather at a stage of spiritual transformation.

The capacity to make use of symbolic language is innate in us, but suppressed, if not stifled, by our overtrained rational faculties. To think "Egyptian" requires a special effort. But it would be misleading to suggest that this little book is intended as an introduction to the process. Rather, it is the seed or kernel that contains in potential the major themes that de Lubicz would develop at length in his subsequent work; and it has something of the density of a neutron star. Nevertheless, no one seriously interested in ancient civilization (or in modern science) will want to ignore the challenge it poses.

The Lunatic, The Lover And The Poet

a conference on the relation
between psychiatry, archetypal
psychology and poetry

Enter with us into a world where science, religion, mythology and poetic imagery fuse to ignite new insights in the quest for life meaning. In the most dramatic setting possible — the austere beauty of Niagara Falls in winter.

Presenters:

James Hillman

Internationally known psychologist, former Director of Studies at C. G. Jung Institute, Switzerland; author of *Re-Visioning Psychology*, the seminal work from the Terry Lectures at Yale

David L. Miller

Author of *Gods and Games* and *The New Polytheism*, Professor of Religion at Syracuse University, lecturer at Eranos Conference and others

Raphael Lopez-Pedraza

Practicing Jungian analyst; author of *Hermes and His Children*, a source book on archetypal psychopathology; Professor in Humanities at University of Caracas

Robert Creeley

Well-known poet, author of *For Love, Pieces* and many others; Gray Professor of English Letters and Poetry at State University of N.Y. at Buffalo

Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.

Professor of Psychiatry at State University of N.Y. at Syracuse; author of *The Myths of Mental Illness* and other books; pioneer in new approaches to psychopathology

Moderator:

Charles Boer

Author of poetic works *The Odes* and translator of *The Homeric Hymns*; teaches myth and comparative literature at the University of Connecticut

**JANUARY 19 to 21
NIAGARA HILTON
NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.**

Registrations limited — send coupon now

**THE ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY
SOCIETY OF WESTERN NY
371 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14202**

Please send me full information of your
"Lunatic, Lover and Poet" Conference.

I want to enroll now and enclose my check for
\$95 registration fee. Send full information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

The translation by Robert and Deborah Lawlor is lucid and faithful to the original. Lucie Lamy's splendid drawings illuminate the main themes of the text.

John Anthony West is a novelist, playwright and Pythagorean. He is co-author (with J.G. Toonder) of The Case for Astrology. His forthcoming Serpent in the Sky: The High Wisdom of Ancient Egypt (to be published in January, 1979 by Harper & Row) is a detailed examination of the work of R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz.

Shosha: A Novel

By Isaac Bashevis Singer. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1978. Pp.277. \$8.95.

Reviewed by Richard Burgin

For Isaac Bashevis Singer, the grammar of life is full of exceptions rather than rules; in fact, the only rule may be that there are none at all. Accordingly, he writes in a brief preface to his new novel, *Shosha*: "This novel does not represent the Jews of Poland in the pre-Hitler years by any means. It is a story of a few unique characters in unique circumstances."

In recent years, Singer has embarked on what he describes as "a kind of spiritual autobiography," the latest installment of which, *A Young Man In Search of Love*, has also been published this year. While clearly an act of fiction, not a memoir, *Shosha* is the only novel Singer has written in the first person, and it is in many respects his most personal. But for Singer, the "personal" necessarily means exploring "others," for he feels and is able to dramatize characters in the same natural way that, say, Kant saw the world in Ideas. Thus in *Shosha*, we have the aspiring writer Tsutsik who narrates the novel and is by turns a passive and active victim of his passions, the ambitious but self-destructive American actress Betty Slonim who becomes involved with Tsutsik, and her aging wealthy lover Sam Dreiman, who wishes to produce Tsutsik's play for the woman he knows is betraying him. There is also Celia, with her erotic passion for literature, Dora, another of

Tsutsik's lovers, although as a Marxist she is his intellectual antagonist, Haiml with his mystic longings, and the lecherous, compulsive metaphysician Dr. Feitelzohn. It is the situation and the milieu of these characters, loving, struggling, scheming and speculating on the secrets of the universe, that dominate the novel's action rather than the particular adventures of the narrator.

If there is a central situation in the novel it's the author's relationship with his childhood sweetheart, Shosha. While walking through his old neighborhood with Betty, Tsutsik feels compelled to visit her. He is amazed to discover that physically and mentally she is the same as she was when they were children. What Singer has achieved here in his own fashion is a kind of metamorphosis—that is, we *feel* Shosha has undergone a metamorphosis because time dictates change, an end to innocence, and Shosha has somehow resisted it.

As the literary and political complexities of the novel proliferate and Tsutsik has a chance both to make money he desperately needs, advance his career, and escape the Nazis (if he will only stay with Betty), his decision to marry Shosha astonishes his friends. Here, as in *Crime and Punishment*, the mystery is not who committed the deed, but why was the deed committed? Tsutsik himself speculates that it's because she is the only woman he can trust. Other characters offer other explanations. Like the actions of the world they try to comprehend, the actions of Singer's characters are much more complicated than any system of explanation. They are not unmotivated but "over-determined" with reasons, so much so that we describe them as irrational.

Be that as it may, the creation of Shosha is a master-stroke, and with her childlike femininity she forms the perfect counterpart to Tsutsik's closest friend, Dr. Feitelzohn. In a book filled with brilliant

Coomaraswamy

"Ananda K. Coomaraswamy (1877-1947) was one of the most exotic figures and seminal thinkers as well as one of the most distinguished philosophers of art and life ever to adorn the Boston scene. Roger Lipsey's thoroughly researched biography and these two anthologies are an excellent tribute."

— **Herbert Kenny,**
The Boston Globe

"This collection of Coomaraswamy's essays gives us a view of his scholarship and brilliant insight; and the life by Roger Lipsey is a rounded, gently critical, always interesting portrait of this unique personality."

— **Joseph Campbell**

"The breadth of learning, the amazing familiarity with different cultures displayed here, is astonishing."

— **Library Journal**



"The essays on traditional art, ranging from that of Buddhist Asia to the New York/New England Shakers, are varied, imaginative, incredibly learned. . . . I found them fascinating. Roger Lipsey's biography is clearly and carefully written and documented."

— **John Kenneth Galbraith,**
The New York Times
Book Review

"There are many who consider Coomaraswamy as one of the great seminal minds of this century. . . . This long-awaited selection of his papers, some previously unpublished and all more or less unobtainable, should go into every library." — **Kathleen Raine,**
The Times (London)

Bollingen Series LXXXIX



Volume 1, \$30.00; Volume 2, \$30.00
Two-volume set, \$50.00
Volume 3, \$17.50

Volume 1: Selected Papers, Traditional Art and Symbolism

Volume 2: Selected Papers, Metaphysics

Edited by ROGER LIPSEY

Volume 3: His Life and Work

ROGER LIPSEY

Princeton University Press

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

dialogue, Tsutsik's exchanges with Shosha are particularly remarkable. At once dreamlike and darkly lyrical, ironic and wondrously alive, they reinforce the underlying idea that time has somehow been made to stop.

In Singer's great epic, *The Family Moskat*, the story ends during the Nazi invasion and the details of destruction are described with horrifying intensity. But we learn the fate of *Shosha's* characters in an extended epilogue set in Israel. Here, as in Greek tragedy, death occurs offstage. If *The Family Moskat* is a symphony, this is chamber music, for Singer's aesthetics have been guided by frugality—where he might have used three words before, he now uses one. There is so much wit, zest and intelligence in *Shosha* that it seems impertinent to praise it. *Shosha* is a magical creation and its author is a master with a special genius for describing the natural world and our dealings with and yearnings for the so-called supernatural.

Richard Burgin is the author of Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges, and a novel, The Man with Missing Parts. He is the founding editor of New York Arts Journal.

Classical Hindu Mythology:

A Reader in the Sanskrit Purānas. Edited and translated by Cornelia Dimmitt and J.A.B. van Buitenen. Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1978. Pp. xiii+373. \$17.50, paper \$9.95.

Reviewed by J. Bruce Long

Those teachers who, for years, have attempted to design a comprehensive and balanced academic course in Indian studies have continually faced the discouraging task of offering to students a dependable and stimulating entrée to the mythological literature of ancient India with inadequate resources at their disposal. The enormous stretch of time between the appearance of the collections of Hindu myths by Charles Wilkins, Edward Moor and others during the nineteenth century and the publication of Heinrich Zimmer's *Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization* in the mid-twenti-

eth century is marked by a serious lack of sourcebooks on the subject of Hindu mythology. Happily, with the publication of Wendy D. O'Flaherty's *Hindu Myths* (Penguin Books, 1975) and the present work, the hundred-year drought has been broken by a gentle rain.

While it is tempting to compare the present collection with that of Dr. O'Flaherty, we will avoid doing so in any detail. It will suffice for present purposes to observe that, whereas the volume under review passes over the rich and varied collection of Vedic and Epic materials that have made an indelible imprint upon the Purānas contained in the former collection, it has the dual virtues of cutting a larger swath in the purānic literature and containing a greater number of myths than the former publication.

In the introduction to this work, the reader finds a concise and fast-paced survey of the history of purānic literature: its evolution out of, and often adverse relationship with, the earlier Vedic and Epic traditions; the division of the entire corpus of texts into eighteen "Great Purānas" and its further partition into three subdivisions of six texts each according to the principle deity (*Brahmā, Vishnu* or *Shiva*) to whom the particular text is dedicated; the paradigm of five topics which each of the purānas is, ideally, supposed to treat; the interweaving of priestly (*brahmana*) and martial (*kshatriya*) strands of materials; and, finally, the three major strata into which the diverse materials of the purānas are arranged—namely, stories of the great acts of gods, semi-divine beings and human beings, the religious observances of the devotional religion (*bhakti*) and didactic matters instructing the people on the nature and requirement of his social duties (*dharma*).

The myths which compose the body of the book are arranged according to the general topic or the specific deity concerned.

The entire volume might be construed after the fashion of an opera, composed of an "overture," four acts and a lengthy "coda." The work opens with a series of stories on "Origins"—i.e., the origin of the universe, of the personal agents and transpersonal elements involved in the creation, of Time and Space, of the seven heavens and seven hells, of the ancient seers and ancestors and of the four major cosmic eras.

Each of the four major "acts" in this "mythic opera" opens with an "Introduction," which provides the viewer with a preview of the strange, exotic and often dangerous terrain of classical Hindu mythology to follow. Following the initial act dealing with the beginnings of life as we now know it, the "spectator" is introduced to the four major characters in the work. Vishnu, the divine embodiment of the sacred powers of preservation and paternal benevolence, is displayed in his four, twelve and twenty-two incarnations. Then, Krishna, the beloved god of Hindu devotionalism, is presented as the "divine trickster" at various stages of life—birth, childhood, youth and adulthood. Next, Shiva, the ferocious, terrifying and death-dealing god of the north, plays out his role as the male consort of the Goddess, the "ascetic" father of two male offspring, the destroyer of demons, the virtuoso cosmic dancer and the ferocious member of the bi-faceted divinity, Hari-Hara. The goddess then appears in a diverse array of roles as the awful embodiment of divine energy, as the female aspect of the Godhead, as the destroyer of the Buffalo Demon and as Kali, the dark Mother of Death. The work concludes with a lengthy "coda," composed of a miscellaneous collection of stories about the lives and renowned deeds of sages, kings, gods and demons, sacred rivers and fords and a variety of supernatural beings.

The book also contains a lengthy glossary of technical terms and proper names which make frequent appearance in the purānas, a citation of the original source of each myth, and a brief bibliography of the original Sanskrit texts, restricted largely to the listing of proper names.

The translations of the Hindu myths are accurate and dependable, always readable

and often extremely graceful. Dr. Dimmitt, who is responsible for the selection of the texts to be translated, has chosen her materials judiciously, with a view toward offering a selection that is comprehensive without being thinly scattered, diversified without being random and representative without being repetitious.

This is a splendidly designed and well-wrought reader in classical Hindu mythology, which, in combination with Dr. O'Flaherty's volume, represents a major advance toward filling the lacuna in existing resources on Hindu narrative literature.

J. Bruce Long is Director of the Blaisdell Institute for the Study of World Cultures and Religions in California.

Restoring spirit and mind to the body...

a fresh new look at
healing—a practical
approach, written
with insight,
devotion and humor.

EVERY WHIT WHOLE

The Adventure
of Spiritual Healing

MICHAEL DRURY

\$5.95

**DODD
MEAD** 79 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

The Snow Leopard

By Peter Matthiessen. New York: Viking, 1978. Pp. 338. \$12.95.

Reviewed by Joseph Cary

The Library of Congress has catalogued Peter Matthiessen's new book under two headings, "natural history" and "description and travel," both relating to "Himalaya Mountains." So far as it goes this is true. *The Snow Leopard* is a diary-account of an expedition through northwest Nepal to the Tibetan plateau made in the autumn of 1973 by Matthiessen and the zoologist George Schwaller. Primary professional purpose was to study the bharal (Himalayan blue sheep) in its remote native habitat; also, to catch at least a glimpse of "that rarest and most beautiful of the great cats," the snow leopard, liable to turn up where bharal congregate. The observations made in the course of their two-month, five-hundred-mile trek through those high and perilous passes seem to confirm Schwaller's hypothesis that, from an evolutionary point of view, it is improper to separate sheep from goats since the bharal is living evidence that both derive from a common ancestor. The snow leopard, as anticipated, was less forthcoming. Schwaller, walking alone, caught exactly one glimpse of one while Matthiessen—I hope I am giving nothing away—had to content himself with some tracks in the snow and a tiny pile of week-old droppings. Readers of Matthiessen's previous "description and travel" books will expect a fresh and knowledgeable eye as well as a storyteller's pacing; they will not be disappointed. This quiet, thoughtful book is rich in information about a little-known terrain and its relatively few and secluded inhabitants. Explorer and naturalist, student of anthropology and Zen Buddhism, the traveler has not only been there but has done his homework.

But above and beyond its L. of C. classifications, *The Snow Leopard* is the narrative of a personal search; that is, the author is a pilgrim. From this point of view his true literary godparent is less Marco Polo or Charles Doughty or W.H. Hudson than the seventeenth-century Japanese poet Basho, whose *Narrow Road to the Deep North* is another such account of a writer's journey into strange territory for motives ulterior to (exterior to? interior to?) either "natural history" or "description and travel." Which is to say that, while Basho *did* wish to investigate far-off places and peoples, to see certain sights, to meet certain priests and poets, to visit certain shrines—and finally to write a book about it all—there was also, beside or beneath or beyond these wishes, a deeper one which we can call the wish to find one's true nature, to enter upon that state of enlightenment that Buddhists term *satori*. Likewise Peter Matthiessen *did* want to visit the Land of Dolpo, to study its flora and fauna and people and perhaps see the fabulous snow leopard, to visit the Crystal Monastery at Shey Gompa and speak to and perhaps attend its revered lama in his ancient mysteries—and finally to write a book about it all—but also he longed (dimly and intermittently for him as no doubt for Basho) for insight into the true nature of his being. For such men travel is not merely an accumulation of new impressions, information, souvenirs, but a sort of *ascesis*, a process of casting off or relinquishment of the familiar and known in the interests of seeing what is truly there. In his mid- to late forties Basho sold his house in what is now Tokyo and took the narrow road to the deep north. At roughly the same age Matthiessen, recently a widower, left his New York home and children and set off to join another man's expedition to the Himalayas.

A Nepalese biologist asked him what he hoped to find.

I shrugged, uncomfortable. To say I was interested in blue sheep or snow leopards, or even in remote lamaseries, was no answer to his question, though all of that was true; to say I was making a pilgrimage seemed fatuous and vague, though in some sense that was true as well. And

“George Leonard’s most original and comprehensive book.”

“It contains a compelling synthesis of theoretical physics, brain research, evolutionary theory, social psychology, and studies in consciousness. Its illumination of holonomy and identity is a major contribution to our understanding of the most fundamental human paradoxes and possibilities. And—it reads like a marvelous adventure story.”

—Michael Murphy

THE SILENT PULSE

A SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT
RHYTHM THAT EXISTS IN
EACH OF US

\$8.95 at bookstores

DUTTON

so I admitted that I did not know. How could I say that I wished to penetrate the secrets of the mountains in search of something still unknown that, like the yeti, might well be missed for the very fact of searching?

