PARABOLA

MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

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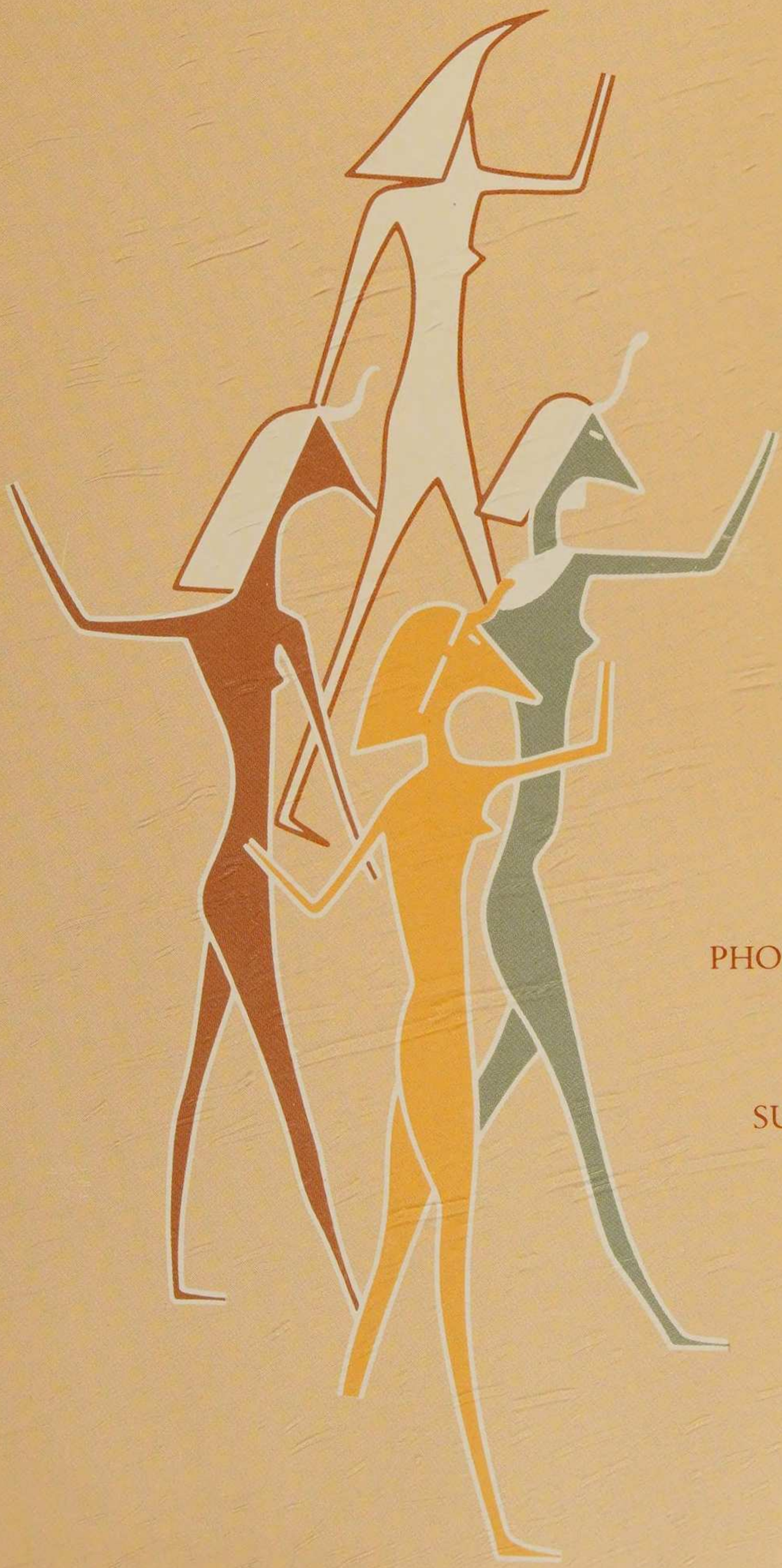

SACRED DANCE

INTERVIEW:
PETER BROOK

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY:
BALINESE DANCE

FRITJOF CAPRA:
SUBATOMIC PHYSICS

VOLUME IV, NO. 2

PARABOLA

SACRED DANCE MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

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Cover: Bird-headed Goddesses. One of the prehistoric rock frescoes of the Tassili-n-Ajjer in the central Sahara.

Inside Cover: Photograph, Copyright © 1979 Abraham Menashe.

FOCUS

Professor Sam D. Gill, consulting editor to PARABOLA, teaches the American Indian Religions program at Arizona State University. For this issue on Sacred Dance, we asked him to focus our readers' attention on the problem of how the ritual dances of other cultures can and cannot be shared.

As outsiders with the good fortune of observing authentic ritual dance, we find ourselves deeply engaged in a moving experience of costumes, rhythms, odors, faces, and setting. It is such an incredibly meaningful experience that we are reluctant to leave. When forced to do so by the callings of our own culture, we long to take some memento home, some curio to remind us of our experience. But the occasion of ritual dance is hard to hold in objects, and, rightly, photography is nearly always prohibited.

Some have tried to carry home the native dance by incorporating into Western dance forms or ritual processes such physical aspects as arm positions, body postures, head movements, costumes, rhythms, and musical instruments. In doing this we approach ritual movement as we would language, assuming that meaning was communicated by all the features of the dance. We know that the occasional use of a French or Latin word in an English sentence lends a precise meaning, perhaps one not available

in English or one with a special sense not in the corresponding English word. We try to use pieces of native dance in the same way, within our own contexts. But in performance these appropriated and adapted native American dance features are usually disappointing, often overly programatic, even cartoonish.

I don't intend to criticize the true artistic inspiration which can arise from any deeply moving experience, be it an incidence of human tragedy, a great work of literature, or the ritual movement of another culture. What I want to suggest is that native American sacred dance does not "mean" in the same sense as does language. Dance does not convey a translatable message. We should see this when we inquire about the meaning of the dance and we are told something like, "We dance for rain." The luxuriance of symbols is far more fascinating than this simple and commonplace message would convey. A ritual dance is significant, but not because it or any of its constituents bears a message which we can decode and translate with any satisfaction as we can do with language. Even if we see that postures, movements, or sounds are imitative of birds or animals, that symbols represent clouds, rain, thunder or lightning, we cannot find encoded in them a message which in any way seems to justify the elaborate nature of ritual dance.

The meaning of ritual dance lies elsewhere. It must be seen in terms of the ritual process in which it takes place, deeply rooted in the tradition, the history, the oral narratives, the poetry, the future expectations and the way of life of the culture. Ritual dance is not performance as we customarily think of it. Strictly speaking, there is no theater, no audience, no acting. These features suggest an abstraction from life which is not present in this case. Ritual dance is not simply a comment on life, nor a remembrance of things past, nor an entertainment; although some aspect of all of these is present. Ritual movement is part of a highly symbolic process by which life and a way of life for a specific people gains transcendent significance. The process functions to evoke fundamental structures and patterns from the tradition and thereby to establish a meaningful form in which the future may unfold. There is no message in the dance short of the meaning of life itself.

As observers of native American dance, the ritual movements cannot evoke in us the images and feelings they do for the dancers and others in their culture, nor can we appreciate the real-world accomplishments of the ritual process which make life possible for the people we watch. Perhaps because of the primacy of the creativity of the occasion, we sense its significance and are moved by it; but when we take away the graspable dance features and attempt to appropriate them, we are left dancing out empty forms. And it does not rain.

—Sam D. Gill

FULL CIRCLE/A Readers' Forum

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*

I was interested in your comments about the classic meaning of the teacher-pupil relationship. The teacher as a specific person who is advanced in knowledge beyond the pupil and who teaches through a specific set of disciplines, undoubtedly continues to be a valid manifestation of the "school" in which we all, as seekers, hope to learn. It seems possible to me, however, that the "teacher" who "appears when the pupil is ready" may or may not be of this particular type.

In the largest sense of the term our "school" is the total specific situation which we have attracted to ourselves whether or not that includes a formal teacher and esoteric practices. A teacher is anyone who can awaken us to why we are, and therefore who we are, in that situation.

If it is time for us to have a teacher in the formal sense of the term, it must be assumed that possibility will present itself. I mention the broader sense of the terms "teacher" and "school" because it has been personally important to me and may be useful to others. We can, after all, be asleep in our dreams of our teachers, too, and not notice that today our school and our teacher is that insufferable colleague at work.

—James Hunter
Lincoln, ME

Letters to the editor often take the form of criticism and debate. This letter is of another sort, intended as encouragement and thanks. There are many aspects of your magazine that I find exciting, but perhaps the most useful for me is its ability to open doors, to provide a fresh and new way in which to view "old" ideas. In the issue "The Trickster," (Vol. IV, No. 1) the articles stopped me, mid-motion, as I hurried through my days, and held me with a question. P.L. Travers' article, "The Third Son," resurrected classic fairy tale themes, as she so often does, and placed them in the context of search and self-study. I read and suddenly found myself stimulated, thoughts churning as I began to see these classic themes in new ways, and I felt on the edge of some discovery of my own.

For most of us, the days are cluttered and busy with ordinary preoccupations. It is a special gift to read and be touched, more deeply than usual... to be filled with the opportunity to view all that is ordinary in an extraordinary way. Each time I read D.M. Dooling's *Focus* something of the best of thinking is called forth in me... a concept is set out and a corresponding "inner concept" steps forward to meet it and therein I experience something of real learning. My day is a bit changed and I am moved to wonderment.

—Laura Faye Taxel
Cleveland Heights, O

Each time I read PARABOLA I feel grateful for its existence. In one way or another, the articles affirm the idea of searching for meaning—and this kind of affirmation is not so easy to find.

I would like to pass on an idea for a future issue. All my life I have been drawn to the idea of monasticism. After spending short periods in monasteries, I come away feeling that there is something quite alive in these places. There are monks and hermits who embody a living spirituality. They were not as cut off from life as I had expected and contact with them provided a source of help long after being in their presence. Would it be possible for

PARABOLA to do an issue on monasticism, including interviews or dialogues with monks or nuns?

Also, I disagree with the reader who believes that poetry has no place in PARABOLA. Hasn't poetry always been a strong vehicle for exploring and communicating higher ideas? Maybe PARABOLA can discover some poetry that is contemporary and yet not terrible. I haven't read any for a long time.

— Peter O'Hearn
San Francisco, CA

Though naturally flattered I cannot allow your error to pass in silence. On page fifty of the "Trickster" issue (Vol.IV. No. 1) you attribute to me what in fact belongs to Arthur Rimbaud. In May, 1871 that formidable adolescent (sixteen years old) wrote to a schoolmaster: "The poet makes himself a *seer* by a long, prodigious, and rational *disordering* of *all the senses*" (italics his).

It may interest you that there was a fuller version of this written two days earlier to another teacher.

I'm lousing myself up as much as I can these days. Why? I want to be a poet, and I am working to make myself a *seer*: you won't understand this at all, and I hardly know how to explain it to you. The point is, to arrive at the unknown by the disordering of *all the senses.* The sufferings are enormous, but one has to be strong, to be born a poet, and I have discovered I *am* a poet. It is not my fault. It is a mistake to say: I think. One ought to say: I am thought...

I is someone else. So much the worse for the wood if it find itself a violin, and contempt to the heedless who argue about something they know nothing about!

Frankly, I believe Rimbaud would have laughed (rather unholily and not without a certain scorn) to find himself ranged with such worthies in such a magazine under such a rubric as "Holy Laughter." For his own opinion of his experiments, seen from the ripe perspective of eighteen, see the section entitled "Ravings II" in *A Season in Hell.*

Rimbaud wrote in French, and my citations are taken from the Penguin volume of his verse, translated by Oliver Bernard.

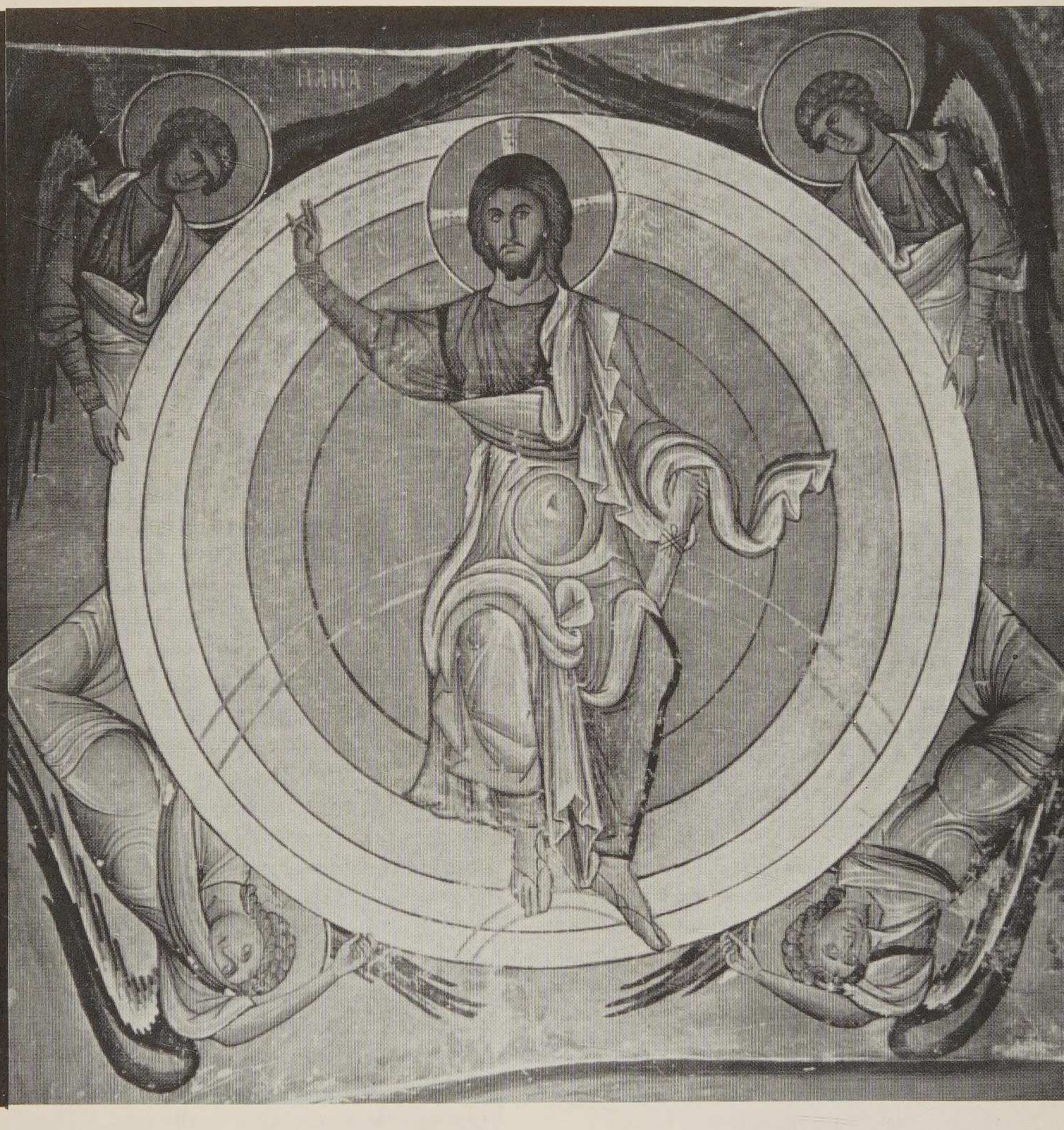
—Unknown

Knowing your reputation for scholarship and honesty, we were confident we would flush out the real author's name by signing yours. Thanks for not disappointing us. —*The Editors*

As an armchair anthropologist who remains dismayed at the attempts of anthropology (and the social sciences in general) to be so "scientific" that it becomes an arid exchange among academic specialists, I congratulate Ms. Myerhoff and PARABOLA for this recent article which opens to a more general public the insights an anthropologist can gather. The insights Ms. Myerhoff draws from her work with the old people at the Jewish Center in Venice—particularly the comments she makes about possible sources of the women's vitality—can be useful in the daily life of anyone who reads the article. (I asked my husband to read the article just to be reminded not to invest all his energy and feelings of worth about himself in outer work activities.) In the quest for meaning which we all so deeply share in these times, it is writings such as Ms. Myerhoff's which stand as lanterns—lighting our connection to the past, to traditional sources, and also enlightening us as to how we can use that connection to ease our passage to the future.

Thank you, creators of PARABOLA, for offering us all yet another sumptuous feast in the issue on "Androgyny." And thank you, particularly, for including Ms. Myerhoff's contribution.

—Linda Sussman
Los Angeles, CA



Elaine H. Pagels

TO THE UNIVERSE BELONGS THE DANCER

To the universe
belongs the dancer.
Whoever does not dance
does not know what happens.[1]

These lines, attributed to Jesus, occur in the "Round Dance of the Cross," the ritual for a sacred dance included in the *Acts of John*, one of the most remarkable texts that survived from the early Christian movement. The *Acts* tells how Jesus, anticipating arrest, gathered his followers into a circle, holding hands, to dance, while he himself stood in the center, intoning a mystical chant:

Before he was arrested...he assembled us all, and said, "Before I am delivered to them, let us sing a hymn to the Father, and so go to meet what lies before us." So he told us to form a circle, holding one another's hands, and he himself stood in the middle and said, "Answer Amen to me." So he began to sing the hymn and to say,

Glory be to thee, Father.
And we circled around him,
and answered him, Amen.

Glory be to thee, Logos:
Glory be to thee, Grace. Amen.

Glory be to thee, Spirit:
Glory be to thee, Holy One:
Glory be to thy Glory. Amen.

We praise thee, Father:
We thank thee, Light:
In whom darkness dwelleth not. Amen.

And why we give thanks, I will tell you.
I will be saved,
And I will save. Amen.
I will be released,
And I will release. Amen.
I will be wounded,
And I will wound. Amen.
I will be born,
And I will bear. Amen.
I will eat,
And I will be eaten. Amen....[2]

Although they claim to be based on early traditions (c. 100-300 A.D.) concerning John, the disciple of Jesus, the *Acts of John* were condemned as heresy. Pope Leo the Great, in the fifth century, decreed that such writings, which "contain a hotbed of manifold perversity, should not only be forbidden, but altogether removed and burnt with fire."[3] But the *Acts* survived, copied and shared secretly among Christians who dared to risk heresy.

But those who revered the *Acts of John* did not actually consider themselves 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 mysteries kept hidden from "the masses." So the *Acts of John* takes up a saying of Jesus from the New Testament ("...this generation...is like children sitting in the market places and calling to their playmates, 'We piped to you, and you did not dance; we wailed, and you did not mourn,'" Matthew 11.16-17) and places it in a new context:

I will pipe,
Dance, all of you. Amen.

I will mourn,
Beat you all your breasts. Amen.

The twelfth number
dances on high. Amen.

To the universe
belongs the dancer. Amen.

Whoever does not dance
does not know what happens. Amen....[4]

Was the "Round Dance of the Cross" actually danced? Whether Jesus himself danced with his disciples we do not know; so far as I know there is no other testimony that claims he did. But early gnostic Christians used the "Round Dance" to enact a sacred ritual dance. The leader of the group, representing Christ, stood in the center, speaking Jesus' lines; the others circled around, chanting "Amen" in response to his singing. When the text directs that Christ himself joins in the dance, the leader danced before them. By identifying himself as Christ, he demonstrated the "mystery" that, Jesus says, "I showed to you and to the rest in my dance." What is that mystery? According to the *Acts of John*, Jesus explains that everyone who dances—not just the leader—is to "see yourself in Me who am speaking," and to recognize that Christ's suffering is actually the suffering of all humanity:

I am a mirror to you
who know me. Amen.
I am a door to you
who knock on me. Amen.
I am a way to you,
the traveler. Amen.

Now if you follow
my dance,
see yourself
in Me who am speaking,
and when you have seen what I do,
keep silence about my mysteries...

You who dance, consider
what I do, for yours is
this passion of humanity
which I am to suffer.

For you could by no means
have understood what you suffer

unless to you, as the Word,
I was sent by the Father...
What I am you shall see
when you come yourself.[5]

As each participant comes to recognize his own mystical identification with Christ, he learns to transcend human suffering. The dance closes as Christ declares:

As for me,
if you would understand what I was,
by the word I mocked at all things,
and I was not mocked at all,
I exulted;
but understand the whole,
and when you have understood it, say,
Glory be to thee, Father.

Say again with me,
Glory be to thee, Father.
Glory be to thee, Word.
Glory be to thee, Spirit. Amen.[6]

John explains that:

After the Lord had danced with us, my beloved, he went out. And we were like people amazed or fast asleep, and we fled this way and that way. And so I saw him suffer, and did not wait by his suffering, but fled to the Mount of Olives and wept at what had come to pass. And when he was hung (upon the cross) on Friday, at the sixth hour of the day there came a darkness over the whole earth.[7]

John relates that as he sat in a cave grieving during the crucifixion, Christ suddenly appeared to him in a vision:

And my Lord stood in the middle of the cave and gave light to it and said, "John, for the people below in Jerusalem I am being given gall and vinegar to drink. But to you I am speaking, and listen to what I speak."

In this vision, Christ explains to John the paradox of human experience—that while the mortal being suffers, the divine being within simultaneously transcends suffering:

So then I have suffered none of those things which they will say of me; even that suffering which I showed to you and to the rest in my dance, I will that it be called a mystery. For what you are, I have shown you... You hear that I suffered, yet I suffered not; and that I suffered not, yet I did suffer; and that I was pierced, yet I was not wounded; that I was hanged, yet I was not hanged; that blood flowed from me, yet it did not flow...[8]

Having received this vision, John relates that he went out, and laughed at the crowds who saw only the physical events of Christ's torture and execution, failing to perceive his spiritual triumph over suffering:

I laughed at them all, since he had told me what they said about him, and I held this one thing fast in my mind, that the Lord had enacted everything as a symbol.[9]

What did this ritual dance mean to those who performed it? First, they came to recognize their own identification with Christ; second, they learned the paradox of human suffering, and so claimed to transcend it. But orthodox Christians condemned this mystical writing, convinced that such teaching would rob Christ of his uniqueness, and deprive Christian tradition of its reverence for his human vulnerability —and our own.

Notes

1. *Acts of John* 95.16-17, in: Hennecke-Schneemelcher, *New Testament Apocrypha* (translated from the German, *Neutestamentliche Apokryphen*), Philadelphia, 1964, volume 2.229, (hereafter cited as *NT Apocrypha*).
2. *Acts of John* 94-95.8, in: *NT Apocrypha* 2.227-228.
3. Leo the Great, *Letters,* 15.15.
4. *Acts of John* 95.12-17, in: *NT Apocrypha* 2.229.
5. *Acts of John* 95.25-96.40, in: *NT Apocrypha* 2.230-231.
6. *Acts of John* 96.47-51, in: *NT Apocrypha* 2.231-232.
7. *Acts of John* 97, in: *NT Apocrypha* 2.232.
8. *Acts of John* 101, in: *NT Apocrypha* 2.234.
9. *Acts of John* 102, in: *NT Apocrypha* 2.234-235.

The Plain of Truth

Our contributing editor, Roger Lipsey, brought this fragment from Plutarch to our attention, along with a warning: "An eminent classicist told me that this vision may well be considered an example of philosophical quackery among the ancient Greeks — something common enough in the period. I advise reprinting it, however, with the notion that the 'mistakes' of a great person can often be more revealing than what ordinary mortals get right."

"I do not hesitate to favor you with a narrative about a man, not a Greek, whom I had great difficulty in finding, and then only by dint of long wanderings, and after paying large sums for information. It was near the Persian Gulf that I found him, where he holds a meeting with human beings once every year; and there I had an opportunity to talk with him and met with a kindly reception. The other days of his life, according to his statement, he spends in association with roving nymphs and demigods. He was the handsomest man I ever saw in personal appearance and he never suffered from any disease, inasmuch as once each month he partook of the medicinal and bitter fruit of a certain herb. He was practised in the use of many tongues; but with me, for the most part, he spoke a Doric which was almost music. While he was speaking, a fragrance overspread the place, as his mouth breathed forth a most pleasant perfume. Besides his learning and his knowledge of history, always at his command, he was inspired to prophesy one day in each year when he went down to the sea and told of the future. Potentates' and kings' secretaries would come each year and depart. His power of prophecy he referred to the demigods..."

"But," said I, "did your far-away friend set a limit to the number of worlds, as Plato did, or did you not go so

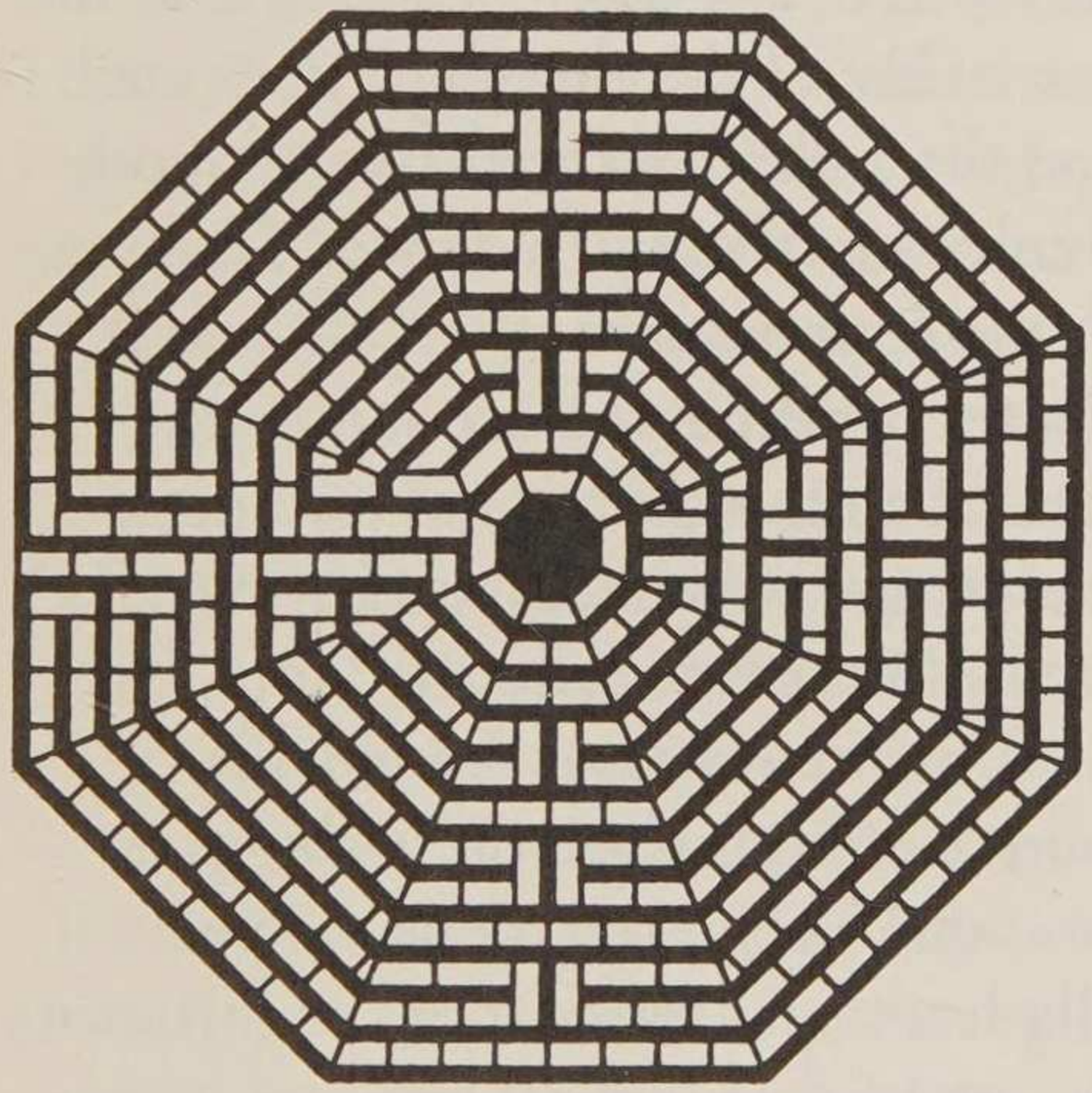
far as to sound him on this point when you had your interview with him?"

"Was it not likely, " said Cleombrotus, "that on anything touching these matters, if on nothing else, I should be an inquisitive and eager listener, when he so graciously put himself at my disposal and gave me the opportunity? He said that the worlds are not infinite in number, nor one, nor five, but one hundred and eighty-three, arranged in the form of a triangle, each side of the triangle having sixty worlds; of the three left over each is placed at an angle, and those that are next to one another are in contact and revolve gently as in a dance. The inner area of the triangle is the common hearth of all, and is called the Plain of Truth, in which the accounts, the forms, and the patterns of all things that have come to pass and of all that shall come to pass rest undisturbed; and round about them lies Eternity, whence Time, like an ever-flowing stream, is conveyed to the worlds. Opportunity to see and to contemplate these things is vouchsafed to human souls once in ten thousand years if they have lived goodly lives; and the best of the initiatory rites here are but a dream of that highest rite and initiation; and the words of our philosophic inquiry are framed to recall these fair sights there—else is our labor vain. This," said he, "is the tale I heard him recite quite as though it were in some rite of mystic initiation, but without offering any demonstration or proof of what he said."

From "The Obsolescence of Oracles," pp. 421-22, in Frank Cole Babbitt's translation of Plutarch's Moralia, *vol. V, Loeb Classical Library.*

LABYRINTHS

by Rosemary Jeanes



The intrinsic form of the labyrinth suggests movement and inspires dance. The dancer recreates the pattern and treads with care each step of the way, winding and unwinding, following leader and thread. Yet as one looks and moves through the labyrinth, one can perceive it as a metaphor for the Journey, the Dance of Life. Then the pattern and the dance become reflections of the greater mystery, and a means through which people can come to terms with their meanderings through time and space. The power of the labyrinth lies in the secrets it holds and in its way of capturing, for an instant, the unknowable.

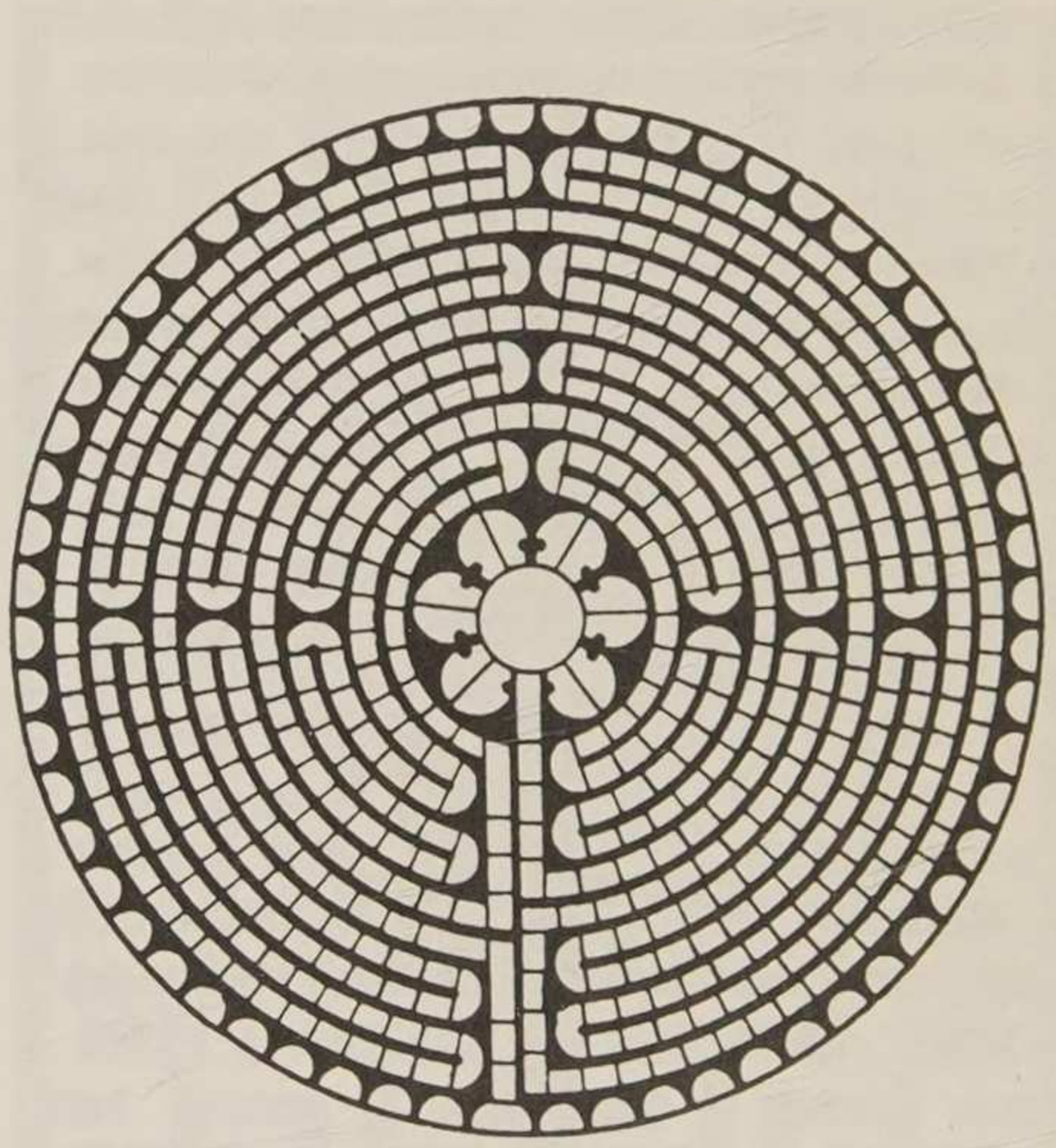
Our cultural heritage provides a legacy of dances associated with the labyrinth, notably Theseus' dance celebrating his successful venture into the Cretan maze, and the circling dances following the labyrinth design inlaid on floors of medieval European churches. A more recent dance on the labyrinth theme is Martha Graham's "Errand into the Maze." The choreography and design draw on the mythological motifs —gate or threshold, Minotaur and thread. Yet the interpretation is primarily psychological, presenting a woman's struggle with her own fear. To move into the realm of sacred dance, one must trace the pattern back in time to the mythological sources and explore the religious dances which echoed the traditional symbolism.

The Cretan labyrinth was designed to confuse, for its wandering and devious paths made it difficult for even its architect, Daedalus, to find his way back to the en-

trance. The innermost sanctuary held its challenge, the Minotaur, half-bull/half-man, to whom Athenian youths and maidens were sacrificed every nine years. Of his own choice, Theseus undertook the task to slay the Minotaur in order to free Athens from its terrible tribute, and to further his own journey as a hero and his right to kingship. However, even Theseus could not traverse the difficulties of the labyrinth alone. His guidance came from the princess Ariadne who made her gift of the golden thread. Perhaps she knew the secret of the design through the dances in which she participated on the dance floor at Knossos, also crafted by Daedalus. A description from *The Iliad* likens part of the movement of this dance to the potter at his wheel, suggesting knowledge and concentration, and conjuring up images of circling and centering. The other dance, performed by Theseus and his companions at Delos, was taught by Daedalus specifically to depict the wanderings in the maze. One might conjecture that it was only after learning the dance for himself that Theseus could and did abandon his guide, Ariadne.