Of course *I do not know* is a very good answer (Basho would have said the same or mumbled something about “an irresistible desire to see the rise of the full moon over the mountains of the Kashima Shrine”) and renders the journey pointless only for professional people and customs officials.

In the end Basho returned south, built a new house and continued to write. Matthiessen was home in time for Christmas and now, five years later, I am reviewing his book. It was a rainy evening when Basho reached Kashima and he never saw the full

moon rise there; Matthiessen has named his book for an animal he sought (not too hard, and with a wry sense of the odds against it) but never saw. What, then—apart from the raw materials they made into these souvenirs, their books—did either of them find? It would be presumptuous to say and, anyway, *I do not know*.

Near the end of his account Matthiessen says this:

I long to see the snow leopard, yet to glimpse it by camera flash, at night, crouched on a bait, is not to see it. If the snow leopard should manifest itself, then I am ready to see the snow leopard. If not, then somehow (and I don't understand this instinct, even now) I am not ready to perceive it... That the snow leopard *is*, that it is here, that its frosty eyes watch us from the mountain—that is enough.

A day later, having bid farewell to the Lama of the Crystal Monastery and ready to start home, he propounds this question in his diary: “Have you seen the snow leopard?”

His answer is: "No! Isn't that wonderful?" Whatever had been truly found must lie in the sincerity of that response.

Joseph Cary teaches English at the University of Connecticut. He has published a book and a number of articles on modern Italian poetry.

Dance: Rituals of Experience

By Jamake Highwater. New York: A & W Publishers, Inc., 1978. Pp. 223. \$15.95.

Reviewed by Rosemary Jeanes

It is a temptation to go straight for the photographs in a book on dance, and a rewarding impulse it is in the case of the new work by Jamake Highwater, author of a number of books on American Indian art and culture. The majority of the photographs represent works from the repertoires of ballet and modern dance. Yet one is immediately struck by contrasts: a soft and natural image of Isadora Duncan followed a few pages later by a fiery Elvis Presley; a surprising juxtaposition of a formalized Balinese dancer with the abandon of the Laura Dean Dance Company. What is the rationale behind such diversity? Although all come under the larger heading, Dance, there seem to be worlds of difference between the soaring leap of Baryshnikov in *La Bayadere* and the pedestrian figures cramming themselves into a box in Yvonne Rainer's *Performance*, 1972.

Dance audiences are faced with a broad spectrum of styles, ranging from classical ballet with elements retained from the last century, to countless individuals asserting themselves in new forms, supplemented by an array of dances belonging to cultures different from our own. Because of the wealth of impressions, including the visible influences of an earlier dance upon a newer one, it becomes the task of both spectator and dancer to question just what is the essence of dance. Each person must find his own way and intuitively recognize the power underlying image and movement which awakens a response. One may, however, delve more deeply into the question, as Highwater has done, by tracing the development of dance from its spontaneous ap-

pearance in ritual, through the more structured context of ceremony, and into the spectator art that we know today.

Highwater takes the rituals of the Kachina from the American Southwest as his point of departure. By looking at dance as an integral part of a society, arising as part of a ritual which reflects the fundamental value system of a tribal group, he lays the framework in which to explore the history of Western dance. His three-fold perspective as anthropologist, historian and critic is intended "to introduce a vision of the history of dance which arises from a primal/folk consciousness...and to re-examine the world of dance in terms alien to the preconceptions of civilization."

From his understanding of the tribal members' journey into the sacred, Highwater formulates his premise for all forms of dance. "The creative power of rituals like the Kachina dance lies in their capacity to awaken imagery within us, to compound mystery with more mystery, and to illuminate the unknown without reducing it to the commonplace." In this vein he suggests that it is the artist who has become the modern incarnation of the shaman in the process of secularization and individualization of the Western world. Thus contemporary artists are attempting to create rites of their own to fill the void left by the loss of rituals integral to our society.

The intention of the book, to focus on the relationship between driving forces of culture and the forms of dance, is of great potential and at times fascinating. Isadora Duncan is linked with her contemporary, Freud; one of the oldest surviving ballets, *Giselle*, is set beside other creations of its decade—the theories of Marx and Darwin, the music of Chopin, Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and paintings of Cézanne, to name a few.

In a broader view, Highwater names Christianity as the source of Western man's

Telepathy, the awareness of past lives, the actual death experience itself—Jane Roberts, author of the remarkable Seth books, presents a brilliant reconstruction of the postures of psychologist-philosopher William James, who died in 1910. This afterdeath point of view is a fascinating and provocative milestone in psychic phenomena. \$8.95

PRENTICE-HALL
Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

WHAT
WILL
YOUR
SOUL
EXPERI-
ENCE
AFTER
DEATH?

JANE
ROBERTS
The
AFTERDEATH
JOURNAL
of an American
Philosopher
The World View
of William James
Introduction by
SETH

belief in the dichotomy of body and soul, spirit and flesh. This is part of the author's categorical separation of "primal man" and the white man, in which the latter is supposed to have lacked, until recently, "a body that could function in harmony with his ideas and feelings." This separation of cultural types leads to a dangerous generalization: "The perfectly co-ordinated, lavishly expressive body of the ritual dancer is unmistakably different from the prim, stiff, and fashionably prancing body of the ballet dancer." On the other hand, in relating the biblical concept of "wilderness" to our present society, Highwater suggests an interesting contrast. While Western man attempts to dominate and change nature, primal peoples envision life as harmonious with nature. The white man desires to neutralize nature, thus turning ambiguity into certitude and orthodoxy; primal peoples' rituals are intended to deal with ambiguity on the level of ambiguity.

The critic emerges forcefully in the chapter "Notes on Ten Contemporary Rites," with comments on specific works of currently active choreographers, from Balanchine to Robert Wilson. By taking issue with some and by placing others within his framework, he expresses both hope and disappointment. He diagnoses the ills of dance and prescribes the cure: more rainbows. A rainbow: "It seems to stand on earth or in the clouds, but it really 'stands' nowhere. It is only visible, not tangible. It is the unspeakable, the ineffable made visible, made audible, made experiential."

Highwater has written a provocative and very readable book, describing a dance world seen from a highly personal perspective. He is a strong advocate of rebels, defending their creative vitality. And yet one wonders if the disregarding of eloquence in performance and the sacrifice of traditional Western "beauty" is the only way to regain a powerful expression in dance. The writing at one moment rings with a note of truth; at another is disturbing in the way it applies an individual set of preconceptions which may not necessarily be relevant in their application. Perhaps the book can be seen as a response to those who have applied Western notions to what Highwater would

call primal peoples' dance. For those who entertain the thought that dance is a universal expression, found in almost all cultures at all times, this book makes one think again—to attempt to define for oneself the elusive thread that runs through all forms of dance, allowing both the unity of inner impulse and the distinction of outer form.

Rosemary Jeanes is a dancer, actress and student of Eastern theater. She has published in PARABOLA and Dance in Canada Magazine.

Final Payments

By Mary Gordon. New York: Random House, 1978. Pp. 297. \$8.95.

Reviewed by Ted L. Estess

Mary Gordon's first novel catches and holds our attention because from the beginning we sense that the author is exploring things that matter. These include such perennial issues as death, guilt, forgiveness, the nature of happiness, the loss and re-discovery of identity, anger, and pleasure. The main thing, however, is what it means to be a person who cares.

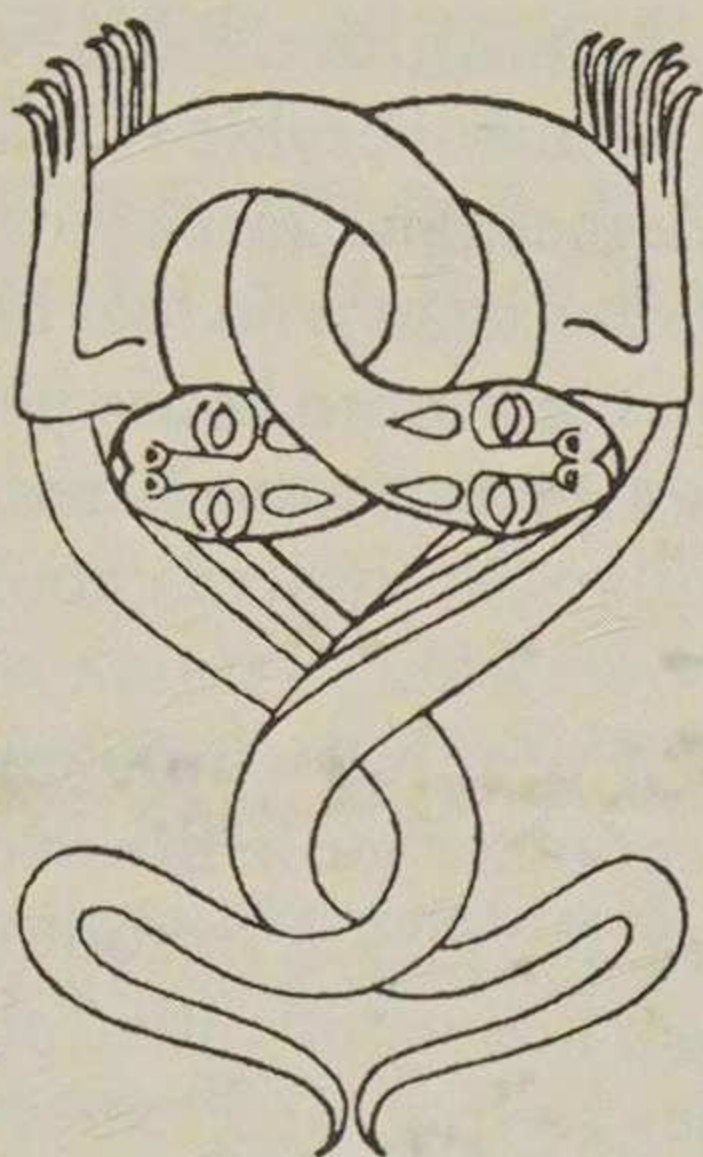
The questions which she faces mark Isabel Moore, the protagonist, as a person who is religiously sensitive, psychologically vulnerable, and socially awake. Can one, in caring for someone else, preserve the integrity of one's own self? Which is higher: charity directed toward all humankind or love for a single person? What risks does one take in allowing oneself to be cared for?

The place to begin such explorations is in a primal relationship; in the case of Isabel, with her father. The novel opens in August with the funeral of Joseph Moore, who had been professor of medieval literature at a Catholic college in Queens; it concludes on Good Friday of the following year, when Isabel, at thirty, breaks through grief and guilt and definitively takes up a

PARABOLA

MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

\$3.50
III-4



TITUS BURCKHARDT / KEITH CRITCHLOW / LOBSANG LHALUNGPA
BARBARA G. MYERHOFF / ELAINE PAGELS / P.L. TRAVERS

PARABOLA...

A curving line that sails outward and returns with a new expansion.

If you are a new reader, we'd like to welcome you and urge you to join us on a fascinating journey into new and ancient worlds in the year ahead.

PARABOLA is the only magazine that brings together major and modern thinkers who explore ancient symbols and sacred art, legends and stories, folklore and ritual, and centers their insights on a common theme.

In our next issue, the subject is... **THE FOOL**

Plus:

An in-depth review of the Tutankhamun Show

An interview with Joseph Epes Brown

More Epicycles

Future explorations:

Sacred Dance

Music and Sound

New Science

Sleep and Waking

A SPECIAL OFFER! Save money now...

PARABOLA must raise its price on January 1, 1979. Subscribe now, at the current rates and **save one-third** over newsstand prices.

Join us for another exciting year exploring the human mind and spirit.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

life of caring for herself and persons other than her father. The structure of the novel, then, follows the path from death to life, or more specifically, to a resurrection of the body and rediscovery of pleasure in relationship.

Isabel's entire psychic development is shadowed by her harshly Catholic, angry and judgmental father. He had suffered a crippling stroke, soon after discovering Isabel, at the age of nineteen, in bed with his best student; for eleven years thereafter, she nursed him. That action, she comments, "strikes everyone in our decade as unusual, barbarous, cruel. To me, it was not only inevitable but natural." Throughout the novel, Isabel refuses—and the reader must resist as well—the tendency to impose a single-minded explanation, either psychoanalytic, religious, or otherwise, on her action. Her caring stands there, complex, confused, destructive, creative, and indeed puzzling.

While this relationship is the most striking element of the novel, the focus is on Isabel's effort to invent a new life for herself. Her story of psychic emergence often teeters at the brink of melodrama with "all its florid components: discovery, punishment, above all the chance for a clear, new life." In rapid succession, she re-establishes contact with two childhood friends, takes a job in a town up the Hudson, has a hasty affair with a best friend's husband, and finds her true love in a fifty-year-old man who wishes to leave his wife and marry Isabel. But (almost always) Gordon's literary craft salvages this story from the inanity and sentimentality of mere melodrama. She knows the pace of an interesting story, and she nicely balances narration, dialogue, and psycho-religious musings. The firmness and clarity of the language maintains the necessary tension with the rapid, unexpected concatenation of events.

The real achievement of *Final Payments* rests at the level of emotion. A sensitive writer is at work here, one who is uneasy with masking and duplicity and who, while clever in her ironies, does finally resist a retreat into irony. In attempting to achieve emotional immediacy, the novel at times risks sounding like a soap opera; but it

finally embodies considerable emotional complexity, density, and credibility.

We see this emotional directness in the stance that Isabel achieves at the end. Having found a person for whom to care, she withdraws again and attempts to re-establish the kind of invulnerable world she had had with her father. She agrees to care for a despicable old woman who had been the housekeeper in the Moore house years earlier and whom she has always hated. This regression collapses—Isabel chooses to return to live her own life.

But here the narrator has a problem: how can the protagonist choose life and love without appearing girlish or foolish or trite? How can one, in our time, find the language for tender feelings and exuberant love? Strangely, Isabel is able to speak her vision by turning to the religious tradition which has up till now been the obstacle in her psychological development. She takes her metaphor from Mary's breaking the jar of ointment over Christ's feet: "What Christ was saying, what he meant, was that the pleasures of that hair, that ointment, must be taken. Because the accidents of death would deprive us soon enough. We must not deprive ourselves, our loved ones, of the luxury of our extravagant affections."

The Catholic element is considerable in this novel: the ideational structure is largely Catholic in origin; the psychological struggles are intensified by Catholic education. It is another of Gordon's achievements that, while she shows ways in which a religious tradition can torment a developing adolescent, she does not, as an adult, summarily reject that tradition in an adolescent fashion. Although the belief structure has by and large fallen away, the sensibility which emerges from this novel reflects the kind of healthy moderation that has often been lost in Catholic religiosity. Isabel comments: "If I wanted I could have, perhaps, every-

“Whatever it was you expected when you heard about the CLASSICS OF WESTERN SPIRITUALITY series from Paulist Press, forget it.

THE REAL THING IS BETTER.”

The Crux of Prayer, Jan. 1978

That's been the enthusiastic response of thousands of people in every field and faith.

As subscribers to Paulist Press CLASSICS OF WESTERN SPIRITUALITY, they've already received seven tremendously exciting volumes that are helping them to rediscover the riches of our Western spiritual heritage.

Here, for the first time in modern English translations, are the original writings of 60 great teachers within the Catholic, Protestant, Eastern Orthodox, Jewish, Islamic and Native American Indian traditions.

In response to our contemporary search for “new personal wholeness” these books are offering seekers everywhere deep and authentic life direction.

Now you, too, can let the greatest spiritual teachers of all time inspire your own quest for meaning.

A MAJOR ECUMENICAL EVENT

All of the mystics vividly experienced the creative and liberating love of God. By reading about these experiences in the words of the mystics themselves, you will be able to appreciate the common spiritual truths that unite all religions of the West.

From the dry humor of Philo and the desert fathers . . . to the love poetry of the Islamic Sufis . . . through the fire and music of St. Francis and the medieval mystics . . . past the quiet power of Quaker literature . . . Rabbi Nahman and the visionaries of Hasidic Poland . . . the teachings of American Indian wise men like Handsome Lake . . . right up to the brilliant writing of modern day pilgrims like Florensky and Thomas Merton . . .

You'll encounter the most psychologically and spiritually integrated individuals of all time.

FASCINATING CONTEMPORARY EDITIONS

To prepare these long-neglected works for today's readers, Paulist Press gathered distinguished editors, translators and religious thinkers from around the world.

The results of this outstanding collaboration are the most authentic and beautifully readable modern translations ever accomplished.

In addition, each volume includes an extensive introduction to the life and thought of each figure. You'll learn how these individuals have influenced history—and why we need to know about them today.