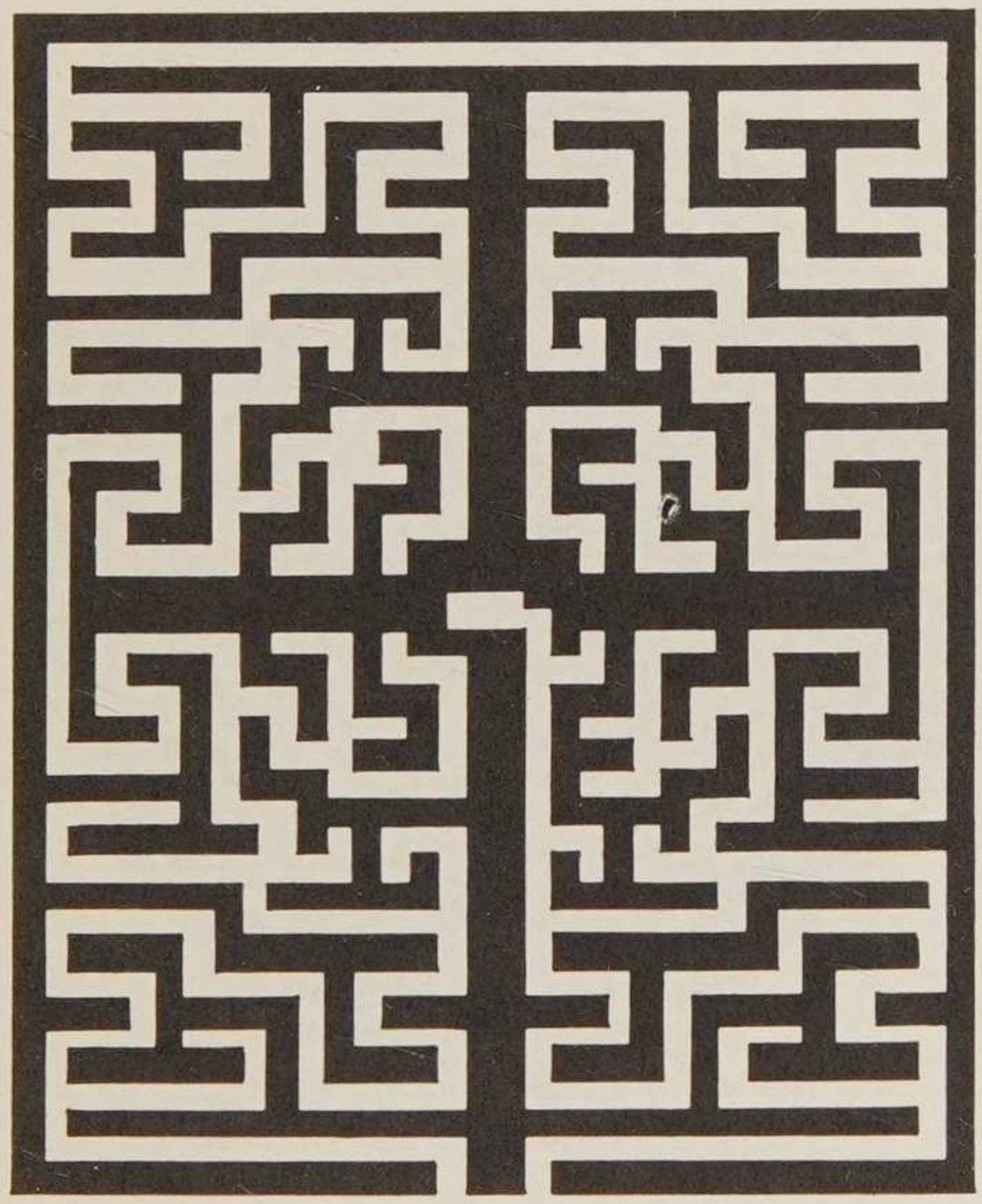
But why the dance? And what mystery did it re-enact? The significance lies in the direction of spiralling inward, circling from right to left towards the sacred space of the center. For Theseus the center held the menace of death, but also the possibility of initiation to greater power and knowledge. Then the reversal of direction in order to emerge from the labyrinth symbolizes rebirth. These circles of involution and evolution were danced by Theseus and his men, linking themselves to each other and to the pattern by a rope which stood for the golden thread. The labyrinth becomes the path to death, to wisdom and to rebirth. Combined with the innate nature of a circling dance, to concentrate both energy and focus, it transforms the outer form into an inner realization, thus evoking a sense of timelessness.

The central theme of death and rebirth is particularly significant in the Theseus story. His labyrinth adventure can be seen as the prototype for a later mission of his life, his descent to the Underworld and his eventual return to life. For other Athenians the labyrinth was certain death, and Hades a place of no return. However, Theseus, having passed the first test, was prepared to attempt the second. Classical literature confirms the labyrinth as a link with the underworld, since it is the same pattern which confronts Aeneas at the cave of the Sibyl as he begins his descent into the kingdom of the dead.



Above: Labyrinth in Chartres Cathedral
Facing: Labyrinth in Amiens Cathedral

It is not surprising that the labyrinth, as the pattern embodying the mysteries of death and resurrection, was adopted by Christianity. Among the many mazes found in medieval churches throughout Europe, the labyrinth of Chartres Cathedral stands as



a remarkable example harmonizing belief and architecture. In France, this and other labyrinths were known as *Chemin de Jerusalem,* the way of the pilgrim. Traversing the circuitous path of the labyrinth on one's knees served as a substitute for the long and arduous journey to the holy city itself. In this Christian version Theseus became the pilgrim, the Minotaur represented Satan and the thread of Ariadne was seen as the grace and intercession of the Virgin Mary. Another interpretation understood the twisting complexities of the maze as the entangling nature of sin which might distract the Christian from his true path. However, church labyrinths are generally unicursal; that is, there is only one path that encompasses the entire pattern as the way inevitably leads to the center. This is quite a different concept from multicursal mazes that do contain wrong paths which lead nowhere. The implication is that religious faith is the thread, for even when the path seems to take the follower further away from his goal, nevertheless through perseverance the goal is indeed accessible.

A ritual dance representing the mystery of Christ's conquest of death was for centuries a revered part of Easter festivities. A decree of 1396 preserves the rules of such a dance at Auxerres Cathedral, called the "Pelota." This was a kind of ball game which symbolized the resurrection and blessedness of Christ. The Dean and priests gathered in the western part of the cathedral, the direction nearest to the setting and dying sun. They formed a long chain and performed a three-step circling dance around the labyrinth set in the floor. While moving, they sang an ancient Easter hymn, *"Victimae Paschali laudes,"* telling of the glory of Christ's resurrection, and they circulated a special ball from one to another. The Easter celebrations were concluded with a feast followed by evensong.

The ball of the "Pelota" was thought to represent the sun, which was a recognized symbol for Christ, "sol invictus," "sol justitiae," from early Christian times. The connection of Christ with the sun echoes a popular belief that if one rose early on Easter morning one could see the sun dancing. In his book, *Religious Dances,* E.L. Backman suggests that this belief is "a survival of early medieval mysticism in which Christ the resurrected was conceived as dancing forth from the underworld." The location of the Auxerres labyrinth, near the west door, confirmed the association with the underworld into which Christ descended in order that he might rise again as light from the east.

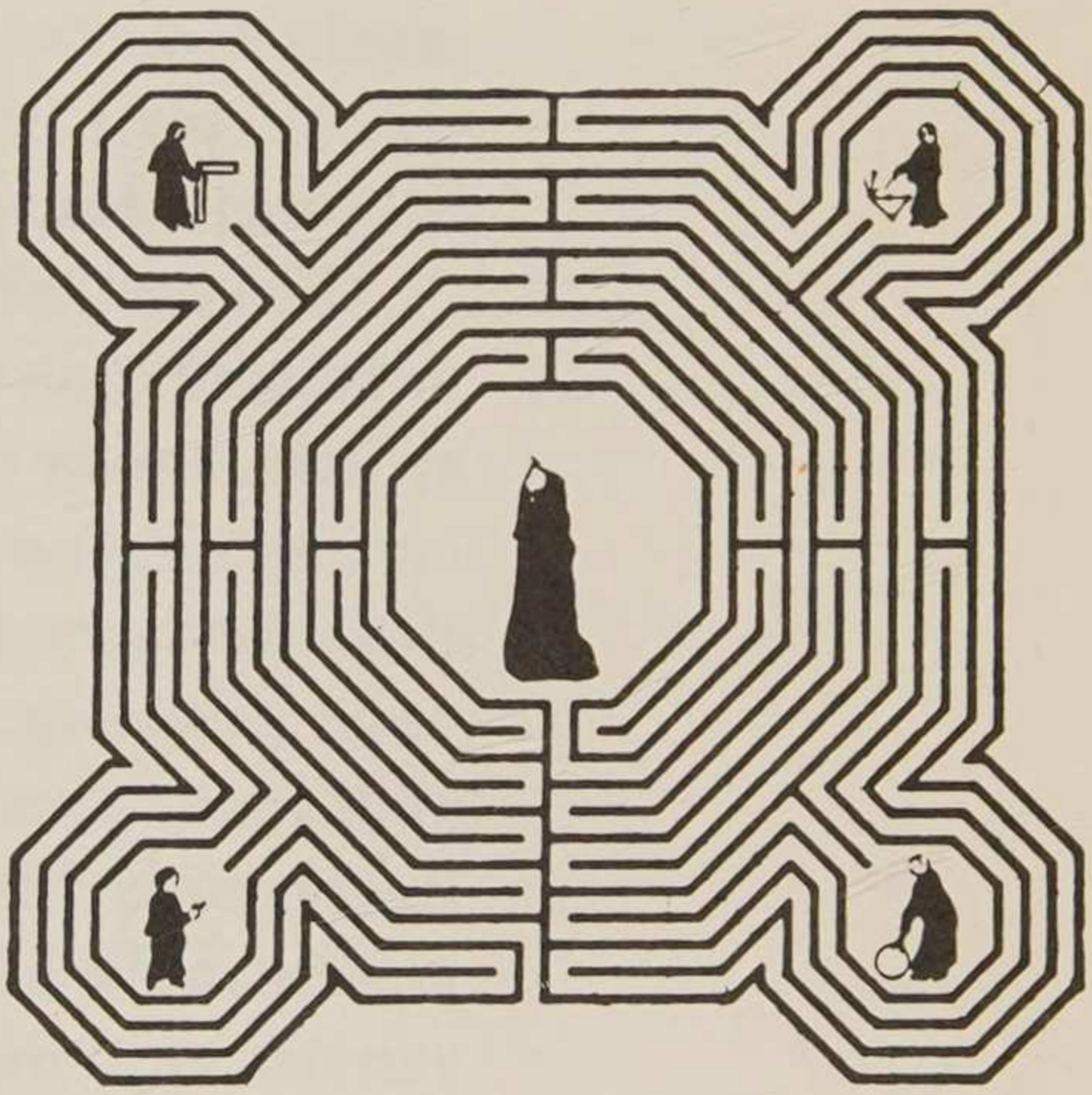
Inscriptions from church labyrinths are revealing in their messages. The text of the maze in St. Savino, Piacenza, simply stated, "This labyrinth reveals the structure of the world." Another stone from a labyrinth preserved in Lyons Museum is more elaborate:

Look upon this mirror and behold in it thine own mortality!
Thy body shall become dust and food for the worms,
But thou thyself shalt live eternally; this life is hard to live.
Beg and pray to Christ that thy life may be lived in Christ
That by the Easter festival thou mayest be awakened and come out of the labyrinth.
By these five lines of verse I instruct thee in the secret of death.

The Christian labyrinth teaches not only the complexities of life in this world, but also the secrets of afterlife.

The unknowable is cloaked in the ambiguities of the labyrinth. The center is sacred space and yet it contains the monster with which seekers must grapple. Once the first goal is reached, the journey reverses itself so that the path may continue and the knowledge guide the new course. For it becomes clear that the center was never meant to be a final end but the entrance to a new labyrinth.

The multitude of humanly wrought images—in churches, in gardens, on tombs, in paintings—bear witness to the fascination that the maze has held for mankind through the ages. Each image presents a personal statement in a universal idiom.



Above. Labyrinth at Rheims Cathedral
Facing: Pattern of a hedge maze

Many writers and thinkers have attempted to explain the meaning and to come to terms with the symbolism. Perhaps a clue lies in the dance, which lends itself to direct experience. For to come to one's own understanding, the connections between outer pattern and inner movement must come into play. By stepping beyond the realms of observation, thought, and even time, the sense of the labyrinth can be experienced in dynamic motion and internalized through dance. □

The Nishan Shamaness

Adapted from a Manchu folk epic.

In the days of the Ming Dynasty there lived in the town of Lolo an official, Baldu Bayan. To this man of wealth and virtue was born a son who, at the age of fifteen, went hunting at Heng Lang Mountain, where he became ill and died. When fate thus struck at the roots of Baldu Bayan's heritage, he and his wife doubled their virtuous works and prayed daily for an heir. Heaven had mercy on them in their fiftieth year, when a son was born, whom they named Sergudai.

The young boy soon showed himself to have a clever mind, and took well to his education. The years passed swiftly, and at the age of fifteen, he requested of his parents permission to go hunting. Remembering the fate of their firstborn, Baldu Bayan and his wife were reluctant to let the boy go, but finally they gave in, and so an expedition set out for the mountains. With dogs and hawks they hunted, killing much game. But just as all were rejoicing in the hunt, Sergudai fell ill with a fever. His servants made a litter for him and set out for home as if flying, but along the way the young master spoke to them. "My illness," he said, "is serious, and I do not know if I will reach home alive. One of you must run ahead, and carry the news to my parents. Beg them not to mourn excessively: all this was predetermined, and none can escape the fate allotted to him." At this, his jaw locked and his eyes became fixed, and the servants saw that he was dead.

When the news was carried to Baldu Bayan, he could scarcely believe his misfortune. A funeral was held the like of which had seldom been seen in those parts. A

great feast was prepared, with food piled as high as the mountains, and a veritable ocean of drink.

When the ceremony had begun, an old hunchback, bent over almost double, appeared at the gate. "Tell the master," he said to Baldu Bayan's servant, "that an old man wishes to pay his respects to the young man who has died." When this message was conveyed, Baldu Bayan said in reply, "I am touched by this stranger's courtesy. Bring him in and let him partake of the feast." But when he was brought in, the old man paid no heed to food or drink, but instead went immediately to the head of the coffin and began to mourn the passing of the young master. Everyone was brought to tears by the old man's eloquence, and Baldu Bayan gave him his own silken gown in gratitude. The old man accepted the offering, but sighing deeply reproached Baldu Bayan, saying, "My lord, are you so ready to accept the death of your only son? Is there no shaman here who can bring him back to life?" Baldu Bayan replied, "Alas, in our village there is no shaman skilled in such things. If you know of one, I implore you to tell me his whereabouts."

The old man replied, "My lord, do you not know of the widow Teteke, the shamaness who lives by the Nishan River? Go to her, for her powers are greatest of all." Having spoken, the old man walked out the main gate and, seating himself on a five-colored cloud, was immediately transported upwards. "Surely a god has come and instructed me!" exclaimed Baldu Bayan, and without wasting another moment, he leapt on his horse and, ordering his servants to follow, rode straight to the Nishan River.

At the river, Baldu Bayan saw a woman hanging clothes on a fence beside her hut. Riding up to her, he said,"Elder sister, will you please direct me to the house of the Nishan shamaness Teteke?" The woman smiled and said, "She lives on the other side of the river." Baldu Bayan wheeled his horse and plunged across the river. Coming to the place indicated, he found an old man

smoking his pipe. "Tell me, good sir, where I might find the home of Teteke the shamaness." The old man laughed and said, "You have already met her, and she has tricked you. When you speak to that one, be respectful, for she is not like other shamans. She will deceive you if you are not careful." Baldu Bayan crossed the river again, and rode to the hut. He dismounted and went inside, and there found an old, white-haired woman and a young girl. "Surely the old woman is the shamaness," he thought to himself, and knelt before her, but the old woman said, "I am not the shamaness. You have been deceived. This young woman, my daughter-in-law, is Teteke." So Baldu Bayan got up and knelt before the young woman, and implored, "Elder sister, your fame has spread far and wide. I have heard that your power is greater than that of twenty ordinary shamans. Will you not divine the circumstances of death for me? Humbly I ask this of you, even though it is a great trouble for you. Please have mercy and let me profit from your fame."

Teteke smiled and said, "Baldu Bayan, because you have spoken with respect and humility, I will not deceive you. I have only just learned shamanizing, and have little experience. I am afraid my divination will not be correct. I strongly advise you to seek other shamans, more experienced and more capable than myself. Do not be careless in your grief!"

Then Baldu Bayan wept and implored the shamaness again and again, until she said at last, "Only because you came here first with sincere respect and an earnest request, will I divine the circumstances of death for you." Then she washed her face and set out the incense. She took her drum in her right hand and the drumstick in her left, chanting *"hobage"* and *"deyangku"* in a beautiful voice, until the spirit entered her body. With words of

truth and wisdom she chanted then, recounting with accuracy the circumstances surrounding the death of Sergudai. She sang of his birth in Baldu Bayan's fiftieth year, of his upbringing, and of the hunt. She told of the killing of many beasts, and of the anger of Ilmun Khan, Lord of the Underworld, who sent spirits to capture the soul of Sergudai.

When she had finished singing, Baldu Bayan said, "All that you have said is true. Please trouble yourself once more to help this old man, and bring my son back to life. For this I will give you half of all that I possess."

"Baldu Bayan," said Teteke, "I will not deceive you. I am young and inexperienced: I have not the powers to accomplish what you ask. Seek capable help elsewhere! Do not be careless in your grief!" But the old man threw himself at her feet and wept, begging her to invoke her powers once more and bring back the soul of his son. At last Teteke said to him, "Baldu Bayan, stand up! Once only, I will try. If I succeed, do not rejoice; if I fail, do not grieve. Hear my words and give heed!"

When they arrived in the village of Lolo, a feast was held. After the shamaness had eaten, she washed her face and struck her drum in prayer, and the assistant shamans of the village began to sound their drums as well. But so out of harmony were the drums of the village shamans that Teteke stopped, saying, "In such discord as this, how will I travel to the underworld?" Then she sent them all away, and asked for a better assistant, but Baldu Bayan said, "Elder sister, in our village, there are no capable shamans. If you have an assistant whom you prefer, tell me his name and I will have my servants bring him." "In my village," said Teteke, "there is a widower of seventy years of age, Nari, who is well acquainted with the drum and chant."

Immediately, Baldu Bayan sent for the old man, and when he arrived, Teteke said to him in a merry voice, "Noble sir, you have come! Help me, your elder sister, by the harmony of your drum, in accordance with what has been established of old. Let me warn you that if you

are unable, I will flog your backside with a wet leather drumstick! I will beat your buttocks with a drumstick of cherry wood!" Nari replied, "O powerful, strange shamaness, I, your younger brother, know this well! I do not require instruction!" Then he sat down and immediately harmonized his drum with hers.

Then at last Teteke put on her costume, the skirts and bells and the nine-bird feathered cap. Her tall, slender body began to weave and sway in dance, keeping time to the beat of Nari's harmonious drum. Like a trembling young willow her body moved, reminding all those present of ancient and beautiful melodies. The soft tune of her movements winding in the air, her subtle voice accompanying her every move, she besought the spirits to come swiftly, to aid in her descent into the underworld. As she sang, her eyes glazed over and the spirit came and entered her fully, and she began to tell her assistant, Nari, what he must do to help her:

Lead assistant, standing to the side of me,
Great assistant, standing next to me,
Submissive assistant, standing near,
Clever assistant, standing nearby:
Open your thin ears, listen!
Close your thick ears, listen!
Fasten a rooster to my head,
Fasten a dog to my foot,
Place a hundred pieces of bean paste at my side.
I am going to a dark place, pursuing a soul.
I am going to the land of the dead, to fetch back a life.
I am going to raise a fallen soul.
When I return, trusted assistant,
Throw water around my nose: twenty measures,
Pour water around my face: forty buckets.

Try truly hard to revive me!
Take charge of my return!

When she had uttered these words, Teteke was thrown to the ground, and her body became rigid. Immediately, Nari went to her and tied a rooster and a dog to her body and put the bean paste candies beside her. Then, sitting next to her, he took up the drum and began to chant, instructing the spirits to lead the shamaness into the underworld.

Attended by her spirits, Teteke descended. The beast-spirits ran, the bird-spirits flew, and the serpent-spirits slithered; Teteke herself went along like the whirlwind until she came to the first river. There she stopped and looked about for a way to cross, but all she could see was a little lame old man punting along on the other side of the river. "Ugly Rogue," she called out. "I am Teteke, the shamaness. Come, carry me across the river. I will pay you a fee of bean paste candies." Ugly

Rogue heard her and pricked up his ears. Then he came across the river, rowing half a boat with half an oar. He said to her, "If it had been anyone else, I would not row them across, but since it is you, come into the boat." Teteke got in and Ugly Rogue rowed her to the other side. There, she gave him three bean paste candies and sped on, traveling like the wind.

She came next to Red River, but here there was no boatman, so she summoned her attendant spirits about her: eagle and wagtail, river serpents and pythons. "All you spirits," she sang, "lift me up, ferry me across. Hurry! Reveal your power!" Then she threw her drum into the river and stood on top of it. In an instant, the drum carried her to the other side. She got off, picked up her drum and, bowing low, left three bean paste candies for the river spirit. Then, she sped onwards, looking for the citadel of Ilmun Khan.

It was not long before she came to the main gate of the great city of the Underworld, where Ilmun Khan held sway. At each of the gate posts stood two *hutu*-demons, Iron and Blood. "What person is this," they screeched, "who dares to approach this pass? We guard the citadel of Ilmun Khan. Report your business, and be quick about it!" Teteke said to the demons, "I am the Nishan shamaness. I am seeking Monggoldai Nakcu in the land of the dead." Then she left her name-tally and three bean-paste candies for each of the demons, and was allowed to pass. Three such gates did she pass; at each she was challenged, and at each she left her name-tally and payment before passing through. Thus she came at last to the gate of Monggoldai Nakcu. Standing outside the gate, her skirt bells shaking, the small bells ringing, she cried out in a beautiful voice, "Monggoldai Nakcu, come

forth! You have in your power a soul who is too young. Why did you snatch away one who had not attained fullness of life? If you give him up, I will reward you greatly. I will not take him away without paying, I shall leave you a fee. If you do not give him up, my spirits will make sure it does not go well with you."

Then Monggoldai Nakcu appeared, laughing. He looked at Teteke, with her cap waving, the skirt bells shaking, the small bells ringing out, and said, "Nishan shamaness, it is true that I took away the soul of Sergudai, the last-born of Baldu Bayan, but of what concern is that to you? I did so at the request of Ilmun Khan, because of the slaughter of animals in the mountains. Now, Ilmun Khan has adopted Sergudai as his own son, and he plays with the other children in the courtyard of the palace. How could I possibly give him back to you?"

Teteke answered, her voice clanging like metal, "Monggoldai Nakcu, this has nothing to do with you. I have come to retrieve a soul from the land of the dead. Either I succeed or I fail, but I see you have nothing to do with it. I absolve you from all blame if I fail: may your lord do likewise if I succeed!" Then she stood back and raised her voice, banging on her drum and summoning her spirits.

Great soaring bird, nested on Eastern Mountain!
Sandalwood kingfisher on Cangling Mountain!
Oakwood badger on Mangga Mountain!
Snakes, pythons, tigers and wolverines in rocky lairs!
Golden wagtail, circling the mountain!
Silver wagtail, circling the sea!
Hawks, eagles, vultures, come quickly!
Enter the city, swooping low into the courtyard!
Grasp with your talons, snatch him up, bring him here!
By the strength of your shoulders lifting, bring him here!

Then all her attendant spirits rose up in flight, ascending like clouds and fog, and flew over the city to where Sergudai was playing with the other children in the courtyard of the palace. Swooping low, they

snatched him up in their talons and, rising, soared up and carried him away. The other children ran frightened to Ilmun Khan. "Something has happened to Sergudai!" they cried. "Great birds came and seized our brother and took him away!"

When Ilmun Khan heard this, he was enraged. Quickly, he summoned Monggoldai Nakcu before him, and charged him with the responsibility for Sergudai's abduction. Calmly and with complete composure Monggoldai Nakcu said to Ilmun Khan, "This is no doubt the doing of Teteke, the Nishan shamaness, who has acquired great fame even in the short time she has been in the realm of the dead. I will go in pursuit of her: she cannot have gone far." Then, without another word, he set off in pursuit.

Meanwhile, Teteke, rejoicing greatly in her success, ran like the whirlwind, holding the hand of young Sergudai, retracing her steps. Through the three gates of the city she ran, and sped forward towards Red River. Just as she came in sight of the river, however, Monggoldai Nakcu called out to her. "Elder sister," he called, "wait a moment! Is it proper to snatch away a soul from the Underworld, leaving no payment? With difficulty I brought him here, spending a great deal of effort. Consider the matter well! It is not in keeping with good principles for you to take him away like this, making no payment."

Teteke stopped at this, and considered his words. She said, "Monggoldai Nakcu, this is indeed an important matter. Come, let us strike a bargain now, and make a contract for all time." Then she handed to Monggoldai Nakcu three pieces of bean paste candy, but he replied,

"The fee you give is too small. Won't you increase it a little?" Teteke gave him three more pieces, but Monggoldai Nakcu said, "If my lord, Ilmun Khan, receives this, his anger will not be assuaged. Indeed, he will only be offended still further. Please, give me the rooster that you have brought with you, and the dog also, for nowhere in the Underworld is there a rooster to wake Ilmun Khan in the morning, nowhere a dog to take with him hunting."

Then Teteke answered, "I will give them to you, but only if you will agree to lengthen the lifespan of this young boy." To this, Monggoldai Nakcu replied, "Very well, Nishan shamaness, I will add twenty years to his life."

The shamaness replied, "Since you would take him when his snivel is not yet dry, it is not enough," and Monggoldai Nakcu said, "Then I will add thirty years to his life."

Teteke said, "Since you would take him when his mind is still unsettled, it is not enough," and the other replied, "Then I will add forty years to his life."

"Since you would take him when he has not yet received honor and nobility, it is not enough."

"I will add fifty years."

"Since you would take him when he is not yet wise and worthy, it is not enough."

"I will add sixty years."

"Since you would take him when he has not yet learned to use bow and arrow, it is not enough."

"I will add seventy years."

"Since you would take him when he has not yet learned craftsmanship, it is not enough."

"I will add eighty years."

"Since you would take him when he does not yet understand the affairs of his age, it is not enough."

"Nishan shamaness," said Monggoldai Nakcu, "you drive a hard bargain. Very well then, I will add ninety years to Sergudai's lifespan: more, I cannot. Up to the

age of sixty, Sergudai will have no illness. Up to age one hundred, he will not be frail. Eight sons of his nine children will put a generation in motion. And until his hair turns white, his teeth turn yellow, his waist becomes bent, his eyes grow dim, and his feet begin to drag, he will urinate standing up and defecate sitting down."

Then and then only did Teteke thank Monggoldai Nakcu, and give him the rooster and dog. "Whenever you wish them to come to you," she said, "call the rooster by saying *Ashi*, and the dog by saying *Ceo*." So Monggoldai Nakcu turned his face towards the city, and Teteke took Sergudai by the hand and began to run towards Red River. But as soon as he was by himself, Monggoldai Nakcu said to the rooster,"*Ashi*," and to the dog, "*Ceo*," but lo and behold, they immediately ran off after the Nishan shamaness! So Monggoldai ran after her once more, pleading with her to stop. "I beg of you," he called, "do not deceive me like this. How will things be if, having taken the soul of young Sergudai, you also play such tricks on Ilmun Khan?" Teteke laughed in triumph and said, "I have joked with you enough, Monggoldai Nakcu. I will tell the truth now: call the rooster by saying *Gu*, and the dog by saying *Eri*." Monggoldai Nakcu said these words to the rooster and dog on the spot, and immediately they followed close by him, wagging head and tail.

Finally, then, Teteke and Sergudai came to the banks of Red River, where the shamaness paid a fee to the lord of the river and took Sergudai across with her on her drum. Then they came to the ferry of Ugly Rogue, who remembered her and exclaimed, "Truly may you be called a powerful shamaness! Let me carry you across in honor!" And he rowed them across in his half a boat with

half an oar. Teteke paid him a fee and set out again, and so came at last to the home of Baldu Bayan.

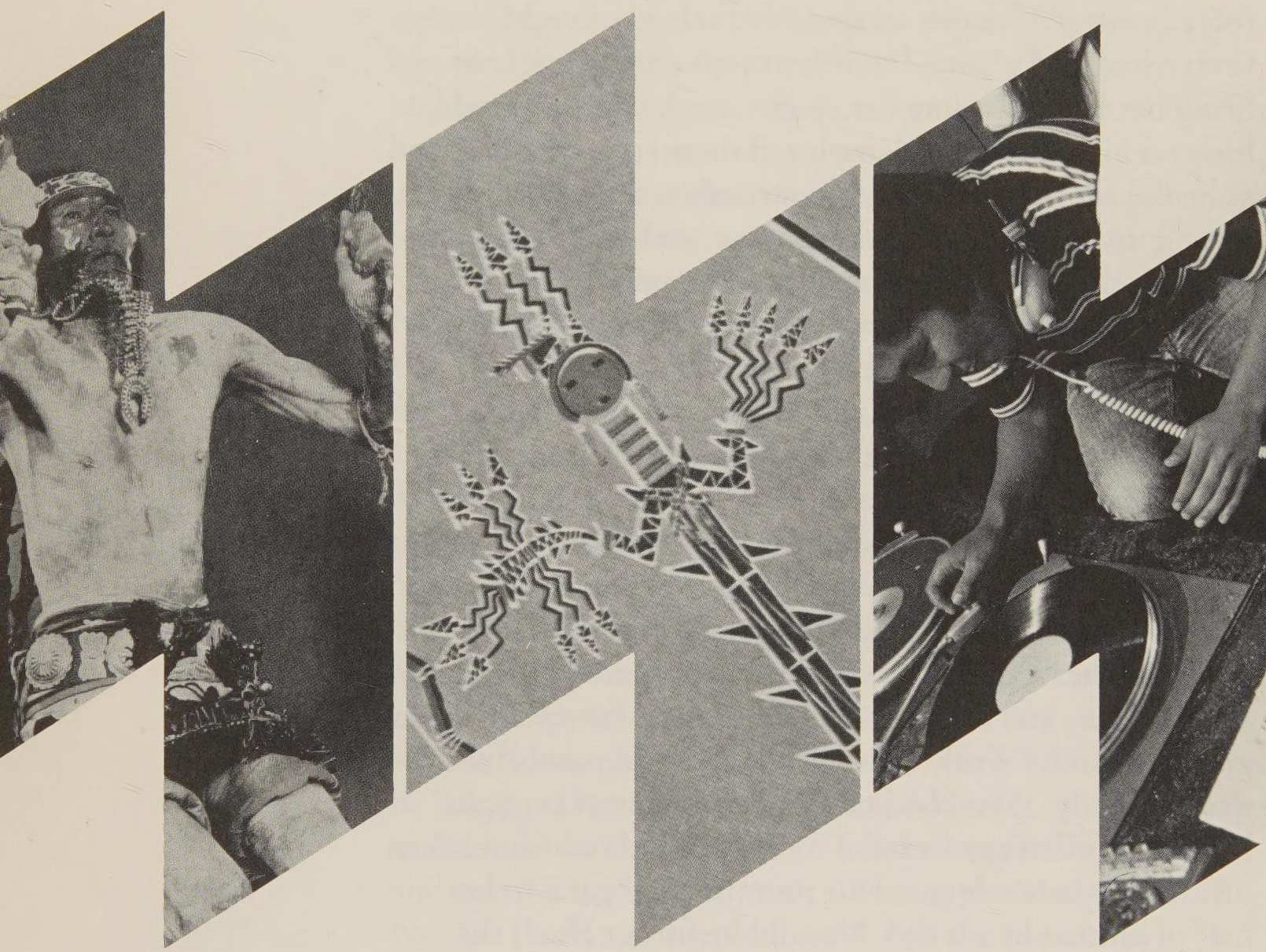
As soon as the chief assistant, Nari, saw that Teteke had returned, he followed her instructions to the letter, pouring twenty measures of water around her nose, and forty buckets of water around her face. He sought to revive her, and chanted words of power and magic to bring her back. Calling her spirits, eagles and wagtails, badgers and pythons, he implored them to revive her, and as he did so, her limbs began to tremble. Suddenly, she sprang up and sang of her adventure, and when she had done so, she was thrown on her back again. As Nari revived her with incense, she herself fanned the soul of young Sergudai, and as Teteke awakened, Sergudai suddenly came to and in a thick voice asked for a bowl of water. "I've been asleep a long time," he said, "and have had strange dreams."

The whole house of Baldu Bayan rejoiced then, and told Sergudai what had in fact happened to him, and that he owed his life to the efforts of the Nishan shamaness. Sergudai, hearing this, bowed low before her and thanked her, and his father, Baldu Bayan, his eyes glowing, said, "Truly you are a divine and powerful shamaness. Lady, if you had not in your kindness brought back the soul of my son, the root would have been broken off!" Then he made good his promise, and gave to her half of all that he owned. Nor did he forget Nari, the chief assistant, but rewarded him and praised him for his efforts. "What was all the bother?" said Nari, "My throat is a little dry, but if there were any dangers, any suffering, it was my elder sister, Teteke, who was in danger, it was she who suffered." Teteke laughed and said, "Younger brother, there is a saying: 'If we consider a shaman equal to three parts, then there must be a good assistant of seven parts to bring her back to life.'" And with this, they prepared a great feast, and everyone ate and drank so much that they all became very drunk.

—Retold by Paul Jordan-Smith

A PARADIGM OF NAVAJO DANCE

by David McAllester



A huge fire thunders under the night sky. The flames burst upward with irresistible force, sparks tower into the darkness. A crowd of two thousand people stands at a distance around the fire waiting patiently. On the periphery of the danceground smaller fires warm family groups of spectators and the incense of pinyon, cedar and sagebrush fills the air. Suddenly, naked human figures appear carrying thick ropes of cedar bark. They run around the fire, sunwise, and their bodies change from black silhouettes to brilliantly lighted paint-daubed grotesques as they circle the flames. They crawl towards the fire, trying to avoid the intense heat, and push one end of their cedar ropes into the coals until it is ignited. Now as they race about the bonfire they brandish the blazing bark torches and shower themselves and the others with sparks and flaming bits of bark.

Then they are gone and you know that fire deities have come out of their mountain homes to lend their presence for its healing power in a Mountain Chant ceremony. The ritual is being performed to drive out evil influences and restore harmony for some afflicted member of the Navajo community. We have just seen the Fire Dance, a vital part of the Navajo culture, handed down from their ancient past. Our only clues to its early origin are in the myth and ritual

poetry of the ceremony; its meaning has been transmitted in the oral tradition, possibly from beginnings in central Asia.

On another part of the reservation an announcer's voice blares over the PA system at the Navajo Nation Tribal Fair. The calf-roping and bulldogging took place in the afternoon and now the evening is for showtime. "Ladies and gentlemen, the next event will be the Juniors' Fancy Dance. Will the contestants take their places in front of the judges' box, please?"

A heavy drum-beat rises from a group of singers sitting on folding chairs around a bass drum which rests horizontally on a sturdy stand. Half a dozen singers are drumming in unison. A favorite kind of drumstick is made of a springy length of fiberglass fishing-rod with a padded head of sheepskin or angora goatskin with the fur outside. The thin, piercing wail of Northern Plains Grass Dance singing rises above the drumming. The dancers, splendid in porcupine-hair roaches, feather bustles, ribbons and mirrors, perform dazzling feats of footwork while they gaze coolly into space. Not a feather or a ribbon may come loose from the costume or the dancer will be disqualified for a prize that could come to several hundred dollars. When the singing and drumming rush to a sudden end, the dancer's foot must come down precisely on the

Fancy Dancer

last beat. An extra step is another sign of an inexperienced dancer.

Though the style of music, dance and costume are entirely those of the Plains tribes such as the Sioux, Ponca or Cheyenne, most of the singers, dancers and spectators are Navajos. We are watching a Powwow, a vital part of Navajo culture. The style and accoutrements were learned at school or from attending other Powwows. The Fancy Dance is one of several features of these pan-Indian dances and get-togethers that take place all over the United States. They can be seen in New York and Chicago as well as at Lame Deer and Window Rock. They became a part of Navajo fairs as recently as ten years ago.

At Chinle, the high school auditorium is packed. The participants are mostly teenagers, but spectators of all ages are there. The music comes from a stereo and was recorded by "Xit," a Rock group of urban Indians based in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Their name means "Crossing of Indian Tribes," but the song is "She's My Everything," just as any other Rock group would perform it. Many of the young people at the dance are shy. Some of the girls are dancing together. But there are expert Rock dance couples and one pair is doing Disco steps right out of *Saturday Night Fever.* We are watching a vital part of Navajo culture, some of it as new as this year. It is learned at school, at the movies and on television. Its forms are a mixture of the art and folk dances of Europe, Africa and America.

All three of these dance manifestations are "Navajo Dance." To restrict the term to forms from "traditional" Navajo culture such as the Fire Dance, the Squaw Dance from the Enemyway ceremonial, or the Corral Dance from Shootingway, would be to isolate a section of space in present history or time in past history and label it "Navajo." But the Navajos live in a present which is not only richly imbued with their own past but also deeply intermingled with the present (and past) of the other cultures around them.

Some Navajos never dance because they are members of fundamentalist Christian sects that regard dancing as an invitation to sin. There are Navajos who attend ceremonials and have no more idea than any non-Indian tourist of the cosmic, symbolic meanings of the accompanying dances. Other Navajos consider such things old-fashioned and find the expression of their own interests in Country and Western concerts and records and in Rock and Disco dances. It is as difficult to characterize Navajo dance as it would be to characterize Detroit dance. Mormon Navajos at Brigham Young University may know more about the Hula and the Varsovienne than most other American college students. A Navajo at Radcliffe may attend the Joffrey Ballet or the Grand Kabuki.

It is testimony to the range of Navajo experience that there are so many dance forms which are a part of their lives. Many Navajo homes have television, thousands of Navajos traveled all over the world in the United States Armed Forces, thousands are now settled off the reservation in search of

jobs in the big cities. Still there is an identity, coming to be known as being one of the "Navajo Nation." It is based on a common history, on something of a consensus on what "traditional" values are, and on a sharp consciousness of speaking a unique language. If we were to take the three kinds of dance as a kind of paradigm—three points across the spectrum where there are large clusters of interest—we might get a sense, through their dance, of who these Navajos are as they, like the rest of us, undergo rapid cultural change.

I would like to advance the thesis that all three genres of dance are "sacred." Something happens in each one, by means of music and movement, that lifts the lives of the participants out of their ordinary courses to a plane that would have to be called transcendent. I will consider all three here, stressing qualities of thought and perception that seem to be particularly Navajo.

Rock Navajos. They are young, they want to be "with it." They speak fluent English but they also speak their own brand of slangy Navajo. Some of them learned to read and write in Navajo in grammar school before they went on to English. They love Country and Western music and Rock n' Roll and when they advertise in the *Navajo Times* for a pen pal they are likely to indicate their favorite song almost as part of their personalities. Some of them are film and recording stars or well-known Gospel singers. They, along with other Navajo professionals, usually include "Navajo" when they identify themselves publicly: Arliene Nofchissey, Navajo, actress, singer and composer, and concert star; R.C. Gorman, Navajo, painter; Fred Young, Navajo, nuclear scientist. If you were to ask any of the young Rock enthusiasts what dance means to them they would not articulate the answer in symbolic terms. They might say, "Man, I dance because that's when I feel alive!" Or they might say, "My friend, I don't dance, but I sure like to watch all those folks jumping around."

But if you got into a serious conversation with a Navajo intellectual and asked if a Rock dance was secular and a ceremonial dance was sacred, there would be a hesitation. Such neat separations are not a part of Navajo religious thinking. The phrase, *hózhǫ́ǫ́*, could refer to a dance hall full of young people having a good time or it could equally refer to a household that has been restored ceremonially to good health and serenity after a time of crisis and apprehension. *Hó-* means "place," or "environment," or "conditions." It is one of seven third person singular pronouns; *-zhǫ́ǫ́*, is a verb stem indicating a process of beauty, harmony, blessedness, intensity—one comes back to that word, "transcendent." *Hózhǫ́ǫ́* is one of the central concepts in Navajo philosophy. It occurs in every blessing song and at the end of almost every prayer. *Hózhǫ́nahasdlíí'*, "conditions of harmony have again been restored," usually repeated four times, is the Navajo formula for ultimate good.

Motion is a key to sacred power in Navajo thought. Wind is the basic metaphor of the power of motion. Speech, song and prayer are wind in motion shaped by the added power of human articulation. It follows that all song and all movement partake of this power and this is why a thoughtful Navajo might hesitate to categorize a Rock dance as merely secular. Energy has conse-

Indian disc jockey

quences. People moving together in constructive ways must be building *hózhǫ́ǫ́*. The element of repetition in Rock which to unsympathetic Europeans may signal "common," or "boring," would, to many Navajos, have the opposite connotation of focused energy accumulating with each recurrence. It means this to most young people, anywhere, engaged in Rock dance. It is valuable for us to realize that a dance form that may seem to some of us at the furthest remove from the sacred may not be so considered even by its practitioners in our own culture. A Navajo perspective might enable us to understand the rapture of our own children.

Powwow Navajos. They, too, are predominantly young and some of them attend Rock concerts as well as Powwows. They also look out from the "traditional" Navajo culture to the outside world. They find excitement and fulfillment in identifying with the pan-Indian movement that is, in part, the creation of Hollywood and TV, like the Rock culture. But the pan-Indian movement also has religious roots in the Ghost Dance movement of the 1870s and 1890s. Pan-tribalism, transcending the old local enmities, was a feature of the Ghost Dance. The message went from tribe to tribe that the Messiah was coming again, this time to help the Indians, *all* Indians. The meetings and the great circular dances came to an end when the promised Coming failed to take place, but many of the tribal groups in the west had learned to meet together and listen together across the formidable barriers of language and cultural differences. The Native American Church had a similar effect—this was a religion for all Indians. It included Christianity, but also the worship of sacred plants and animals, and it followed an Indian style of all-night worship. The vision, sacred to Indian thought, was almost assured by the sacramental ingestion of Father Peyote, the small spineless cactus around which much of the ceremony revolved. Other forces leading to pan-tribal perspectives were the growing importance of government schools and Indian shows. In both cases Indians from all over the United States met and learned from each other.

The Powwow is an occasion for asserting one's Indianness. Its forms are drawn from the flamboyant culture of the Plains Indians which has come to typify Indian values to other Indians as much as it has to Anglos. The war bonnet, the tipi, the horseman, the valorous warrior, have captured the imagination of the world wherever Indians are known at all.

In spite of the elements of Hollywood Westerns, and show business, the Powwow is inescapably sacred as well. It could not be otherwise since Indian thought, inclusive, organic, sees symbolic representations of life, supernatural power and human relations with the natural world in every feather, every element of costume design, in the direction a dancer turns and in the music he dances to. Powwows begin with prayer and end with prayer. The dances may be interrupted for additional prayer or the honoring of certain participants with special songs. Perhaps one source of the cigar-store Indian stereotype, a wooden-faced, laconic and over-serious character, is that Indians in fact do not respond to Anglo frivolity. There are serious meanings in every part of life and almost every object in the natural world. What is hard for outsiders to understand is that a Powwow can be a glorious time to blossom out in a brilliant costume, to look for interesting encounters with the opposite sex, to win prize money, to be Indian, *and also* to pray to the life forces.

The power of the intricate movement in a Grass dance, once associated with war, is now addressed to all the many functions served by the Powwow. At the end of the evening the United States flag is often danced out of the hall or off the dance ground. The big drum booms solemnly, the entire assembly follows the flag with a gentle, meditative step-close, step-close, step-close. Thoughts of present love of country and of the war dances of the past are evoked: the old Indian days when real eagle feathers were not prohibited by Federal law; one's own service in Vietnam; one's friends who died there. I have never danced to my flag except at a Powwow and the feeling is profoundly moving.

Ceremonial Navajo. It would be hard to predict which Navajos you meet would attend ceremonial dances. Any of them might; and almost any, under the right impetus of family obligation and personal feeling, might participate in the actual dancing, except that most forms of ritual dancing are not done by women. Their power of childbirth is inimical to the other kinds of sacred power which summon the supernatural to the aid of an individual in spiritual and physical distress. However, I will use the kind of dance that does include women for my illustration. This is the public part of the *Nda* or *Anáájí* ("Enemyway"), a much-performed rite to restore harmony in an individual bothered by the ghosts of slain enemies.

To begin with, one must understand that any non-Navajo is *anaa*, "one's enemy." The spirit of any outsider who has had contact with a Navajo could, for that Navajo, be a source of bad dreams, illness, even death. An Anglo principal of an Indian school whose clothes were washed by Navajo students in the school laundry is a possible example. He might, especially after a violent death, as in an automobile accident, return as a ghost to exercise malignant power over certain of those students. The danger is especially clear in the case of an enemy slain in war by a Navajo service man.

Enemyway is a war ceremonial involving two groups of people, the home camp and the Stick Receiver's camp. There is a sham battle, there are exchanges of gifts, there is the ritual killing of the enemy ghost, represented by a bit of bone or other part of the body or even a scrap of clothing from a member of the enemy people. The face of the afflicted person is blackened so that ghosts will not recognize who it is. Bandoliers of claws and flint arrowheads are worn symbolizing protective weapons. Symbols of Changing Woman, the principal Navajo deity and her warrior son, Monster Slayer, are incised with an arrowhead in the bark of the decorated wand carried by the Stick Receiver's party. Long chants mocking the despairing enemy are sung. There is also ritual of restoration and reconciliation: the Stick Receiver's camp and the home camp exchange gifts, take turns singing together, dance with each other, unite to create the ceremony.

The dance of Enemyway is, on the most overt level, the movement of young people dancing in pairs in a wide circle. They may be holding hands in a "promenade" grip or the girl may simply have hold of the man's belt. On a cold night they may share a blanket over their shoulders as they dance. The step may be a simple walk or it may be done with a bounce in response to the lively singing. "Squaw Dance" songs are the popular music of traditional Navajo life. They range from old favorites, many of which have texts entirely in vocables, to new compositions like "My Slant-eyed Japanese Girl." When the texts are lexical they are usually light and jocular in content: "I'm in luck, that girl is looking for me!" "I'll take you home in my one-eyed Ford." Courtship is a strong element in the songs and in the dance.

Selection of partners is "ladies' choice." The close-packed group of singers, gathered around a drummer with a small pottery water-drum, is a prime source of male partners. A girl will seize a likely man and pull him away from the singers to the dancing circle. To be released he has to pay a forfeit—if she demands a high price it may

indicate a real interest. Lifelong marriages have had their beginnings at a Squaw Dance. The initiative taken by the women is consonant with a matrilineal culture where the husband is still likely to move in with his wife's family.

Besides courtship, there are other levels of meaning in this simple-seeming dance. Reconciliation between the two parties in the ritual is another motif. The only restriction in partners is that members of the same clan do not dance together. Another level of meaning is mythic:

Twelve years had passed, when White Corn Girl and Yellow Corn Girl were born. As his younger sisters had given birth to them, he (Old Man of the Corn People) called them his nieces. These, it appears, grew up right there and, because he was much attached to them and showed them great affection, he raised them. Of this, it seems, wind children, such as travel hereabouts, had reported in various places, "that fine maidens have grown up." In those places, then, the inner form of dawn, the inner form of sky blue,

Navajo Fire Dancer

the inner form of evening twilight, the inner form of darkness, and the inner forms of all things expressed their desire to marry. But he, whose nieces they were, refused them.

(The old man said the girls could not marry until revenge had been exacted for his relatives who had been killed by the people of Taos. Monster Slayer led the successful war expedition back home.)...

Meanwhile, it seems, the man for whose benefit they had gone to war, was sitting inside; the girls, too, were both lying there. "Look here, my nieces, get up!" he told them. "Go ahead, go outside! Take anyone you two may wish! I shall not again object to this or that one!" he told them. The two girls left and walked outside. Monster Slayer stood just at the end of the line. Stepping up to him the two encircled him sunwise... Therefore people now act accordingly at the war dance, men dance with girls.[1]

Nowadays, Monster Slayer walks the earth again in the form of the young men at a Squaw Dance. They dance with the welcoming girls in a mythopoeic reprise of the celebration after the war on Taos. The token payment is the booty brought back home from a successful raid. Like the jewelry and best clothes worn by everybody there, the payment symbolizes wealth, security and all good things.

Add to these meanings of the Squaw Dance the power of wind, movement, articulation of moving air in song text, the accumulation of power by repetition, and one can see something of the import of the dance. As an onlooker said, "We're all enjoying the singing and the dancing, see? But also with every step of the dance and every beat of the drum, that ghost is being driven into the ground."

One may hear Squaw Dance songs on commercial discs under a variety of labels. What is missing in a record, however, is the *movement* of the living situation: the rumble of trucks coming and going, the whinnying of horses, the racing children on the outer edge of the firelight. These are the factors, like the ambience of the Powwow or the Disco dance, that gives the occasion its potent attraction to draw the crowds whose presence makes a major contribution to the force of the occasion.

Where do we draw the boundary between sacred dance and other sacred movement? It fits our own categories to label the rhythmic stepping out of a young couple, accompanied by singing and drumming, as dance. But most of Navajo ritual is also accompanied by song or strongly rhythmic prayer. When the protagonist in the musical drama of Enemyway dons the bandolier of mountain lion claws and flints, his chanting narrates the same act by Monster Slayer and identifies the present-day person with the hero of the war on Taos:

'E ne-ya-'a,
The bowstring, around me it is placed,
The bowstring, around me it is placed,
The bowstring, around me it is placed,
The bowstring, around me it is placed, *halaghai*,
Ni-ye, Monster Slayer, his bowstring, around me it is placed,
The enemy's death lure, its bowstring, around me it is placed,
Now Living-on-into-old-age, its bowstring, around me it is placed,
The bowstring, around me it is placed,
The bowstring, around me it is placed,
The bowstring, around me it is placed,
The bowstring, around me it is placed.[2]

The assembling of the water drum, the preparation of the Stick Receiver's wand, the killing of the ghost, are all done with chanting. The movement is timed to the appropriate verse and done with a finish and clarity of intent that elevates the act above ordinary movement. Like the movement of the Fancy Dance and the Disco Dance it is special, filled with connotation, heightened by rhythm, melody and speech—transcendent.

'Eí bee sitsiji' hózhǫ́ǫ́nii 'ádishní!
By means of this, before me it is beautiful as I say this!

Notes

1. Father Berard Haile, *Origin Legend of the Navajo Enemy Way*, Yale University Publications in Anthropology, No. 17, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1938.
2. *Ibid.*, retranslated by D. P. McAllester.

Anita Daniel *Bali*

Behind the Mask

In 1973, Anita Daniel went to Bali to photograph the highly-developed ritual dance flourishing there. Her trip led to a book which includes her experience as a pupil of the dance master, Kakul, and her observations of the rich and varied Balinese culture. The following has been excerpted from Bali/Behind the Mask, *which will be published next year by Alfred A. Knopf.*

Kakul sat at the base of the largest shrine and announced with the striking of the first three notes of the melody on the *gangsa,* that the lesson was about to begin.

The lesson was long and intense. Kakul stood in front and demonstrated the position of arms and legs, feet, of every part of the body. He would then move behind and manipulate the student until he conformed to the proper attitudes, vigorously bending the knees, taking hold of his shoulders, molding him like clay.

"All your movements must be focused to portray the true character of the mask," Kakul interrupted the music. "Like this: if the Prime Minister wants to notice the entrance of the King to his right, he must orient his total being to this stimuli. How do you arrive at this new orientation?"

He contracted the muscles surrounding the spinal column at the back of the neck.

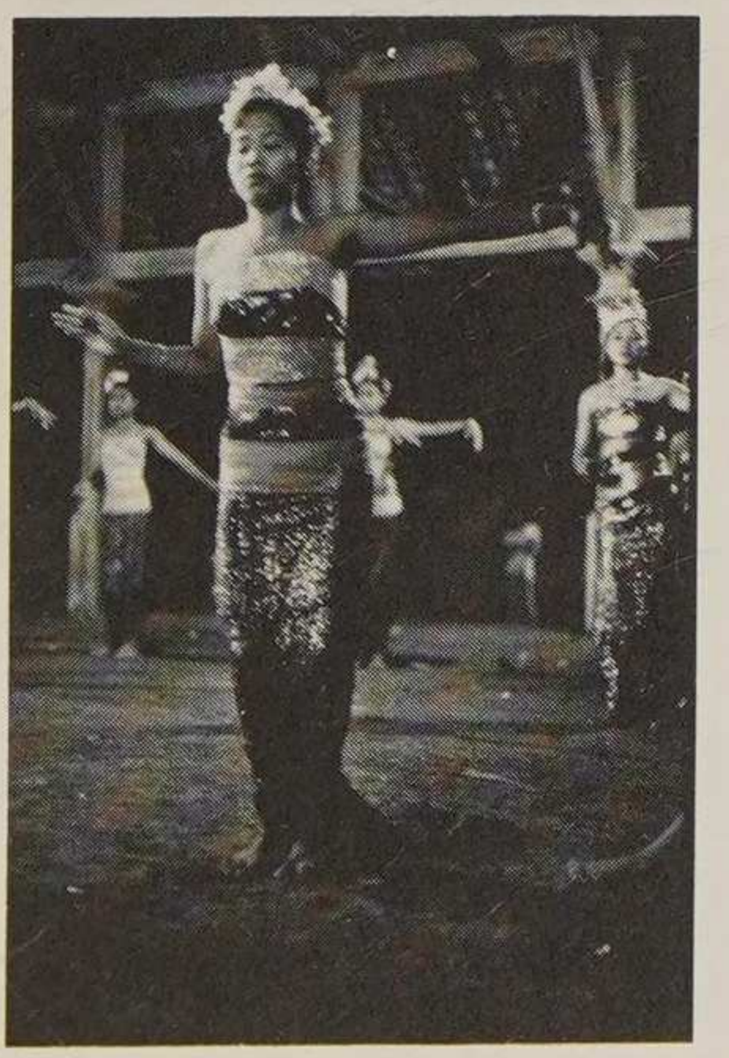
"You must raise your awareness from the source of your energy into your eyes, then allow your muscles to relax as the vision is extended to connect with the outstretched fingers of your left hand. From this connection, you will submit to the control of the vehicle of the wrist, which will rotate your entire consciousness toward the fingers of your right hand. As soon as this movement is complete, all awareness will

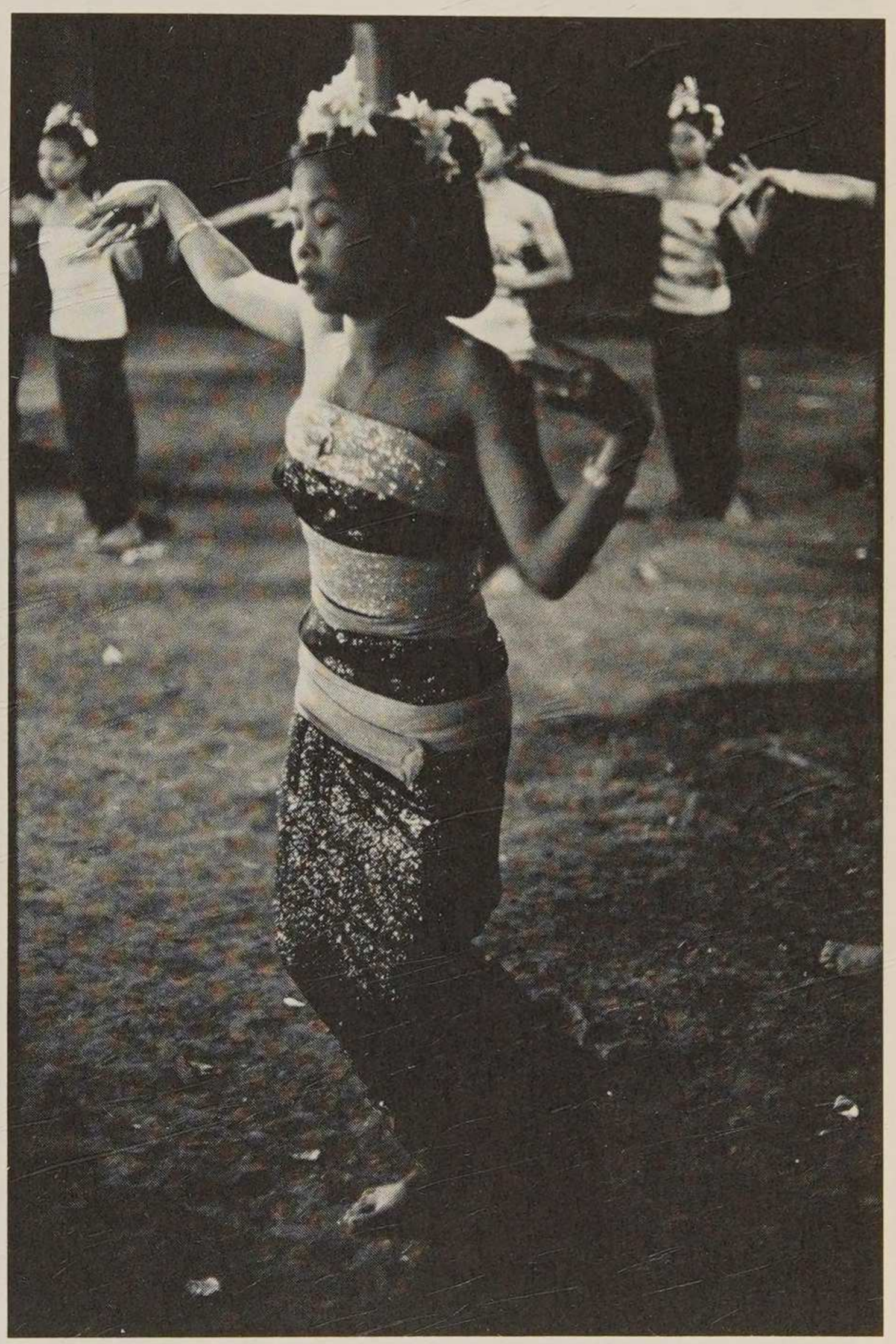
be focused beyond the extended fingers of your right hand on the presence of the King. Having completed this change, the left hand is now free to emphasize this attitude. The left elbow will rise in a rapid action shifting the entire posturing of your body and finalize the transition by ordering the left hand to be immobile as if it were to reclaim the definiteness of the Prime Minister's intentions. Re-

member, these intentions are all controlled with the most minute and sublime exertion, which originates in the back of the neck. If the movements are too large, the mask will not be convincing. The power must be contained from within. You must lower your center of gravity!" he insisted. "You cannot understand the power of this dance with your head alone."

The dancer who led the line established the pace in deliberate, refined movements and gestures, sweeping aside her train with sublime vigor. She formed mudras at the appropriate interludes, hesitating only for an instant to allow the sweetness to linger before returning to the journey ahead. She lifted her right arm in sweeping motion, leading with outstretched hand, her balance shifting to her back leg, the heels of her front foot now firmly planted in the dirt, her toes upright. As she arrived at the limit of the sweeping upward extension of her arm at shoulder level, she dropped her wrist and held this pose for a brief instant. Balanced and contained, with almost imperceptible movements she recentered her spirit by bending both knees as she initiated a step forward, both her feet now firmly planted under her, her body turning slightly to follow the lead of her left foot as it gently swept aside the sarong train "SWOOSH" and completed the step by bringing her back foot to touch heels with the one in front.

Fluid, exact, then quick, a flick of the wrist and slow again, her head still concentrated, her back straight, her eyes motionless, yet clear. She lifted and swayed in minute lucid hydraulic movements. She breathed deeply, several times, her breath following the rhythm





of the music, and began the sequence again, bringing her hands together to form the mudra in front of her chest: now sweeping the arm up on her left side. She lifts and sways, again breathing the meditation, leading the lines now growing longer and longer behind her, until she crosses the entire length of the banjar, expanding moments of the present, repeating and suspending until the distance is behind her and she faces the offering table in the darkness. A distance of twenty meters becomes barely significant. All time dissolved in the half hour in which her journey was completed. The priest sprinkled her with holy water and a priestess gave her an offering cake made of sweet coconut shreds and bright pink rice.

The long lines were constantly replenished by a crowd of girls waiting at the back of the *bale.* Not until many hours later, long into the night, did the purification ritual end as the last of the girls joined the line and performed the Rejang in a final crossing.

EPICYCLE

The First Dance

The following was adapted by Winifred Lambrecht for PARABOLA *from material presented by Marcel Griaule in* Conversations with Ogotemmeli.

Dance, say the Dogon, began in the first days of the world, after the incestuous act of the jackal threatened the established order of things. Ages ago, the jackal, son of Amma and the earth, acquired his mother's sacred fiber skirt filled with moisture and words. One day, while his father, God, was asleep, the jackal, thinking his father dead, went on the roof of the house to mourn. There, he danced, and because the fiber skirt was full of words, he also spoke. He danced and danced, celebrating the memory of his dead father and revealing the designs of the celestial powers through the words contained in the fibers of the skirt; his steps left traces in the dust, traces that revealed the future.

It was the first dance the world had known; it was a dance of divination since it told the secrets of the world, and also a dance of death for it honored the jackal's father. It moved heaven and earth.

Ages passed, and men appeared on the scene; among them was the blacksmith who created the first rhythms with his anvil, his bellows, and his hammer; later, other men became musicians; and drums, hand-bells, and drumsticks replaced the forge because men did not want to remain in the smithy to dance. Men first danced in one spot, then they began to move their legs, imitating the slow walk of the rainbow-colored chameleon; then they took to leaping, lifting their bodies into the air; they imitated the sun, spurred on by the drum which, like the sun and the bellows, throws out heat and loud-sounding steaming vapors on the dancers.

Because the jackal's mourning took place on the roof of his father's house, the most important part of mourning rituals takes place on the flat roof of the dead man's house; there, on the small rectangle of earth, which symbolizes the heavenly places, dancing masks invite the soul of the dead and lead it beyond the domain of the earth. Men dance to keep the world in being, to portray the structure of the life of man; they started wearing masks and weaving hoods so they could picture all men, all activities, all crafts, all ages, all foreigners, all animals...to show the past and the progress of the world.

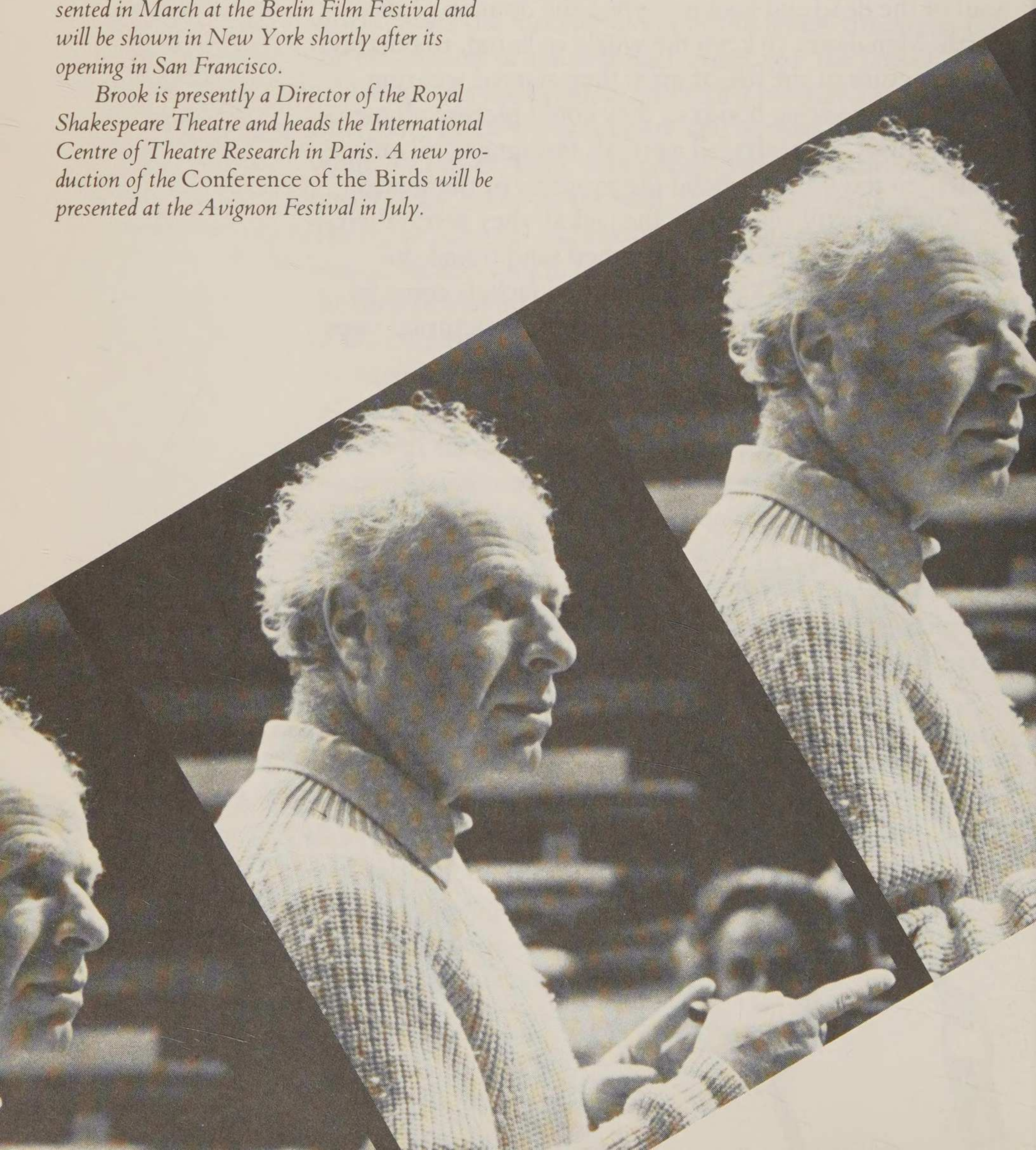
Diviners still remember the jackal: they write their questions on rectangles of smoothed sand round the villages and lure jackals with bait; the jackals come by night and trace the answers in the dust...nocturnal steps of divination.

Peter Brook is internationally known for his work in theater and cinema. He was born in London in 1925, took his M.A. at Oxford and later received an honorary doctorate in literature from Birmingham University. Other honors include the title of Commander of the Order of the British Empire and Officier des Arts et Lettres. *He is perhaps best known in this country for his films* Lord of the Flies *(1963),* Marat/Sade *(1967) which won a Tony Award, and* King Lear *(1969) which was awarded the* Grand Prix of the Théatre des Nations *as well as the French Critics prize; his stage production of* A Midsummer Night's Dream *in New York in 1971 attracted much attention and critical applause. His latest film,* Meetings with Remarkable Men, *was presented in March at the Berlin Film Festival and will be shown in New York shortly after its opening in San Francisco.*

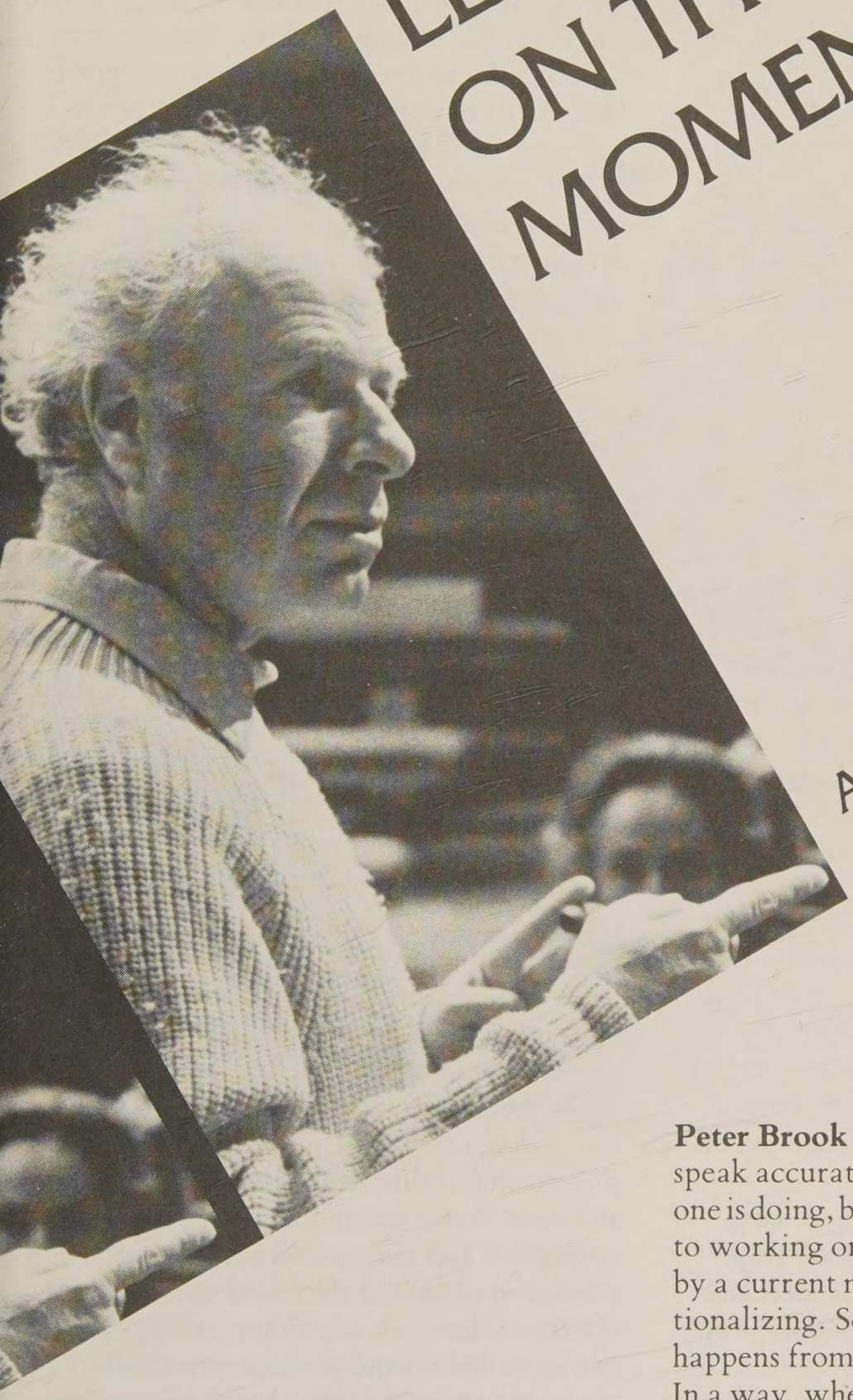
Brook is presently a Director of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre and heads the International Centre of Theatre Research in Paris. A new production of the Conference of the Birds *will be presented at the Avignon Festival in July.*

It is an impressive history—and only a partial sketch of an enormously productive career. But Brook is more than energetic. He is an original. Anyone seriously interested in theater and film is interested in what Brook is doing, for his work is at the living, leading edge of the art.

We found we had to be careful about the questions we asked him. He is serious, precise and thorough, and seems to assume equal qualities in you. Quite suddenly, it's true. An intensity appears, and one begins to understand a little how the power of his theater is generated. Brook uses the tradition of his craft as a vehicle for a passionate and dedicated personal inquiry, and the questions involve us all.