VOLUMES YOU'LL WANT TO SHARE, RE-READ AND USE FOR PERSONAL MEDITATION

You'll want to return to your CLASSICS volumes again and again for new spiritual insights as well as for excellent background material.

(And to recommend them to your family, friends, students, and those you may be counseling.)

That's why the CLASSICS series is printed in large, inviting type. And every volume features a fine-art watercolor bound right on the cover.

RECEIVE THE FIRST VOLUME FOR JUST \$1

Paulist Press is so certain you'll cheer the excellence of this series, we want you to have JULIAN OF NORWICH, *SHOWINGS*—the historic first book for just \$1!

Then, you may simply accept or reject each monthly volume as it is sent to you. *With no future obligation, no minimum number of books to buy, and the option to cancel your subscription at any time.*

Once you've had the opportunity to be moved by the meditations of Lady Julian—a supremely important 13th century feminist, theologian and contemplative—you'll want to collect every volume in the series that has been called “. . . the most hopeful sign in American publishing.” (Ken Woodward, Religion Editor, NEWSWEEK magazine)

THE CLASSICS OF WESTERN SPIRITUALITY

Paulist Press

545 Island Road
Ramsey, N.J. 07446

YES! I agree that CLASSICS OF WESTERN SPIRITUALITY is a landmark achievement in the study of religious and psychological experience. Send me the first volume, JULIAN OF NORWICH, “SHOWINGS” for only \$1.

I understand I will receive an additional title each month which I have the option to refuse if not applicable to my personal or professional needs. There is no minimum number of books I am required to buy.

Check here if you desire your first \$1.00 introductory volume in . . .

- cloth softcover binding
- Send my future copies in cloth at \$9.95 each (plus postage and handling)
- Send my future copies in softcover at \$6.95 each (plus postage and handling)

Name _____ (please print)

Institution _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____

P-11/78

thing—love, work, friends. If I wanted, perhaps I could give reasonably without giving my life. And perhaps I would get, for my pains, refreshment, sustenance, and the rewards of a reasonable life.”

There are other intricacies and delights in this book which must go unmentioned here. (I think especially of the perceptive and humorous vignettes of the aged which occupy the central portion of the narrative.) “Great art,” John Gardner has recently reminded us, “celebrates life’s potential, offering a vision unmistakably and unsentimentally rooted in love.” *Final Payments* does not scale the heights of great art nor does it altogether avoid sentimentality, but it does remind us of life’s possibilities. To use one of Isabel’s favorite words, it refreshes.

Ted L. Estess is the director of the Honors Program at the University of Houston.

An Introduction to Islamic Cosmological Doctrines: Conceptions of Nature and Methods Used for Its Study by the Ikhwān al-Safā’, al-Bīrūnī, and Ibn Sīnā.

By Seyyed Hossein Nasr. Boulder, Colorado: Shambhala Publications, Inc., revised edition, 1978. Pp. xxvi + 318. Paper \$9.50.

Reviewed by Donald P. Little

Seyyed Hossein Nasr is a principal player in the rarefied world of Islamic scholarship, where he moves with obvious ease between Orientalists and traditional Muslim scholars. A graduate of M.I.T. with a Ph.D. from Harvard in the history of science, he has mastered the tools of Western scholarship developed by Orientalism and, as this book demonstrates, is capable of using them skillfully in dissecting certain elements of his own religious and cultural tradition.

Though other eminent Muslim scholars are equally accomplished, few have managed to

become so and at the same time retain a strong sense of their religious identity; it is Nasr’s distinction that he has kept his intact. He is, in fact, a militant Muslim whose books for Western consumption have been programmed to celebrate his faith in Islam and his pride in the heritage of Islamic civilization. All this, combined with what has been described as an almost charismatic personality, has made Nasr an important figure in his own country, Iran, where he presently serves as director of the Imperial Iranian Academy of Philosophy, and in Western scholarly circles as well, where he is a frequent visiting lecturer and an indefatigable writer. At the age of forty-five he has published no less than fifteen books in European languages that fall into three impressively varied categories: discussions of Islamic science and their relevance for modern man; explications of Persian mysticism and illuminationist philosophy, and the survival of both as living traditions in contemporary Iran; and popularized expositions of the Islamic faith written from a Shi‘i-theosophical-Sufi point of view with an aggressively apologetic tone.

An Introduction to Islamic Cosmological Doctrines belongs to the first category along with other studies such as *Science and Civilization in Islam*, *An Annotated Bibliography of Islamic Science*, *Islamic Science—An Illustrated Study*, and *Western Science and Asian Cultures*, which have been published since 1964. Of these works the present volume is both earliest and weightiest. First presented as a doctoral dissertation at Harvard in 1958, it was published four years later by Harvard University Press. The revisions in the present edition are bibliographical in the main. Like most dissertations this one is tough reading for non-specialists. It consists for the most part of close summary and analysis of the works of the three tenth and eleventh century cosmologists named in the subtitle and assumes familiarity with medieval cosmological concepts as well as an ability to handle terminology, proper names, and quotations in Arabic, Persian, German and French. Nevertheless, Nasr’s command of his subject matter and the English language is such that the book can be read by the interested layman, especially if he is content

تَسْلِيمًا

Ninety-Nine Names of ALLAH

SUBMISSION

Sayings of the Prophet Muhammad

SHEMS FRIEDLANDER

This selection of the sayings of the Prophet Muhammad, with the ninety-nine names of Allah beautifully written by the master calligrapher Hamīd, allows an introductory impression of the light and love contained in the practice of Islam.

Paperback CN 592 \$5.95



SHEMS FRIEDLANDER
with *al-Hajj Shaikh Muzaffereddin*

Bishr al-Hāfi saw a piece of paper lying in the mud at the side of the road. His eye fell on the Divine Name written in one of the sentences. He lifted the paper, cleaned it, bought some scent, perfumed it, and placed it in a cavity of the wall of his house. That night he heard a voice say to him: "O'Bishr, you have made My Name fragrant in this world and I will make yours fragrant in this world and the next."

Paperback CN 621 \$3.95

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ



The Upanishads

Translated by ALISTAIR
SHEARER and PETER RUSSELL

The Upanishads have endured nearly three millenia yet their teachings are as relevant today as they were when first given by the forest sages of India. These new renderings in simple modern English capture the timelessness of their message. Seventy beautiful photographs embellish the text.

Paperback CN 615 \$5.95



HARPER PAPERBACKS

Harper & Row, Paperback Department, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, New York 10022

825

to follow the development of the main theme and to grasp the author's chief purpose rather than try to untangle the technical details which comprise the three cosmological systems. The theme is that Islamic cosmology, like all Islamic sciences, has as its ultimate aim proof of the unicity of nature in conformity with the Unity proclaimed by the Islamic revelation. The purpose: to defend Islam against uncritical acceptance of Western sciences by Muslims who, lacking an understanding of the cosmological principles that underlie their religion, are all too ready to embrace alien elements "which may endanger the very life of the Islamic world." Within this framework Nasr's task is to show that such disparate cosmologies as those developed by the

Ikhwān al-Safā' (Brothers of Purity), al-Bīrūnī, and Ibn Sīnā are all truly Islamic in methods and ends. This he accomplishes by adopting the broadest possible definition of Islam as the religion which expounds the principle of Divine Unity present in all other religions before Islam. Thus he is able to argue that the three cosmologists typify three different means of exploring cosmic unity. The Ikhwān Nasr identifies as a group of Ismaili gnostics who combine the imagery and methods of the Sufis with those of the Pythagorean-Hermeticists in order to describe their vision of the cosmos. Al-Bīrūnī, celebrated astronomer, astrologist, and anthropologist, represents the approach of the scholar-scientist who has drawn upon Hindu as well as Peripatetic concepts of the universe. Ibn Sīnā (Avicenna) is the most difficult of the three to fit into Nasr's scheme because his works are both exoteric and esoteric and embody the techniques of the Peripatetics on the one hand and the Illuminationist theosophers on the other; but this duality poses no problem

since Nasr accepts it also as perfectly orthodox.

In the end, then, we are left with multifaceted conceptions of the cosmos which have drawn upon a wide variety of traditions and which have employed several kinds of methodological analyses and yet have remained profoundly Islamic. Thus, in this awesomely recondite work of his youth, Seyyed Hossein Nasr laid the foundations for later, less academic, studies such as *Man and Nature: The Spiritual Crisis of Modern Man* and *Islam and the Plight of Modern Man* in which he sets forth the relevance of Islam for man in the scientific era.

Donald P. Little is professor of Islamic Studies at the Institute of Islamic Studies of McGill University, Montreal.

A Book of Unicorns

A Star & Elephant Book. La Jolla, California: The Green Tiger Press, 1978. Pp. 42 (illustrated). \$15.95, paper \$8.95.

Reviewed by Peter Thomas

In 1977, The Green Tiger Press issued an expensive Unicorn Calendar containing thirteen color pictures (including one for the cover) accompanied by captions concerning unicorns from sources both ancient and modern, factual and mythic. It must have sold well, since they have now given more permanent and extended form to this treasury in a book designed to catch an even larger public. They are succeeding, too. The hard-cover version, I am told, is already back-ordered through October.

What sort of people would pay so much for an illustrated anthology about a mythical beast? The answer, within my experience over the past twenty years, is just about everybody who believes (or wishes to believe) in some dimension of values beyond the merely mundane—like the man in Thurber's fable whose life took a decided turn for the better when a unicorn in his

garden helped booby-hatch his wife. All those, in other words, who find themselves in quest of myths to live by.

Some years ago a lady in New York sent me a letter about unicorn hunting in Manhattan, explaining how she first became hooked on the quest by a salesman who offered her a real unicorn horn as a good-luck talisman; or a detector of poison. The horn proved too expensive, but she did begin noticing pictures of unicorns wherever she went and found that those in literature have great staying power. She could only conclude that the image has persisted, virtually unchanged for over twenty-five hundred years, because mankind feels an enduring need for such a symbol.

In his Introduction to *A Book of Unicorns*, Welleran Poltarnes says very much the same thing: "We will the Unicorn into being because he pleases us... He is pure and this necessitates his distance from the world... His vulnerability is an expression of his purity. We love him because he is taken and defeated not by strength but by another purity." Thus, to medieval man (we learn from a later page) "the unicorn had both an erotic and a religious significance," both of which are inextricably combined in the famous "Lady with a Unicorn" tapestries now so admirably housed in the Cluny Museum in Paris.

These two themes (the erotic and the religious) are reiterated throughout the book, in quotations from Classical and Medieval Bestiaries, from Renaissance and Enlightenment philosophers and travellers, from poets of all ages and nationalities, and from modern fantasy writers (mostly women—who, if they are virginal of heart, cherish a special affection for the beast). They are further emphasized by the sumptuously reproduced color illustrations that occur on almost every other page, while the text itself is enhanced by line drawings, woodcuts and rare photographs.

What we are offered here, in fact, is not unlike one of those lavishly illuminated "Books of Hours" treasured once by such mighty patrons of the arts as Jean, Duc de Berry or René d'Anjou. This, too, satisfies the eye while it stimulates the mind and encourages meditation. The difference is in



THE DRUIDS CALENDAR 1979

Renew your love of the earth, its ancient secrets, its holy — and unholy — mysteries. Celebrate the great cycle of the seasons, as did our prehistoric forebears. With **THE DRUIDS CALENDAR** we visit the dramatic landscapes where the Druids once trod and worship at the shadowed shrines of Mother Earth. We hear again the incantations, decipher the sacred runes, examine the wondrous artifacts from the dim Celtic past. We also make contact with Druids of the present day, recover a lost world, rediscover . . . ourselves. Opens to 12¼ by 20½ inches. With room for daily jottings. At your bookseller or by mail.

CAHILL & CO.

145 Palisade Street, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522

Please send _____ copies of *The Druids Calendar 1979* @ \$4.95 each, plus 85¢ per address for shipping. Enclosed is my check for \$ _____. (Use separate sheet for orders to more than one address. Gift message enclosed at your request.)

Name _____

Zip _____

availability: only one excessively wealthy owner could enjoy the “Très Riches Heures;” anyone of moderate means should be able to afford the Green Tiger book, at least in paperback. If he is a truly dedicated quester he will do a little more—send a Christmas copy to the lady of his choice, inviting her to share this feast of unicorns.

Peter Thomas is a British poet and scholar who studied at Oxford under C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien. He has gathered folk tales and proverbs in Ghana and Nigeria and is now Professor of English and Humanities at Lake Superior State College, Michigan. His books include Poems from Nigeria, Sun Bells and Revealer of Secrets; he is also founding editor of The Woods-Runner (LSCC literary quarterly) and both founder and Senior Herald of the Unicorn Hunters, a worldwide association of writers, artists and others who believe that each of us is born with a unicorn to seek.

Canyon de Chelly: Its People and Rock Art

By Campbell Grant. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1978. Pp. 290. \$19.50, paper \$5.95.

Reviewed by Sam D. Gill

Campbell Grant's fifth book on rock art focuses on one of the most beautiful and historically important locations in the American Southwest, Canyon de Chelly (pronounced d'Shay). This remarkably spectacular canyon system, located on the Navajo Reservation in northeastern Arizona, has been the residence of many peoples over a period of at least a thousand years. It remains today the home of Navajo farmers who still reap the fruit from peach orchards planted long ago by Pueblo predecessors. The canyon has been protected since 1931 when it was established as a national monument. Abounding with ruins and rock art, the canyon is a window through which we may glimpse the cultures of the early canyon residents.

Grant's interest is in the rock art of the canyon, but he places the art within the stories of the peoples of the canyon, its residents and explorers.

The story of the canyon dwellers must largely be reconstructed from evidence in the many ruins, for no written records exist before Spanish penetration to this area and they remain sparse until after the mid-nineteenth century. Grant's telling of this story is engaging and highly readable while not oversimplified. He takes care to show associations between the peoples of Canyon de Chelly and early residents throughout the Southwest.

The canyon has played a role in the history of European contact with Southwest tribes. As a refuge from European aggression, the canyon was frequently occupied for brief periods of time by numerous and diverse peoples and doubtless served as a place of major exchange of ideas and culture. Grant retells the poignant story of Massacre Cave where more than a hundred Navajo, principally women and children, lost their lives when attacked by New Mexico militia in 1805. The canyon was the refuge for the Navajo when the U.S. government attempted to squelch their interference in westward expansion. This story ended when Kit Carson destroyed the Navajo crops, food stores, and dwellings in the canyon and surrounding area, forcing the people to surrender and be marched to Bosque Redondo in New Mexico where they were confined on a reserve.

Another part of the book is about the explorers of the canyon, from profiteering pot hunters and curiosity seekers to dedicated scholars. The destruction as well as the preservation of the record of canyon dwellers is their story. The canyon was scarcely known to Americans of European descent well into this century. Again Grant's telling is praiseworthy.

The ruins have been the primary interest for most who have studied the canyon, the rock art but an incidental. Now Grant's systematic and exhaustive records show that the canyon is a treasure trove of rock art. The record is summarily presented in his final section and appendix. His attempt to interpret the art in terms of its history

and meaning is less successful. Grant deals with the difficult problem of dating rock art by constructing a schema which permits approximate dating by correlation with datable artifacts. Interpreting the art broaches even tougher problems. The character of much of it suggests ritual and religious significance, and Grant attempts to state its meaning in these terms. In the forward, Polly Schaafsma, herself a noted student of the subject, hails Grant's use of shamanism as an interpretive model for some of the rock art, especially the numerous examples of anthropomorphic figures. But Grant's understanding of the shaman suggests nothing more than a person of religious character, and I feel that it fails to advance our understanding at all. Indeed, I would think that shamanism, in a technical sense, would be a highly doubtful religious pattern for the group-oriented agricultural peoples who produced this art. The section on the rock art in this book is like that in many others. The fascinating descriptions suggest that the art is pregnant with meaning, yet the interpretations are thin in comparison with the delicacy and meaning of the designs we see upon the rock walls.

Sam D. Gill teaches courses in the History of Religion at Arizona State University and is a specialist in Native American religious traditions.

Yurok Myths

By A.L. Kroeber. Berkeley, Los Angeles, and London: The University of California Press, 1976. Pp. xi+488. \$18.50, paper \$6.95.

Reviewed by A.B. Elsasser

The Yurok are a comparatively small Indian nation which traditionally occupied a stretch of land along the Klamath River and the Pacific Ocean coast in the northwestern corner of California. Trinidad Bay, in Yurok territory, was utilized by Euro-

The Symbolism of Subordination
Indian Identity in a Guatemalan Town
By Kay B. Warren

The Indians of San Andrés, Guatemala, have been dominated by non-Indians since the Spanish conquest. Kay B. Warren employs a symbolic analysis of Indian belief systems to develop an understanding of how they have adapted to their continuing powerlessness. Her book deals with questions of race, class, and social inequality from a unique perspective.

216 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED, \$11.95

The Headman and I
Ambiguity and Ambivalence in the
Fieldworking Experience
By Jean-Paul Dumont

This remarkable book illuminates the process by which the ethnographer falls through the looking glass into another culture. Jean-Paul Dumont provides a close and insightful study of the Panare of Venezuelan Guiana and their view of the anthropologist and *his* culture. The result is a rare combination of hard ethnographic data and philosophical inquiry.

228 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED, \$12.95



University of Texas Press
Post Office Box 7819
Austin, Texas 78712

American gold seekers around 1850, and the Indians there and along the Klamath have been described by travelers and others since that date. Some years before the turn of the century, Jeremiah Curtin recorded a number of Yurok myths, but unfortunately his manuscript has been lost.

A.L. Kroeber began his long and distinguished career around 1900 as a California anthropologist studying Yurok culture. Between then and the time of his death in 1960 he produced a series of definitive monographs on the language and culture of these people. Some of the myths in the present volume have been published before, but the collection as it stands here, with Kroeber's commentaries and notes, surely is the high point in the presentation of native Californian mythological studies for both scholars and general readers.

Almost certainly Kroeber was attracted from the first by the unusual psychological configurations of the Yurok. In earlier works he could conclude that such traits as suspiciousness, jealousy, sensitivity to shaming, touchiness about slights, proneness to anger, and slowness to forgive were significant in the model Yurok character. These kinds of responses could perhaps be related to their remarkable fixation on securing and holding wealth, principally in the form of *Dentalium* (sea) shells, chipped blades of red and black obsidian, the skins of albino deer, and crests of red-headed woodpeckers. All of these items of affluence figure prominently in the myths, which altogether serve to amplify Kroeber's summary of the Yurok personality, and to provide additional insights into the understanding of their world view, values, and behavior. It is patent that all of this could not have been brought about without a great deal of previous knowledge about the everyday customs of the Yurok, some sound notions about the nuances of their language, and certainly the geography and topography of

their territory: mere verbatim recording of the myths and their translations to understandable English assuredly would not be enough for proper comprehension. Kroeber, even in the early part of the century, was certainly and possibly uniquely well-prepared for the task. It would be virtually impossible to gather such "pure" myths today from any Yurok.

The myths themselves largely pertain to the doings of the pre-human race, the *woge*, who went about the land determining what the customs and proper actions of the Yurok who were to follow them were to be when the *woge* (reluctantly) left. About thirty native informants, mostly male but some female, of varying temperaments, backgrounds, physical circumstances, and capabilities of oral expression, provide the stories. Kroeber gives outline sketches of their lives, sometimes including facts about their social standing (and therefore wealth), and their infirmities; he also judged them in terms of effectiveness as recounters of the narratives. The utilization of so many persons probably allows the reader to appreciate the meanings of the stories to the Yurok as a group, and at the same time goes far in helping to explain how the personality and even locale of the teller can result in considerably different versions of the same myth.

Alan Dundes, in a valuable *Folkloristic Commentary* at the beginning of the book, reminds us that Kroeber once had, and perhaps never entirely lost, misgivings about the Yurok capabilities in developing the tales into a "consistent and workable system." Dundes, however, states that the data from these very Yurok imply "a considerable consistency in pattern and mythological system." Moreover, "the system may never have been articulated as such, for the Yurok had myths, not mythologists." The reviewer suggests that Kroeber's devices of asking so many persons to tell the stories, and by commenting in felicitous places about obscure meanings, ellipses, and motivations of the Yurok, results in the production of a work which allows even one not trained in folklore studies to get a coherent, even consistent picture about Yurok beliefs concerning their origins. It must be granted, nevertheless, that Kroeber himself in

several instances admitted to being stumped by what appeared to him to be logical contradictions in the stories.

The Yurok evidently did not emphasize a supreme creator—the pre-human *woge*, though often equipped with miraculous skills, were usually cast in the role of on-the-spot institutors or improvers, rather than remote gods. The time of their existence is measureless, which, according to Kroeber, “sets the events at once in the beginning of the world and in a period just beyond the brief recollection of actual kinsmen. As against this temporal ambiguity the fixation on the specific house site, even on its very timbers, is in sharp contrast.” The form of the *woge* may have been something like small human beings, or animals, such as Old Man Coyote (the trickster), Crane, Mole, or Owl. However, Thunder, Earthquake and even Money were gods—Kroeber remarks on the latter that “there are few nations which set up ‘Money’ as one of the most powerful of their gods.”

The two most important of the “institutors” in this volume are by all reckoning Wohpekumeu and Pelekukwerek, both sometimes in the form of “old men,” and both having great power as well as odd quirks, from the human point of view. Pelekukwerek, for example, has horns on his buttocks, never eats food that human beings were to eat, nor does he engage in sexual intercourse; he spends much time in the sweathouse, smoking tobacco (which the historic Yurok produced in a kind of semi-cultivation). Of the two principals, Pelekukwerek is perhaps the more genuinely benevolent, and upright. It is he who rationalizes the custom of the human Yurok paying indemnities for wrongs, even of killing of their kinsmen: in a society where money is so important, the threat of actually having to *pay* for a killing is a powerful deterrent to that action, hence will insure the propagation of the group.

“I’ve always dreamed of this kind of publication. . .”—**Rollo May** • “I’d feel deprived if my subscription were suddenly cut off.”—**Ida Rolf** • “A nifty newsletter.”—**The Village Voice** • “A gift to us all.”—**Bob Samples** • “Invaluable.”—**Nathaniel Branden**

BRAIN MIND bulletin

P. O. Box 42211
Los Angeles, Calif. 90042

Every first and third Monday. . . an indispensable companion in this revolutionary age—a key to new discoveries about the human mind and its capacities, about how we learn, create, dream, perceive, change. . . about memory, medicine and meditation. . . about stress and sleep. . . about pain, psychiatry and the politics and physics of consciousness. . . about biofeedback, drugs, psi, hypnosis. Brain/Mind Bulletin brings you new theories and techniques, practical applications, research breakthroughs, news of conferences, interviews with leading thinkers. Relevant, coherent, clear, concise—tomorrow’s headlines for readers in 35 countries.

Edited by Marilyn Ferguson, author of **The Brain Revolution**, with a distinguished international editorial advisory board.

Don’t miss another Monday!

(Clip here)

Brain/Mind Bulletin
P.O. Box 42211
Los Angeles, Calif. 90042

Published every first and third Monday.

Payment enclosed:

- 1 year \$15 (Airmail—\$19 in North America; \$22 all other.)
 2 years \$28

Name

Street Address

City

State

Zip

Wohpekumeu, on the other hand, is much more dualistic—although a strong institutor, he was decidedly erotic, with the capability of making young women pregnant merely by looking at them. He was feared for this, and even deliberately avoided, yet he instituted a great number of valuable things, including normal human births rather than having a pregnant (often by him) girl's belly cut open and probably killing her in the process. Some of his ideas which never came to fruition were to have the river run upstream on one side and downstream on the other; "but it was too hard to do so, so the (Klamath) river was made as it is now." Another story, quoted verbatim here, was: "And there was no fire. Wohpekumeu had planned that people were to do without fire. People were to cook by holding their food in their armpits. That is why it is warm and hairy there now."

These few examples given, of course, do not begin to offer an adequate idea of the riches of the book. Many of the stories are elaborate, charming in style, and replete with suspense. As to the seeming contradictions among the improvers, Kroeber (writing in another work on the trickster Coyote) maintained that a dualistic being, an institutor or creator who is at the same time lazy, a cheater, or a liar, may not be easy to accept. But yet when the Indians pragmatically consider the imperfect state of the world, they do not expect it to have been ordered or "improved" entirely by a perfect being—the dualistic one is therefore not out of character.

Perhaps it will be argued that Kroeber should have written a full-length critical introduction to the narratives. Dundes, in his Commentary, has anticipated this, but there points out that Kroeber indeed provides in the volume "the crucial raw material which will allow others to attempt such overview or analyses." The book's index is surprisingly brief, and does not mention a whole series of folkloristic motifs contained therein, motifs found among the Yurok and in many other parts of the world as well.

It is a pity that this impressive work did not appear before Kroeber's death some eighteen years ago. However, as Theodora

Kroeber states in a forward to the book, "Dundes and (Grace) Buzaljko (editor) comprehended Kroeber's intended goal and the very Kroeberian pattern and organization by which he intended to reach that goal...I do hope in whatever cloud-universal consciousness may blow through the winds of heaven that Kroeber knows the job has been done."

A.B. Elsasser is Associate Research Anthropologist, in charge of exhibit programs at the R.H. Lowie Museum of Anthropology, University of California, Berkeley. He has recently had published, with Theodora Kroeber and Robert F. Heizer, Drawn from Life: The California Indians in Pen and Brush (Ballena Press, Socorro, New Mexico).

The Mahabharata: A Shortened Prose Version of the Great Indian Epic

By R.K. Narayan. New York: The Viking Press, 1978. Pp. 182. \$10.00.

The Ganges in Myth and History

By Steven G. Darian. Honolulu: The University Press of Hawaii, 1978. Pp. 219. \$9.95.

Reviewed by Barbara Stoler Miller

The wise man wears many guises—especially in India where R.K. Narayan was born in 1907. His first novel, *Swami and Friends* (1935), reflects his childhood years in his grandmother's house in Madras. This and ten subsequent novels, including *The Bachelor of Arts*, *The English Teacher*, and *The Financial Expert*, are set in the town of Malgudi—an imaginary place Narayan has created out of his own South Indian experience. It is neither a traditional village nor a modern city, but a town vibrant with the contradictions of being in both worlds at once. Narayan's is a truly Indian voice, the

Religious Book Review

*The only complete
religious book reporting
service available*



NEW BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS

This section in each issue of *Religious Book Review* provides a complete descriptive listing of all **announced** religious interest titles alphabetically arranged by publisher.

CURRENT INDEX TO RELIGIOUS BOOKS

This section in each issue of *Religious Book Review* provides a completely annotated and descriptive listing according to subject classification of all religious interest titles **published** during each half year period.

BOOK REVIEWS

This section in each issue of *Religious Book Review* includes extended critical reviews of selected titles.

AUDIO VISUAL REVIEW

This section in each issue of *Religious Book Review* provides brief critical reviews of religious interest Cassettes, Films, Filmstrip Sets (Record or Cassette), and Records.

SUBJECTS COVERED:

Biblical Studies
Books for the Young
Ecumenical Works
Ethics
Family Life
Fine Arts
History and Biography
Literature and Language
Liturgy
Pastoral Theology
Philosophy and Psychology
Reference and Bibliography
Religion Today
Religions of the World
Religious Education
Science
Sermons and Homilies
Social Sciences
Spiritual Life
Theological Works
Miscellaneous

● For complete coverage on ALL new and recently published titles from scholarly theology to popular inspiration, subscribe to **Religious Book Review** — the only complete religious book reporting service available.

RELIGIOUS BOOK REVIEW
P.O. Box 1331
Roslyn Heights, N.Y. 11577

Enter my subscription to RELIGIOUS BOOK REVIEW for

1 year \$7

2 years \$13

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment enclosed. Please bill. Your satisfaction is guaranteed
or the unused portion of your subscription fee will be returned.

voice of an ageless storyteller speaking to modern times in a comic mode that comes to life through the medley of unheroic characters and special landscapes and locations within Malgudi.

In recent years, Narayan has turned his attention directly to the ancient Indian epics; he has been drawing on them to recreate in English the legends and myths that dramatize Hindu faith and values. *Gods, Demons, and Others* is a collection of fables drawn from the epics in which vibrant human and supernatural characters act out eternal patterns of chaos and order. The *Ramayana* of R.K. Narayan was inspired by the Tamil poet Kamban's version of the epic; Narayan calls it "a resultant literary product out of the impact of Kamban on my mind as a writer." *The Mahabharata* Narayan gives us now is a master-storyteller's compression based on the Sanskrit original, which runs to more than one hundred thousand epic stanzas. He himself succinctly states the focus of his version: "Although this epic is a treasure house of varied interests, my own preference is the story. It is a great tale with well-defined characters who talk and act with robustness and zest—heroes and villains, saints and kings, women of beauty, all displaying great human qualities, superhuman endurance, depths of sinister qualities as well as power, satanic hates and intrigues—all presented against an impressive background of ancient royal capitals, forests, and mountains." True to his purpose Narayan keeps to the mainstream of the epic, including all the major episodes relevant to the destinies of the chief characters. Narayan's two-page condensation of the *Bhagavadgita*, which is revealed to the warrior-hero Arjuna by the god Krishna (who is serving as his charioteer when the great epic battle is about to

begin), carefully elucidates the profound philosophy of detached action in the context of the hero's emotional revulsion at doing battle against his own kinsmen. This is just one example among many instances in which Narayan's lucid language manages to communicate the sense and flavor of the various epic styles and rhythms. The *Mahabharata* is filled with his perceptions of the absurdity of human situations, played through compassionate humor and a highly developed sense of irony.

The primal role of the Ganges river in the genealogy of the epic sages and kings which Narayan relates at the beginning of the *Mahabharata* gives evidence of its importance in Indian culture. This is admirably documented by Steven Darian as he thematically traces the history of the Ganges in Indian religion, myth, literature and art in his book, *The Ganges in Myth and History*. There is no new thesis here, but the author explores many kinds of associations, such as "Ganga and Artemis," to present a rich account of the river goddess's real and legendary power.

In his forward to the book, A.L. Basham says, "Dr. Darian is, at least figuratively speaking, a convinced devotee of that goddess. He has traveled her banks their full length and has lived among those who dwell by her side. He evidently loves her with an intensity which few modern Indians can match." This book in its scholarly detail and comprehensive scope, bears witness to the author's devotion.

Barbara Stoler Miller is a teacher of Sanskrit and Oriental Humanities at Barnard College. Her new book, The Hermit and the Love Thief, will be published by Columbia University Press in early 1979.

A Swiftly Tilting Planet

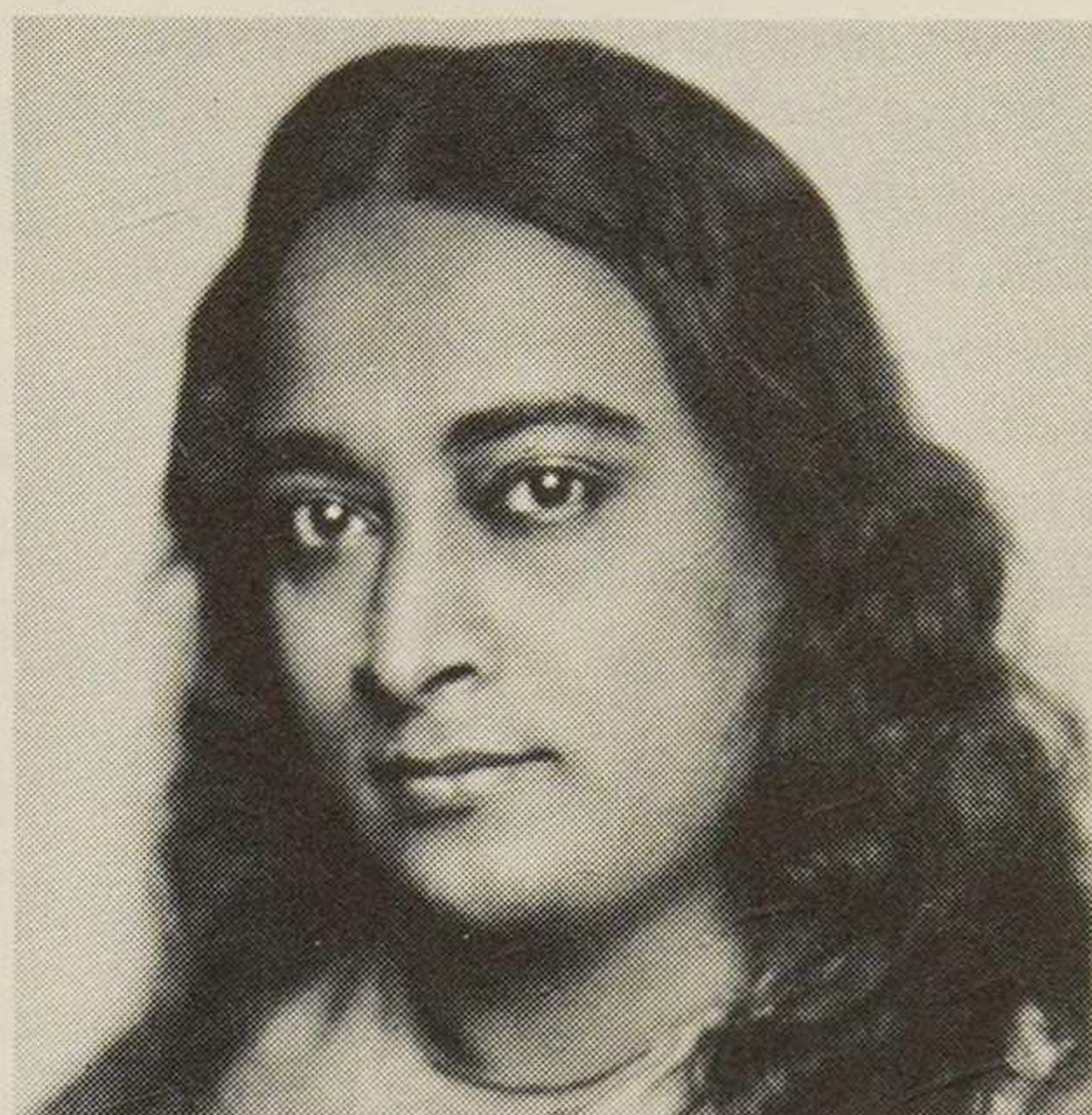
By Madeleine L'Engle. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1978. Pp. 278. \$7.95.