LEANING ON THE MOMENT



A Conversation with Peter Brook

PARABOLA *You have chosen to work with very dissimilar themes—as different as* Lord of the Flies *and* A Midsummer Night's Dream—*and yet one certainly feels that you are following a certain line, a certain process of looking for something. What are you looking for in theater and film-making?*

Peter Brook It's always very difficult to speak accurately about oneself and what one is doing, because the moment it comes to working on a play or a film, one is carried by a current much stronger than one's rationalizing. So the rationalization which happens from time to time is approximate. In a way, when each new project comes up, and the need comes to follow it through, this happens by itself and never from a clear decision that "I must go in this direction, for this reason." But looking back, it's always possible to extract certain rational connections. And I would say, both in the long haul of a project, and in the instant-to-instant aspect of it, what I am most looking

for is to keep one foot in each camp. By this I mean finding the possibility of being for a certain period of time at the meeting point between the two worlds that we can crudely call the everyday and the not-everyday, the visible and the invisible, or whatever set of terms one wants to use. The meeting between the recognizable world of everyday forms and that other world happens in many different ways. And in the theater and in the cinema, there is a very special possibility of finding, for a certain period of time, a living form in which the marketplace and the invisible world coexist.

The marketplace is essential in the theater and cinema because the basic relationship with an audience happens through elements that are recognizable. Almost all the attempts that have been made at different times to make abstract theater and abstract cinema—based on the pure movement of forms—have, with certain exceptions, come to grief, because they have gone into the highbrow, into the unrecognizable. The spectator's direct human interest is only engaged by what he finds directly human; and the first step in both forms is seeing the mirror of ourselves within versions of a natural activity. In some traditions, to be recognizable means dealing with very natural things like animal behavior, while in another, it means dealing with the forms of Forty-second Street. But what brings perhaps a thousand people, who are the audience, and a group of performers into a form of communion, in both media, starts with storytelling. And like any other, this storytelling is something that one immediately recognizes, and is interested and touched by, because it is *like life*.

At the same time, this is where both theater and cinema can very easily stop short—like some of the current successful Broadway shows, which hold a mirror up to their audiences, certainly, but go no farther than that first level of what that audience thinks its life is. On the other hand, to aim at the level beyond recognizable forms, of forms beyond form—which is very tempting to any of those wishing to take their theater or their cinema seriously—immediately leads one into something where life as such is no longer there, and one is in "art" in the worst sense of the word; one is in the area of pure aesthetics. In music, in painting, or in poetry, it is possible in different ways to sustain an intense, pure level that doesn't continually come back into the recognizable. But in the theater, the marketplace is actually the idiom. In Elizabethan theater, or in the sort of theater we were exploring in Africa, where we went into a village and started improvising, the basic forms arise from the ordinary meeting of comparable human beings. This is the rock-bottom, the start.

The essence of the theater form (I'll speak first about theater before coming to cinema) is that its *purity* is its *impurity*. The great prophets of the theater, who have been disgusted by commercialism and so on, seek purity in abstraction; but in the very greatest theater forms, as for instance Shakespearean theater—where nothing can be purer than the metaphysical search that is behind *King Lear* or *Hamlet*—the purity is that of a highly seasoned and grained piece of wood which is pure because of being true to its own texture; and the texture the theater has to be true to is the impure one of the world in which the audience lives.

If theater looks too pretty, too noble, too *exalted*, often it hasn't got the power of a theater that is directly in touch with the audience that is around it, with a natural coarseness and humor and contradiction and confusion as part of the texture of what is mirrored, through which something else can be called on and perhaps eventually made to appear. So what has always interested me (and everything always turns around this question) is how to make two worlds coexist in such a way that on one level one is held by simple and convincing storytelling, and on another level, enabled to receive something far beyond what one thought one was in the process of receiving.

A scene from Brook's A Midsummer Night's Dream

So there is a common factor between, for instance, *Lord of the Flies* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In *Lord of the Flies*, there is a realistically-told, documentary story of the way a group of children actually were disintegrating in island conditions, and a myth. The aim was the bringing together of the two, so that in seeing the film, one sees neither a documentary nor a fairy story but something between the two. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which in formal terms may seem very different, it was the same thing—that is, a getting away from art and aesthetics and fancy dress, and finding something which on one level was very close to the audience—people were juggling and doing things as at a street corner; and there were clear, easy-to-understand love stories. Yet through bringing out the complex poetic and musical structure of the work, it was possible to enable another world to

From A Midsummer Night's Dream

appear at the same time, an invisible world of spirits and the spirit, which seems to have touched many audiences deeply, without their knowing why.

Or take a totally different example: *The Ik*, which you probably haven't seen (we took it all over the place—perhaps one day we will bring it to New York). *The Ik* is a study of a tribe in northern Uganda that has lost every trace of what is commonly called humanity. The basic work of Colin Turnbull's was a series of anthropological observations; but at the same time, it wasn't that, it was a form of myth about the loss of tradition, of how the need for survival of a certain group could only be met by the step-by-step destruction of everything that gave their lives meaning. So the play was not only a study, but a tragedy—in the sense that always in tragedy the negative is a reflection of a positive: at the moment when one is suffering the fall of something going downhill, one is brought into acute awareness of the potentiality, the virtuality, that is being missed. And what we were looking for in making *The Ik* was again that double moment: the sense of a traditional society losing its tradition, and while telling that story, making the audience aware of the force of tradition, through the sense of its disappearance—not by talking about tradition, but about the vacuum made by that tradition being swept away.

So to be with one foot in each world means actively searching to be in two worlds while you are rehearsing. The same goes for the moment of performance. It means finding, together with others, certain clear points that enable the audience to enter into the process so that you haven't got two groups—one watching and the other doing—but a process in which, as the story and the events unfold, there is a progressive heightening through which the two worlds become more sharply perceived by everyone who is present—that is what I mean by communion. And that is a dynamic process; it is not something that happens once and for all, but each time it has to start at the beginning and go through to the end of each performance. So each performance is only a partial result, because what is being looked for can never be grasped and held onto; and each event in itself is only a partial exploration of certain aspects. So one could say one is endlessly going toward trying to make an event more complete, with more aspects incorporated more completely within any event—knowing that real completeness always escapes one.

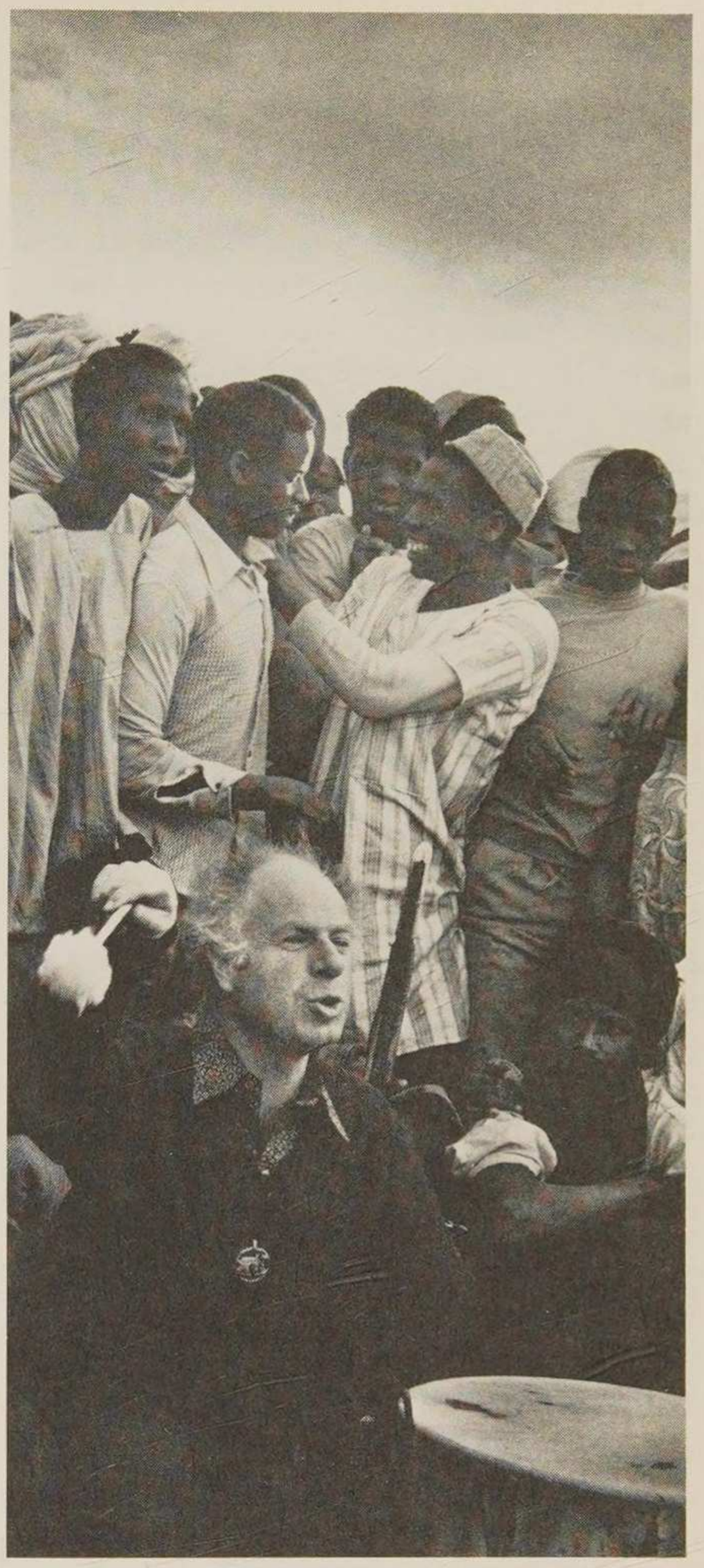
PARABOLA *You were saying that theater is different from all the other arts in this way. What about dance? Isn't it so that ancient theater was more closely connected with sacred dance, with ritual movement? The word theater itself comes from a root that connotes sacredness—"the hall of God." Of course by dance I don't mean modern aesthetic performances, but something more like the dance-theater of the Orient.*

P.B. The ancient theater clearly was, and theater must always be, a religious action; and its action is very clear: it is that by which fragments are made whole. It is too much to expect at any point in history that an entire society can heal itself, or be healed by one person or group of people—it doesn't happen that way. The great force of artistic events is that they are temporary glimpses of what might be, and there is a healing process attached to these glimpses. In the ancient world, things were true to the same laws as today; you had a community that by

its very nature was fragmented and divided. A ceremony was a temporary, perhaps two-hour, reintegration, in which each person tasted unity. The basis for this reintegration could be one of many. It could be the ceremony—the religious ceremony expressing itself in certain movements, for instance; or (and this has gradually become more or less the basis of theater) it could be through a form of storytelling—maybe a story about the gods, by the end of which everybody in it has actually, for a short time, experienced and tasted unity. And then they go back into a society which re-fragments itself immediately, but the periodic returns to this moment of reintegration save the day; they keep the world from falling asunder.

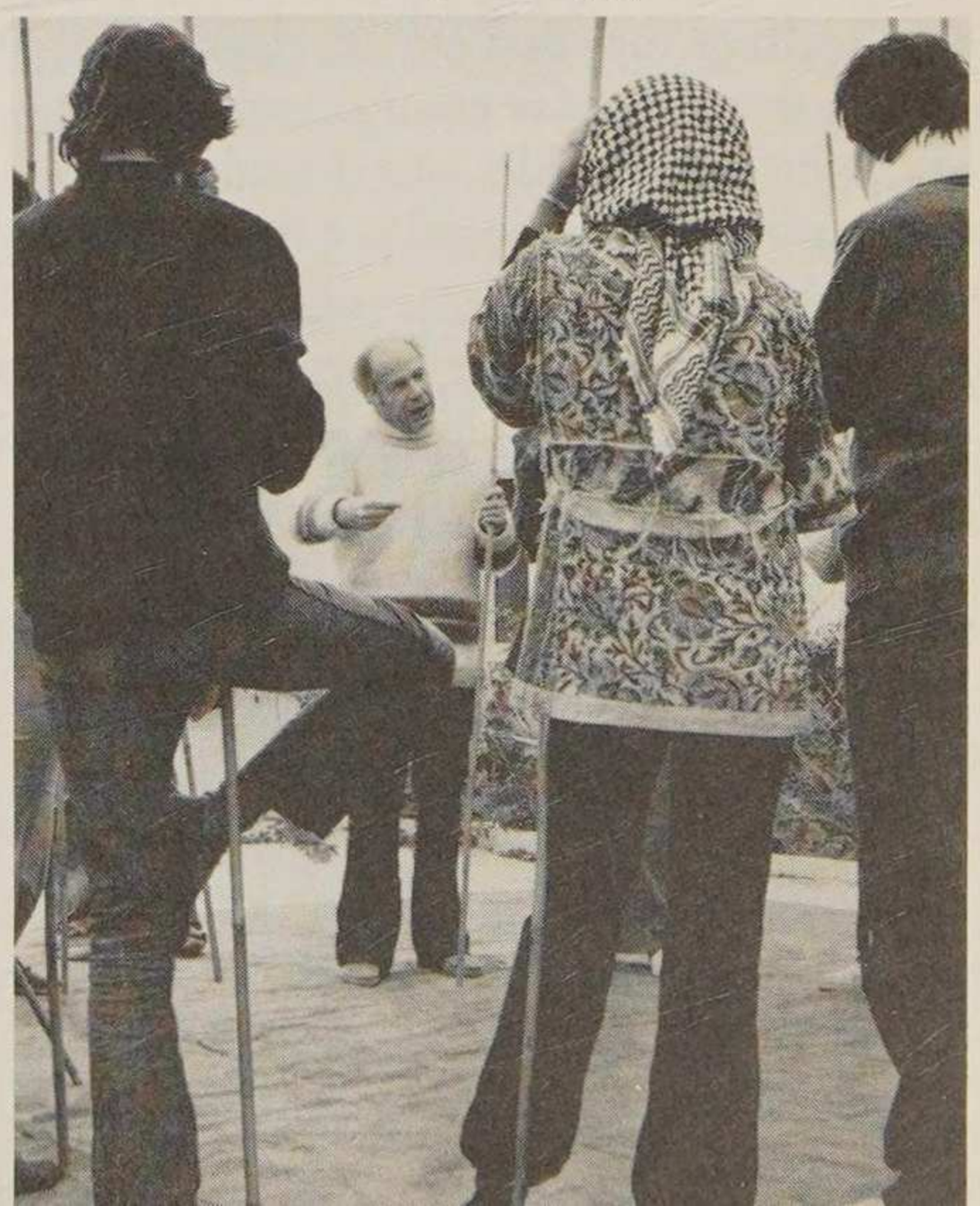
But I think we have to see the great difference between the sacred theaters in an ancient society and our position today. We have to start from a different point. Because all forms of storytelling are shorthand (otherwise every story would be as long as life itself), the storyteller has to rely on the ability of the people in his audience to pick up a reference quickly. If all, or nearly all, of them genuinely and actively adhere to a spiritual tradition, a religious way of relating the fragmented part of their lives, a very simple shorthand can work as an immediate reminder, so that within a very short time something can happen—with the actor making a movement which is shorthand, or using words of poetry that are shorthand.

I have seen this in the Persian *Ta'zieh*, which is probably the most living form of mystery play that still exists, though it is very little known. It is Shi'ite; only the Shi'ites have dared break away from the great Islamic tradition of not representing anything. There are groups of them only in Persia and Iraq, and they keep it strictly under cover, because the Persian authorities have done everything they could to minimize it for the last twenty years; but in fact, at a certain season of the year in every



Brook during his African theatrical experiment

With his actors on their African voyage



single village there is the equivalent of the medieval plays of Europe—you might say, the equivalent of Oberammergau—and on a certain day the carpenter and the village shopkeeper and the others go out into a field, and the whole village gathers around them and they play—sometimes for two hours, sometimes for three days or five days—a cycle of plays that have existed for several hundred years, which are the stories of the martyrdom of the first Imams. And the story of the first twelve martyrs of Islam are played and replayed, the way the Christian church used to do. I saw in a remote Iranian village one of the strongest things I have ever seen in theater: a group of four hundred villagers, the entire population of the place, sitting under a tree and passing from roars of laughter to outright sobbing—although they knew perfectly well the end of the story—as they saw Hussein in danger of being killed, and then fooling his enemies, and then being martyred. And when he was martyred the theater form became a truth—there was no difference between past and present. An event that was told as a remembered happening in history, six hundred years ago, actually became a reality at that moment. Nobody could draw the line between the different orders of reality. It was an incarnation: at that particular moment he was being martyred again in front of those villagers.

The only lay equivalent one could find would be if today, for a big American group, one could dramatize with sufficient intensity the assassination of Kennedy. One could touch off in shorthand the kind of very intense feelings that that event aroused; but in a sense, that is not far enough away in history to be comparable, and the relation with a higher level would not be there either.

PARABOLA *What about the Passion plays in Mexico? In many villages in Holy Week they reenact the whole drama of the trial and the crucifixion.*

P.B. That I have never seen. I am sure there are other examples, but this Persian one is to me a most cogent one, because of what is necessary for that miracle of the past becoming present; it takes two sides to make it work. For instance, in Iran the *Ta'zieh* was brought to the Shiraz Festival—which was the most horrifying thing, because one actually saw how a culture can be destroyed in one night. Taking it and putting it in front of a Western festival audience that was eighty percent uninterested, untraditional, and totally alien to any religious context, you suddenly saw a basic theater truth: that because one half was there without the other, nothing could happen at all. The deep event disappeared and in its place there was only fancy dress. The audience couldn't receive the shorthand references that trigger a total response like that in the village, where they were living all through the year a certain structure from dawn to dusk—a structure in which they were still fragmented, but which permitted them, when the shorthand references were there in front of them, to come totally back into an ideal village for two hours: they were there reunited around what was central in their faith.

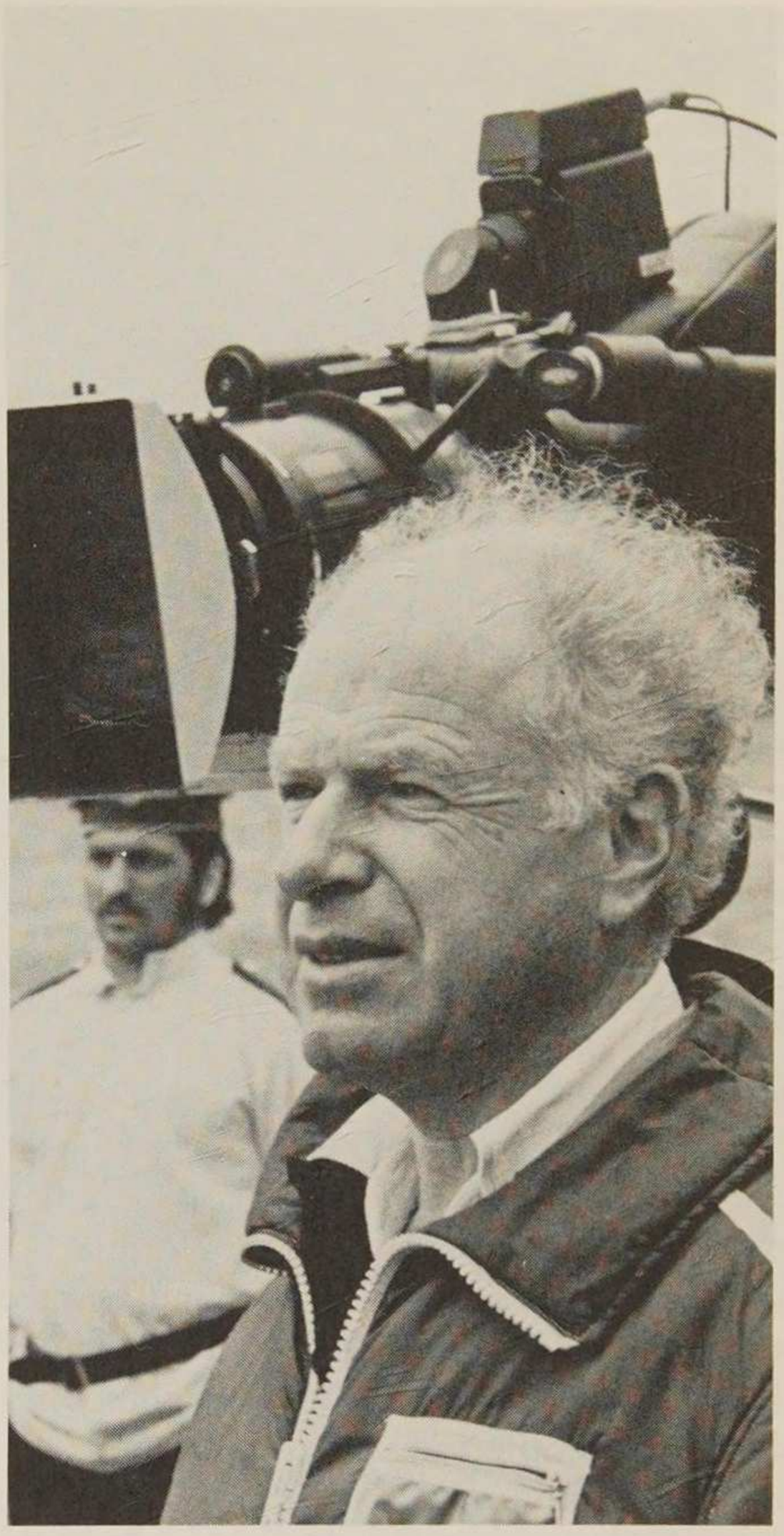
I remember seeing a Greek tragedy, *Electra* or *Medea*, I forget which—done in the great open-air theater in Epidorus. These were plays stemming from a way of life that the actors and the dramatist and the audience shared; but in front of fifty thousand people with none of those references, the play was just boring—just as dull and boring as any classic can be.

If one can't start from shared references, one can't go into ritual. In the theater today there is a terrible trap: making ritual means *inventing* ritual, because there isn't a genuine one that we have in common. So instead one has to take the fragmentation as a reality and say that not only is the audience fragmented but the performers and the work also are fragmented; and there is no shorthand reference to an agreed—what shall I call it?—*matrix* of unity. Of course unity has no form, but ritual is an agreed structure through which people can come together in a search for unity. That matrix doesn't exist for us, so

something quite different has to be used as the meeting-point. I think that now it has to be found in a much more intense search, moment by moment, for a quality that is the sense of the *present*, of each moment—in the Zen sense—which is the only alternative when the shared possibility of ritual is lost. This is something which brings a new, different form of responsibility for the actor. He has to learn to lean on the moment.

In the Paris group we have a Japanese, Yoshi Oida. He was a fully trained Noh actor, and as such can co-ordinate his movements with an awareness and a sense of space and of rhythm that you couldn't learn in any dramatic school in the West. He came to us because he couldn't bear being in the Noh any longer, because he felt that although it is still a magnificent school, it is no longer a great *living* school, because some time ago it lost its *real* contact with its source. It is still, on the highest level, imitating forms, until they become empty shells of exquisite beauty; but from the inside, he recognized that there was a life that wasn't there, and he had to get away from that and come to Europe—respecting and loving his tradition, but knowing that he had to find something else. And what he found was pure improvisation—in other words, starting not from any given form, but the exact opposite approach, starting from zero.

If starting from zero you leap up and do something in front of an audience, you can do simply anything. This is a responsibility so terrifying that you could well be excused for doing nothing, but if you are an actor you have to do something, and that something leads to something else and to something else. On that level, improvisation—taken extraordinarily seriously, taken as the challenge that it is, otherwise it can be the easiest thing imaginable—is the only, totally opposite, equivalent to ritual. Because there is something equally demanding to lean on, which is the making of a form that



leads to a form that leads to a form. So one can take the telling of a story that interests the audience as a basis, because it creates a field of interest. And then what is qualitative is not so much a grand relationship to broad themes—although this can help you, and God knows if one tries to make any quality out of a silly detective story it is infinitely more difficult and almost impossible—but still the quality comes actually through the actor leaning on something in his own improvisation, something in the constantly fluctuating interest that is rising and falling in the audience, as an endlessly self-repeating challenge through which the linking of one level with another can possibly take place, if this is what he is searching for.

PARABOLA *It is so interesting that even the most extreme experimental theater has to refer back*

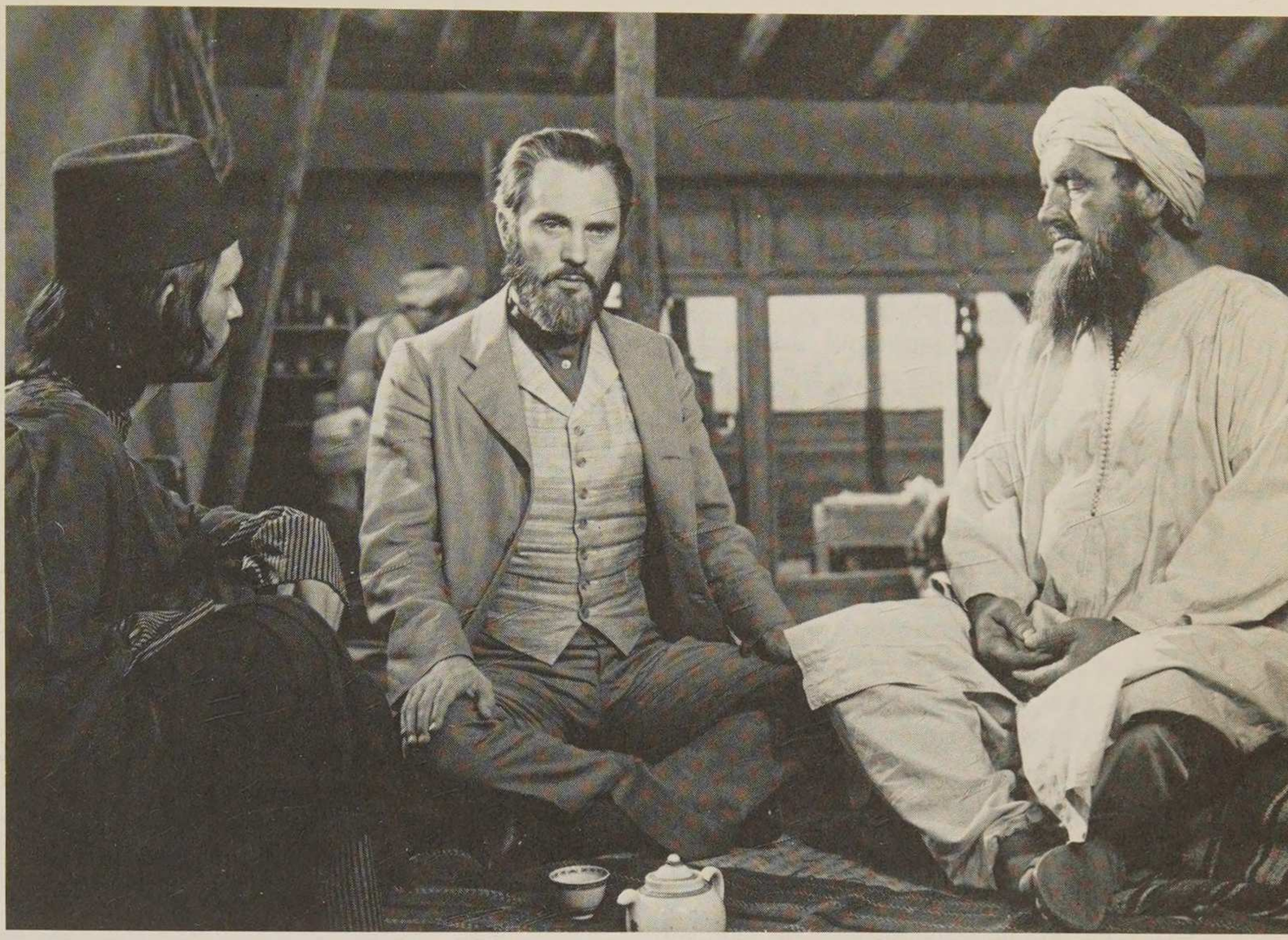
to the traditional forms—and it does, in fact—in order to work. It can't be a completely private improvisation.

P.B. To go beyond a private world, the interesting question is: what is the relationship between theater and life? It is quite clear that theater and life are identical in one way, yet if they are identical you can't have two words, so they aren't identical. Yet if theater isn't life, if it is an abstraction that has nothing to do with life—no! There is a subtle relationship: the theater is life, but in a different mode. So the definition of theater has to be what is particular to it. And to define this is difficult, and dangerous—especially today when people are exploring all sorts of things, like theater going into the streets, and going on for days, and so on. Once in our experimental group I asked each person to do a one-man show, and make theater just the way he felt for the rest of the group. One actor invited the group, one by one, to the place where he lived, and when he had the people there he did absolutely nothing but what he would have done anyway: he moved around, washed some glasses, tidied up, sat down—making the point that if there hadn't been someone sitting there observing him, that would have been his normal Thursday afternoon at six o'clock. But because there was someone watching him, he didn't have to do anything different to make that significant—very much in the tradition of a lot of contemporary art: that the presence of the observer makes every gesture and every object something of potential significance, depending on what interest the person brings to it. I think this is highly suspect. Certainly one can say, at least, that without the relation of observer and observed you can't have theater. So you couldn't call "theater" an event which nobody observes either from the inside or the outside; it only becomes theater if someone who is either an observer or a performer participates with awareness. The event has to be watched. But is this enough?

Here you come to the next step, which I think is the major one: theater is just like life because it is made up of the elements of life—what else could it be made of?—but it can't have any interest for us unless it has a particular quality that we don't have otherwise. And for me that unique quality is increased perception—so that the introduction of factors that heighten the possibility of more intense vision is what makes the theater event. To make the heightening factor, there have to be two compressions; and the only difference between theater and life is that in the theater life takes place in compressed space and compressed time. It is like looking at biological life with a microscope, where the field is intensified because it is limited; but if a biologist tried to do this with the whole of nature at once, he would see nothing.

In the cinema it is exactly the same thing: the whole of life is potentially there, so that any aspect of life can be filmed, but the moment it is filmed, you are in a compressed space and time which immediately give the conditions for an intensified seeing, and therefore the possibility of a transformed vision.

When preparing the film of *Meetings With Remarkable Men*, many people asked: How is it possible, in a form as documentary as the cinema, to show people in a certain state of inner development, masters, or people on the way to becoming masters, unless you are doing it with the real people? And it seemed that maybe this would be impossible. In fact at the same time, a big commercial company got in touch with me and said, "We are interested in making a film on the life of Gurdjieff. Would you like to direct it as well?" They knew, of course, that we were just starting to prepare this film, so when I said, "No, thank you," they said, "Why not?" I told them, "Well, for a very simple reason. In *Meetings With Remarkable Men* we are showing someone at a very young age, taking the first steps to being something. And I think that it is not impossible that we could find actors who could hoist themselves to that level. But you want to make a film where you



Dragan Maksimovic, Terence Stamp, and Colin Blakely, in a scene from Meetings with Remarkable Men

have to show Gurdjieff as an accomplished being, and this is something you can't ask an actor to express." An actor can only take things that are in himself and amplify them; so an actor who is only slightly jealous in his nature can turn into a roaring madman in *Othello*, if he is a little introspective or melancholy he can become much more so, or if he is fairly jolly he can become outrageously comic. But an actor can't acquire the genuine look in the eyes that goes with a completely accomplished human being. In the film of the life of Mohammed they tried to get out of it by sticking him behind the camera! There are *no* good films showing the most highly developed men. A Renaissance painter could picture Christ—maybe an icon painter more so—but if you are photographing an actor, you are up against it. Either you show him, and it is not satisfactory, or you pretend he is out of sight, and it is not satisfactory; so the best thing is to say it can't be done. Our task was on another level, which was to show remarkable men. Actors who have no interest in a spiritual way couldn't by any set of techniques and rehearsals develop a semblance of this, because the spark isn't there; but actors—and there are a great many of them—who in their own lives are concerned, who are searching or who have even the half-articulate potentiality of searching, can amplify that through the normal, legitimate process of rehearsal and performance to the point where they become *temporarily* what they would like to be, provided it is for a limited duration. An actor who has within him the possibilities of being a remarkable man can't by two or three months of rehearsals turn into one and sustain it for a year or a month; but he can sustain it for the time a given shot may take in a film; and it

isn't a lie. It would be a lie if he went off the film set and started an esoteric group! But it can be true as long as he is there in front of a camera recognizing that this moment is between the director saying "Action" and the director saying "Cut," which is often a matter of seconds, and trying again, and maybe spending a whole day going uphill toward that and just reaching it once, for a moment or two. That is possible. And it happens through the same laws of compression, just for that compressed time, in that compressed space, with that compression of gesture. Yes, that is possible; and at that moment—I am right back to where we started—two worlds meet. At that moment he is *there* with what he has to offer, which is his everyday person, which he isn't concealing; he is what he is. And yet for a tiny space of time he becomes the meeting point with something else which expresses itself through him.

PARABOLA *This compression that you speak of seems difficult sometimes to make believable. There were some very rapid transitions in the film; was there an intention behind that? There were some that seemed to me abrupt, almost disturbing. Things* can't *go that fast—as in the incident about Solovieff, for instance, which of course gets much fuller treatment in the book. I even wondered what significance Solovieff had in the film, and why he wasn't just omitted, like some other characters who appear in the book.*

P.B. I feel that the film is a story—a not totally truthful story, somewhat oriental, sometimes accurate, sometimes not, sometimes in and sometimes out of life, like a legend. It is told like a legend in the remote past, for a purpose: which is to follow in a certain order the search of the searcher who is the central character. The entire film has been constructed around that one essential thread; and this is quite different in structure from the book. The searcher begins to search and as he goes on, his search changes color, changes register, changes tone, but it always goes forward until it reaches a certain intensity. So the film is a direct expression, for the person watching it, of a grow-

Donald Sumpter as Pogossian and Maksimovic as Gurdjieff in Meetings with Remarkable Men

ing search; the sense of the growing search and the changing taste of it is what the film is there to show.

What the film is *not* trying to show is the biography of G.I. Gurdjieff. It isn't trying to show social conditions and life in that part of the world at the turn of the century. Nor is it trying to do what the book does, which is to bring to life a lot of criss-cross relationships between fairly evolved people, like some of the characters in the book who were left out of the film as well as those like Yelov and Vitvitskaia, who were much more developed in the book. Because while that elaborate criss-cross structure belongs very well to the book's weight and length, we decided quite definitely that in the film all the other people, all the descriptions and events, were to be shown only in relation to following Gurdjieff's story. So for instance the story of Solovieff is in relation to something one never wants to lose sight of, which is that the central figure is Gurdjieff, going in a certain direction—he is the searcher that we are following. It is very much related to what we were talking about earlier: his search takes place within life, so one must never lose contact for too long with a life that includes street fights and railway engines and soldiers shooting and fierce dogs, yet none of those can become too important either. There is always a proportion, and the search must always be there, more important than anything else.

In the book—and I hope in the film—there is something about the search that is very clear and easy to believe, and something that is totally mysterious. The book is made up, like a legend, of incredible coincidences, which I feel exist to remind one constantly of the mystery of what actually is going on. One can try to grasp the currents that are running behind all this, but eventually they are mysterious. For instance, in the film you see the prince mysteriously whisked away at a crucial moment by his meeting with the Tamil (and this isn't exactly the way it happened in the book, but it makes the same point). Suddenly out of nowhere comes a man who changes the whole destiny of the prince, and he disappears. Then you see Gurdjieff totally lost. At that moment, also from nowhere, through hearing a shout in the street, there is a new person in his life—Solovieff. He is no longer alone, he is involved in something, and in the next second something quite different comes into his life; a moment ago he was going to Bokhara and suddenly he is caught up in an expedition into the Gobi desert. Looked at as plausible coincidences, none of them hold up. But from the point of view of legend and fairy story—yes!