Reviewed by David A. Leeming

A Swiftly Tilting Planet is a companion volume to *A Wrinkle in Time* and *A Wind in the Door*. Together the three books must be ranked with other series classics of modern

fantasy such as *The Lord of the Rings*, the Lewis space trilogy, and *The Chronicles of Narnia*. In at least one sense, in fact, it can be said that Madeleine L'Engle has gone beyond Lewis and Tolkien. Like them she uses fantasy to achieve "religious" significance, like them she knows how to tell a good story—one that reaches and holds children and adults simultaneously without embarrassment to either—like them she has a sure sense of the cosmic struggle between opposites which provides us with our potential for self-realization as well as for ultimate disaster. Unlike the others she bases her "fantasy" on the foundation of post-Newtonian science. Her work is more truly "science fiction," and superior science fiction at that.

The new physics of relativity and quantum theory and various extensions of it into biology and information theory—the science we associate with such names as Einstein, Heisenberg, Bohr, De Broglie, and Schrödinger—can lead us to a world view which to that of the old physics must necessarily be fantastic. Time and space are no longer absolute; rather, they are a four-dimensional space-time continuum. Two people traveling at different velocities relative to observed events will order these events differently in time. $E=MC^2$ tells us that mass is a form of energy. Einstein postulated that the force of gravity has the effect of curving what we call space and time and that the structure of actual space-time is related to the amount of matter—more accurately "energy events"—in the universe. Furthermore, quantum theory brings the element of human consciousness back into the scientific equations themselves by suggesting that we can no longer think of ourselves as separate and objective observers of Nature, that as Heisenberg put



Paramahansa Yogananda

WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT MEDITATION?

You hear a lot about meditation these days. And that's good. There are many benefits to be derived from it.

Still, people continue to ask: what is meditation, really?

Paramahansa Yogananda, founder of Self-Realization Fellowship, said, "Meditation should not be confused with ordinary concentration. Concentration consists of freeing the attention from distraction and in focusing it on any idea in which one may be interested.

"Meditation is that special form of concentration in which the attention has been liberated from restlessness and is focused on God."

Self-Realization Fellowship teaches you how to use meditation for successful living in today's complicated world.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Self-Realization Fellowship

3880 San Rafael Ave. Dept. 8PBB
 Los Angeles, California 90065
 Please send me a free copy of your booklet
 "UNDREAMED-OF POSSIBILITIES!"

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

READ "Autobiography of a Yogi"
 by Paramahansa Yogananda
 AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

it "What we observe in science is not nature itself, but nature exposed to our method of questioning." Much of modern science, then, becomes, like mystical experience, a quest for the understanding of the relationship between consciousness and the cosmos itself. Quite simply, we are led to a "mystical" world view in which not only our consciousness but even the most elementary particle is an integral part of a cosmic web which transcends all individual entities, whether stars, quarks, or us. "Our everyday experience," writes the astronomer Fred Hoyle, "even down to the smallest details seems to be so closely integrated to the grand-scale features of the Universe that it is well-nigh impossible to contemplate the two being separated." This astounding "fact" of the new science is the starting point for all of Madeleine L'Engle's work.

Few writers have been able to overcome or even try to overcome the problems implicit in any attempt to convey the new scientific reality to an audience whose perspective, conventions, and language structures all assume the Newtonian model of the universe. The whole idea of what in the "old" language would have to be called "scientific mysticism" is more than most of us can grasp, let alone convey to others. Madeleine L'Engle leaps out of Plato's cave into the true sunlight and she succeeds amazingly. She succeeds because she recognizes, like T.S. Eliot, that "...human kind/ Cannot bear very much reality," and she protects us under the cloak of familiar myths, familiar themes, and characters whose commitments are very much to each other and to life on this planet.

In *A Wrinkle in Time* Meg Murry and her precocious brother Charles Wallace go on a quest into outer space. What begins as a search for their father quickly becomes a series of trials with cosmic implications. The order of the universe itself is threatened, and the Murry children must literally "find themselves" in order to do something about it. In the midst of the ultimate struggle between entropy and creative energy they gradually discover the power that they and all of us have to affect that struggle. They experience their own significance as

part of the great web of Being. Such scientific hypotheses as the loss of absolute time at the speed of light, the square squared and squared again—the five dimensional *tesseract*—and the horrifying anti-matter or black hole left by a collapsing star are the devices by which we are carried to a reality which the mystics have always known. To quote D.T. Suzuki, "In this spiritual world there are no time divisions such as the past, present, and future; for they have contracted themselves into a single moment of the present where life quivers in its true sense."

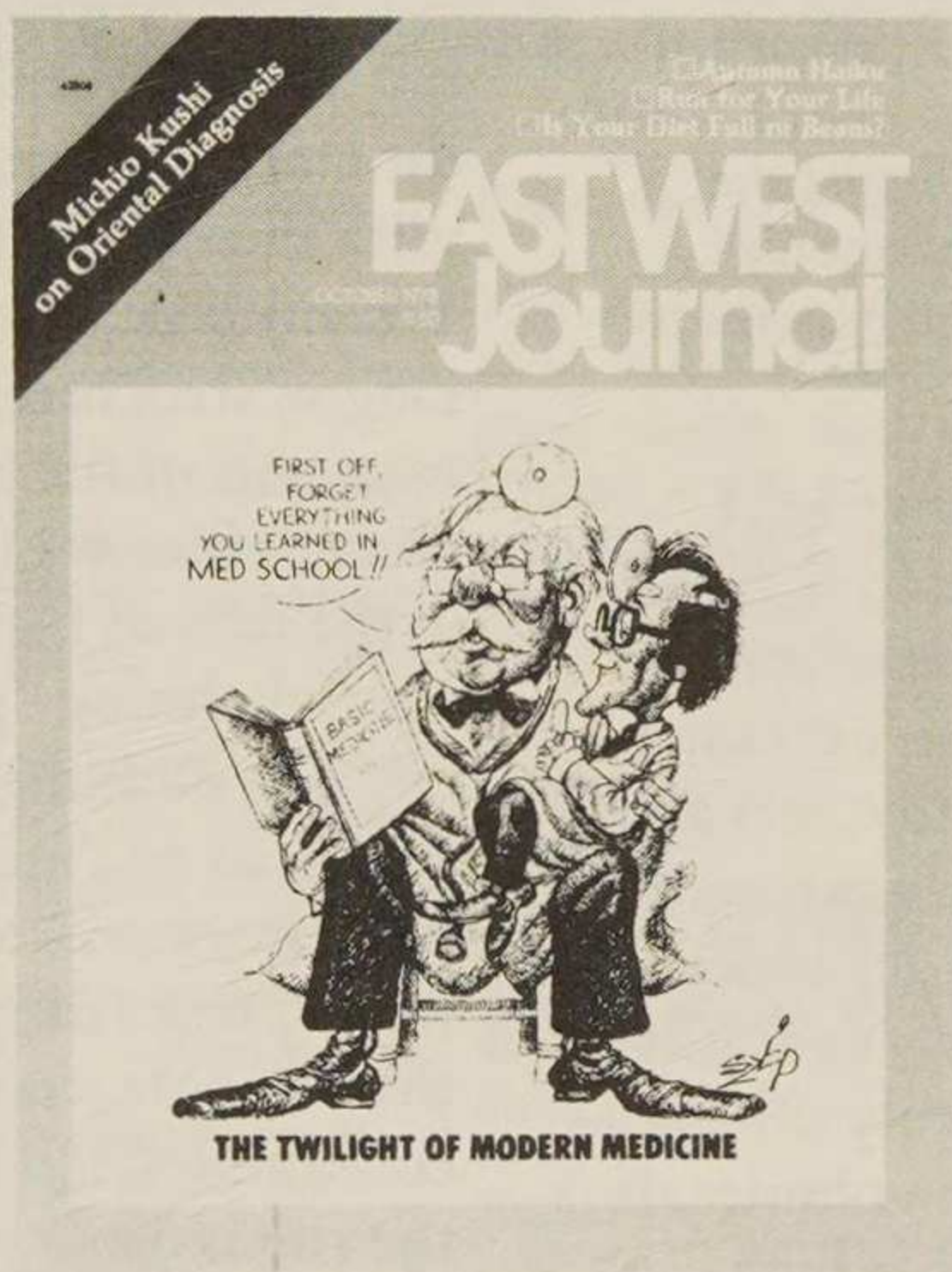
In *A Wind in the Door* the quest is renewed, this time at the microscopic rather than macroscopic level, in the blood stream of Charles Wallace where the oxygen-giving function of the farandolae and mitochondria is being threatened. Meg must search for a way to save her brother and, as in *A Wrinkle in Time*, she soon discovers that much more than the survival of an individual hangs in the balance. The struggle in Charles Wallace is the universal one between that entropy which would "un-Name"—that is remove from Creation—and the creative force which would "Name." Guided by Grace in the form of the cherubim, Proginoskes, Meg experiences concretely the interdependence of all things and the consequent irrelevance of size differences so well known both to the old mystics and the new scientists. The space between microparticles is relative to that between the stars. Charles Wallace is to his farandolae and mitochondria what a galaxy is to a star. Meg enters the blood stream of her brother and enters fully into the cosmic struggle.

All of this is kept wonderfully unpretentious and believable at the conscious level. We accept the relationship between Charles Wallace and Meg because it is

If you're interested in health...



get in on this special introductory offer from the leading natural living magazine.



Whether you are an experienced macrobiotic, have just begun a natural foods diet, or are only slightly interested in natural living, you'll get a lot out of **East West Journal**.



If you enjoy discovering new ways of relating to the world and exploring traditional ways of living, you'll enjoy the regular articles in **East West Journal**. You'll find instructive, informative articles on natural approaches to health care, cooking, child rearing, organic gardening, ecology, and the latest ideas on traditional ways to live your life. You'll read about the doers and the thinkers, the heroes and the heroines, the potential and the pitfalls of natural living.

In the **East West Journal** you'll find fascinating and entertaining reading about ways to establish your health and well-being—knowing that no fancy machine, no miracle drug can guarantee our health.

You'll read firsthand accounts of people who are rediscovering that a sane lifestyle is the basis for health—people who are taking responsibility for themselves through sensible exercises, wholesome food and traditional methods of healing.



Each month **East West Journal** will bring you the latest news, opinions and analyses of the possibilities of natural living, giving you practical tools for your own self-reliance. Reviews of relevant books, commentary on current events, and practical information on how to live your life more naturally are all united by the basic idea that the healthy individual is the essence of a healthy society.

So, if you're interested in health and natural living, find out how much **East West Journal** can add to your enjoyment of life.

To help you do just that, we'll send you the current issue

at our expense. If, after you've had time to read your first issue of **East West Journal**, you aren't satisfied, simply return our invoice marked "cancel" and that's that. We'll cancel your subscription—no strings attached.

Send for your copy today!

EAST WEST Journal

P.O. Box 505
Whitinsville, MA 01588

Yes, please send me the next issue of **East West Journal**. If I like what I see, I'll pay just \$12 for 12 monthly issues (saving \$6 from the single copy price). If not satisfied, I'll mark "cancel" on the subscription invoice, return it to you, and owe nothing. The first issue is mine to keep without obligation.

- One year \$12
- Two years \$20
- Three years \$28
- Payment enclosed
- Bill me
- Renewal (please include address label)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Outside the U.S., there's extra postage. Canada and Mexico, add \$2 per year. Europe, North Africa and the Middle East, add \$8 per year. Other overseas lands, add \$3 per year. (Allow 6-8 weeks for arrival of first copy.)

9PA2

altogether human and we can conceive of the possibility of the victory of Meg over universal evil because her ultimate weapon is one available to us all and the one power of which we all have some experience. That weapon is love, the most obvious human expression of that interdependence and interpenetration which is the cosmic web. To love is to be free of the instruments of evil—the Echthroi—and to love is to be a part of the power of Creation. In *A Swiftly Tilting Planet* the agent of Grace is the unicorn, Gaudior, and he expresses the message of all three books:

Everything that happens within the created Order, no matter how small, has its effect. If you are angry, that anger is added to all the hate with which the Echthroi would distort the melody and destroy the ancient harmonies. When you are loving, that lovingness joins the music of the spheres.

The language or medium for love in *A Wrinkle in Time* is the tesseract; in *A Wind in the Door* and *A Swiftly Tilting Planet* it is the process of *kything*. *Kything* is an extension of what we call mental telepathy; it is a transcendental kind of communication; it is the language of the great interdependence.

A Swiftly Tilting Planet brings to fulfillment all of the themes tentatively if beautifully treated in the companion volumes. It is a story of suspense and wisdom which cannot be properly summarized here. Suffice it to say that the *kything* power of Charles Wallace and his sister is pitted against imminent universal disaster, that the whole process takes less than twenty-four hours, that the Murry children never leave the land on which their house stands, and that Madeleine L'Engle, like the great tragedians, brings us to an experience of terror which is also one of unspeakable beauty in which we regain the perspective of the old mystics through the vision of modern science. No one should pass by this book; it is modern myth of the very best sort—the sort that Ananda Coomaraswamy meant when he said, "The mythical narrative is of timeless and placeless validity, true nowhere and everywhere."

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

Togu Na: The African Dogon "House of Men, House of Words"

By Tito and Sandro Spini. New York: Rizzoli International Publications, 1977. Pp. 251. \$30.00.

Reviewed by Susan Bergholz

One comes to this handsome, beautifully-made volume of photographs and print with the curiosity one has about exotic lands and foreign peoples. Paging through, the curiosity oddly turns to reverence. The pages turn more slowly and the photographs take on a life of their own.

In spite of the tiny print, which is in no way a barrier to the massive amount of detail and impeccable scholarship, in spite of the stark photojournalistic camera work with the occasional polarized spread, the ancient imperturbable power of these basic Dogon structures, *togu na*, infuses every page. All of the Spinis' technology and sophistication as ethnographers turns to awe in the face of the purity of the place and the overwhelming "presence" of this landscape.

The buildings themselves, the *togu na*, the great or "mother" shelter into which no woman ever comes, are rooted by the forked trees that hold up the massive woven thatch roofs, rooted at the "head" of the community. (In an anthropomorphic image the site is often placed as the head of a man with the village arranged below as the body.) They are broad, squat, and totally imposing in their barren landscapes of rocky cliffs and dry plains; basic in their construct—like caves—but serving as the meeting place and decision-making center of the district; acting as a repository of the myth and cosmogony of a people, a tie between "the real and the meta-real in a myth



The one woman who knows the secrets of the Fairies

Katharine Briggs is one of the world's leading experts on folklore: "She is the magic mirror on the wall. Ask her what you will, but have a care of this wonderful book. Dip into it for two minutes and you'll be gone for an hour. No hour could be better spent." —RICHARD ADAMS

Katharine Briggs

Praise for *An Encyclopedia of Fairies*... Praise for *The Vanishing People*...