Actually we are asking the audience to allow itself to be carried by the process, half-real, half-legendary, of one man's search; because though on the outward level these events don't fit together, actually on another level there is something that is quietly pursuing its way through the line of the central character. That is what the film is constructed around.

One sees one thing in particular in relation to the young people that Gurdjieff is with: one by one they fall by the way. Gurdjieff has to accept this and go on without them. He gets other companions; they meet in the desert and something goes wrong—Solovieff's death—and they break up again. Solovieff, it seems to me, has a very clear function, which is to show how a man with tragically limited possibilities still had a search, and no sooner had this man found something that could help him when life comes in on its most ordinary level, which none of us is ever free from—he dies by accident, like being knocked down by a truck. Pogossian falls away because of his passionate identification with his life's interest. Yeloff has his life in the bazaar, and we don't know what will happen to Vitvitskaia. Solovieff perhaps could have been a close comrade for years and years; you can see there was something in the man that touched Gurdjieff, and though he was a drunk and mixed up in fights and so on, he responds to Gurdjieff, and Gurdjieff says, "I will help you." But Solovieff is killed; there is no explanation. Gurdjieff is standing by his tomb, with no comment.

Then, Gurdjieff gets another close person, a much older man, Skridloff, who in a way is the third character in the story and who stops when he finds his place with Father Giovanni. So Gurdjieff goes on again by himself.

In that sense you have to let the film wash over you to follow the central process. If you ask yourself about logical reasons for transitions, that sets up a difficulty that I don't think is there otherwise.

PARABOLA *There is certainly some process that goes on while you are watching it; you find yourself affected by it, without knowing it was happening. I think almost everyone must experience that.*

P.B. Talking with a lot of people who have seen the film, one is constantly finding that testimony; someone saying, "I suspended my normal reactions, and I don't see how to talk about what I got. I received something very strong." But of course there are some cases of people whose developed reflexes are so powerful that they are registering at every second what they are *not* with, and that prevents them from entering into what is there.

PARABOLA *I heard one man say: "But they are just ordinary people, they aren't remarkable men!"*

P.B. The strange thing is that one takes for granted that the remarkable men are all those with chapter headings in the book; but in the film, Father Giovanni, who hasn't a chapter heading, and the dervishes, and the Tamil, are clearly some of the remarkable men that he meets. There is a chain that goes through the story, beginning with the father who brings something very important to the formation of the young boy. Then the movements, the dance exercises you see in the monastery, you might say actually fill the role of "a remarkable man"; not any one dancer individually, of course; but that group of people, doing those movements in the way they have learned, at that moment, present an open illustration, for anyone who wants to look at it, of what it means to be in touch with another level. Again, only for a few seconds, but it isn't a fake. One is actually showing something, which you can only show if it is true. We don't say anywhere in the film what a "remarkable man" is; there is a very striking formulation in Gurdjieff's book, which we didn't include because we didn't want to be in the least didactic. The people doing the movements are simple human beings searching for something remarkable and consequently enabling the onlooker to understand what "remarkable" could mean. Between two of the dance exercises the prince says, "If the dancer can keep in balance these two energies, then he has a force that nothing else can give." You can say that is the exact explanation of what is a remarkable man. And it is an *if*.

PARABOLA *What can you tell us about these movements? People must be very struck by them, I should think.*

P.B. When we were filming, they made a great impression on the people working with us and they asked very simple questions. The people doing them of course are not actors but pupils who have been studying for a number of years, some of whom were taught directly by Gurdjieff, others by the person who received them directly from him, who is Mme. de Salzmann. One of the things that encouraged me to make the film in the first place was that owing to Mme. de Salzmann's wish and readiness to participate in the whole film, I saw a possibility that I don't think anything else could give; which was to make a film about a certain tradition and, when it actually came to the crunch, being able to show something genuine. In almost any religious film, you come to a monastery or you show a ritual, like that of early Christians meeting in a grotto —and the ceremony has to be invented. By whom? By someone with no qualifications. It has to come from the fantasy of an artist. That is why it has always seemed to me impossible to do this sort of thing in the ordinary way, because to show a monastery that doesn't belong to a known order and that no one has ever seen, could only be based on the invention of an art director or choreog-

On location, Meetings with Remarkable Men

rapher and this could only lead one into *Lost Horizons*. But here we had someone who was prepared to make available to the public glimpses of the real thing. So that although in reconstructing a monastery in a studio meant plaster walls and backcloths, the critically important point is that what the people did was for real. The film clearly was trying to avoid any kind of verbal formulation: What did he find? What was it all about? But we wanted to give a taste of it; so the film could make sense, and go toward a climax which neither cheated nor begged the question.

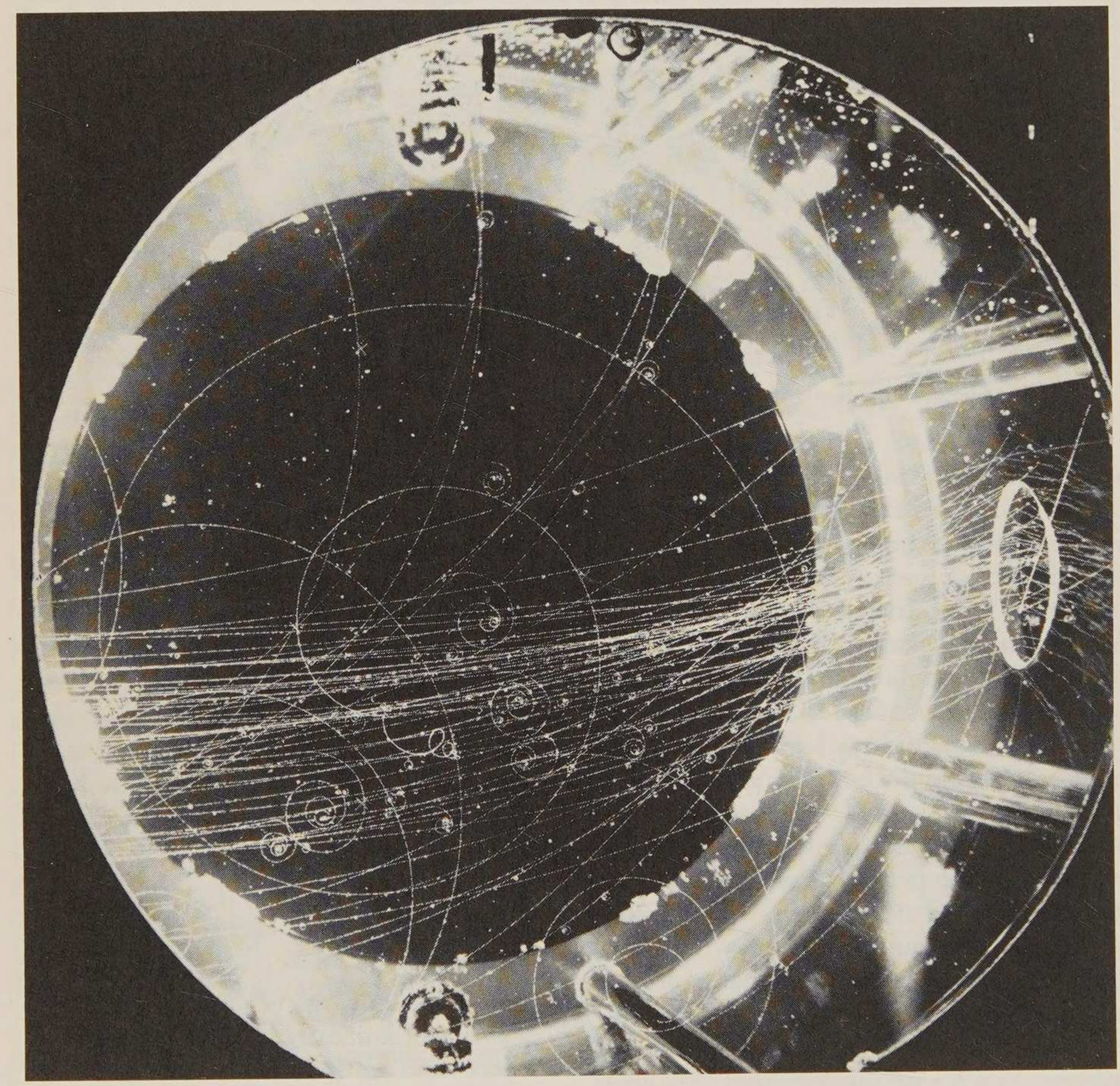
It should be quite clear that what we are showing in the film is not a series of ceremonies and rituals. You arrive at a monastery and you expect to see the sort of ritual you might see with the dervishes at Konya. But the head of the monastery says: "Go to the courtyard and you will see people doing certain *exercises*." An exercise is very different from a ritual, because it means that as a beginner you do an exercise to learn.

PARABOLA *Certainly the impression I had was that this was work—these were people working and learning. There was a contrast between that moment and another earlier in the film, in the workshop with Gurdjieff and his friends with all their young, ardent enthusiasm, and he says suddenly in a fury, "We are working in the dark!" Here in the monastery is the same intensity, but one feels that here also is knowledge, here is light:* they aren't *working in the dark. He had found a source of knowledge where work could go on, and an order. The dances didn't seem to be ceremonies; they were all going on at once, each group was working quietly by itself, paying no attention to any other. So it certainly gave the impression of students working.*

P.B. He found an order in every sense of the word—an order, and a place of work. That is why it was of great importance to the film to show the head of the monastery as a man of humor but of real severity. There is no sentimental, religious, "Give up life and settle down here and everything will be lovely;" on the contrary, now he has come to a place of work.

PARABOLA *And eventually he will have to leave it and do it himself.*

P.B. And in this way two worlds unite.



The stillness in stillness is not the real stillness. Only when there is stillness in movement can the spiritual rhythm appear which pervades heaven and earth.
— Taoist text

Dynamic Balance in the Subatomic World

by Fritjof Capra

Modern physics has had a profound influence on general philosophical thought because it has revealed a surprising limitation of classical ideas and has led to a radical revision of many of our basic concepts about reality. Concepts like matter, object, space, time, cause and effect, etc., are totally different in atomic and subatomic physics from the corresponding classical ideas, and with their radical transformation our whole world view has begun to change. Out of these changes, a new world view is now emerging which turns out to be closely related to the views of mystics of all ages and traditions.

One idea which is emphasized throughout Eastern mysticism and which is also a recurring theme in the world view of modern physics is the idea that the universe is intrinsically dynamic. Physicists and mystics alike have come to understand reality in terms of flow and movement, change and transformation. They have come to see that the universe is engaged in endless motion and activity; in a continual cosmic dance of energy. For the Eastern mystic, all things

and events perceived by the senses are interrelated, connected, and are but different aspects or manifestations of the same ultimate reality. This reality is seen as the essence of the universe, underlying and unifying the multitude of things and events we observe. The ultimate essence, however, cannot be separated from its multiple manifestations. It is central to its very nature to manifest itself in myriad forms which come into being and disintegrate, transforming themselves into one another without end.

This dynamic conception of the world is not only a central characteristic of mystical traditions but is also one of the most important revelations of modern physics. It becomes apparent at the atomic level and manifests itself more and more as one penetrates deeper into matter, down into the realm of subatomic particles. The models and theories of subatomic physics express again and again, in different ways, the same insight—that the being of matter cannot be separated from its activity. The properties of subatomic particles can only be understood in a dynamic context: in terms of movement, interaction and transformation.

According to quantum theory, the theory of atomic phenomena, subatomic particles behave in a very peculiar way. Whenever they are confined to some region in space, they react to this confinement by moving around. The smaller the region of confinement, the faster the particle "jiggles" around in it. This behavior is a consequence of the wave nature of subatomic particles and the accurate description of the phenomenon involves Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. It would take too much time to explain this in detail here, so let us just accept it as a typical "quantum effect"; a feature of the subatomic world which has no macroscopic analogy—the more you confine a particle, the faster it moves around.

This implies, however, that atomic and subatomic matter is fundamentally "restless." Most of the material particles are confined by the molecular, atomic and nuclear structures, and therefore they have an inherent tendency to move about. According to quantum theory, matter is never quiescent, but always in a state of motion. Macroscopically, the material objects around us may seem passive and inert, but when we magnify such a "dead" piece of stone or metal, we see that it is full of activity. The closer we look at it, the more alive it appears. All the material objects in our environment are made of atoms which link up with each other in various ways to form an enormous variety of molecular structures, and these structures are not rigid and motionless, but vibrate according to their temperature and in harmony with the thermal vibrations of their environment. In the vibrating atoms, the electrons are bound to the atomic nuclei by electric forces which try to keep them as close as possible, and they respond to this confinement by whirling around extremely fast. In the nuclei, finally, the protons and neutrons are pressed into a minute volume by the strong nuclear forces, and consequently they race about with unimaginable velocities.

Modern physics thus pictures matter not as passive and inert but as being in a continuous dancing and vibrating motion whose rhythmic patterns are determined by the molecular, atomic and nuclear structures. According to quantum theory, nature is never in a static equilibrium but always in a state of dynamic balance.

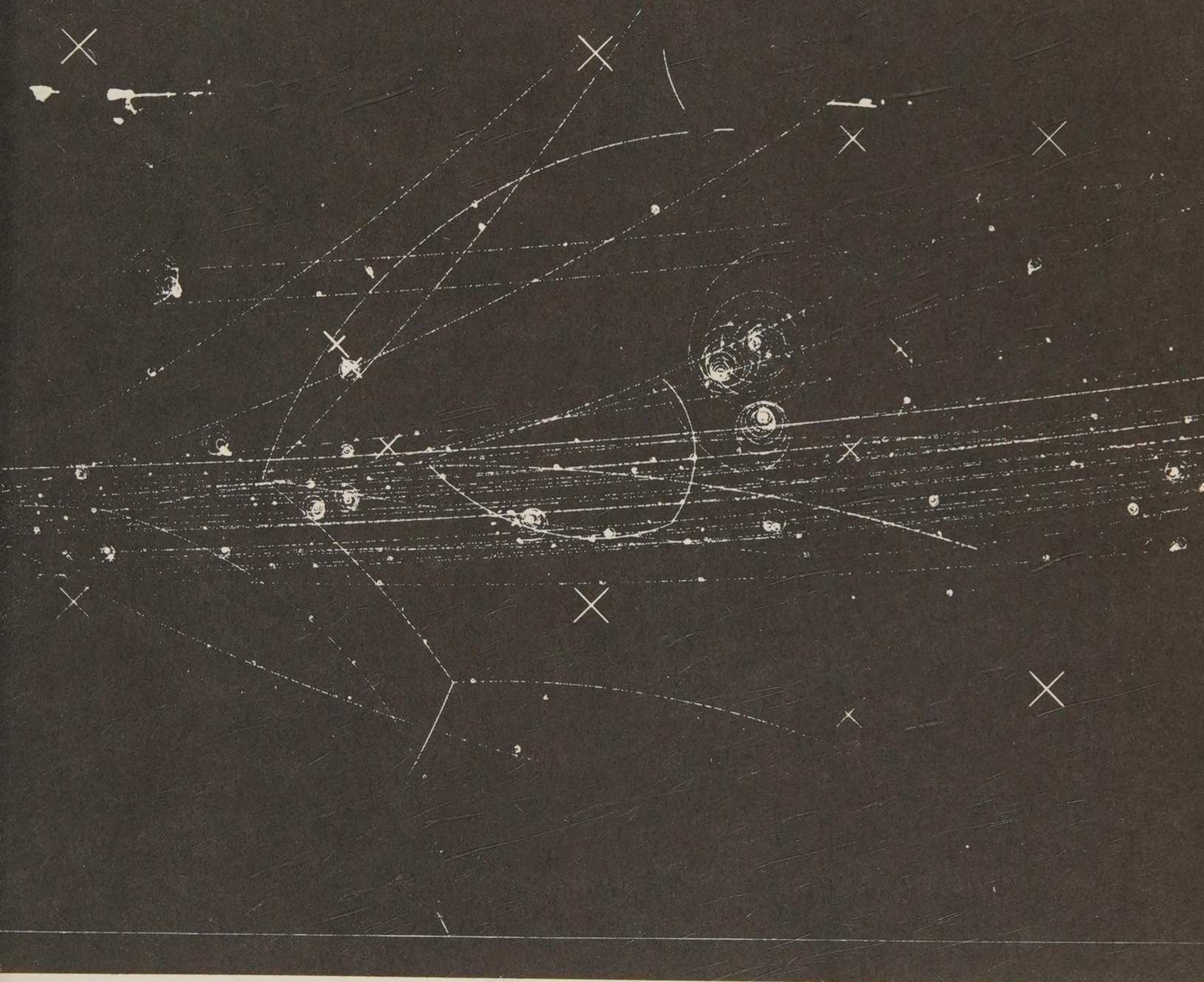
The second basic theory of modern physics is Einstein's theory of relativity—a

theory which has influenced our conception of nature just as deeply as quantum theory has. In fact, the dynamic aspect of matter is even more essential in relativity theory.

Einstein's theory of relativity has brought about a drastic change in our concepts of space and time. It has shown us that space is not three-dimensional and that time is not a separate entity. Both are intimately

describe nature. The most important consequence of this modification is the realization that mass is nothing but a form of energy. Even an object at rest has energy stored in its mass.

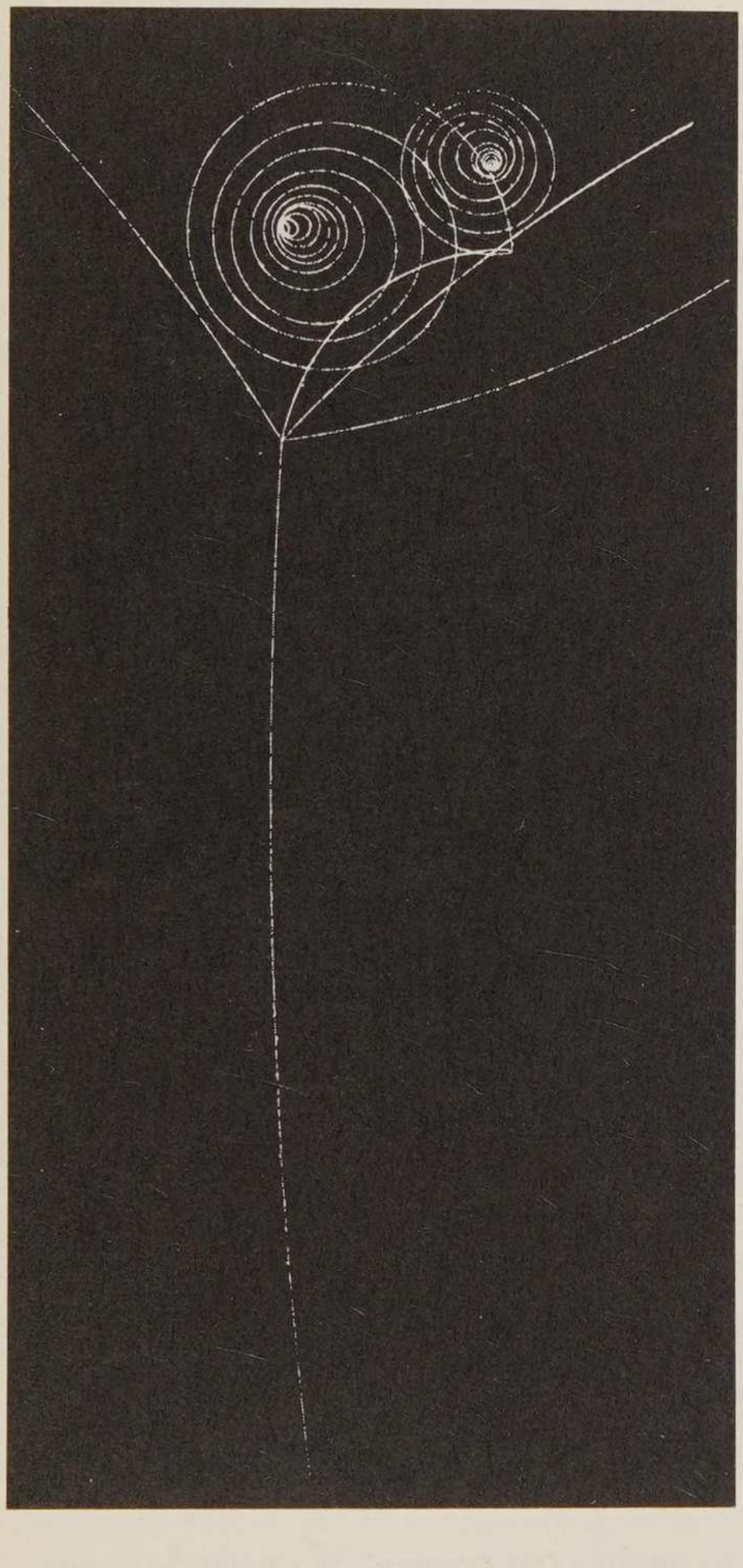
These developments—the unification of space and time and the equivalence of mass and energy—have had a profound influence on our picture of matter and have forced us



and inseparably connected and form a four-dimensional continuum called "space-time." In relativity theory, therefore, we can never talk about space without talking about time and *vice versa.*

The concepts of space and time are so basic for the description of natural phenomena that their modification entails a modification of the whole framework we use to

to modify our concept of a particle in an essential way. In modern physics, mass is no longer associated with a material substance, and hence particles are not seen as consisting of any basic "stuff," but as bundles of energy. Energy, however, is associated with activity, with processes, and this implies that the nature of subatomic particles is intrinsically dynamic.



To understand this better, we must remember that these particles can only be pictured within the framework of relativity theory where space and time are fused into a four-dimensional continuum. In such a framework, the particles can no longer be pictured as static three-dimensional objects, like billiard balls or grains of sand, but must be conceived as four-dimensional entities in space-time. Their forms have to be understood dynamically, as forms in space and time. Subatomic particles are dynamic patterns which have a space aspect and a time aspect. Their space aspect makes them appear as objects with a certain mass, their time aspect as processes involving the equivalent energy. Relativity theory thus gives the constituents of matter an intrinsically dynamic aspect: particles are processes! The being of matter and its activity cannot be separated. They are but different aspects of the same space-time reality.

The energy patterns of the subatomic world form the stable atomic and molecular structures which build up matter and give it its macroscopic solid aspect, thus making us believe that it is made of some material substance. At the macroscopic level, this notion of substance is a useful approximation, but at the atomic level it no longer makes sense. Atoms consist of particles and these particles are not made of any material stuff. When we observe them, we never see any substance; what we observe are dynamic patterns continually changing into one another—a continuous dance of energy.

The most spectacular aspect of this dynamic world of subatomic matter is the creation and destruction of material particles. Mass is a form of energy and as such it is not indestructible but can be transformed into other forms of energy. This can happen when subatomic particles collide with one another. In such collisions, particles can be destroyed and the energy contained in their masses can be distributed among the other particles participating in the collision. On the other hand, when particles collide with very high velocities, their energy of motion can be used to form the masses of newly-created particles. These phenomena can only be understood if the relativistic view of matter is adopted,

where particles are seen as dynamic patterns, or processes, which involve a certain amount of energy appearing to us as their masses. In a collision, the total energy of the colliding particles is redistributed to form a new pattern, and this pattern may involve additional particles.

High-energy collisions of subatomic particles are the principal method used by physicists to study the properties of these particles, and particle physics is therefore also called high-energy physics. The energies required for the collision experiments are achieved by means of huge particle accelerators in which protons and electrons are sent round a circular track and accelerated to velocities near the speed of light, and then made to collide with other protons or with neutrons. In spite of their exceedingly small size, the particles in these collisions can not only be detected and their properties measured, but are actually made to leave tracks which can be photographed.

These particle tracks are produced in so-called bubble chambers in a manner similar to the way a jet plane makes a trail in the sky. The actual particles are many orders of magnitude smaller than the bubbles making up the tracks, but from the thickness and the curvature of a track physicists can identify the particle which has caused it. The points from which several tracks emanate are points of particle collisions where particles are created and destroyed, and the curves are caused by magnetic fields which the experimenters use to identify the particles. All particles can be transmuted into other particles; they can be created from energy and vanish into energy, and many can be created in a single collision. The fact that all particles can be transformed into other particles shows us very vividly that the constituents of matter do not exist as isolated entities but as integral parts of an inseparable network of interactions. The whole universe is thus engaged in endless motion and activity; in a rhythmic dance of creation and destruction.

The ideas of rhythm and dance naturally come into mind when one tries to imagine the flow of energy in the particle world. Modern physics has shown that movement and rhythm are essential properties of matter. The Eastern mystics have a dynamic view of the universe similar to that of modern physics, and consequently it is not surprising that they, too, have used the image of the dance to convey their intuition of nature. The metaphor of the cosmic dance has found, perhaps, its most beautiful expression in Hinduism in the image of the dancing god Shiva. According to Hindu belief, all life is part of a great rhythmic process of creation and destruction, of death and rebirth, and Shiva's dance symbolizes this eternal life-death rhythm which goes on in endless cycles.

For the modern physicist, the dance of Shiva is the dance of subatomic matter. As in Hindu mythology, it is a continual dance of creation and destruction involving the whole cosmos; the basis of all existence and of all natural phenomena. Hundreds of years ago, Indian artists created beautiful bronze statues of dancing Shivas. In our time, physicists have used the most advanced technology to portray the patterns of the cosmic dance. The bubble-chamber photographs of interacting particles, which bear testimony to the continual rhythm of creation and destruction in the universe, are visual images of the dance of Shiva equalling those of the Indian artists in beauty and profound significance. The metaphor of the cosmic dance thus unifies ancient mythology, religious art, and modern science.□

EPICYCLE

Lord of the Dance

Once long ago, in a certain forest in India, there were ten thousand wicked rishis who taught the people a false teaching. When this came to the ears of the god Shiva he disguised himself as a wandering yogi and called upon his other-self, Vishnu, to go with him in the form of a beautiful woman to the forest where the rishis lived with their wives. When they arrived, these women were immediately enraptured with the seeming yogi, and the rishis with his lovely wife, so that the whole community was thrown into confusion.

When the rishis saw what was happening they began to doubt their own eyes and to feel that they were the victims of an illusion. They met together and decided that the newcomers were working an evil spell on them, and in their turn they cast a powerful curse on the yogi and his wife. But it had no effect at all. Gathering their forces, they made a magical fire and evoked from it a ferocious tiger which sprang upon the disguised Shiva. But Shiva lifted the tiger with one hand and with the little finger of the other he tore off its skin and flung it around his shoulders for a cloak. Horrified, the rishis fell back and with another incantation they brought forth a huge serpent, which writhed toward Shiva with gaping jaws. Again Shiva lifted it with one hand and coiled it easily around his neck like a garland. Next the rishis produced a fierce goblin, black in color and armed with a club, which rushed upon the god only to be pressed under his feet.

And then Shiva, with his foot still on the squirming creature, began to dance. No longer the wandering yogi, he showed himself now the shining god, his many arms and legs flashing in speed and splendor like the rays of the whirling sun. The rishis were overwhelmed with wonder and fell on their knees before this vision, behind which the heavens opened and the gods themselves came to watch the glorious dance.

Then through the rent veil of appearances came Pārvatī, Shiva's divine spouse, riding on a white bull, and Shiva mounted with her and they rode away to the Northern Paradise. The gods disappeared; the rishis crept away, devotees now of Shiva. Vishnu and his servant Āti-Sheshan, the great snake with a thousand jeweled heads, were left behind in the silence.

When he could move and speak after this dazzling sight, Āti-Sheshan begged Vishnu, "Lord, let me go in search of Shiva, that I might again behold the wonders of his dance." And Vishnu gave him permission to follow the divine pair on the white bull.

So Āti-Sheshan came to the Northern Paradise and took up the life of an ascetic as a follower of Shiva. After much time had passed, Shiva came to him, riding on a swan, in the likeness of his third self which is Brahmā, to put him to the test.

"You have earned the joys of heaven by your austerities," he told him. "Ask for what you will." But Āti-Sheshan replied, "I do not wish for heaven nor for anything else than to see again the dance of Shiva."
"Then you will remain as you are," said Brahmā-Shiva. But the serpent was unmoved; and seeing his sincerity, Shiva assumed his own form and gently touching his jewelled heads he began to teach him the true teaching.

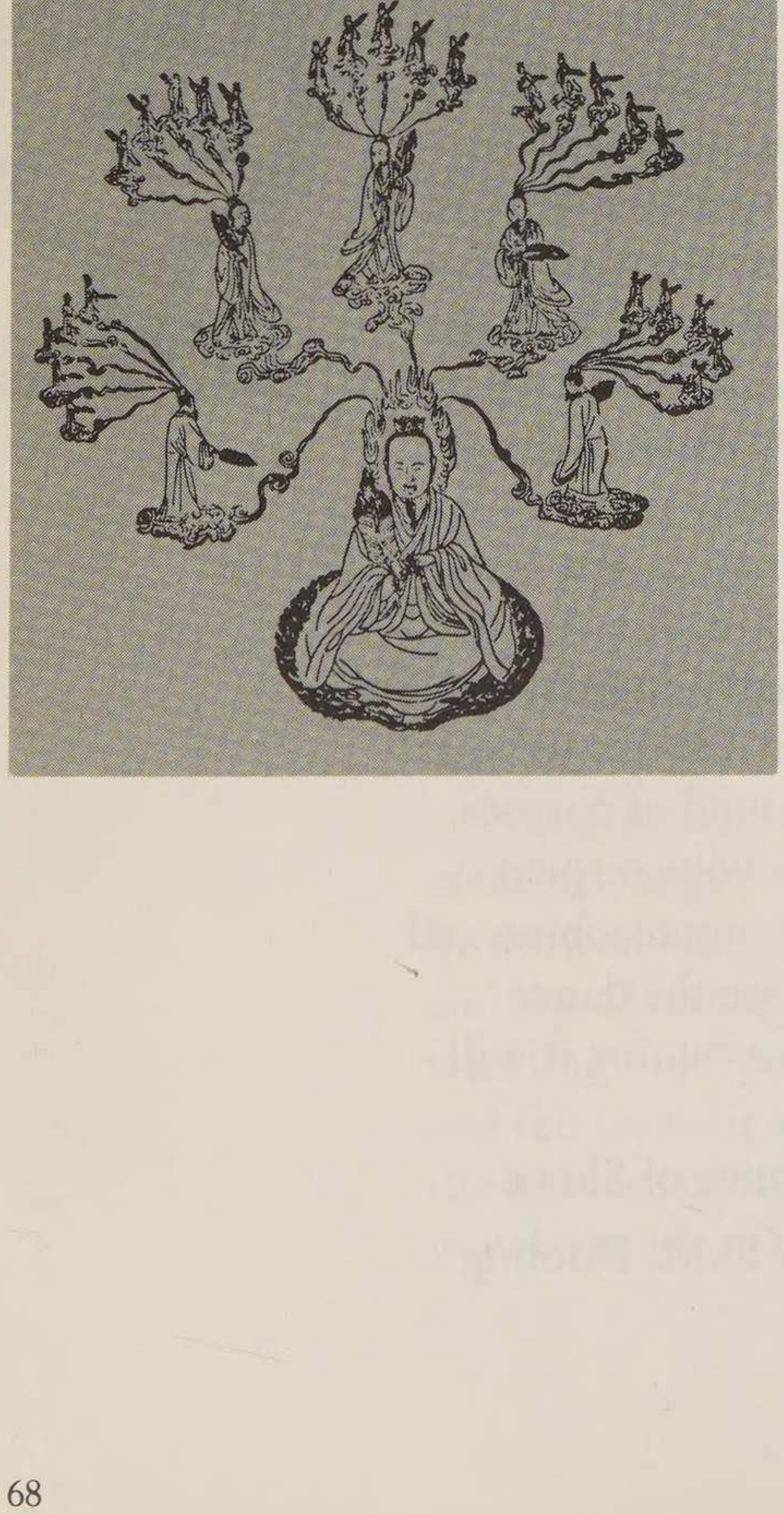
"The Universe of seeming forms," he said, "is made of appearances as the pot is made of clay. The instrument by which it is formed, as the pot by the stick and wheel, is Pārvatī, my wife; while its first cause, the potter himself, am I. My dance, which you so long to see, is the source of all movement and all action, in its five aspects of creation, preservation, destruction, embodiment, and release. The place of the dance, whether it seems to be a sacred shrine or the unclean burning-ground of corpses, is in reality the human heart. Leave now your serpent-form and be born again as a man. Follow my teaching and you will find my shrine where you will see the dance again and all its secrets will be known to you, for it will take place within."

This is one of many legends of the dance of Shiva.

—Retold by D.M. Dooling

TAI CHI
Spiritual Martial Art

by William L. Prensky



Man follows the ways of the earth,
The Earth follows the ways of Heaven,
Heaven follows the ways of Tao,
Tao follows its own Way.[1]

—*Tao Tei Ching*

Now, what is the Tao?
It is something elusive and evasive,
Evasive and elusive!
And yet It contains within It a capital form.
Elusive and evasive!
And yet It contains within Itself a capital substance:
Shadowy and dim!
And yet It contains within Itself a Core of Vitality.
The Core of Vitality is very real,
It contains within Itself an unfailing Sincerity.
Throughout the ages Its name has been preserved.
In order to recall the Beginning of all things.
How do I know the ways of all things at the Beginning?
By what is within me.[2]

—*Tao Tei Ching*

The real sense of Tai Chi is elusive—as evasive as the Tao itself. Like so many other oriental arts, it has become enormously popular in this country, primarily as a physical exercise. But this is certainly not its deepest meaning, and I believe that when we concern ourselves with the practices of other cultures, it behooves us to use care and respect. Anyone who wishes to learn Tai Chi and find the benefits it can give will need to find not only an authentic teacher—one who deeply understands its meaning as well as its technique—but to have grounded himself as thoroughly as he can in the knowledge and tradition from which it comes.

The Tai Chi has been practiced for many purposes. For at least the last six hundred years, it has been a meditational form, a health practice, part of the Oriental system of martial arts, and an art the perfection of which—like any art—could be used to approach the Tao. In the final anal-

ysis, Tai Chi is a sacred dance. The movement, postures, and the connection between the two exist independently of the abilities of the performer, and call forth, when done correctly, a definite relationship between the performer and his understanding of the entirety of what he has learned and experienced. And as a sacred dance it is a prayer —a call for the evoking of the movement of the Tai Chi—the Grand Ultimate, the life force.

A real prayer is not a petition for results but a position from which to see. It must begin patiently. Like a good hunter stalking his prey, that part of the mind which has resolved to engage in this exercise must wait and study—must sit quietly in the blind and observe the movements of that which it seeks to capture.

This watchfulness is not violent. It proceeds from a desire to understand the relationship of the watcher and the watched. There is no attempt to coerce, but rather to cooperate.

In Tai Chi, as a spiritual martial art, the watchfulness is serious: I am at stake—my real value to myself. I am both hunter and hunted. By evoking the opponent, my mind is focused on the true opponent—the resistance in me. This demands a recognition and sense of the orbital movements in me and a desire to keep the center in view.

Just as the moon orbits around the earth, the earth around the sun, and the sun around the center of the galaxy, so, too, do all the parts of a human being orbit around respective centers of gravity. Thoughts follow their own orbits, but this movement of the thoughts is rarely seen. They also have an apogee and perigee. And they, like the limbs of the body, must find a true center of gravity around which to revolve.

In the Chinese martial arts Tai Chi is the internal or esoteric school, as opposed to the external or exoteric school generally known as Kung Fu. The Tai Chi is the esoteric system because it is a systematic training of the mind from which the movement of the body springs, as opposed to a training of the body from which comes the movement of the mind.

Tai Chi is attributed to the monk Chang San-Feng, born approximately 1247 A.D. A Confucianist from the age of twelve, he later in life became interested in the alchemy of the Taoists, which he studied in the Shao Lin monastery, founded by Boddhidarma.