"Oberon would have revelled in this convocation of his subjects." —PETER OPIE

"*An Encyclopedia* offers a supernatural host of legends, ballads, folk tales—and more than enough hobgoblins and dragons to fill minds little or large." —*Time*

"What Briggs has done is to recover fairies from the nursery and restore to them their diversity, complexity, and astonishingly subtle relationship with mortal men and women...These stories are designed to awaken consciousness." —*Newsweek*

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FAIRIES

Hobgoblins, Brownies, Bogies and Other
Supernatural Creatures

\$4.95, paper; \$12.95, cloth

"*The Vanishing People* is absorbing, complex, learned and enchanting...Full of good stories and of understanding. Dr. Briggs' book conveys a startling awareness of what it was like to fully believe in all this multitude of uncanny beings."

—*The Times Literary Supplement*,
London

THE VANISHING PEOPLE

Fairy Lore, and
Legends
\$8.95, cloth

Illustration: David Schleinhofer



Pantheon's Fairy Tale and Folklore Library

The Complete Grimm's Fairy
Tales by Josef and Wilhelm
Grimm. \$5.95, paper; \$12.95, cloth

British Folktales by Katharine
Briggs. \$10, cloth

Russian Fairy Tales by Aleksandr
Afanas'ev. Trans. by Norbert Guterman.
\$5.95, paper; \$12.95, cloth

Gods and Heroes: Myths and Epics of Ancient Greece by Gustav Schwab.
Trans. by Olga Marx and Ernst Morwitz. \$5.95, paper; \$12.95, cloth



Now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

to which only a few wise old men have the key of interpretation." The extremely difficult living conditions imposed when the Dogon were forced into isolation on the inaccessible cliffs of Bandiagara in Mali by neighboring tribes some thousand years ago predetermined a solid social structure. The *togu na* is "emblematic of this necessary and perfect communalistic organization in that it sums up all the functions which are involved in communal relationships."

Legal and religious matters, matters of "words" and men, are determined under a common roof, and often images act as words. The buildings that display iconographic sculptures (not unlike the iconography of New Guinea, of other parts of Africa and even of Native American Indians) seem to be a translation of a secret message previously contained in the hermetic oral tradition; these sculptures are one of the few "written" Dogon documents.

One of the great tragedies of the Dogon's emergence from isolation ironically comes to them just because of their total integration of self, society and the sacred. They have been forced to deface and mutilate many of their sculptures themselves rather than let them fall into the hands of traders whose dealings would corrupt their purpose. Thus, the elders must often choose to let their culture die by destroying it themselves. The book is splendid, even as it documents "foreign" interference purporting to promote a culture's survival, while hastening its destruction through lack of respect for the integrity or singularity of an ancient way.

Respect, however, is something that the Spinis did not lack. In their attempts not to analyze phenomena in Western intellectual categories, they have shown extraordinary sensitivity to another culture and have acted as cameras, recording a reality that is so strong that it informs every photograph. They tread lightly, carefully on this sacred territory without concepts and preconditions; they report only what they actually hear; they do not speculate. They respect the elders' silence. They have been touched at the very core by the magic of place and the integrity of a people. They have devised

what seems to be a different visual vocabulary as a result, one which conveys much about the sanctity of wisdom and the nature of real community.

There is a wealth of detail here for the architect, for the town planner, for the anthropologist, for the folklorist, for the mythographer, for the art historian, for the photographer. But the wonder of the book is that the Spinis have sensed and translated via the photoimage another culture which contains some of the few "holy" places in the world today, places which are both sacred and secular, natural, necessary, and eternal.

Togu Na is quite simply a remarkable book. For somewhere along the line the authors, Tito and Sandro Spini, allow us to see something that is invisible: they have put us in touch with an experience of the sacred.

Step into the footmarks of your ancestors. Tradition may weaken but cannot disappear.

(from a Dogon prayer)

Susan Bergholz is managing editor of this magazine.

CHICAGO

THE MEANING OF APHRODITE **Paul Friedrich**

Bridging such traditional oppositions as sex and purity, Friedrich posits the existence of a long-suppressed lover/mother archetype in the figure of Aphrodite.

Cloth 256 pages Illus. \$17.50 December

A HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS

Volume I

From the Stone Age to the Eleusinian Mysteries

Mircea Eliade

Translated by Willard R. Trask

Eliade traces ancient manifestations of the sacred by examining the magical, religious behavior of prehistoric peoples through both eastern and western civilizations to the age of classical Greece.

Cloth 512 pages \$22.50 November



ST. NICHOLAS OF MYRA, BARI, AND MANHATTAN

Biography of a Legend

Charles W. Jones

St. Nicholas's centuries-long passage from valiant, angelic knight to a child's fat and jolly Christmas playmate offers a dramatic example of the effect of time upon the imagination, and of the mundane upon the heroic.

Cloth 568 pages \$28.00 Available



ZALMOXIS: THE VANISHING GOD

Comparative Studies in the Religions and Folklore of Dacia and Eastern Europe

Mircea Eliade

Translated by Willard R. Trask

Eliade's study covers such topics as the cult of Zalmoxis, the folk cosmogonic myth in Romanian folklore, and the significance of magic and ecstasy in folk beliefs.

Paper x, 260 pages \$4.95 Available

THE FORGE AND THE CRUCIBLE

The Origins and Structures of Alchemy

Second Edition

Mircea Eliade

"This is one of the very few responsible treatments of alchemy intelligible to the layman—the only work to treat both Western and Eastern traditions." — Jonathan Z. Smith, University of Chicago

Paper 230 pages Illus. \$4.95 September

The University of Chicago Press • Chicago 60637

PARABOLA GUIDE

The Parabola Guide is appearing for the first time in this issue. This directory will be published twice yearly. We hope it will offer our readers an overview of the newest materials available relating to myth and the quest for meaning. (These listings do not necessarily suggest editorial recommendation.)

Anthropology and Archaeology

Ancient Egyptian Literature, Volume II: The New Kingdom. By Miriam Lichtheim. University of California Press: 1978. Paper \$3.95. Translation of texts, including monument inscriptions.

Anthropology and the Greeks. By S.C. Humphreys. Routledge & Kegan Paul: 1978. \$20.00. A volume concerned with bridging the gap between classical studies and anthropology.

Digging in the Southwest. By Ann Axtell Morris. Peregrine Smith, Inc.: 1978. Paper \$5.95. Informal and informational story of archaeological achievements in the American Southwest.

An Egyptian Hieroglyphic Dictionary. By E.A. Wallis Budge. Dover Books: 1978. Two volumes. Paper \$10.00 each. Classic dictionary.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics. By Patrick F. O'Mara. Paulette Publishing Co.: 1974. Paper \$5.95. A self-study manual based on the art monuments.

Ethnic Medicine in the Southwest. Edited by Edward H. Spicer. University of Arizona Press: 1977. Paper \$6.95. Traditions underlying the medical arts of Yaqui, Anglo, Black, and Mexican American communities.

Hispano Folklife of New Mexico. By Louise W. Brown with Charles L. Briggs and Marta Weigle. University of New Mexico Press: 1978. \$15.00. The collected papers of Brown which document folklife of New Mexico.

Image and Pilgrimage in Christian Culture. By Victor Turner and Edith Turner. Columbia University Press: 1978. \$15.00. Cultural aspects of Christian pilgrimage—symbols and experience.

Montaillou: The Promised Land of Error. By Emmanuel Le Roy Laudrie. George Braziller, Inc.: 1978. \$20.00. The history of a community of peasants and shepherds in fourteenth-century France based on the detailed register of Jacques Fournier (future Pope Benedict XII).

Myth and Meaning. By Claude Lévi-Strauss. University of Toronto Press: 1978. \$7.50, paper \$2.95. An inquiry into the significance of myth.

Native American Testimony. Edited by Peter Nabokov. T. Y. Crowell, Co.: \$8.95. An anthology of Indian and White relations with testimonies from both sides.

The Origin of Civilization. By John Lubbock. University of Chicago Press: 1978. \$22.00. A reprint of an 1870 edition about civilization's origins and man's primitive condition.

The Origins of Maya Civilization. Edited by Richard E.W. Adams. University of New Mexico Press: 1978. Paper \$7.50. An update of available evidence and recent theories about the origins and evolution of Classic Maya civilization.

People of the Buffalo: How the Plains Indians Lived. By Maria Campbell. J.J. Douglas Ltd.: 1976. \$6.95. A description of the materials of the Plains Indians' lives as part of a spiritual whole. Illustrated children's book.

Primitive Religion. By John J. Collins. Littlefield, Adams & Co.: 1978. Paper \$3.50. An anthropologist's introduction to religion.

Rituals of Birth—From Prehistory to the Present. By Ann Warren Turner. David McKay Co.: 1978. \$7.95. An in-depth look at birth customs in different cultures.

Rituals of the Kandyan State. By H.L. Seneviratne. Cambridge University Press: 1978. \$19.95. An ethnographic study of the ritual at a Buddhist temple in Ceylon.

The Search for Lost America: The Mysteries of the Stone Ruins. By Salvatore Michael Trento. Contemporary Books, Inc.: 1978. \$9.95. A view of mysteries of "America B.C.," i.e., stone observatories, burial vaults, etc. Includes maps, charts, photographs.

Sherpas Through Their Rituals. By Sherry B. Ortner. Cambridge University Press: 1978. \$15.95, paper \$5.95. A study of the relationship between the Sherpas' Buddhistic practices and other aspects of their society.

Sun, Moon, and Standing Stones. By John Edwin Wood. Oxford University Press: 1978. \$14.95. A look at the evidence for and against geometri-

cal and astronomical hypotheses surrounding the mystery of the standing stones.

Wordarrows. By Gerald Vizeun. University of Minnesota Press: 1978. \$7.95. A literary portrayal of the American Indian and the current situation.

Yaqui Women: Contemporary Life Histories. By Jane Holden Kelley. University of Nebraska Press: 1978. \$12.50. The lives of four women.

The Arts

African Traditional Architecture. By Susan Denyer. Holmes & Meier, Africana Publishing Co.: 1978. \$19.50, paper \$9.75. An historical and geographical prospectus on African architecture with over 300 illustrations.

The American Indian Craft Book. By Marg and Nono Minor. University of Nebraska Press: 1978. \$15.00. A guide to the crafts of North American Indian tribes with a section "for doing."

Animals in Art. By Jessica Rawson. Charles Scribner's Sons: 1978. \$17.50. All cultures and periods are represented in these illustrations with commentary on their mythic or historical significance.

Bugaku Masks. By Kyotaro Nishikawa. Kodansha International: 1978. \$14.95. The masks of the ancient Japanese dance drama.

Chronicles of the American Dance. Edited by Paul Magriel. DaCapo: 1978. Paper \$7.95. A history from the Shakers to Martha Graham.

Coast Salish Spirit Dancing. By Pamela Amoss. University of Washington Press: 1978. \$15.00. The survival and revival of Spirit Dancing among the Nooksack of Washington State.

A Cree Life: The Art of Allen Sapp. J.J. Douglas Ltd.: 1978. \$24.95. Color and black and white reproductions of the art of a Saskatchewan Cree.

The Evolution of Church Building. By Jack Bowyer. Watson Guptil: 1977. \$14.95. The development of the tradition of ecclesiastical building in Britain.

Guatemalan Textiles Today. By Marilyn Anderson. Watson Guptil: 1978. \$24.50. The art and tech-

nique of weaving, dyeing, spinning, crocheting, looping, and netting.

Indian Art of the Northwest Coast. By Bill Holm and Bill Reid. University of Washington Press: 1978. Paper \$14.95. Discussion between two artists on the craftsmanship and aesthetics of the art of Indians of the Northwest.

Indian Artists at Work. By Ulli Steltzer. University of Washington Press: 1978. Paper \$14.95. A document of craftsmen at work.

R.C. Gorman: The Lithographs. By Doris Monthan. Northland Press: 1978. \$35.00. The lithography of the gifted Navajo artist.

The Sensuous Immortals. By P. Pal. The M.I.T. Press: 1978. \$37.50. A comprehensive collection of the arts of India and Southeast Asia.

Symbols. By Rolf Myller. Atheneum: 1978. \$9.95. A beginning look at symbols; for children. Illustrated.

Tribal Rugs. By Jenny Housego. Van Nostrand Reinhold: 1978. Paper \$7.95. An introduction to the weaving of the tribes of Iran.

The Voices of Silence. By André Malraux. Princeton University: 1978. Re-issue \$840.00, paper \$9.95. The classic inquiry into the meaning of art.

The Voices and Hands of Bunraku. By Barbara Adachi. Kodansha International: 1978. \$19.50. The Bunraku puppet theater and its human dimension, illustrated with color and black and white photographs.

Autobiography and Biography

Gurus, Gold and Caravans. By Robert Easton. Capra Press: 1978. \$11.95. The life and times of Fred Meyer Schroder, one of the explorers of the pyramids of Shensi.

Sun Chief. By Don Talayesva. Yale University Press: 1978. Paper \$5.45. The autobiography of a Hopi Indian.

Teresita. By William Curry Holden. Stemmer House: 1978. \$14.95, paper \$8.95. An account of Teresa Urrea, late nineteenth-century healer who has become a legendary "Mexican Joan of Arc."

The Wheel of Life. By John Blofeld. Shambhala: 1978. Paper \$5.95. The spiritual autobiography of a Western Buddhist.

Myths, Folk Tales, Stories

Animals of the Bible. By Isaac Asimov, pictures by Howard Berelson. Doubleday: 1978. \$6.95. Un-

usual and relevant information for young people concerning the animals in the Bible.

Children of the Fox. By Jill Paton Walsh. Pictures by Robin Eaton. Farrar, Straus & Giroux: 1978. \$7.95. Three novellas set during the Persian Wars, in which three unlikely children change the course of history. For young readers.

City of Illusions. By Ursula K. Le Guin. Harper & Row: 1978. \$8.95. A re-issue with a new introduction.

The Clown of God. By Tomie de Paola. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.: 1978. \$8.95. The ancient folk tale of Our Lady's Juggler retold. For children.

Fairy Tales and After. By Roger Sale. Harvard University Press: 1978. \$11.00. A personal response to the great works of children's literature from E.B. White to Snow White.

The Hills of Faraway: A Guide to Fantasy. By Diane Waggoner. Atheneum: 1978. \$14.95. A study and bibliography of fantasy novels and stories including works of the Grimm brothers, Tolkien, George MacDonald, Le Guin, Arthur C. Clarke, and others.

The Girl Who Loved Wild Horses. By Paul Goble. Bradbury Press: 1978. \$8.95. A Native American girl's understanding of and love for wild horses in words and pictures.

In Bikole. By Tom Gilray, drawings by Monica Vachala. Alfred A. Knopf: 1978. \$5.95. Short stories based on real events in Senegal. For young readers.

Journey to the Sky: A Novel About the True Adventures of Two Men in Search of the Lost Maya Kingdom. By Jamake Highwater. T.Y. Crowell, Co.: 1978. \$10.95. The story of the expedition of John Lloyd Stephens and Frederick Catherwood to Central America in 1839, and its contribution to understanding the Indian-American heritage.

Lu Pan: The Carpenter's Apprentice. Retold and illustrated by Demi Hitz. Prentice Hall: 1978. \$5.95. Story of a boy who became a great artisan. For children.

The Mermaid's Three Wisdoms. By Jane Yolen. Illustrated by Laura Rader. Collins World Co.: 1978. \$6.95. A twelve-year-old girl who is hard

of hearing befriends a mermaid who cannot speak, and they learn about relationships. For young readers.

Mexican Folk Tales. By Anthony John Canyos. University of Arizona Press: 1977. \$8.50. Tales of folk wisdom from the Jalisco area of Mexico.

An Old Woman's Reflections. By Peig Sayers. Oxford University Press: 1978. Paper \$3.50. Reminiscences of the Gaelic tradition of oral culture.

The Rainbow Goblins. By Ul de Rico. Thames and Hudson: 1978. \$24.95. Twenty full color paintings in an unusually large format book based on an old German folktale of a goblin plan to steal the colors of the rainbow.

Rebel in the Soul: A Sacred Text of Ancient Egypt. Translated with commentary by Bika Reed. Inner Traditions International, Ltd.: 1978. \$7.95. An original translation from the hieroglyphs.

Riding the Nightmare. By Selma R. Williams and Pamela J. Williams. Atheneum: 1978. \$9.95. An examination of the historical association of women and witchcraft.

Russian Folklore. By Alex E. Alexander. Nordland Publishing Co.: 1975. \$18.50. An anthology of Russian folktales in English translation.

Son of the Morning. By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press: 1978. \$10.00. An evangelical minister whose religion is his life.

Spirals: A Study in Symbol, Myth, and Ritual. By Walter L. Brenneman, Jr. University Press of America: 1977. Paper \$6.85. A scholarly investigation into the nature of symbol, myth, and ritual.

Stories From Ancient Canaan. Edited and translated by Michael David Coogan. The Westminster Press: 1978. Paper \$4.95. A one-volume edition of four major Ugaritic myths.

Swedish Legends and Folktales. By John Lindow. University of California Press: 1978. \$10.95. One hundred legends and their variants, from the oral tradition.

The Tale of Genji. By Murasaki Shikibu. Alfred A. Knopf: 1978. Paper \$10.00. The eleventh-century Japanese prose narrative in a paperback edition, translated by Edward G. Seidensticker.

Tales From Southern Africa. Translated and retold by A.C. Jordan. Illustrated by Feni Dumile. University of California Press: 1978. Paper \$3.95. A retelling of traditional Xhosa stories.

A Thousand Pails of Water. By Ronald Roy. Pictures by Vo-Dinh Mai. Alfred A. Knopf: 1978. \$4.95. A young Japanese boy learns reverence

INNER PATHS

A few words about INNER PATHS Magazine.

Its purpose is to explore the richness and variety of spiritual life and spiritual thought through the ages. . . and to present that exploration directly through the teachings of the great saints, masters and spiritual teachers in human history. It is a magazine of eastern and western spiritual thought.

INNER PATHS magazine will present a wide-ranging and thought-provoking overview of spiritual literature. It will examine both ancient and contemporary concepts of GOD and Self-realization, and it will do so in a clear and intelligible manner. INNER PATHS will discuss the aims and methods of all spiritual practices and disciplines, and it will investigate their meaning from classic yoga traditions to radical spiritual understanding.

INNER PATHS will be intelligently written, factually correct and provocative to whatever degree it is that the greatest teachers in human history can provoke you. But its point of view will always and solely be to inform.



INNER PATHS SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

\$15.00 for 12 issues

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

INNER PATHS MAGAZINE
SUITE 641
80 EAST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003



BILL ME

PAYMENT ENCLOSED

for life and the realities of survival. For children.

Time. By Marie-Louise von Franz. Thames and Hudson: 1978. Paper \$7.95. Insights into the function of myth and the meaning of time.

Traditional Chinese Stories: Themes and Variations. Edited by Y.W. Ma and Joseph S.M. Law. Columbia University Press: 1978. \$30.00, paper \$9.45. Sixty-one stories representing the major forms of Chinese fiction, arranged by theme. Includes notes and chronology.

Tun-huang. By Yasushi Inoue. Kodansha International: 1978. \$8.95. A novel set in eleventh-century China where, at that time, a priceless archaeological cache of documents was found.

The Western Island. By Robin Flower. Oxford University Press: 1978. Paper \$2.95. The life and traditional Gaelic folk tales of the inhabi-

tants of Great Basket Island.

Who's Who in Egyptian Mythology. By Anthony S. Mercatante. Clarkson N. Potter: 1978. \$12.95, paper \$4.95. A concise dictionary of ancient Egyptian deities.

The Witch's Garden. By Harold A. Hausen. Unity Press: 1978. Paper \$4.95. A botanist deals with the myths and histories surrounding the infamous herbs.

Poetry

The Book of Urizen. By William Blake. Shambhala: 1978. \$15.00, paper \$6.95. One of the prophetic works, reproduced in full color with commentary by Kay and Roger Easson.

The Boy and the Tree. By Ovsei Driz. Illustrated by Victor Pivovarov. Translated by Joachim Neugroschel. Prentice-Hall: 1978. \$6.95. The joys of childhood in lyrical form by a Yiddish poet. For children.

First Fire. Edited and with an introduction by Hugh Fox. Doubleday/Anchor: 1978. Paper \$5.95. Central and South American Indian poetry.

Loba. By Diane di Prima. Drawings by Josie Grant. Wingbow Press: 1978. Paper \$5.00. Incantations for the she-wolf.

Many Voices. Edited by David Day and Marilyn Bowering. J.J. Douglas: 1977. Paper \$4.95. An anthology of contemporary Canadian Indian poetry.

A Secretary to the Spirits. By Ishmael Reed. Illustrated by Betye Saar. NOK Publishers: 1978. \$10.00, paper \$3.95. New poems that deal with a realm of the spirit.

Science and Health

And The Sun is Up: Kundalini Rises in the West. By W. Thomas Wolfe. Academy Hill Press: 1978. Paper \$4.95. Using Kundalini yoga to awaken energy: a personal report.

Behind the Mirror. By Konrad Lorenz. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich: 1978. Paper \$3.95. Lorenz links his findings in animal behavior research with man's evolution and his pathological bent for self-destruction.

Chinese Herbal Medicine. By Richard Hyatt. Schocken Books: 1978. \$12.95. An exposition of the ancient art of herbal medicine and its modern scientific application.

The Cycles of Heaven. By Guy L. Playfair and Scott Hill. St. Martin's Press: 1978. \$10.00. The cosmic forces and their effect on human life on earth.

The Lunar Effect. By Arnold L. Lieber. Anchor Press/Doubleday: 1978. \$7.95. The relationship between lunar periodicity and human behavior.

Magic, Science, and Civilization. By Jacob Bronowski. Columbia University Press: 1978. \$6.95. Bronowski's prescriptions for the human pursuit of knowledge.

The Murmurs of Earth: The Voyager Interstellar Record. By Carl Sagan, Frank Drake, Jon Lomberg, Ann Druyan, Timothy Ferris and Linda Salzman Sagan. Random House: 1978. \$15.00. The scientific objectives of the Voyager spacecraft in its attempt to communicate with possible extraterrestrials.

On Human Nature. By Edward O. Wilson. Harvard University Press: 1978. \$12.50. The integration of genetic phenomena and the realm of human ideas.

The Shorter Science and Civilization in China: I. By Joseph Needham, abridged by Colin A. Ronan. Cambridge University Press: 1978. \$19.95. An abridgement from Needham's ongoing work of scholarship; the major part of the volume is devoted to the history of scientific thought in China.

The Tao of Health and Longevity. By Da Liu. Schocken Books: 1978. \$10.50, paper \$4.95. The means to combining the philosophy and techniques of Taoism to obtain spiritual and physical well-being.

Traditions—General

Ancient Roots and Modern Meaning. By Jerry V. Diller. Bloch Publishing Co.: 1978. \$12.50, paper \$7.95. Essays on the interaction of Judaism with other traditions.

An Anthology of I Ching. By W.A. Sherrill and W.K. Chu. Routledge & Kegan Paul: 1977. \$17.95. A collection of essays drawn from a variety of Classical Chinese sources discusses I Ching as the basis for Chinese philosophies, meditation, and history.

Comparative Religious Ethics. By David Little and Sumner B. Twiss, Jr. Harper & Row: 1978. \$10.95. A procedure for analyzing a religious group's ethical system.

Creativity: Theoretical and Socio-Cosmic Reflections. By Ignacio L. Gotz. University Press of America: 1978. Paper \$7.25. Collection of brief statements on the subject of creativity.

The Dynamics of Religion. By Peter Slater. Harper & Row: 1978. Paper \$6.95. The developmental process of religious thought.

Eastern Definitions. By Edward Rice. Doubleday: 1978. \$10.00. A short encyclopedia of religions of the Orient with a glossary of terms from Hinduism, Sufism, Buddhism, Islam, Zen, Tao, The Sikhs, Zoroastrianism, and other Eastern religions.

EveryOne: The Timeless Myth of Everyman Reborn. By Frederick Franck. Doubleday: 1978. \$12.50, paper \$6.95. Dr. Franck relates his own spiritual quest to the medieval drama.

Experimentation in American Religion. By Robert Wathnaw. University of California Press: 1978. \$12.95. The new religions and the implications they hold for churches.

Harper's Encyclopedia of Bible Life. By Madeleine S. Miller and J. Lane. Harper & Row: 1978. \$15.95. A reference for the daily life of the people in the Bible.

I Am The Gate. By Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Harper & Row: 1978. Paper \$3.95. An explanation of the master/disciple relationship in our time.

The Inner Eye of Love. By William Johnston. Harper & Row: 1978. \$7.95. A contemporary theology of mysticism and a practical guide for meditation.

Kabbalah. By Charles Poncé. Theosophical Publishing House: 1978. Paper \$4.50. A history and study of the Kabbalah with parallels to esoteric traditions.

The Life of Moses. By Gregory of Nyssa. Paulist Press: 1978. Paper \$6.95. The Greek Cappadocian Father's treatment of Moses as a stage in spiritual ascent.

Memories of Gurdjieff. By A. L. Staveley. Two Rivers Press: 1978. \$6.95. A portrait of Gurdjieff and the way he taught.

Mysticism and Philosophical Analysis. Edited by Steven T. Katz. Oxford University Press: 1978. Paper \$3.95. The mystical experience in Christianity, Judaism, and Eastern religions.

The Myth of Invariance. By Ernest G. McClain. Shambhala: 1978. Paper \$5.95. A recognition of music and mathematics as a philosophical synthesis of ancient religion and cosmology.

Mystical Passion. By William McNamara. Paulist Press: 1978. Paper \$5.95. Spirituality for contemporary society.

The Origin of Geometry: An Introduction. By Jacques Derrida. Nicholas Hays Ltd.: 1978. \$16.95. Derrida's philosophy of "deconstruction," a major critique of Western metaphysics and phenomenology, applied to Husserl.

The Pythagorean Plato: Prelude to the Song Itself. By Ernest G. McClain. Nicholas Hays Ltd.: 1978. \$16.75. A systematic musical study of the mathematical allegories in Plato's later dialogues.

Religious Reason. By Ronald M. Green. Oxford University Press: 1978. Paper \$4.00. Religion as a fully rational activity.

Rosicrucian Esotericism. By Rudolf Steiner. The Anthroposophic Press: 1978. \$5.95. An exposition of theosophy in the light of the mystery schools of Europe.

Saint Nicholas of Myra, Bari and Manhattan. By Charles W. Jove. University of Chicago Press: 1978. \$28.00. An attempt to understand the process by which a legend evolves.

Silent Fire: An Invitation to Western Mysticism. Edited by Walter Holden Capps and Wendy M. Wright. Harper & Row: 1978. Paper \$5.95. A new selection of the great works of Western mystical thought.

Spiritual Cannibalism. By Swami Rudrananda. Overlook Press: 1978. \$10.95. A life of disciplined yoga practice and teaching.

Varieties of Interpretation. By Joseph Mazzeo. University of Notre Dame Press: 1978. \$13.95. An analysis of methods of interpretation.

War and Peace in the World's Religions. By John Ferguson. Oxford University Press: 1978. \$8.95, paper \$2.95. A comprehensive study of the different attitudes toward war and peace in the world's major religions.

Zen and Confucius in the Art of Swordsmanship. By Reinhard Kammer. Routledge & Kegan Paul: 1978. \$9.75. A history of the development and interpretation of Japanese swordsmanship emphasizing the importance of both Zen and Confucian ideas and beliefs.

Buddhism

Buddha: The Quest for Serenity. By George N. Marshall. Beacon Press: 1978. \$11.95, paper \$4.95. An analysis of Buddha and his teachings as dynamic and complex.

Buddhism: Its Doctrine and Its Methods. By Alexandra David-Neel. St. Martin's Press: 1978. \$8.95. A reprint of a 1939 book which is a short introduction to Buddhism by a woman who travelled for many years in Tibet.

The Cult of Tara. By Stephen Beyer. University of California Press: 1978. Paper \$7.95. A description of magic and ritual in Tibet.

Glimpses of Abhidharma. By Chögyam Trungpa. Great Eastern Book Co.: 1978. Paper \$3.95. Buddhist scriptures on human consciousness.

The Hazy Moon of Enlightenment. By Hakuyn Taizan Maezumi and Bernard Tetsyen Glassman. Center Publications: 1977. Paper \$4.95. Enlightenment and its actualization by two contemporary Zen masters.

Openness Mind. By Tarthang Tulku. Dharma Publishing: 1978. \$12.95, paper \$4.95. The Tibetan Buddhist approach to awareness in daily life.

Radical Zen: The Sayings of Joshu. Translated with a commentary by Yoel Hoffman. Autumn Press: 1978. Paper \$5.95. Sayings from a Zen text by a Buddhist iconoclast who lived in China in the T'ang period.

The Tiger's Cave. By Trevor Leggett. Routledge & Kegan Paul: 1977. Paper \$5.50. Translations of Japanese Zen texts related to traditional temple training.

Zen and the Way. By Trevor Leggett. Shambhala: 1978. Paper \$5.95. An exploration of the Zen teachings that developed out of the way of the warrior.

Christianity

Contemplative Life. By Jean Leclercq. Cistercian Press: 1978. Paper \$5.95. A monk and scholar looks at the contemplative Christian life through the centuries.

Dreams: A Way to Listen to God. By Morton Kelsey. Paulist Press: 1978. Paper \$1.95. A document of personal discovery.

God and America's Future. By Frederick Sontag and John K. Roth. Consortium: 1978. \$11.00. A vision of American society from a Christian theological perspective.

Jesus Son of Man. By Rudolf Angstein. Urizen Books: 1977. Paper \$4.95. An attack on the conventional Christian view of Jesus.

Jesus the Magician. By Morton Smith. Harper & Row: 1978. \$12.95. The revelation of how Jesus was viewed by people of his time.

The Monastic Journey. By Thomas Merton. Doubleday: 1978. Paper \$2.95. Merton's writings on the "inward journey of solitude."

The Origins of the Christian Doctrine of Sacrifice. By Robert J. Daly, S.J. Fortress Press: 1978. Paper \$5.50. An analysis of the meaning and history of the Christians' sacrificial language.

Preaching Through the Christian Year. By Karl Barth. William K. Eerdmans: 1978. Paper \$6.95. A selection of the significant exegetical passages from Barth's *Church Dogmatics*.

Reasons of the Heart. By John S. Dunne. Macmillan: 1978. \$7.95. Religious thinking on loneliness.

Stories of God: An Unauthorized Biography. By John Shea. Thomas More Press: 1978. \$8.95. An investigation of how stories about God reveal the teller.

Women in the World of Jesus. By Evelyn and Frank Stagy. Westminster Press: 1978. Paper \$7.95. How women were perceived, treated, and how they saw themselves in Jesus' time.

Yoga and Christianity. By Justin O'Brien. Himalayan International Institute: 1978. Paper \$1.95. The combining of two traditional approaches for spiritual attainment.

O Holy Mountain! By M. Basil Pennington. Doubleday: 1978. \$10.00. Journal of a retreat on Mount Athos.

Hinduism

Crest-Jewel of Discrimination. By Shanliara. Translated by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood. Vedanta Press: 1978. \$6.95. Another edition of a classic text of Vedanta.

The Hindu Religious Tradition: A Philosophical Approach. By Pratima Bowes. Routledge & Kegan Paul: 1977. \$18.95. The nature of religious reality and the many paths of the search for this reality in Hindu religion.

Meditation Through the Rg Veda. By Antonio T. di Nicolás. Shambhala: 1978. Paper \$5.95. Original translations and an analysis of the hymns.

Islam

The Genius of Arab Civilization. Edited by John R. Hayes. M.I.T. Press: 1978. Paper \$15.00. International authorities discuss the achievements of Arab/Islamic culture emphasizing contributions to the European Renaissance and the modern world.

The Quranic Art of Calligraphy and Illumination. By Martin Lings. Shambhala: 1978. \$50.00. Calligraphy and illumination as sacred art with 114 full-color reproductions.

Scholars, Saints and Sufis. Edited by Nikki R. Keddie. University of California Press: 1978. Paper \$5.95. Muslim religious institutions since 1500.

Sufis of Andalusia. By R.W.J. Austin. University of California Press: 1978. \$10.75. Epistles from the writings of Sufi thinker Ibn' Arabi.

Judaism

Contemporary Jewish Ethics. Edited by Menachem Marc Kellner. Sanhedrin Press: 1978. Paper

\$6.95. An examination of the urgent contemporary problems by Jewish scholars and theologians.