Having finished the work of his life and retired to a cottage which he built on the mountain of Wu Tang, Chang was sitting one dawn observing his garden in quiet meditation. As the sun arose and began to shine, a snake crawled out upon one of the flat rocks to sun itself. A shrike sitting in a tree above the garden saw the snake and determined it was to be its dinner. The shrike flew down from the tree, swooping down upon the snake with all the force it could muster from its high vantage point. The snake, using its sinuous and continuously flowing movements, transmitted the force of the shrike to the rock and allowed the shrike to dash itself upon the ground. Over and over again, throughout the day until dusk this simple battle was repeated and with each attack of the shrike the snake defended itself by yielding, and allowing the force expended by the shrike to be turned against itself. Then as dusk drew near, the shrike flew back to the top of the tree and in one last attempt to overcome its enemy, it hurled itself down with the greatest possible velocity. The snake, continuing only the effortless movements, simply disappeared from the line of attack. The shrike threw itself against the rock, broke its neck, and was killed.

Chang San-Feng, having observed this in meditation throughout the day, was enlightened, and the dance of the Tai Chi was born fully complete in him at that moment.

It is said that at that time he was approximately eighty years old, and from that day forward he began to travel China to teach this form and continued to do so for the next thirty-three years until he died.

The Tai Chi Chuan is a dance which consists of one hundred eight postures, many of which are repetitions of thirty-seven basic movement patterns. The intention of this movement is the flow from one posture into another, so that each, although it has a definite stop which could be depicted in a static fashion, is in fact composed of an indefinite subset of points of movement from the preceding posture into the final posture. In practice there are a series of postures, all of which have names, and a much greater series of intermediary movements from one posture to the next.

The practice of the Tai Chi form, in its entirety, describes an infinite sequence of movements. The goal of the practice is to arrive at a balancing of the movement with no excess muscular activity or tension, keeping the body balanced on the spine, the spinal column pivoted at a point in its center of gravity so that at any given moment all the parts of the body are properly balanced.

Finding this center of gravity places emphasis on the relativity of measurement. The Chinese traditional physiology measures the body proportionally with an integral consistency. Every portion of the body is subdivided about its own center. Studying the Tai Chi involves experimentation to find this center in movement —as it constantly shifts due to tensions and day-to-day fluctuations.

Being centered enables one to perform in balance; that is, the movements through each posture and through each intermediary movement can be *Wu Wei,* the Effortless Effort. The motivation for the movement must come not from tension and imbalance but from relaxation and centering. Excess tension, regardless of its source or expression, will prohibit the free movement of the Chi.

The movement of the Chi comes from the *Tan Tien,* the center of gravity of the body, a point half the distance between the navel and the top of the pubis, approximately one-third of the distance into the mass of the body. It is not only the center around which the rest of the body must orbit, but it is also the repository of Chi. The Chi is generated in the body from food, from breath and food, and from breath combined with spirit. Chi flows through every part of the body, is resident in every cell and as well flows through certain specific bodily channels called meridians. Each meridian relates to a specific organ or organ system to which it is functionally linked, and of which it is a mirror as well as a channel for influence. These meridians form a topographical network on the surface of the body which suffuses every region and generates a field through which the Chi flows. The flow of the Chi through these meridians is inhibited by constriction of the muscles around the meridians from tension or inflammation. Relaxation causes an enhanced freedom in the flow of the Chi.

The purpose of the Tai Chi is to generate Chi; to actualize, mobilize and motivate the movement of the Chi in its course around the body throughout the meridians through which it flows, so that at the end of the practice, the Chi has made one complete revolution throughout the body's meridian system. One complete performance of the Tai Chi form, if done correctly, generates the flow of the Chi throughout the body in its revitalizing capacity as it would move in one full twenty-four-hour period.

The relaxation which results from finding it precedes the quieting of mind which is necessary for further study. The role of the thoughts in the learning of the Tai Chi follows three stages of development. In the first stage one learns and pictures the execution of the form: the thought learns the

form, the sequence, the picture of what each posture looks like. The second stage of the development is relaxation, the training of the thoughts and the mind to be only concerned with the execution of the form as it has been learned, and the striving to have the question alive in oneself while performing the movements: "Am I relaxed? Am I moving around my center of gravity? Are the various parts of my body moving independently or are they motivated centrally from my center of gravity?" The question is really, is the body following a movement proceeding from a central point, and does the thought follow the movement of the body?

In the first stage of the development the thought is the leader, learning the sequence of the movements. In the second stage, the body has learned this sequence: the mind must now follow and question its relationship to it. The key to finding this center of gravity is the relaxation of the body and of the thought. In the third stage, once the sequence is learned and relaxation attained so that the movements are balanced, the thoughts must be devoted entirely to the movement. The question becomes: "Can I think only of the movement?" The Chi will not be generated unless there is no thought but the movement. This third stage of development is the concentration of the thought upon the application, the devoting of the thought to the understanding of the presence of the opponent in the practice of the form.

One of the first things that the student sees is that he cannot limit the movement of his thoughts to the sequence of the movement. In the beginning, the thought is held to the movements by the difficulty of remembering them; but as they are learned and become more automatic, the thoughts invariably begin to wander. Then the student begins to see that he carries on an unceasing conversation with himself about everything imaginable. This ceaseless dia-

logue that becomes so apparent as he performs the movement in the slow and steady rhythmic pace of Tai Chi prevents him from being able to bring the state of relaxation in which the attention can be free to watch the inner movement of energy.

But as he looks and struggles with his attention, he finds that this continuous dialogue does from time to time inexplicably halt. This quiet may only occur once in a great while. It may begin to happen with more frequency. It may happen with less. But once it has happened, the student has a foretaste of the possibility of existing for a moment with all of the faculties usually occupied by this conversation freed to attend to following the movement.

It is the form of the Tai Chi itself which evokes this quiet. It is not within the power of the student to command it. It is due to the power of the form that it is possible for the student, for a moment, to slip into the right posture and the right rhythm. When that perfect balance around the center of gravity appears, for a moment this conversation stops. The student sees himself not performing the Tai Chi, but moving within the confines of the Tai Chi. He sees the movement of the force through himself. It does no good to try to hold on to this movement. It needs to be seen as something that will have to occur and recur hundreds of times. The student must come to terms within himself with the problem posed by the fact that even when this magic appears for a fleeting moment, he does not understand its origins nor from what place it appeared and cannot request its return. He can only strive to be more and more precise in complying with the form given, striving to find the quality of movement which allows harmony to appear.

It is this predicament which faces the student of Tai Chi, as it faces the student of any sacred art or exercise designed to produce the sense of quiet watchfulness. It is

just this predicament which makes the practice of the Tai Chi an exercise and not a performance.

Yang is the positive force, the generative force, the descending force from higher to lower; Yin is the passive force, the receptive earth, that which receives the force which descends from the higher into the lower. The movements of the Tai Chi alternate in a definite and steady rhythm between yielding receptivity and forceful creation, and thereby they depict in a graphic style the symbolized relationship of the Yin and Yang.

It is this yielding and pressing forward, this retreating and advancing in repetitive rhythm, which probably led to the confusion which generated the erroneous attempt to control the breathing in the practice of Tai Chi. The breathing, like all other muscular functions, contains unnecessary tensions which cause its rhythm and tempo to be out of balance and disharmonized with the remainder of the movements of the body. Like all other muscular events with which the Tai Chi is concerned, the breathing needs to be more relaxed, but not intentionally regulated. As the Tai Chi is practiced more, and more correctly, the breathing will in and of itself relax and become more harmonious. It is foolish to attempt to breathe in a particular rhythm structured in relationship to the remainder of the movements of the Tai Chi. Indeed, unless a practitioner is absolutely certain that he is able to locate, and remain with his attention focused completely within, that elusive center of gravity for which he searches, it is extremely dangerous to interfere with the process of breathing.

The body and the mind are not oxen or other beasts of burden to be harnessed to some idea and beaten into submissive cooperation. Indeed, the ideas to which they would be forced into submission are themselves in no way more valuable than the automatic movements which the body and the thoughts already have. The body and the thoughts are, more correctly, fellow travelers, colleagues in this experimental search for a center of gravity. The Tai Chi is not an exercise of will and determination, but an exercise of attention and observation.

I begin to try and develop a sense of the Chi. At first I feel it very grossly and it flies from me upon the first sign of my being aware of it. Later, however, I begin to see that it is possible for a very fine sense of this energy to coexist with the movements of my muscles and that at those rare times when the thoughts do cease their constant chatter for just a moment, I am rarely, but sometimes, permitted to observe a movement of an energy motivating my actions and maintaining my posture which is in partnership with the energy of my muscles and their strength, but which supplants them to a degree equal to the relaxation which I am able to maintain.

Is it possible that the Chi itself, and not the muscles, upholds the posture after a time? Is it possible that the Chi in its flowing in and out ceaselessly from the *Tan Tien* through the meridians does in fact generate a movement of a finer quality than my ordinary muscular activity? If I have but one experience that transcends my ordinary gross movement, I then cannot help but question from time to time the possibility of another form of existence and of another motive force than the one with which I am familiar. If I have but one experience of the movement finding a rhythm which follows a music not of my own devising, but which is there just the same, this question must recur and strengthen as I pursue the practice.□

Notes

1. *Tao Tei Ching,* John C.H. Wu, (New York:St. John's University Press, 1961).
2. *Ibid.*

EPICYCLE

Kate Crackernuts

A tale from the Orkney Islands.

In a certain kingdom lived a King and Queen with their daughter Kate. They lived happily together until the Queen died. The King mourned his wife for many months, but he grew lonely and wanting a mother for his Kate, he took another wife.

The new Queen also had a daughter named Kate. She was not as beautiful as the King's Kate but she was kind. Although the two Kates loved each other like true sisters, the Queen grew envious of her stepdaughter's loveliness. The Queen knew of an old woman, a henwife who was a witch, and together they found a way to spoil her step-daughter's beauty.

One day the Queen sent the Kings's Kate to the henwife for a basket of eggs. On her way from the castle the girl stopped in the kitchen and picked a crust of bread from the table and ate it on her way to the henwife's cottage.

When she reached the cottage Kate asked the old woman for the eggs. "While I gather them," said the henwife, "go to the fire, lift the top of the pot sitting there and see what you might see." She went for the eggs, and Kate walked over to the fire and lifted the top of the pot. She almost scorched her fingers as she did, but all she saw was a great steam rising from the pot. When the henwife returned and looked at Kate, she became very angry. "Tell the Queen she had best lock the pantry door," the old woman croaked. Kate, being a good girl, told the Queen what the henwife had said when she returned.

The next day when the Queen sent the King's Kate to the henwife, she herself escorted the girl to the castle gate but went no further. On the road Kate met some

farm people and stopped to visit with them. When she left them to continue on her way they gave her a handful of peas. She ate them on the path to the henwife's door. Again the old woman asked Kate to lift the top of the pot and see what was in it while she went for the eggs. Kate did so, but there was nothing but steam as before. When the old woman returned, she was angrier than she had been the day before. "Tell the Queen the pot won't boil if the fire's away," said the old woman, and when Kate returned she told her stepmother what the henwife had said.

In the morning the Queen went with Kate herself. When they reached the henwife's there was no talk of eggs. The old woman took her to the fire and said, "Lift the top and see what's in the pot." Kate hesitated, then lifted it. At first she saw only steam, but as it cleared she saw the head of a sheep appear. At that very moment when she saw the sheep's head, her own pretty head vanished and the sheep's head took its place.

The Queen was quite satisfied now. She and the henwife drove the poor girl into the forest where she wandered helplessly among the ancient trees.

When the Queen returned and the other Kate heard what her mother had done, she went searching for her sister in the forest. She found the King's Kate hiding among the foxglove and fern, and she wrapped her sister's head round with a linen cloth. "We cannot return home," she said. "We must go and make a way for ourselves in the world. I will find work of some kind so that we might live."

After a time they found their way to a nearby kingdom where the Queen's Kate found work in the King's kitchen, and a sleeping room in the attic for herself and her sick sister. This King had two sons; the younger was

healthy and strong, but the elder was sickly and confined to his bed. The Queen's Kate soon heard from the servants' gossip that the King had offered a peck of silver to anyone who could watch over the prince the whole night through; but all who had tried to do so had vanished by morning. The Queen's Kate went to the King and asked to watch over the Prince that night, and the King gave his permission and promised she would have the peck of silver in the morning if she succeeded.

That night Kate sat by the fire in the Prince's room and watched the firelight flicker over him as he slept. The evening passed slowly until midnight. At the first chime of the clock the Prince stirred from his sleep and sat up. Kate looked at his face and saw only the shadows

of dreams crossing his eyes. By the last chime the Prince had dressed and gone to the stable where he saddled his horse. Kate followed, and when he mounted she jumped up behind him.

The Prince rode swiftly through the night, through a world dressed in odd night colors, as if it had fallen under some dark spell. They entered a great hazelwood, and as they rode Kate reached up and picked handfuls of nuts from the branches. She had filled her apron by the time the Prince stopped at the base of a great stone hill. "Let the Prince in with his horse and hound," he called out. "And his fair lady him behind," added Kate. At these words the hill opened and revealed a fairy palace. They found themselves before a door carved over with antique patterns. The Prince stepped forward and the doors opened before him into a room blazing with light and music. Kate hid herself behind the door and watched.

Around the room moved dancers of all kinds, dressed in fairy glamor. Many had the same dreaming glance as the Prince. He stepped smoothly into the dance moving with grace through the complex patterns. As the night wore on the dance grew more frantic. Fairy hornpipes followed fairy reels one after another until the Prince began to weaken. When he faltered, midnight courtiers gave him fairy food and drink, then off he whirled again, dancing until he went ashen-faced. When dawn approached, the Prince remounted his horse, Kate secured herself safely behind, and they returned, Kate cracking the nuts she had gathered all the while.

The next day Kate claimed her silver and offered to watch over the Prince a second night if the King would give her a peck of gold. He agreed and that evening all happened as before. At midnight the Prince arose and

dressed. He mounted his horse with Kate behind and rode through the night woods to the fairy hill. Again Kate picked hazelnuts on their way, and when the door opened for the Prince she hid as she had done before.

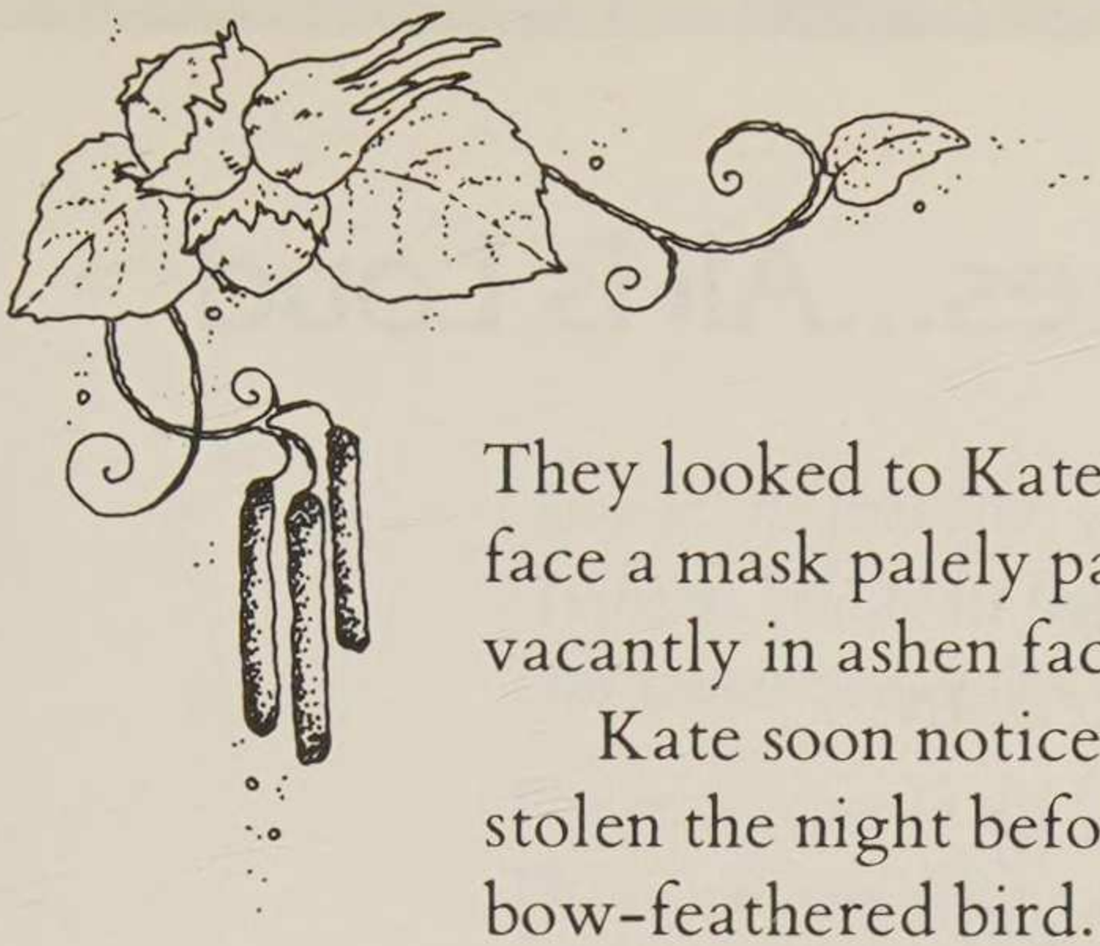
Kate knew that the Prince would dance the night away and as she hid, she watched and listened. Her attention fell on one dancer speaking to a fairy child. "Take care of that wand you play with; three taps of it would give back the King's Kate her own pretty head again."

When the Queen's Kate heard that, she began to roll the hazelnuts she had gathered across the floor, one after the other, to the little fairy child. Soon he put down the wand and began playing with them. Kate snatched the wand from where it lay and hid it in her apron where the nuts had been.

At dawn she returned with the Prince. That morning she went directly to her sister in the attic. She tapped once, she tapped twice, she tapped three times on the sheep's head with the wand; it vanished in an instant and the King's Kate's own lovely head returned.

That day the Queen's Kate went to the King again. She told him that she would watch over the Prince a third night. But the reward she demanded this time was marriage to the Prince. The King agreed, and for a third night she sat watching at the bedside of the sick Prince. All happened as before. When midnight came, the sleeping Prince arose and dressed. He saddled his horse and mounted with Kate sitting firmly behind him. Again she picked hazelnuts as they rushed through the midnight wood. When they reached the fairy hill she hid behind the door and watched as she had done before.

The Prince nimbly joined the dancers; the music's frantic beat kept them moving quickly round the circle.



They looked to Kate like so many porcelain dolls, each face a mask palely painted, with glassy eyes gleaming vacantly in ashen faces.

Kate soon noticed the fairy child whose wand she had stolen the night before. He was playing with a little rain-bow-feathered bird. "Be careful with your little bird," one of the passing dancers said. "Three tastes of it and the Prince would be as well as he ever was." When Kate heard that she knew what she must do. She reached in her apron for the hazelnuts and began rolling them one after another to the fairy child. Finally he put down the little bird and went after the hazelnuts, and Kate quickly seized it and put it in her apron.

It was a long night; the Prince danced until he could hardly stand. Finally dawn came and he and Kate re-turned as they had before through the night wood to his father's castle.

Kate set about preparing the bird as soon as she returned. She had plucked its feathers on the way back from the fairy hill, and now she roasted it over the fire in the Prince's room. Soon the chamber was filled with the rich smell of the cooking. "What is that good smell?" asked the Prince from his bed. Kate brought the bird to him. "I could eat that bird," he said. With the first bite he took he sat up, with the second bite he stood up, and with the third bite he was completely recovered.

The King was so happy to see his son well that he kept his promise to the Queen's Kate. She and the Prince were married. Now it happened that the Prince's young-er brother had seen the King's Kate and they had fallen in love, so the well brother married the sick sister, and the sick brother married the well sister, and they all lived happily for many years afterwards.

—Retold by Thomas White

ARCS

All Lives...All Dances...All is Loud

The fish does...HIP
The bird does...VISS
The marmot does...GNAN

I throw myself to the left,
I turn myself to the right,
I act the fish,
Which darts in the water, which darts
Which twists about, which leaps—
All lives, all dances, & all is loud.

The fish does...HIP
The bird does...VISS
The marmot does...GNAN

The bird flies away,
It flies, flies, flies,
Goes, returns, passes,
Climbs, soars & drops.
I act the bird—
All lives, all dances, & all is loud.

The fish does...HIP
The bird does...VISS
The marmot does...GNAN

The monkey from branch to branch,
Runs, bounds & leaps,
With his wife, with his brat,
His mouth full, his tail in the air,
There goes the monkey! There goes the Monkey!
All lives, all dances, & all is loud.

—Africa: Gabon Pygmy[1]

THE SMALL

The small birds swirl around;
The high cicadas chirr;
A towhee pecks the ground;

I look at the first star:
My heart held to its joy,
This whole September day.

The moon goes to the full;
The moon goes slowly down;
The wood becomes a wall.
Far things draw closer in.
A wind moves through the grass,
Then all is as it was.

What rustles in the fern?
I feel my flesh divide.
Things lost in sleep return
As if out of my side,
On feet that make no sound
Over the sodden ground.

The small shapes drowse: I live
To woo the fearful small;
What moves in grass I love—
The dead will not lie still,
And things throw light on things,
And all the stones have wings.

—Theodore Roethke[2]

The foraging bee, having got rid of her load, begins to perform a kind of "round dance." On the part of the comb where she is sitting she starts whirling around in a narrow circle, constantly changing her direction, turning now right, now left, dancing clockwise and anti-clockwise in quick succession, describing between one and two circles in each direction. This dance is performed among the thickest bustle of the hive. What makes it so particularly striking and attractive is the way it infects the surrounding bees; those sitting next to the dancer start tripping after her, always trying to keep their outstretched feelers in close contact with the tip of her

abdomen. They take part in each of her manoeuvrings so that the dancer herself, in her madly wheeling movements, appears to carry behind her a perpetual comet's tail of bees. In this way they keep whirling round and round, sometimes for a few seconds, sometimes for as long as half a minute, or even a full minute, before the dancer suddenly stops, breaking loose from her followers to disgorge a second or even a third droplet of honey while settling on one, or two other parts of the comb, each time concluding with a similar dance. This done, she hurries towards the entrance hole again to take off for her particular feeding-place, from where she is sure to bring back another load; the same performance being enacted at each subsequent return.

Under normal circumstances, the dance takes place in the darkness of a closed hive. Thus the dancer cannot be seen by her comrades. If they notice her behaviour and run after her every time she turns, they can only do so through their sense of feeling and smell.

—*Karl von Frisch*[3]

In the summer of 1883, at Carberry, Manitoba, I had some fifteen baby prairie chickens hatched under a hen. When they were two weeks old, we were visited by a cold driving storm of sleet. The chicks were in danger of perishing.

I brought the whole brood into the kitchen. Keeping the hen in a cage close by, I put the chilled and cowering little things under the stove, on the tin which protected the floor. Here, after half an hour, they were fully warmed. They recovered quickly, fluffed out their feathers, preened their wings, and began to look very perky...

It seemed to stir them with some new thought and feeling of joy. One of the tiny things, no bigger than a sparrow, lowered his head nearly to the tin, with beak out level, raised high the little pimple where in time his tail should be, spread out at each side his tiny wings; then ran across the tin, crowing a little bubbling crow, beating his wings, and stamping with his two pink feet so rapidly that it sounded like a small kettledrum.

The result was electrical. At once the rest of them leaped up and at it. Every one took the same position—head low, wings out, beating, tail-stump raised and violently vibrated, the feet pounding hard—leaping, bounding, stamping, exactly as is done by the old birds on the Dance Hill at love time.

For a minute or more it lasted; then they seemed tired, and all sat down for a rest.

In half an hour they were at it again; and did it several times that day, especially when the sun was on them, and they were warm and fed.

Then I found that I could start them, when the conditions were right, by rattling on the tin a tattoo with two fingers. They responded almost invariably; during the three days that I had them in the house, I started them dancing many times for myself or the neighborhood to see. A number of my friends made a buggy drive across country those days to come and see the tiny downlings "do their war dance," whenever I chose to start them by beating the drum.

It is noteworthy that these chickens danced exactly as their parents do, without ever having seen those parents; therefore, the performance was wholly instinctive. All—and undoubtedly both sexes were represented—danced with equal spirit. It was not at the breeding season, and could not, in any sense, be said to have a sex urge. It was evidently and unquestionably nothing more nor less than a true dance—a vigorous, rhythmic, athletic expression of health and joy.

—*Ernest Thompson Seton*[4]

THE HERON

The heron stands in water where the swamp
Has deepened to the blackness of a pool,
Or balances with one leg on a hump
Of marsh grass heaped above a musk-rat hole.

He walks the shallow with an antic grace.
The great feet break the ridges of the sand,

The long eye notes the minnow's hiding place.
His beak is quicker than a human hand.

He jerks a frog across his bony lip,
Then points his heavy bill above the wood.
The wide wings flap but once to lift him up.
A single ripple starts from where he stood.

—Theodore Roethke[5]

It is the male and not the female that undertakes the building of the nest and the care of the young, and the future father only then begins to think of love when the cradle for the expected children is ready.

Already while building, the male radiates the most gorgeous colours, which gain in depth and iridescence when a female approaches. Like lightning, he shoots towards her and glowing, halts. If the female is prepared to accept him, she demonstrates it by investing herself with a characteristic, if modest colouring consisting of light grey vertical stripes on a brown background. With fins closely folded, she swims towards the male who, trembling with excitement, expands all his fins to breaking point and holds himself in such a position that the dazzling brilliance of his full broadside is presented to his bride. Next moment he swims off with a sweeping, gracefully sinuous movement, in the direction of the nest. The beckoning nature of this gesture is at once apparent even when seen for the first time. The essentially ritual nature of this swimming movement is easily understood: everything that enhances its optical effect is exaggerated in mimic, as the sinuous movements of the body or the waving of the tail fin, whereas all the means of making it mechanically effective are decreased. The movement says: "I am swimming away from you, hurry up and follow me!" At the same time, the fish swims neither fast nor far and turns back immediately to the female who is following but timidly and shyly in his wake.

In this way the female is enticed under the bubble nest and now follows the wonderful love-play which resembles, in delicate grace, a minuet, but in general style, the trance dance of a Balinese temple dancer. In this love dance, by age-old law, the male must always exhibit his magnificent broadside to his partner, but the female must remain constantly at right angles to him. The male must never obtain so much as a glimpse of her flanks, otherwise he will immediately become angry and unchivalrous; for, standing broadsides means, in these fishes as in many others, aggressive masculinity and elicits instantaneously in every male a complete change of mood: hottest love is transformed to wildest hate. Since the male will not now leave the nest, he moves in circles round the female and she follows his every movement by keeping her head always turned towards him; the love-dance is thus executed in a small circle, exactly under the middle of the nest. Now the colours become more glowing, more frantic the movements, ever smaller the circles, until the bodies touch. Then, suddenly, the male slings his body tightly round the female, gently turns her on her back and, quivering, both fulfil the great act of reproduction. Ova and semen are discharged simultaneously.

—*Konrad Z. Lorenz*[6]

THE SISKINS

The bank swallows veer and dip,
Diving down at my windows,
Then flying almost straight upward,
Like bats in daytime,
And their shadows, bigger,
Race over the thick grass;
And the finches pitch through the air, twittering;
And the small mad siskins flit by,
Flying upward in little skips and erratic leaps;
Or they sit sideways on limber dandelion stems,
Bending them down to the ground;
Or perch and peck at larger flower-crowns,

Springing, one to another,
The last-abandoned stalk always quivering
Back into straightness;
Or they fling themselves against tree trunks,
Scuttling down and around like young squirrels,
Birds furious as bees.

Now they move all together!—
These airy hippety-hop skippers,
Light as seed blowing off thistles!
And I seem to lean forward,
As my eyes follow after
Their sunlit leaping.

—Theodore Roethke[7]

The afternoon sun leans its rays into the repose of the marshes, when suddenly one of these tremendous floods of life surges over them, sweeping down in the distance like a cloud detached from the sky, an invasion of Valkyrie with all the wild discipline and exultation of speed and none of the menace or terror. The little birds approach over the water in a dense column of perfect order, in a humming volume of a sea-like monotone, accompanied by a soft purr from thousands of throats... Changing pattern, direction, color and formation with every turn, each individual yet keeps the same distance from his neighbor, the same momentum, and the same angle of the body, as though pulled hither and thither with lightning rapidity from the ends of an infinite number of visible and equidistant threads, all radiating from a common point. Thus they cut one design after another out of the fabric of space—three thousand leaderless birds, executing intricate movements with the single cohesion of one body, supported upon one pair of wings...

—Edward Howe Forbush[8]

SNAKE

I saw a young snake glide
Out of the mottled shade
And hang, limp on a stone:
A thin mouth, and a tongue
Stayed, in the still air.

It turned; it drew away;
Its shadow bent in half;
It quickened, and was gone.

I felt my slow blood warm.
I longed to be that thing,
The pure, sensuous form.

And I may be, some time.

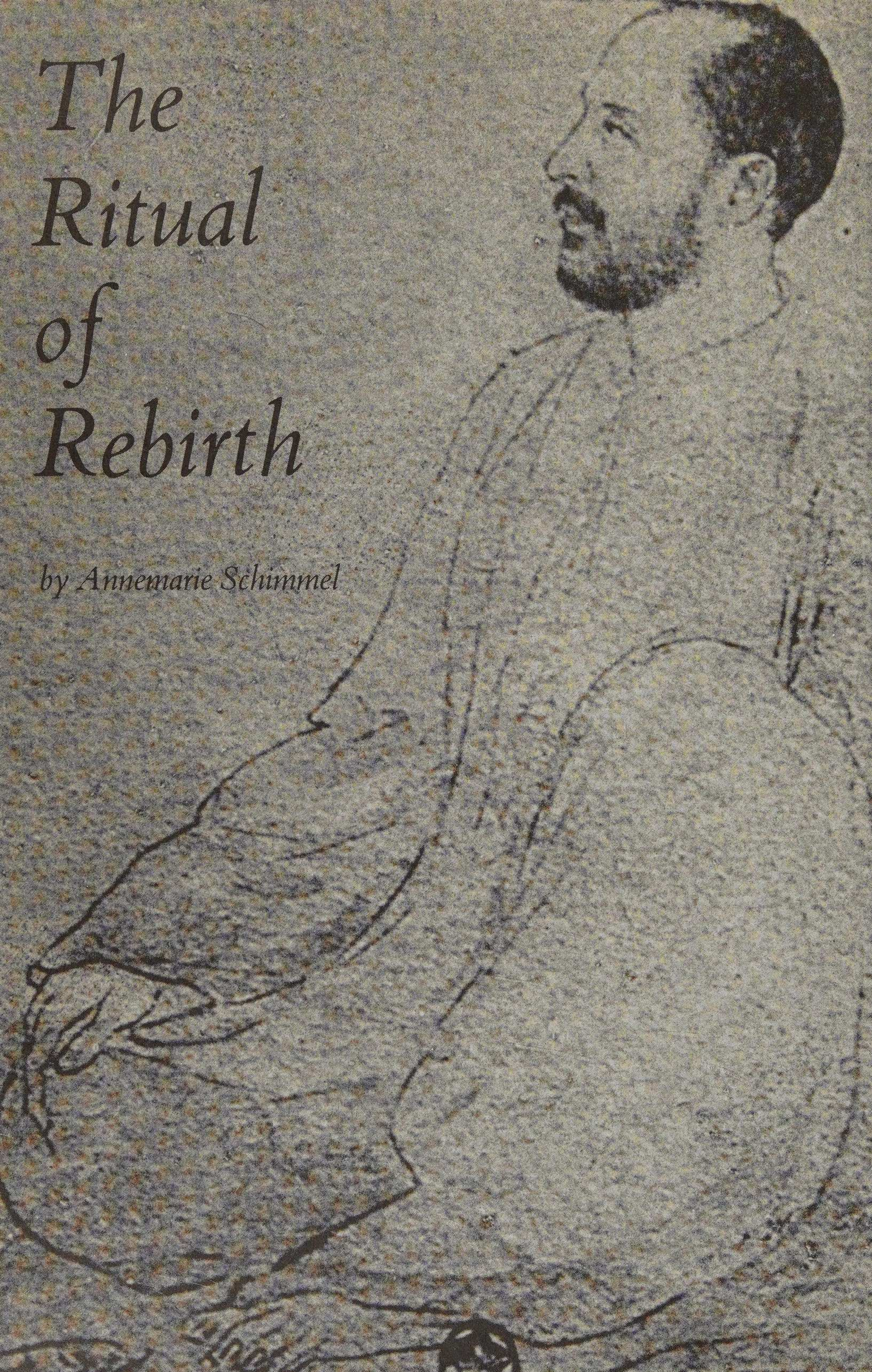
—Theodore Roethke[9]

NOTES

1. *C.M. Bowra,* Primitive Song *(Cleveland: World Publishing Company, 1962).*
2. *Theodore Roethke,* The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke *(New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc.), copyright © 1956 by Theodore Roethke.*
3. *Karl von Frisch,* The Dancing Bees *(New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., 1953).*
4. *From* The Worlds of Ernest Thompson Seton, *edited by John G. Samson. Copyright 1976 under the International Union for the Protection of Literary & Artistic Works. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*
5. *Roethke,* op. cit., *copyright 1937 by Theodore Roethke.*
6. *Konrad Z. Lorenz,* King Solomon's Ring *(New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, Inc., 1952).*
7. *Roethke,* op. cit., *copyright 1953 by Theodore Roethke.*
8. *Edward Howe Forbush,* Game Birds, Wildfowl, and Shorebirds *(Boston: Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, 1912), quoted by Peter Matthiessen in* The Wind Birds *(New York: The Viking Press, 1973).*
9. *Roethke,* op. cit. ,*© 1955 by Theodore Roethke.*

The Ritual of Rebirth

by Annemarie Schimmel



Samā' (mystical dance) is the food of the soul!

Thus sing the Mevlevi dervishes at the end of their whirling dance, taking up an old Arabic saying and repeating it in Turkish, as generations of Sufis in the Muslim world had poetically paraphrased it in Persian. And it is told that a Sufi in Sind, the Lower Indus Valley, once asked an orthodox theologian whether there would be dance in Paradise, and upon the theologian's negative reply he sighed: "Then, what have we to do with Paradise?"

The lover who enters the mystical dance is higher than heaven, loftier than the spheres, for while the call to *samā'* comes from heaven, the dancer reaches a place that is even beyond the Divine Throne. Wherever God manifests Himself, the cosmic dance will begin. Mount Sinai, split asunder under the impact of overwhelming revelations, means for Rūmī that it performed a dance of ecstasy during which the mountain unriveted itself and attained annihilation and was scattered piecemeal in the Divine Presence, just as man is annihilated in God as a result of his dance. Once the spirit is freed from the fetters of worldly density and has attained a life in union with the spiritual center, he sees that every tree, every plant in the garden of this world is dancing, touched by the spring breeze of love.

For as dance is connected with perfect annihilation in God it is also connected with creation. One of Maulānā's most powerful poems describes how he turned his ear towards the unseen to listen to the Divine address "Am I not your Lord?", understood by the Sufis as the first Song that set the not-yet-created souls in motion. And as the human souls answered this Divine call by responding "Yes, we witness it," everything else that was to be created responded in its own way and began to dance joyfully out of non-existence to adorn the world with tulips, willows, and sweet basil. When the sound of music is heard, or the spring breeze touches the gardens and fields they are reminded of God's primordial address and again participate in the cosmic dance:

The twigs start dancing like novices,
the leaves clap their hands like minstrels...