Four Hasidic Masters and their Struggle Against Melancholy. By Elie Wiesel. University of Notre Dame Press: 1978. \$7.95. A retelling of the legends surrounding four charismatic leaders of the Hasidic movement among Eastern European Jews.

A Jew Today. By Elie Wiesel. Translated by Marion Wiesel. Random House: 1978. \$10.00. From memories of early childhood to the status of the Jew in the world today.

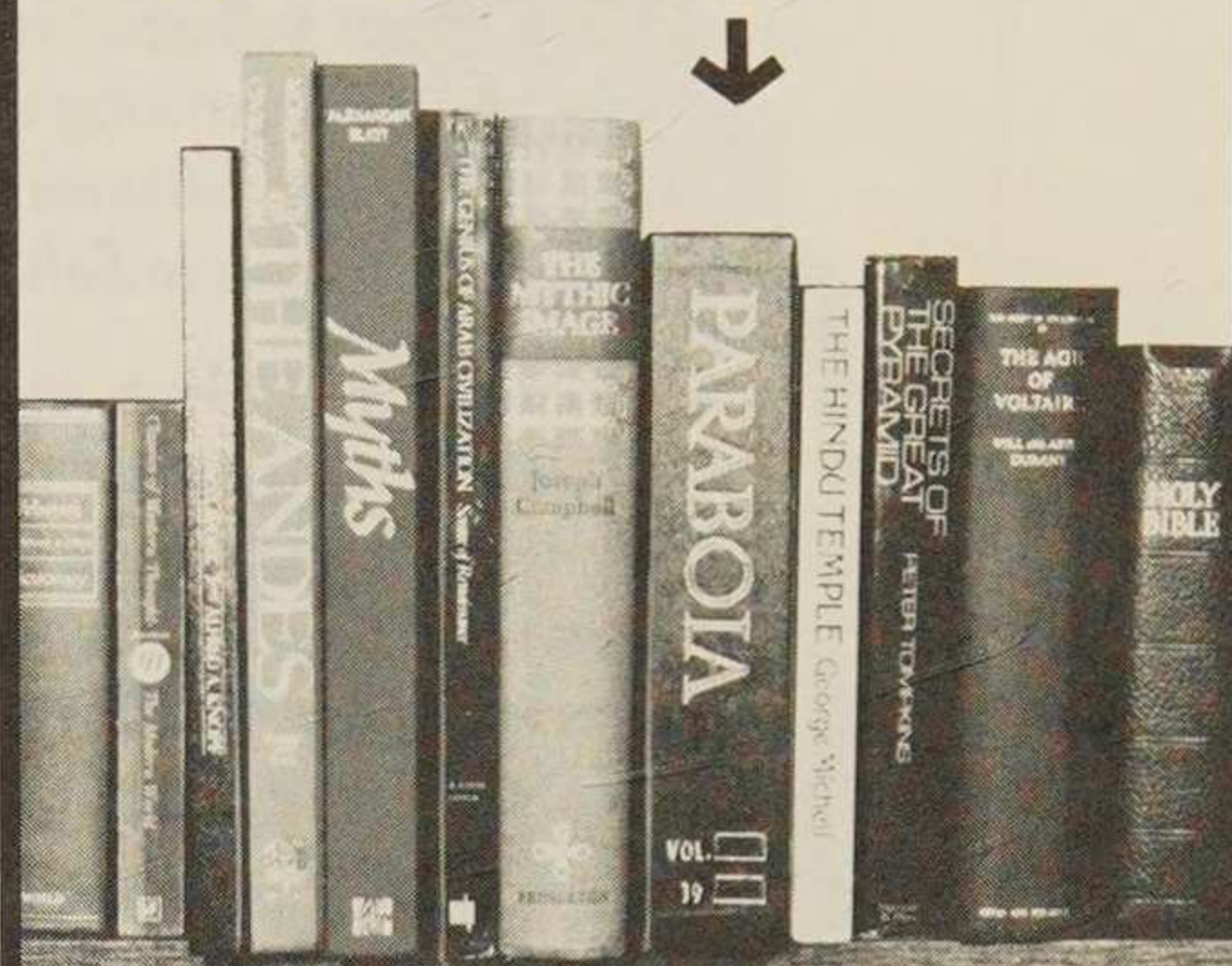
Lightworks. By David Rosenberg. Harper & Row: 1978. \$7.95. Rosenberg's rendition of the Prophet Isaiah.

Prophet Against Prophet. By Simon John De Vries. William B. Eerdmans: 1978. \$7.95. An examination of the early conflict between the prophets.

Song of Songs. Translated with an introduction and commentary by Marvin H. Pope. Doubleday: 1977. \$12.00. A new translation and extensive commentary.

Books reviewed in this issue are not included in the Parabola Guide. See TANGENTS/Book Reviews.

PARABOLA BELONGS ON YOUR BOOKSHELF!



Keep your valuable back issues in handsome and durable library cases for easy reference and permanent protection. Each case is bound in black simulated leather, embossed in bold gold lettering and holds a full year of PARABOLA. Gold transfer foil is included for the inscription of volume number and year.

Price per case \$4.95.
Three cases for \$14.00.



To: Jesse Jones Box Corp., P.O. Box 5120,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

I enclose my check or money order for \$_____

Please send me _____ PARABOLA library cases.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Note: Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. Allow four weeks for delivery. Sorry, U.S. orders only.

Titus Burckhardt has made many significant contributions to the study of the great spiritual traditions. As a young man he studied art, art history and oriental languages and travelled extensively in the Near East and Africa. From 1942 to 1968 he was the Director of the Swiss publishing house, Urs Graf-Verlag, which specializes in facsimile editions of ancient manuscripts. His work includes many important volumes in French and German, and translations from the Arabic. Among his books that have been published in English are *Alchemy*, *Moorish Culture in Spain*, *Sacred Art in East and West* and *An Introduction to Sufi Doctrine*.

Keith Critchlow teaches at the Royal College of Art in London, and through his authorship of *Order in Space* and *Into the Hidden Environment* has become well known for his extensive researches into the mathematical analyses of forms and their integration in architecture. His book *Islamic Patterns* was the result of a five-year study, and in recognition of his contribution the Imperial Iranian Academy of Philosophy invited him to become an associate and design consultant for a new mosque at Aryamehr University, Tehran. He is a founding member of the Research into Lost Knowledge Organization and frequent contributor to their newsletter. His *Chartres Maze: Model of the Universe*, is a RILKO Publication. Image is primary in his work, and he has recently completed *Reflections*, a film which investigates the symbolism of natural forms. Critchlow was scholar-in-residence at the Lindisfarne Association in 1978 and will return there for a series of seminars next summer.

Barbara G. Myerhoff is a consulting editor to PARABOLA. She is Chairperson and Professor of Anthropology at the University of Southern California, and has made extensive contributions to the field of ethnography. Her books include *Peyote Hunt* and *Life's Career: Aging and Cross-Cultural Studies in Growing Old*. Her article in this issue of PARABOLA is based on a long-term study which will be more fully developed in *Number Our Days*, a forthcoming E. P. Dutton book. A film of the same title which Dr. Myerhoff wrote and narrated won an Academy Award for Best Short Documentary in 1977.

Elaine H. Pagels received her Ph.D. at Harvard University and currently is Chairperson and Professor of the Department of Religion at Barnard College, Columbia University. The author of two books and numerous articles on Gnostic and early Christian sources, she is currently at work on a third book, *Politics and Religion: The Origins of Christianity*, supported by grants from the Rockefeller and Guggenheim Foundations.

P.L. Travers has been devoted to the study of myth, legend, folklore and classic fables for many years. The creator of *Mary Poppins* and the author of *Friend Monkey*, *The Fox in the Manger*, and *About the Sleeping Beauty*, she has been writer-in-residence at Smith and Radcliffe. In 1977 she was awarded the Order of the British Empire, and more recently received an honorary doctorate from Chatham College in Pittsburgh. She is a frequent lecturer at the C.G. Jung Foundation in New York, and has been one of PARABOLA's consulting editors since its inception.

CREDITS

Cover Adapted from Romanesque Forms of the caduceus, main door, St. Michael's Church, Pavia.

Inside front cover Detail from temple wall, Konarak, 11th-12th c.

Page 8 *Left*, Double-headed figure, 3rd mill. B.C. P: Giraudon. *Right*, Twin idol figure, Alaca Huyuk, Ankara, Turkey. P: Hirmer.

Page 11 Illustration by Edmund Dulac.

Page 16 Detail from Greek *psykter* (wine cooler), 6th c., Rogers Fund, Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin, Fall 1972.

Page 19 British Museum.

Page 20 Detail from Attic red-figured jar, Vulci, Italy, ca. 480 B.C., British Museum.

Page 34 Drawing by Keith Critchlow.

Page 35 Engraving by De Bry from Robert Fludd's "Utriusque cosmi, maioris scilicet et minoris, metaphysica atque technica historia," 1617.

Page 37 Painting by Zen Master Hara Zaicho, from the collection of the author.

Pages 38-40 Drawings by Keith Critchlow.

Page 42 Relief of Zeus and Hera, Museo Nazionale, Palermo.

Pages 44-57 Photographs by Dianne Edenfield.

Pages 58 and 63 From a Bohemian manuscript, 14th c. A.D., Sloane Ms., British Museum.

Page 67 Detail from a papyrus, British Museum.

Page 68 From a tomb wall-painting, British Museum.

Page 71 Moghul Duel, India, courtesy New York Public Library Collection.

Page 72 Detail from painting, from Yves Véquaud's *Women Painters of Mithila*, copyright 1978 by Thames and Hudson, Ltd., London and New York.

Pages 74-89 Photographs by Barbara Myerhoff.

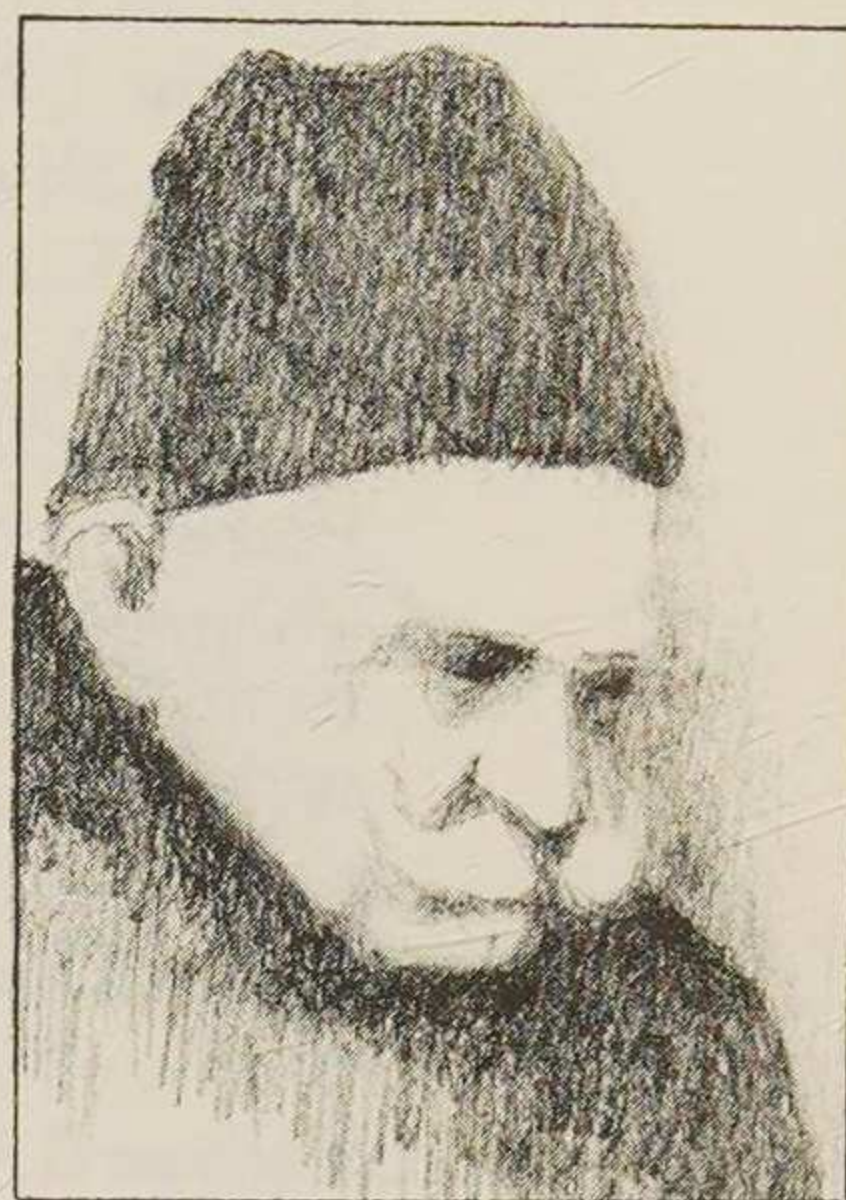
Pages 91-93 Illustrations by Julie Durrell.

Page 94 Silk painting, Japan, 19th c., Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Hamlyn Picture Library.

Page 95 Japan. P: Larousse.

Pages 97-98 Photographs, courtesy BBC—Time/Life.

MEMORIES OF *Gurdjieff*



BY A. L. STAVELEY

TWO RIVERS PRESS

Aurora, Oregon 97002

\$6.95

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

Title of Publication: Parabola. Frequency of issue: quarterly. Location of Office of Publication: 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Location of Business Offices of the Publisher: 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Name and address of Publisher: D.M. Dooling, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Owner: The Tamarack Press, Inc., 173 Sarles Street, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 10549. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other Security Holders: None.

Extent and Nature of Circulation (first number gives average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, second number gives actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date): Total no. of copies printed (12,600; 12,600); Paid Circulation through dealers, and carriers, street vendors and counter sales (3,750; 3,800); Mail subscription (5,000; 5,500); Total paid circulation (8,750; 9,300); Complimentary and other free copies (450; 500). Total distribution (9,200; 9,800). Copies not distributed, office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing (3,400; 2,800). Total (12,600; 12,600).

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete /s/ Susan Bergholz, Managing Editor. October 4, 1978.

A Reminder...

There is a limited number of back issues available at \$5.00 per copy. Please add \$1.00 postage and handling per copy. (Effective August 1, 1978.)

- Volume I, No. 1 **The Hero** Mircea Eliade, Barbara G. Myerhoff, Barre Toelken, P.L. Travers, Jacob Needleman, Edward Edinger, Minor White, Huston Smith interview.
- Volume I, No. 2 **Magic** Barbara G. Myerhoff, Daniel Noel, Robert Ellwood, Jacob Needleman, Victor Turner, Thomas Moore, Christmas Humphreys, Joseph Campbell interview.
- Volume I, No. 3 **Initiation** Sam Gill, Janwillem van de Wetering, Arthur Amiotte, Evelyn Eaton, Fernando Llosa Porras, Mircea Eliade interview.
- *—Volume I, No. 4 **Rites of Passage** Frederick Franck, James Wolfe, Ursula K. Le Guin, D.M. Dooling, Robert E. Meagher, William Irwin Thompson interview.
- Volume II, No. 1 **Death** P.L. Travers, Conrad Hyers, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Brother David Steindl-Rast, William Doty, William Burke, Jr., Interview with Tibetan Lamas. (*Reprint*)
- Volume II, No. 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, No. 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, No. 4 **Relationships** Frederick Franck, Robert E. Meagher, Shems Friedlander, Lizelle Reymond, Jean Toomer, Barre Toelken, Jane Yolen, Diane Wolkstein interview.
- Volume III, No. 1 **Sacred Space** Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, Barbara Stoler Miller, Robert Lawlor, Irving Friedman, Richard Smithies, Andrew L. March, Thomas Bridges, Pablo Neruda, Hélène Fleury, P.L. Travers and Michael Dames interview.
- Volume III, No. 2 **Sacrifice and Transformation** Anne-marie Schimmel, Joseph Epes Brown, Ivan Morris, Father Alexander Schmemann, Christopher Fremantle, Robert A.F. Thurman, Photographic sequence with Minor White and others, Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz interview.
- Volume III, No. 3 **Inner Alchemy** Mircea Eliade, D.M. Dooling, Harry Remde, Jacob Needleman, Elémire Zolla.

Plus: Epicycles and Reviews in every issue.

* Temporarily out of stock.

Remember: supplies are definitely limited. ORDER NOW.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ issues. Pre-payment only.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Send to: PARABOLA, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.