It goes without saying that the imagery of dance is most outspoken in Maulānā Jalāluddin Rūmī's work. Cast into deepest spiritual crisis after his mystical beloved Shams-i Tabrīzī had disappeared from Konya for the first time, Rūmī gave himself to music and dance, and tradition tells how throughout his later life he would fall into an ecstatic state whenever he heard some lovely sound, whether the melodious hammering of the goldsmiths in the bazaar of Konya, or the voice of the watermill on the hillslope of Meram; then he would begin the spinning movement and recite poetry full of love and longing. At other times his friends would arrange musical parties for him during which he whirled around, the ladies throwing roses over him. The funeral of his friend Salāhuddīn the goldsmith was celebrated with a wonderful *samā'*, as was the birth of his youngest son or the wedding of family members. All this, of course, deeply shocked the orthodox inhabitants of Konya; but so great was the fire of his love that even they had to accept the great theologian's strange ways. Maulānā Rūmī's poetry is a result of the whirling dance, and a careful analysis of his lyrics reveals that many of them were born in the throes of rhythmical movement.

Maulānā knew that the "water of life" will gush forth from the soil which the lover touches with dancing feet, as he also saw in *samā'* the ladder that leads to heaven, to the roof where the beloved shows his radiant face. Therefore he can compare the *samā'* also to a window that opens toward the heavens. Rūmī compares the spinning of the lover around the Beloved to the movement of the spheres around the moon or the sun; the fact that the highest mystical guide is called *qutb*, "pole" or "axis," fits very well into this symbolism. Therefore the interpretation of the Mevlevi ritual as a cosmic dance is found quite frequently in later treatises dealing with the deeper meaning of the ritual. The *Sphärenreigen*, the round-dance of the spheres, is a beautiful

ancient symbol of the harmony that governs the created world, in which Maulānā Rūmī firmly believed. Part of this harmony is the dance of the dust particles, *dharra*, or, as we may translate it into a modern concept, the atoms, which are attracted by the sun and dance around it: only the attraction by the sun gives them a common direction, orders their lives, and transforms them into a well-organized community that participates in the eternal dance and thus becomes united in a certain sense with the center, the sun which is the cause of their dance.

Dancing means both annihilation and resurrection, being born and dying. The dialectical movement of *fānā*, annihilation in God, and *bāqā*, duration in the Divine Presence, is symbolized in the dancing movement which takes man out of himself, makes him die to his lower attributes, and grants him life in a higher sphere. The garments of the Mevlevis point to this truth: the dance begins in long black coats which represent the dark earthly existence; but once the music becomes faster and the three-fold greeting ceremony is over, the coats are thrown aside and the dervishes start whirling in white robes, comparable to big white moths whirling around the central candle; they are now clad in the "dress of resurrection," the spiritual body. It is no accident that the greatest Muslim mystic, Husain ibn Mansūr al-Hallāj (executed 922) danced in his chains when he was led to the place of execution—he was aware of the truth that death in love means union with the beloved. And it was he who invented the allegory of Moth and Candle.

The moth that turns around the flame; Majnun who dances in the desert in search of his beloved Laila; the pilgrim who circumambulates the Kaaba in deep devotion, clad in the shroud-like *ihrām*; the young pigeons that flutter around the balcony of the beloved, or the nightingale which with a thousand beautiful songs surrounds the rose, symbol of the face of the Beloved—all of them participate in the mystical dance, like the atoms that spin around their nuclei, or the stars that form wonderful patterns in the heavenly sphere; or man himself, yielding to the attraction of a center outside himself, namely, eternal Love—an experience that means death and resurrection in one. As Maulānā Rūmī says in one of his poems:

Who knows Love's mazy circling, ever lives in God,
For Death, he knows, is Love abounding:
Allah Hu.

Reflection on Reflection

by John Anthony West

Reflection
Conceived and written by Keith Critchlow. Produced, directed, filmed and edited by Lawrence Moore. Computer Animation: Colin Emmett. Music by Mike Oldfield and Alan Hacker. Funded by The Arts Council of Great Britain, available through The American Federation of Arts, 41 East 65th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

All great traditional religious and all so-called "primitive" societies have employed the dance for spiritual reasons—as ritual and as discipline. These dances are commonly called "sacred." But why "sacred"?

The human body is set in motion; the movements are often rigorously organized and great skill is required to perform them. But the same could be said of ballet, and nobody calls ballet "sacred." Evidently "sacred" is not simply an aesthetic label; beautiful and graceful as the temple dancers of India and Bali may be, they are no more so than a ballet troupe. Is "sacred" then a loosely applied adjective, used to describe a ritual carried out in the name of religion but incorporating within itself nothing that might be objectively described as "sacred" —assuming the "sacred" can be objectively described at all? Almost certainly, spokesmen for any of the groups practicing sacred dance would reply that their dances were in some way objectively "sacred." But they would have a hard time explaining themselves satisfactorily, especially to Westerners whose chief religious institution inadvisedly repudiated the practice more than five hundred years ago.

Keith Critchlow is an architect with a particular focus on the ways in which form, pattern, geometry, number, order and organization are employed in the religious architecture of both East and West. His hour-long film, *Reflection*, explores these architectural interests and the manifold manner in which they spill over into, impinge upon, or relate to form, pattern, geometry, number, order, and organization in nature—in the realms of minerals, plants, animals, and finally, man. Not even obliquely does *Reflection* touch upon dance. Yet there has probably never been a work in any medium that conveys more explicitly or profoundly the inner meaning and objective significance of sacred dance.

It is all dance—which is not meant as a metaphor. It is all organized movement. It is the dance of electrons, neutrons and protons that constitutes the atom—which is not a thing but a state, or condition of energy.

Our senses tell us that gold is different, qualitatively, from iron. Chemistry assures us that our senses tell the truth. But our senses also tell us that gold and iron are inert. And physics tells us that our senses deceive us, as mystics throughout the ages have always insisted. Both gold and iron exist in a state of prodigious activity. Yet, according to physics, the difference between them must be purely quantitative: the constituent electrons, neutrons, and protons are identical, as far as anyone can tell. What then accounts for the qualitative difference? Only the "dance." And what is "dance"? Movement, form, and pattern imposed upon energy—which is itself a label applied to a mystery. How do we describe, explain, and communicate movement, form, and pattern? Most effectively through number and geometry; not through words.

"Number is all," declared Philolaus the Pythagorean. Candidates who had not studied geometry were forbidden entry to Plato's academy. The heading of the Egyptian Rhind Papyrus, a New Kingdom (ca. 1500-1000 B.C.) mathematical treatise intended for students, believed to be a copy of a still older document, declares: "Herein is contained all knowledge, every secret, every mystery."

The One in becoming conscious of Itself engenders the Universe. One becomes Many. This is the basis of all creation myths and it is expressed in recognizably similar language in societies from the least to the most sophisticated. In our own, with its penchant for reducing the glorious to the prosaic, the meaningless, and the noisy it is called "The Big Bang Theory." But stripped of its academic respectability, it is just Genesis again, the recognition of a nameless cause—who in modern terminology is of course none other than the Great God Accident.

The One becomes Many. Schematically, the point (of light, ie., consciousness) without dimension—of which there are by definition an infinite number—manifests itself in the void. The moving point defines the line. The moving line defines the plane. The moving plane defines the solid, which is our world, the world of three dimensions. From nothing we are in the created universe. But in order to produce the geometric solids that we know, our lines and planes must be manipulated according to strict proportions —which are laws. These laws represent the interplay of number. For "All is Number."

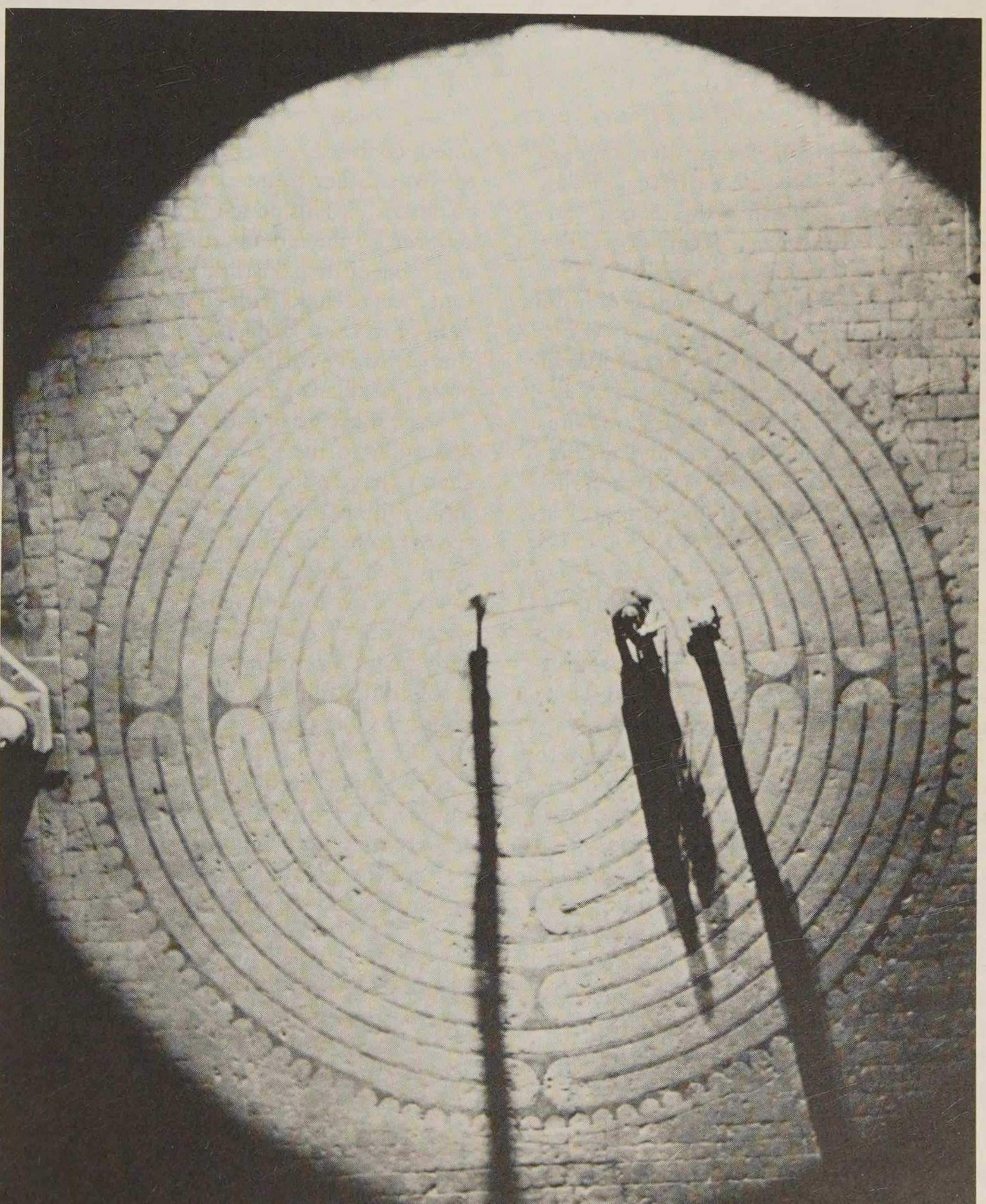
It was Greece that first began talking about these mystical truths in the rational, philosophical language of the day. The older, probably wiser civilizations of Egypt, Sumer, India, and China only hinted at them in religious invocations, but *put them to work* in their art, architecture, mythology; and in their sacred dances. This makes sense, since it is not, and cannot be the intellect that understands unity, but that faculty which Schwaller de Lubicz calls "The Intelligence of the Heart." The mind operates through dualizing. By analysis and reduction the mind can, finally, recognize its own limitations and assent to the absolute necessity of underlying unity as a philosophical concept. Recognition of the many is contingent upon the existence of the One; change has meaning only because there must be rest, or non-change. To create the circle, the compass (symbol par excellence of dualizing power) must keep its one arm planted in the still center, the still source, while the other moves. The aim of all initiatic traditions is to find the way back through bewildering multiplicity to the unity of the source. Reason and analysis are but minimally useful in such a quest. We can study music, commit to memory all the laws of harmony and composition, say with justice in the end that we know about music; but to understand it, we must hear it. That faculty which "understands" is not intellect; understanding must be *evoked.*

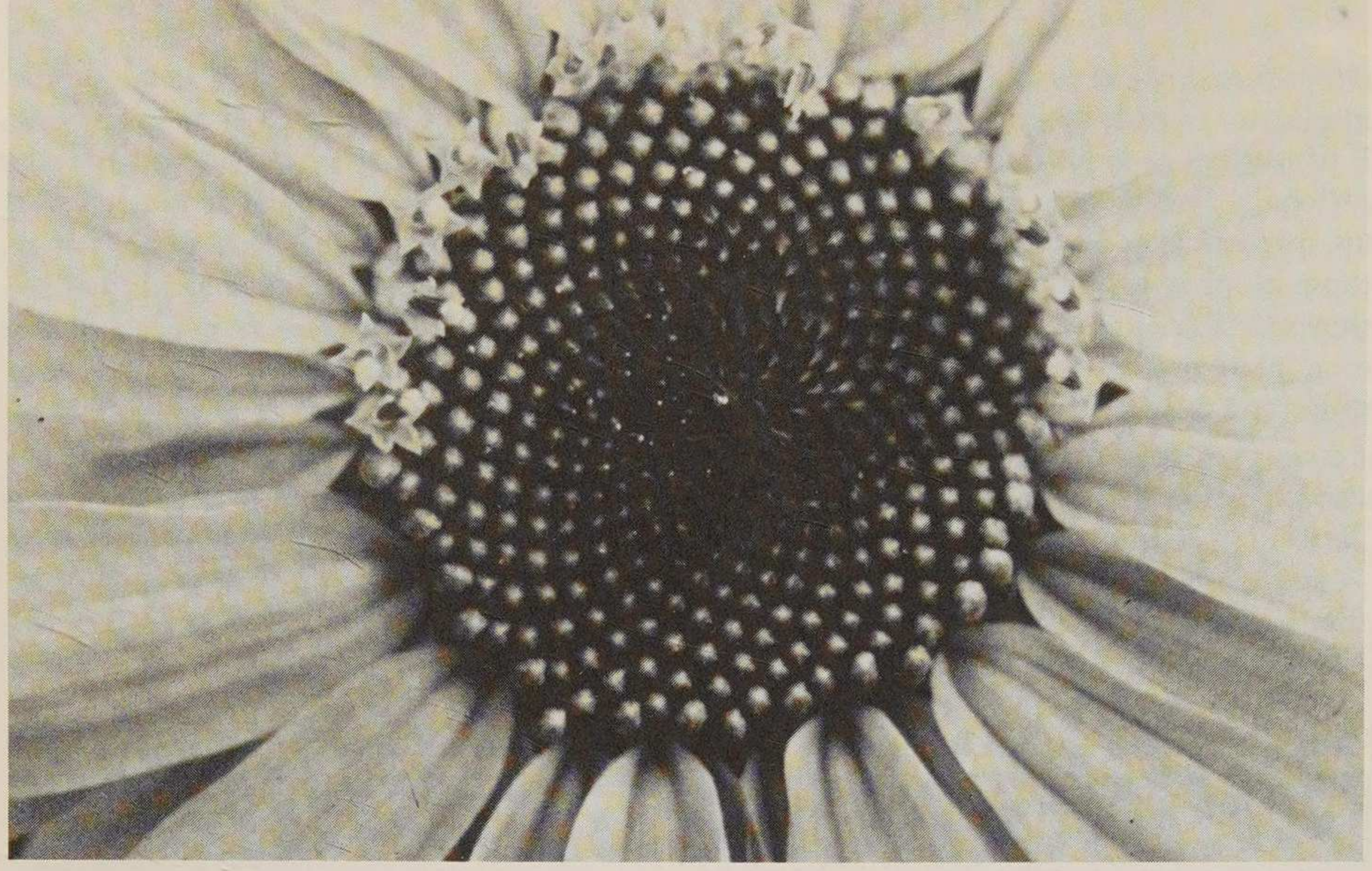
We do not know how the ancient sages explained their scientific mysticism to each other and handed it down. It is made manifest in art, architecture, music, dance, and ritual that is intended *only* to evoke. Perhaps, for them, explanation was unnecessary. But for us Westerners, with our

irrepressible urge toward skepticism and intellectual focus, evocation is not enough. If we cannot account for our insights rationally, we become frustrated, and end up distrusting or denying the validity of those insights, no matter how powerfully they may have impinged themselves (there is an intriguing instance of this in Volume 1 of Bertrand Russell's autobiography). So, since the Greeks, Western mystical philosophers have attempted to explain esoteric philosophy in a way that would satisfy both mind and heart. At best the results have been problematical. It seems to be written into the very nature of language: if it evokes it does not satisfactorily explain; if it explains it seldom evokes.

But *Reflection* exploits a medium that may justifiably be called something new under the sun (though the principle was recognized long ago. There is an Egyptian tomb painting depicting a papyrus gatherer

Walking the maze at Chartres, from Reflection





Spiral center of daisy, from Reflection

proceeding through cartoon-like stages of inner evolution, a youth in first frame, an old man in the last). In any case, film can do easily what words can scarcely do at all: simultaneously evoke and explain.

Without pomp and without pretension, *Reflection* does something that has never been done before to the best of my knowledge. It illustrates in action, for all to see, the manner in which the spiritual manifests itself in the physical; visually and aurally it dramatizes the relationships between the realms—all with their roots in number and geometry.

Point becomes line, line becomes plane, plane becomes solid. The words evoke little. Diagrams help, but the concept is still on the page. However, when the progression is shown in action on film, and the geometric shapes engendered suddenly give way to the inner structure of the atom, the unfolding of the bud in time-lapse photography, the ordered structure of the bird's nest, and the wonderful symmetries of Chartres, the unifying underlying principles become magically comprehensible.

Sand is spread randomly over a circular metal plate. The plate is set vibrating through a range of sound frequencies. As the frequencies change, the sand forms a beautiful complex geometric pattern on the plate. It dissolves as the frequency is altered; coalesces again into a different pattern at another frequency; dissolves, again coalesces...(This phenomenon was discovered by the nineteenth-century physicist and pioneer in acoustics, Ernst Chladni; the study has been developed into a fascinating field of its own, called Cymatics—the study of wave forms—by the late anthroposophist, Hans Jenny).

The message of these coalescing and dissolving forms is clear, even if the mechanics have not yet been solved. Matter has within it a resonant structure that responds to *specific* vibrational frequencies. Thus form is in some way a *result* of frequency. Audible sound is but one of a vast spectrum of frequencies, but it may rightfully be used as an apt symbol for all. And it is sound that the ancient sages used to account for Creation. "In the beginning was the Word." In Egypt, Thoth, Master of the City of Eight, creates the manifest universe out of "the words of Ra." The Word is the Creative power in innumerable mythologies.

In *Reflection* the sand patterns give way to the skeletal patterns of different species

of sea creatures. The patterns are so strikingly similar that it is almost impossible not to jump to the conclusion that analogous if not identical forces must be responsible for their existence, and by this time *Reflection* has already gone on to the rose window and maze of Chartres whose complex geometry recalls the patterns formed by the vibrating sand and printed into the primitive creatures on the sea bottom—patterns the master *vitriers* of Chartres were surely not copying from observed nature.

Critchlow calls *Reflection* a film about "origins, time and relatedness." It is just that, but the description taken out of context is misleading. It conveys nothing of the film's extraordinary emotional impact. Audiences are moved by the film, and in a real sense of the word, "enlightened." If you have spent years of study on such matters you will come out understanding in depth what before, perhaps, was merely knowledge.

Yet it is all done with the simplest pictures: of geometric patterns and their transformations, of the inner structure of atoms and minerals, of plants, animals, and of some of man's own crowning achievements —an American Indian lodge, based upon the orbits (i.e., frequencies) of the sun and moon; of Stonehenge and Chartres, and the ways in which each of these realms interacts with others. And so they must, for all are based upon identical principles—principles which have always been called "divine" but which, presumably, even atheists would be forced today to call "universal."

It happens without a moment of gush, without a single rhapsodic effusion. There isn't even the usual sonorous voice-over of the professional actor. Just Critchlow's competent, trained lecturer's voice, effective if unspectacular music, and alas, an appalling sound track...yet even *Reflection*'s shortcomings are instructive.

History is not merely cyclical, it is organic. The laws of genesis are universal and apply to everything. Individual men, plants, animals, civilizations, (by inference) the human race, solar systems, and galaxies, all are subject to the sequential stages of birth, growth, maturity, senescence, death, and renewal. To make any sense out of history it must be studied in the context of the stage it has arrived at; we cannot understand a senile old man by studying a headstrong adolescent.

So, in a neglected park full of dying oaks, it is difficult to spot the newly sprouted seedlings. But they are there (though vulnerable; they can be trampled into the ground by any wandering jackass). Under ideal conditions, of course, industrious park-keepers would be weeding out the deadwood, nurturing the seedlings and putting up fences to keep out the jackasses.

It is in the order of things, then, that millions of dollars should be readily available to produce *Jaws* and *Superman* while *Reflection* was made with a British Arts Council grant so small that when the film was done, there was only a little money left to lay on a soundtrack. Critchlow had enough for one take in an inadequate studio, and it shows.

So *Reflection* has its minor shortcomings as an artistic event, but in almost every instance these flaws are directly budget-related. Though a pioneer work, it is in no sense "experimental": an attempt whose outcome is problematical. Critchlow knew exactly what he wanted to do, and how to do it. It now remains to be seen if the lack of Hollywood technical polish will keep *Reflection* off PBS-TV and the relatively wide audience it deserves. It is a matter of some potential importance. If enough people saw *Reflection* it might add power to the move to get rid of those lazy park-keepers. With the rotten oaks cut down and the underbrush cleared out, there would be room to dance again.

John Anthony West, novelist, playwright and Pythagorean, is the co-author of The Case for Astrology. *His recent book,* Serpent in the Sky: The High Wisdom of Ancient Egypt *(Harper & Row, 1979), is a detailed examination of the work of R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz.*

Mind and Nature: A Necessary Unity
By Gregory Bateson. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1979. Pp. 320. $11.95.

Reviewed by Stewart Brand

There's no reason to assume a new book by an old scientist is going to be worth much. Most aren't—they're rambling reminiscences, or dogmatic reaffirmations of pet theories (oblivious of recent findings), or charming tea times with the grand old man in his senescence.

Gregory Bateson has ambled dangerously through a double-handful of disciplines—biology, anthropology, cybernetics, psychology, epistemology—and left them all changed by his passage, as a look through his 1972 collection, *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*, will indicate. Now at seventy-six he is demonstrating how an old man with all his faculties intact can pioneer into country inaccessible to younger minds.

Bateson's strength now is his unique combination of originality and maturity—the asking of questions which are fundamentally embarrassing but cannot be dismissed as impertinent, considering the breadth of experience and insight they emerge from.

Bateson's subject is "the pattern which connects"—exactly the sort of grand theorizing that usually falls so lamely. Not here. Bateson's method is not labeling but close observation and rigorous expanded logic—the theory of logical types adapted from Russell and Whitehead, applied to the dynamics of information in biological and cultural systems.

In what is offered in this book, the hierarchic structure of thought, which Bertrand Russell called *logical typing* will take the place of the hierarchic structure of the great chain of being and an attempt will be made to propose a sacred unity of the biosphere that will contain fewer epistemological errors than the versions of that sacred unity which the various religions of history have offered.

The point is that biology and culture are a unity. The processes of biological evolution and human learning are identical in their stochastic structure but different in logical type, and so, closely linked both by their similarity and their difference. Each contains the other.

Failure to comprehend the mind/nature unity accounts for most of humanity's present pathologies.

I do not believe that the original purpose of the rain dance was to make "it" rain. I suspect that that is a degenerate misunderstanding of a much more profound religious need: to affirm membership in what we may call the *ecological tautology*, the eternal verities of life and environment. There's always a tendency—almost a need—to vulgarize religion, to turn it into entertainment or politics or magic or "power."

If my comments sound a bit abstruse as well as abstract, I'm misrepresenting the book. It is written with fine-grained British turn-of-phrase for a general audience—the first Bateson book to attempt that and very successful at it. Many will be as rewarded by Bateson's careful equipping for travel in his new country as by the country itself.

Stewart Brand is editor/publisher of The CoEvolution Quarterly, *founder of the* Whole Earth Catalog *and author of* Two Cybernetic Frontiers *(Random House, 1973).*

The Seven Mysteries of Life: An Exploration in Science and Philosophy
By Guy Murchie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1978. Pp. *xiv* + 690. $17.95.

Reviewed by John Loudon

Authentic religion, it seems to me, is rooted in wonder and mystery: the universal ex-

perience of wonder at the fundamental mystery of existence. (It is rooted in other common experiences too, such as suffering and incompletion and the promise of salvation and wholeness, but this is hardly the place for developing such ideas.) And I think most academic philosophy of religion goes wrong by treating such experience as peripheral: instead, it asks questions which are not primary or universal (how do you prove the existence of God?; how can a good God allow evil?), and it gets answers that are artificial and parochial. But the diverse reality of traditional religious questions and answers, myths and symbols, experiences and disciplines can, I think, be traced back to the concrete mystery of the human situation. Still, even talk of mystery and wonder tends to remain—like most philosophy—abstract and disengaged, form without content.

So I am delighted to have Guy Murchie's big book. It puts ample flesh on the bare bones of philosophical speculation and, even more, is a delight for the mind, the eye (it is filled with his own charmingly instructive drawings), and the imagination. Strictly speaking, it is a work in biology, not in the narrow sense of a scientific discipline involved in dissecting frogs and peering through microscopes, but rather as a study (logos) of life (bios). Few scientists would have had the temerity to attempt such a book and even fewer philosophers the knowledge or range to pull it off. But Murchie, who seems to have been everything but an academic (pilot, newspaperman, illustrator, aerial navigator), had the dream of writing a single book about all of life and devoted seventeen years to fulfilling it.

The book has three main parts—Body, Mind, and The Seven Mysteries of Life—and the progression is from the most concrete and mundane wonders to the most sublime and speculative. Part One brims with fascinating details about the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds and about our own bodies and behavior. (Did you know that snails make love with their feet or that some creatures come in eight sexes?) Murchie's whirlwind tour makes the planet into a kind of giant zoo full of endless surprises. In Part Two he advances to the mysteries of mind: sense, intelligence, spirit. He analyzes the thirty-two senses that constitute the range of human experience—from sight to cosmic consciousness—explores the unfathomable interrelations between mind and body, matter and spirit, and delves into the workings of memory, language, and various states of consciousness. One emerges from this first half of the book with an enhanced sense of the mystery in which we are immersed always and everywhere. And in fact, I think it would be difficult not to be converted to a permanent awareness of the extraordinary nature of everything around us. Then in Part Three he organizes all this wonderment into seven basic dimensions of mystery. They are (to paraphrase his own summaries at the end of the book and on the back of the jacket): 1) abstraction: the intangible realities that control, shape, energize the tangible world (genes, mind); 2) interrelation: the ultimate connectedness of all existing things; 3) omnipresence: the pervasive continuity between life and non-life; 4) polarity: the mutuality of opposites in all existence (light-dark, male-female, good-evil); 5) transcendence: the natural progression from finite existence to infinite life beyond space and time; 6) germination: evolution with its quantum leaps, especially the emergence of self-consciousness; 7) divinity: the ultimate mystery guiding the universe, maintaining all life, and beyond all final grasping. But this list scarcely discloses the book's secrets: these dimensions are again fleshed out with many examples and drawings, and Murchie progressively builds on Parts One and Two and each succeeding "mystery."

As might be expected with such a vast undertaking, the book is not without flaws. While Murchie's vision is grand, his learning broad, his language lyrical, he can also be verbose, romantic, and preachy. To me, his hold on scientific information seemed surer than his philosophical analyses. And

toward the end, Murchie reveals his deep commitment to the Bahai religion and the teaching of its prophet Baha'u'llah: I found it disappointing for the book to build up to this questionable crescendo (he regards Bahai as "the most enlightened teaching" in modernity and the culmination of religious teaching to date) when in fact the wonders he exhibits admit of many other global interpretations. Finally, I think he may get so steeped in mysteries (plural) within existence that he tends to slight the most basic mystery of all, which Heidegger expresses as "Why is there being rather than non-being?", why is there something rather than nothing?—the wonder that one exists at all and that anything exists.

Withal, his book is rich in things to marvel at, his ideas provocative and elegantly expressed. For me, he starts in the right place, moving from natural wonder through myriad mysteries to the ultimate, embracing mystery. And, curiously enough, he ends up with something rather like a proof for the existence of God. But a proof whose truth can be experienced personally, concretely, progressively, and a God that is always more mysterious than we can know.

John Loudon is an editor at Harper & Row and a contributing editor to PARABOLA.

Toward a Philosophy of Zen Buddhism
By Toshihiko Izutsu. Tehran: Imperial Iranian Academy of Philosophy, distributed by Great Eastern Book Co., 1978. Pp. *xii* + 259. $12.50.

Reviewed by Frederick Franck

During a Symposium held at Houston's Rothko Chapel in 1975, on "Traditional Modes of Contemplation and Action," a congenial pipe-smoking Japanese, Toshihiko Izutsu, presented, almost casually, a brilliant paper on the philosophy of Zen, which all by itself made the trip to Houston worthwhile. As everyone knows by now, Zen is not a philosophy, and philosophizing about Zen may seem to be as remote as imaginable from its very spirit. Nevertheless, throughout the ages, from Dogen's thirteenth-century *Shobogenzo* to the work of twentieth-century thinkers, a wealth of writings have come to us, which —while philosophical—were also firmly rooted in the profound insight attained by Zen meditation. Professor Izutsu's new book claims an important place in these philosophical reflections on Zen. Its publication by the Imperial Iranian Academy of Philosophy with which he is now connected, after teaching Islamic Studies at McGill University, is an event that should not go unnoticed. Far from being just another work on Zen, Izutsu's book, original in the ancient Oriental sense of being "in direct contact with the Origins," may well become a classic and seems indispensable for those who have a more than superficial interest in Mahayana Buddhism. Izutsu's writing, disciplined as it is, contains that poetic element without which Zen seems inaccessible. But he is first of all the sober thinker for whom all *philosophieren* must be based on an empirical reality-experience.

Zen is indeed not a philosophy in the ordinary sense of the word, for this would imply precisely that rational, discursive thinking which Zen aims to nullify. No one could be more aware than Professor Izutsu of the distortions perpetrated by purely cerebral, intellectualistic manipulation of Zen ideas by numerous commentators who lack the experiential grasp of Zen. Zen's aversion to this *philosophieren*, to all conceptualization, rests on its insight that intellectualization muddies rather than cleanses the doors of perception. Wordiness in Zen is reduced to Silence in confrontation with, and realization of, the metaphysical Oneness of the Non-Articulated, that is to say: of Reality before it is articulated in the Ten Thousand Things. And from the contemplative depth of the Silence of the Zen-awareness of Reality emerges a particular language. In this language it speaks for instance of that Non-Articulated Ultimate both in a negative mode: as *Sunyata*, the Void, and in a positive mode: as Suchness.

This Zen language as such, according to Izutsu, is a proper subject for intellectual analysis. Zen is here reflecting upon its own nature by means of reflection on its peculiar semantics. Izutsu's thought, as succinctly presented as it is unmistakable rooted in authentic Zen experience, resists all attempts at summarizing.

This beautifully written book, free from the facile Zen-upmanship that characterizes so much writing about Zen—demands not so much to be "reviewed" as to be highly recommended for prolonged reflection and meditation.

The addition of a section on "The Interior and Exterior in Zen" which deals with calligraphy and monochromatic painting in the arts of the Far East (they were originally contributions to Eranos conferences to which Izutsu has frequently contributed), although worthy of the exceptional quality of the preceding essays, seem to have been added as an afterthought.

Frederick Franck, artist and author of The Zen of Seeing *and* Zen and Zen Classics, *is a consulting Editor to* PARABOLA. *His latest book,* The Awakened Eye, *will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in September.*

Number Our Days
By Barbara G. Myerhoff. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1978. Pp. *ix* + 306. $12.95.

Reviewed by Ricki Rosen

The culture of the aged in our modern technological society is seldom studied by anthropologists. The ways in which the elderly create coherence and community in the face of pain, loss, and dislocation can provide models not only for anthropological research, but for personal reflection.

Barbara Myerhoff has found such a model in an elderly Yiddish community, which she lovingly and lucidly documents in *Number Our Days*. She has spent four years studying this enclave of Yiddish culture on the coast of Southern California, focusing on the members and activities of one senior citizen center. Myerhoff is enchanted by the elderly Jews' intense passion for meaning, for explicating their present existence and linking it to their personal and collective past. She believes that their desperate struggle to maintain order and continuity of tradition has given them strength to survive the hardships of advanced old age.

Theirs is not a world of grandiose cultural constructs, but rather a *bricolage*, a ragged patchwork of fragments from the Yiddish culture of their childhood. These remnants of a community obliterated by the Holocaust are intricately woven into the fabric of present life. The integration of old age and childhood serves to make suffering bearable, to elevate mundane affairs, and to infuse each moment with value and spirituality.

This *bricolage* is displayed in several events which Myerhoff terms "definitional ceremonies." She describes each of these as a ritualized social drama, in which group identity and cohesion are challenged, and ultimately defined and resolved. The graduation ceremony from a Jewish History class sustains the illusion that the elders are per-

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petuating the tradition of Jewish scholarship, though in reality most of them cannot be considered truly learned. The death of a Center leader during his public birthday celebration is mythologized, so that the collective identity which he represents also becomes sanctified. Other dramas display the mechanisms for maintaining equilibrium within the Center, for preserving the elderly's only structure for shared culture and support.

Along with the collective definition achieved through ceremonies and social dramas, Myerhoff's people shape their private realities with stories. She preserves the rich and subtle texture of these stories in her verbatim transcriptions of narrative. She allows the reader to experience directly, without analytical dissection, the sense of self conveyed in what she calls *bobbemysehs* (grandmothers' tales). Selections of narrative preface each description of a social drama, providing a homiletic commentary on the themes of each event. The language is so distinctive that it gives an almost tangible shape to the people. This verbal form might be compared to the visual depiction of this culture, seen in Myerhoff's Academy Award-winning documentary film.

Myerhoff openly admits that she is not an objective observer of this culture, but rather that she strongly identifies with this need for meaning and continuity, for she will someday be "a little old Jewish lady" herself. She involves the reader in her personal quest through poignant accounts of her own grandmother, dreams which reveal her profound symbolic connection to this situation, and probing, sensitive dialogue with informants.

Some of her colleagues in anthropology may question the scientific validity of her analysis, which allows much narrative and subjective reflection to speak for itself. For instance, by emphasizing the old people's nostalgia for their Yiddish cultural roots, Myerhoff may be underestimating the factor of fifty years of acculturation to American society. In other studies of first generation Jewish immigrants, and in my own fieldwork in a very similar community in Brighton Beach, New York, this dual Yiddish/American identity has proven to be significant in the analysis of the group.

Myerhoff's lack of neutrality, however, is replaced by a sense of balance. This balance is assisted by the native cynic, Shmuel the tailor, whose voice continually guides and challenges Myerhoff's perceptions. He questions her romanticization of the works of *bricolage*, which he views as *shmattes* (rags), tattered remains of a noble Jewish tradition. Balance and theoretical validation are also provided by the excellent, extensive endnotes.

By weaving the reader into her personal as well as academic search for cultural meaning, Myerhoff has made a wonderful innovation in anthropological writing. We go beyond the analysis of the quest to sense the thrill of the discovery itself. By entering into a subjective experience of their reality, we see the elderly as more than objects of research. Thus, within a society alienated from the wisdom of its elders, we are allowed a precious moment of contact. Myerhoff leads us to look to these elderly Jews for lessons in living fully, for learning how to "number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom."

Ricki Rosen is a student of Yiddish culture at Columbia University and the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research. She is also a documentary photographer, and is currently working on a photographic ethnography of an elderly Yiddish community in New York.

Time: Rhythm and Repose
By Marie-Louise von Franz. London and New York: Thames & Hudson, 1978. Pp. 96 + 32 plates. Paper $7.95.

Reviewed by Tom Moore

For those of us who like the color illustration as much as the printed word, this new book by Marie-Louise von Franz is a favor to the eyes of sense as well as the eye of

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imagination. That is quite an achievement, considering the topic: time. In this attractively produced book, with a text of less than a hundred pages and one hundred forty-three illustrations, von Franz offers an encyclopedic survey of ways time has been imagined. She considers time among the Greeks, Indians, Hopis, Jews, Christians, Aztecs, the Chinese, and in the concepts of Einstein. The illustrations parallel these various considerations, presenting clocks, calendars, mythic images and cultic forms. This is the book's value and strength: it avoids typical rationalistic theories about time and presents time as an image.

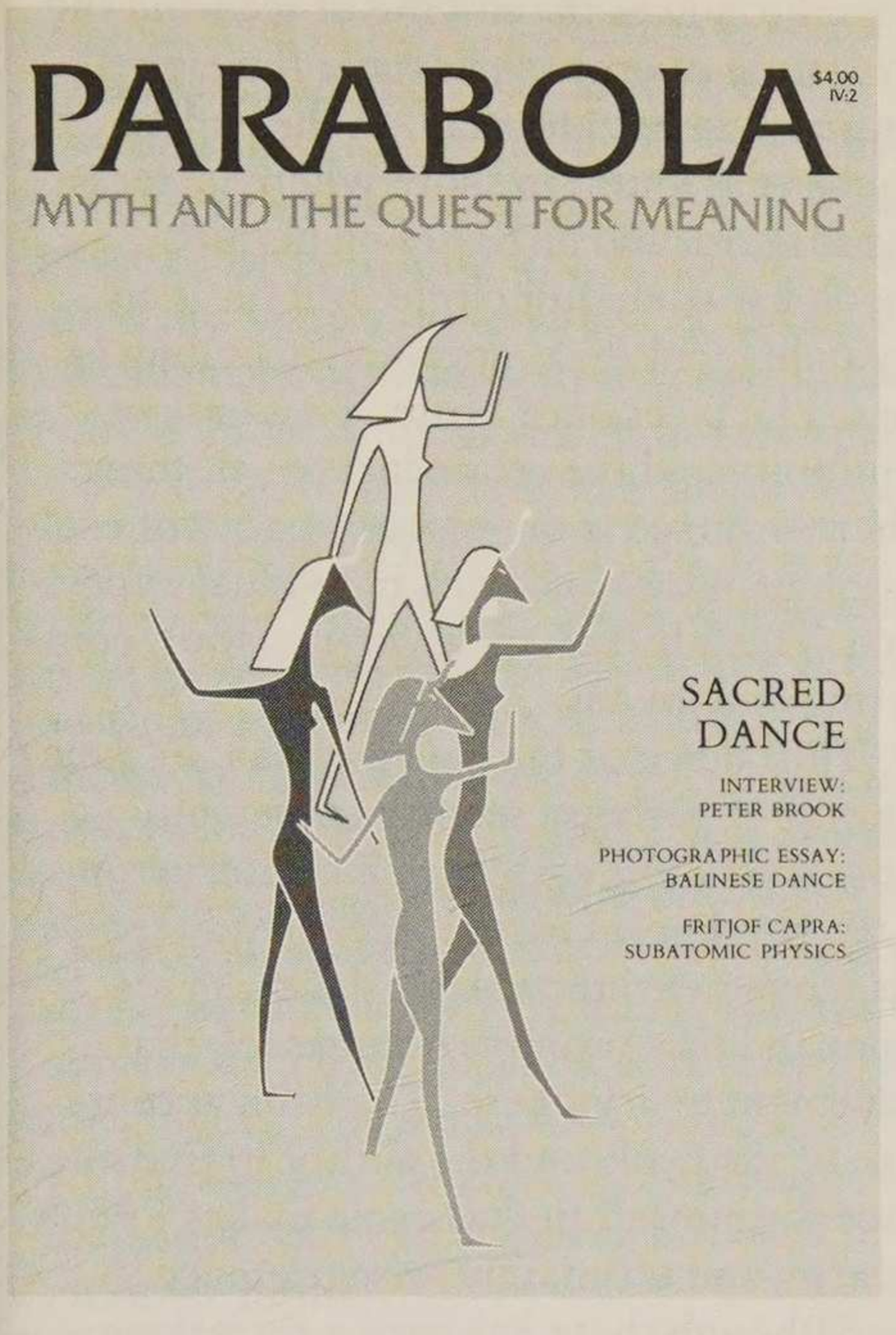
Von Franz's earlier work, *Number and Time*, covered much of the same material, and, in fact, the earlier book would be a useful source for studying the illustrations more closely. It might also help clarify many of the lacunae of von Franz's text. For here is the book's weakness: apparently, in an attempt to transform a former dense study into an accessible volume balancing text and pictures, the author has had to excise lengthy explanations and elaborations, leaving many undeveloped ideas and a rather snake-like organization of thoughts. We move through this theater of time on a spiral course.

But if you shun linear motion as much as you seek out the fresh, provocative archaic illustration, then you will find instructive and enlightening von Franz's guidance through time's hall of antiquities and new wing of ultra-modern measurement—ammonia atom and MASER clocks. She compares, for instance, the imaginal effect of time when measured by fire, as in Chinese incense clocks, or by water and sand, where time flows. She considers the *experience* of time when measured in a straight line and in a circle. In these and many other artistic representations and scientific instruments of time, von Franz focuses on time's quality, not its quantity.

In this kind of book, intended clearly more as a tour of images than a reasoned treatise, von Franz is best at pointing out what would otherwise go unnoticed and unreflected, such as the significance of clock mechanism and design—the clock as a symbol system. But when she attempts schematically to summarize her own notions of time, her presentations are less helpful. For example, she offers a diagram showing concentric circles moving from a sphere of ego-time, through aeonic time, *illud tempus* which figures in Eliade's work, and the timeless center. This sort of theorizing stands out sharply from the archaic images that fill the pages of the book and stir up fantasies about the imaginal role of time itself.

Perhaps one approaches the truly seminal and striking thought in this book when von Franz discusses the creatures that line the zodiac and the gods and goddesses whose business it is to give time character. She speaks of a "rhythm"—a procession of great mythic time periods. These seem to suggest (though von Franz does not develop this implication) that time is a vehicle for metaphor, the medium and not the message. Religion scholarship often refers to "sacred time." Perhaps von Franz's exploration of the images of time suggests that time is not made sacred by religion and myth, but that imagined in these many ways, time makes life sacred. By imagining gods, cycles of history (Joachim of Fiore), yugas and great astrological years, months of the ram and years of the tiger, we use time as a canvas for distinguishing the patterns of life.

Finally, many readers will know Marie-Louise von Franz as an explicator of Jung and an imaginative developer of Jungian thought. This book on time is not a "Jungian" study. Naturally, the author refers to Jung occasionally, and she discusses his theory of synchronicity in particular; but she uses Jungian jargon sparingly. She speaks to an audience broader than those acquainted with Jung's ideas and terminology; yet she brings to the study of time Jung's concern for the image. "Time," she writes in the opening sentence, "has eluded all our attempts towards a completely rational explanation." She goes on to offer a provocative *imaginal* study of this simple



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yet elusive, mysterious dimension of human experience.

Tom Moore is assistant professor of Psychology and Myth in the Department of Religious Studies at Southern Methodist University.

The Dancing Man
Story and pictures by Ruth Bornstein. New York: A Clarion Book/The Seabury Press, 1978. Pp. 32. Paper $6.95.

Reviewed by Susan Bergholz

One doesn't often encounter the singularity of style and execution that is contained in *The Dancing Man*—even in the world of wonder so often captured in childrens' books. Ruth Bornstein has told her tale of the Dancing Man in sparse words and illustrated it with strong, clean pencil sketches. Yet this eternal narrative of living, growing up and growing old, and giving others the "gift" to do the same is rich and full; at the end one has seen an entire world, crowded with lively people and changing nature that seems to have been painted in bright colors. Somehow Bornstein has left space for the reader to participate in the rhythms of this particular world that this story describes.

The tale tells of an orphan, Joseph, whose life is hard.

But Joseph saw all around him the world danced.

Fire danced in the hearth. Trees waved with the wind.
Clouds danced in the sky.
Even the sun and the moon moved across the heavens.
When his work was done, Joseph ran to the shore
and felt in his bones how the waves danced in the sea.
And Joseph longed to move, to sway, to dance with the world.

And with the gift of a pair of sliver slippers —the secret—from an old Dancing Man, he eventually sets off to do just that. He dances flowers, he dances rats scuttling under carts, he dances the sun, he dances frogs, he dances the sowing of seed and the harvesting of crops: he dances the eternal return of nature and man. In the end he reaches the southern shore where he sees a small figure, and he passes on his gift. Joseph has come full circle. But his is an expanding circle, as open and unending as the sea he faces once again. The sense of continuity and the relatedness of all things is here—but so is the unique quality of each season in nature and each individual experience. The tale is magical, mysterious, comforting and joyous.

The choice of the dancing man, or dancing master perhaps, seems wonderfully apt—beginning with Joseph's observation of the rhythms of nature. He already senses this movement, the cosmic dance, in his bones and that prompts him to seek that movement everywhere. The calm acceptance of the cycle and the ability to find a place for himself in that cycle makes Joseph a warm, and ultimately wise presence.

Although there has been a refreshing return to "the well" recently for many ancient and classic tales, many of these retellings are often mis-told, gaudily illustrated in a kind of pseudo-medieval style and stripped of their symbolic subtlety by writers who are trying to up-date, complicate or re-evaluate ancient truths. However, *The Dancing Man* transcends much of the confusion of commercial publishing. The telling here is pure and uncluttered. Bornstein is in touch with genuine folk *art*, and the tale is moving and satisfying. (Reports are in from readers ages 6, 8, 10, 23, 34, and 43). This book is the magic that makes "the story," that amazing phenomenon that has no age restrictions whatsoever.

Susan Bergholz is managing editor of PARABOLA.

The Soul of Mbira: Music and Traditions of the Shona People of Zimbabwe
By Paul F. Berliner. Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1978. Pp. *xx*+280. $17.50.

Reviewed by David B. Reck

To most of us in Europe and the Americas, the *mbira*—known through condescending misnomers like "thumb piano" or "sansa"—

is something of a toy, a tourist item with a pleasant sound akin to a music box, an instrument which, as one music store advertises, "gives your ensemble a truly African sound...has no wrong notes...can be mastered in a matter of minutes." Amid such misconceptions, Paul Berliner's brilliant book does much to set the record straight.

Within the culture of the Shona people of Zimbabwe (or, Rhodesia) the mbira is an instrument with mythological origins and with magical properties which connect the world of the living with the spirit world of ancestors. The instrument itself—Berliner concentrates upon only one of several types of mbira: the *mbira dzavadzimu*—usually has twenty-two carefully tuned spatulate keys set in two manuals and spanning several octaves which are plucked with thumbs and forefingers. The mounted keyboard is set within a large calabash which reflects the sound not out to an audience but back to the musician himself.

This latter fact is an important one. Because of its acoustical qualities the mbira reflects back to the musician a music that *sounds* much more complex than that which the fingers are producing. The mbira thus "speaks back" to the performer, suggesting new melodies for the voice or new variations for the player. The Shona musician views his mbira with awe and reverence. During performance it can bring the musician to tears by its "deepness"; or it can bring comfort or a joy that is "like flying." If neglected, the mbira may call to its master in the middle of the night. The mbira and its music can also help cause rain (or calm storms), bring general well-being, and protect people even from bullets.

The legend of the medium, Pasipamire, illustrates the magical power of the mbira. During a famous nineteenth-century battle between the Shona and the Ndebele, Pasipamire was possessed by the principal Shona spirit, Chaminuka. Playing the mbira, the medium was "enveloped and sealed off in a protective world of sound," making the

Photographs by Peter Kaufmann, Deu-Fra

weapons of his enemies ineffectual. He was the only Shona survivor of this battle.

The *mbira dzavadzimu*'s mystical connection to the world of Shona ancestral spirits accounts for much of its power. Many of the spirits—especially the great Chaminuka—are known to be mbira players. They often appear to musicians in dreams to encourage them or even to teach new compositions. It is considered prestigious to have learned a piece of music from a spirit in a dream.

The mbira plays a central role in the religious ceremony for ancestral spirits, the *bira*. In Shona religious belief, the spirits of the dead continue to influence the lives of the living, often capriciously. If an illness occurs, and if traditional herbal medicine proves ineffectual, the family of the afflicted may decide upon a *bira*, and a professional *svikiro*, or spirit medium, is hired. The ceremony—done in a ritual roundhouse—lasts all night, and culminates with the possession of the medium and of the afflicted by one or more spirits. The mbira, its music, and musicians are central to the ritual. Berliner states that: "In the context of the *bira*, the people believe the mbira to have the power to project its sound to the heavens, bridging the world of the living and the world of the spirits." The musicians and their mbira music, it is believed, actually "draw spirits down to earth to possess mediums." Once possessing a human form, a spirit may, in fact, engage in an interplay with the musicians, offering criticism and suggestions or even requesting specific tunes, his own favorites. Consultations with the possessed medium, music and dance, fill the communal journey through the night until the *bira* ends at sunrise the next day.

The more technical sections of Berliner's book may at first seem too complicated for the casual reader. But all the musical selections are keyed to Berliner's field recordings available on Nonesuch records (*The Soul of Mbira* and *Shona Mbira Music*). It is important that they are there, because they illustrate the fact that Shona mbira music in its beauty, subtlety, and virtuosity demands the same kind of respect which we might hold for any other classical music.

But the less musically-oriented reader will also find much to captivate his interest: the myths and magic surrounding the instrument and its music, the numerous anecdotes and quotes drawn from the author's conversations with musicians, the ritual context, or the extended and well-thought-out chapter on singing and the poetry of the mbira. One begins to understand why mbira music itself has "a special presence," and why it gave the great spirit Chaminuka power to dream of the future and to bring about miracles, and why it made him invincible.

David B. Reck is the author of Music of the Whole Earth *(Charles Scribner's Sons, 1977). He is a performer on the South Indian* veena, *a housebuilder, and assistant professor of music at Amherst College.*

Serpent in the Sky:
The High Wisdom of Ancient Egypt
By John Anthony West. New York: Harper & Row, 1979. Pp. 240. $18.95.

Reviewed by Roger Lipsey and Kathryn C. Weld

The subject is great; the book is marred. Enough of importance is well-presented to suggest a sympathetic review; more than enough is mean and short-sighted, suggesting the need for a classic boil. Whereupon the court's psychiatric witness intervenes, pleading that the author-defendant as a modern man could do no other and must be accorded leniency.

Serpent in the Sky is the first exposition and defense in English of the revolutionary Egyptological studies made by the Alsatian scholar, R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz, and his research team. Their work, performed on-site, particularly at Luxor in the years 1937-1951, was crowned in 1957 by the publication of *Le Temple de l'Homme*, a massive documentation and interpretation of the Great Temple at Luxor, so difficult intellectually (and expensive) that the authors published an introduction to the findings which circu-

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THE NATURE OF REALITY
DAWNING OF A NEW PARADIGM

lated quite widely, at least in France, among people interested in traditional thought. This book was followed by numerous less extensive ones dealing with various aspects of Egyptian thought, some of which have already appeared in English. Far from least among these is *Her-Bak*, a unique and immensely winning book in two parts, in which Isha Schwaller de Lubicz, the scholar's wife, presents in the form of a novel the education of an Ancient Egyptian priest from boyhood to maturity. Both the content and the tone of this novel are enough to guarantee the incomparably more erudite and taxing source work on which it draws, namely, the research of the Schwaller de Lubicz colleagues.

West writes:

> Schwaller de Lubicz was able to prove that all that is accepted as dogma concerning Egypt (and ancient civilization in general) is wrong, or hopelessly inadequate; his work overthrows or undermines virtually every currently-cherished belief regarding man's history, and the 'evolution' of civilization.
>
> Egyptian science, medicine, mathematics, and astronomy were all of an exponentially higher order of refinement and sophistication than modern scholars will acknowledge. The whole of Egyptian civilization was based upon a complete and precise understanding of universal laws...In other words, it was exactly the opposite of what we find in the world today.

Regarding the Temple at Luxor itself, West should also be quoted:

> The Temple tells, in stone, in its proportions and harmonies, its art and sculpture, the story of the creation of man; it signals his development, stage by stage, and it recreates in artistic form man's relationship to the universe.

Both his general statement of the scope of Schwaller de Lubicz's work and the précis of the Temple program promise the reader just what is to be found in Schwaller de Lubicz's own writings: one of the great, comprehensive statements of ancient wisdom, decoded from a complex work of sacred art and architecture, related as always to similar monuments of the ancient and medieval worlds and yet unique in many respects. To provide an accessible introduction to the technicalities of Schwaller de Lubicz's thought is a praiseworthy aim, particularly in view of the indifference and opposition with which this body of findings has been met, according to West, in scholarly circles; it is not in books by standard authors on Egypt that one will come across the necessary summaries and evaluations. West performs this part of his task effectively, sending the reader on, well-informed, to the canon of direct Schwaller de Lubicz writings. In addition, the account of his own search for archaeological and geological signs that Ancient Egypt was in fact heir to a great precedent culture, an "Atlantis," makes absorbing reading.

The devisers of great syntheses in modern times—syntheses that radically reject modern values and bear witness to a timeless wisdom—were generally tough. Some have been able to laugh at modern "culture" as well as subject it to mercilessly serious criticism; others added to their basic work a lyrical mode that persuades by sheer loveliness; still others just ignored the ignorant murmurs, or met them point by point in tireless dialectic. But they were tough, and they knew whereof they spoke. Schwaller de Lubicz was one of them. Second- and third-generation would-be expositors of these bodies of knowledge, who know their value and know also that their diffusion in our culture is still more limited than makes sense, face a difficult task for which truly unusual maturity must be the first prerequisite. Among the dangers that threaten the enterprise are two that West's book demonstrates all too well: casual and often ill-informed mockery of modern culture, casual praise of all things ancient or elsewhere.

In illustration, let us look at West's treatment of modern mathematics, which he opposes to an understanding that he describes as Pythagorean, to be found both in Greek tradition and in its antecedent but highly developed form in Ancient Egypt. One of the authors of this review, a mathe-

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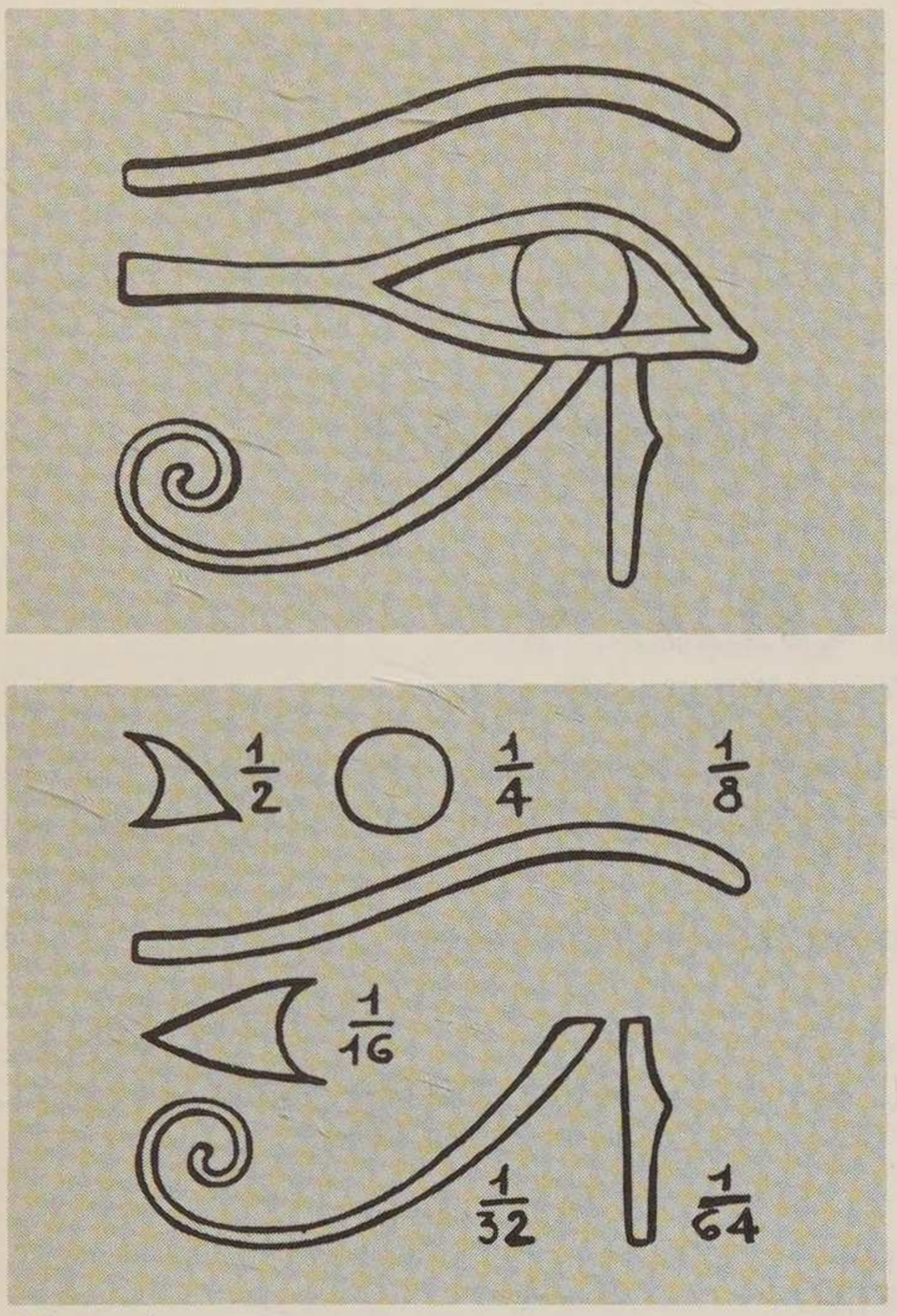


Figure 1

matician, will address some of the problems raised.

What is the role of mathematics for one interested in metaphysics? Number mysticism is mysticism, not mathematics; West confuses the two. In his crusade against modern mathematics, he rails against such "abstractions" as zero, infinity, and $\sqrt{-1}$, "corresponding to nothing in reality." On the other hand, when it suits him he makes use of some of the same abstractions, as for example in a beautiful explanation of the diagram of the eye in Ancient Egyptian symbology (fig. 1). Each part of the diagram is the glyph for a fraction, the entire diagram representing the fractions 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, and 1/64. Their sum is 63/64; if we continue to add terms of this type, namely $1/2^n$, where the exponent n = 1, 2, 3..., the sum of any finite number of terms is always less than but approaching 1, which

represents unity. The point so demonstrated is that analytical perception never captures the whole. At "infinity," however, the sum *is* equal to 1, a notion made precise by calculus and having analogic content here when we think of infinity as the Absolute.

There can be no mathematical analogy without mathematics, nor a correct analogy without a correct mathematics. In order to make symbolic use of a mathematical idea such as infinity, one must know precisely what is meant mathematically by the term. West criticizes abstraction in modern mathematics, but it is this abstraction that permits the mathematician to be precise about such ideas as zero, $\sqrt{-1}$, and so on, and in turn it is the precision of mathematics as well as its structural content that make it of such value to the analogist. It is not in the material world that we desire these ideas to correspond to something tangible, but in the metaphysical world. To borrow from the language of set theory, we do not demand literal equality, as in the sense $5 = 2 + 3$, but equality of the type appropriate to the realm in which we are working.

Egyptian culture stands as a remarkable model of how knowledge invested with analogic meaning could be a support and a reminder for individuals undertaking the search for truth. It is nonetheless incumbent upon us to uncover the ideas within the twentieth-century world of shrill disharmonies that might sustain such a search. The modern mathematics ridiculed by West could be a source of such ideas—and would have been of passionate interest to Pythagoras.

It can be said in defense of West's attacks on modern mathematics, art-historical scholarship, astrophysical accomplishments, analytical bent, etc., that there is *some* justice in *some* of his remarks, and much justice in some. We personally have deeper sympathy for modern persons who grip onto the existing disciplines of thought, with all their lacunae, intending to make of

them something more, in a small way at least, than they are now, and finding nourishment for their efforts in the great syntheses of wisdom exemplified by Schwaller de Lubicz's work.

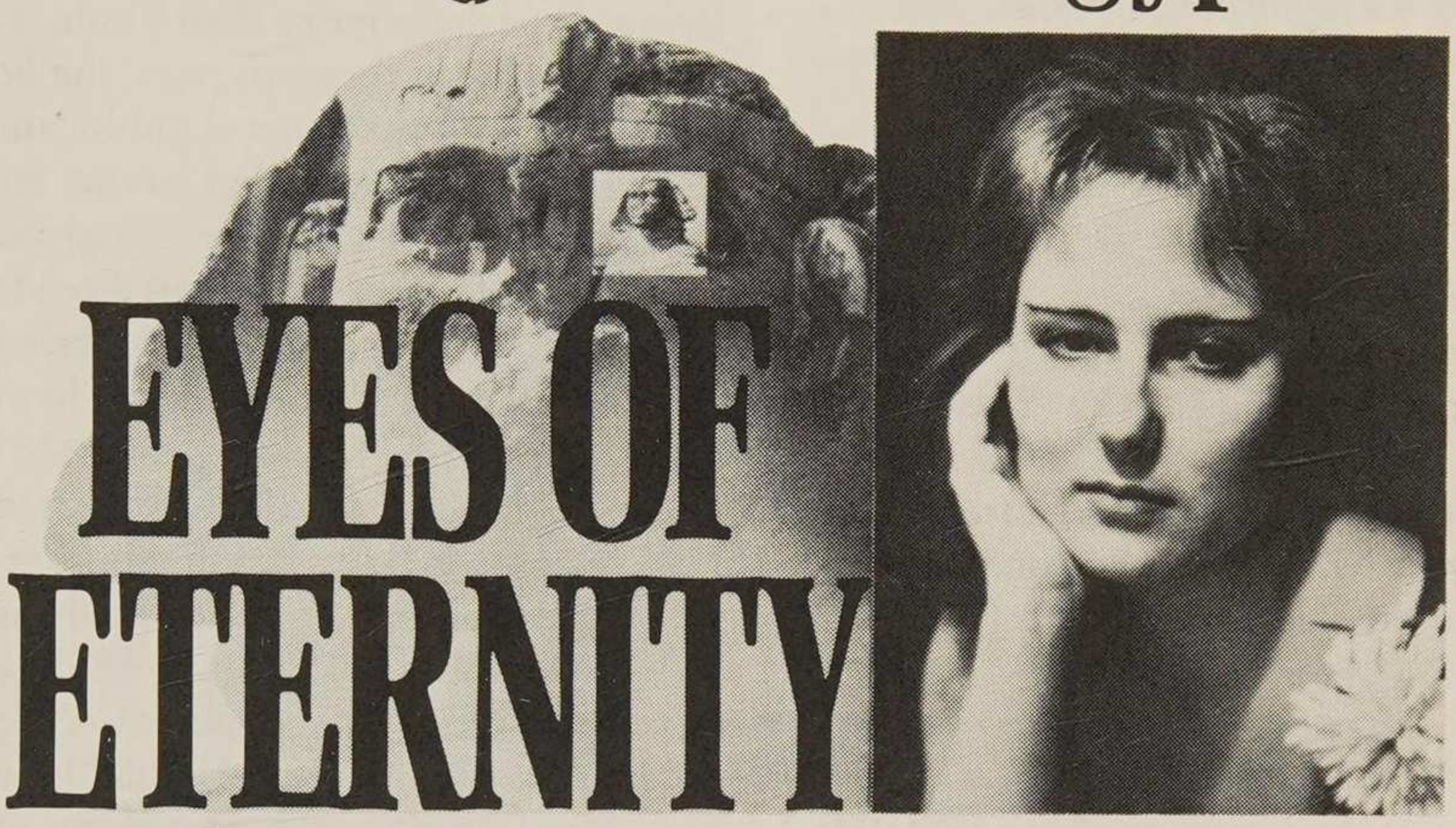
In some phases of his development of themes in Schwaller de Lubicz, West reveals a modern temperament thriving alongside the traditional. This is not a matter for fastidious wrist-slapping: it would obviously be so, and West is fundamentally modest about the aims of his book—he writes forcefully and polemically, sacrificing perhaps too much the nuances that quiet reflection brings, but no polemicist worth his salt really expects to be pure. However, his mishandling, in our view, of the increasingly well-known idea that certain ancient artists were somehow expertly in control of their effects bears examination. West writes:

> ...in ancient civilizations, a class of initiates had precise knowledge of harmonic laws. They knew how to manipulate them to create the precise effects they wanted. And they wrote this knowledge into architecture, art, music, paintings, rituals and incenses, producing Gothic cathedrals, vast Hindu temples, all the marvels of Egypt and many other sacred ancient works that even today, in ruins, produce a powerful effect upon us. This effect is produced because these men knew exactly what they were doing and why they were doing it: it was done entirely through a complex of sensory manipulation.

The term that rings oddly in this passage is "manipulation": can it be a correct representation of the aims and means of the most venerable artist-initiates? The current use of this term in such contexts as commercial advertising and political propaganda should be enough to warn one away from it, but even if West is following the deep and truly honorable impulse of the writer to restore the ancient meaning of abused words, he has adopted here a word that goes back no further than the eighteenth century, when it designated silver-mining techniques, and the nineteenth century, when it described the handling of apparatus in the chemistry laboratory (*Oxford English Dictionary*). We are not being pedantic, only making use of a bit of pedantry to accent the point. The ancient artist-initiates surely suffered like men for their knowledge, experimented like men for their means, developed extraordinary skill and sensitivity through combat with the weakness and obtuseness in themselves as in us all; and they surely acted, when the time came to build, carve, paint, and weave, with an exemplary sense of compassion born of their struggles, that had nothing whatever to do with "manipulation." They were the first to fall under the spell of the works that came from them. The modern tendency to set the artist-initiates of the past apart, as inimitable singularities who operate upon us, results as much from a paralyzing sense of inferiority as from the kind of love that seeks to follow humbly where they have gone.

Serpent in the Sky is absorbing on two counts: as an introduction to Schwaller de

A woman's personal journey through eternal Egypt...



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Lubicz, as intended; and as a document in the modern struggle—sometimes blind, sometimes sighted, too often both—to incorporate ancient knowledge where it is needed by this century, which many of us love considerably more than we let on.

Roger Lipsey is a contributing editor to PARABOLA; *Kathryn C. Weld is doing doctoral research in mathematics at City University of New York.*

The Vanishing People:
Fairy Lore and Legends
By Katharine M. Briggs. New York: Pantheon Books, 1978. Pp. 218. $8.95.
The Fairies in Tradition and Literature
By Katharine M. Briggs. London, Henley and Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1977. Pp. *x* + 261. Paper $6.50.

Reviewed by Kenneth S. Goldstein

The author of these two works should probably be called "The Fairy Lady." Katharine Briggs has been a leading figure in bringing the world of fairy folk and lore to the attention of the general public—and scholars, too—in the real knowledge that such information, or belief, should not be restricted to rural peoples and children. From her earliest venture into the magic realm of the little people, in *The Personnel of Fairyland* (Oxford: Alden Press, 1953), to her *Dictionary of Fairies* (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1977) and now to *The Vanishing People,* Dr. Briggs has spent a lifetime of study in this favorite of all her folklore interests (she is a past-president of The Folklore Society in England and much honored in scholarly folklore circles in America and Europe).

I have no idea whether it was intentional, but I suspect Dr. Briggs knew just what she was doing when she devoted exactly thirteen chapters to such diverse but related topics as "The Supernatural Passage of Time," the kinds of fairies ("The Trooping Fairies," "House Spirits," and "Nature Fairies"), "Captives in Fairyland," and "Fairy Dealings with Mortals." Each of these, and the remaining chapters, are illustrated with legends collected over several centuries by leading fairy lore scholars, mainly from the British Isles and Ireland. Her coverage is extraordinarily comprehensive, especially considering the relatively small number of pages into which it is all compressed.

Charmingly written, with a verve and a taste for the subject which suggests Dr. Briggs is perhaps more than a cold, calculating scholar in these matters, the book is a delight to both the general public and the academic reader. Included, as one would expect from such a scholar, is a glossary, notes and references, a selected reading list (which, with typical Briggs' humility, includes only *one* title from among her own many volumes on folklore), and tale type and motif indexes for the folktale scholar. Dr. Briggs is to be applauded for her conviction that books can be scholarly and serve the public, too, with no condescension or pandering to either group of readers.

In *The Fairies in Tradition and Literature* we have a welcome paperback reprint of Dr. Briggs' 1967 volume in which she gives a detailed review of fairy lore, with emphasis on the traffic between humans and fairies, followed by a most learned discourse on fairies in literature, with major coverage given to the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries (in *The Anatomy of Puck,* London, 1959, Dr. Briggs covered the use of fairy lore in the literature of earlier centuries.) Of interest to both literary scholars and folklorists (and, I suspect, to anthropologists, too), there is less here to interest the general public. But it is not so much that these two books are intended for different audiences; rather, the author has continued to find new perspectives and new directions for her consuming interest in the subject she did so much to revive in the second half of the twentieth century.

There is no doubt in this reviewer's mind that she is "the foremost living scholar" in matters concerning "the vanishing people." But tell us, Dr. Briggs, do you personally believe in fairy folk? (At least

one scholar who researched such matters—Evans Wentz—did.) Those of us who have been fortunate enough to spend time with her in the magic of her home and her library would probably be willing to gamble they know the answer.

Kenneth Goldstein is Graduate Chairman and Professor of Folklore and Folklife at the University of Pennsylvania.

Lifetide:
A Biology of the Unconscious
By Lyall Watson. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1979. $10.95.

Reviewed by James George

Is our world, whether cell or cosmos, more like a machine or a thought? Is life explainable more in terms of mechanics or consciousness?

In his latest excursion into explaining scientific esotericism to a lay public, the answer given by Lyall Watson is both. This is daring enough, coming from a professional biologist, brought up on Darwinian orthodoxies. It takes courage to espouse new paradigms which recognize that mere chance, without some conscious or volitional "collusion," could never, in a billion million years, produce even one insulin molecule or account for the behavior of wasps who manage—against all the odds—to paralyze tarantulas in which to incubate their larvae. The mystery (for Watson) can neither be resolved in a theological "heaven" nor brushed under the rug of science as currently conceived, though with an evident discomfort, by most scientists today. Life is so much greater than our ability to understand it.

Lifetide is a book that explores life and its mystery further, and with greater conceptual boldness, than most scientists would wish to go in public. If the Vaticans of science have their problems, the conclaves to discuss them should be secret. Or so most scientists seem to think. Watson is orthodox enough never to yield to what he would consider an irrational mysticism but radical enough to apply all his considerable talent

for simplicity and clarity to helping the public share in the dilemmas and paradoxes of the hierarchy. The result is exciting and stimulating reading, opening new visions of reality, new ways of looking at our world across the immense scales of time and space that the latest scientific speculations are opening up for those who can understand them.

As the physicist Fritjof Capra has pointed out in *The Tao of Physics,* such speculations are pointing, as if by surprise, towards the same conclusions about the nature of reality as were formulated many centuries ago by the great traditions and myths of mankind.

This "co-incidence" Watson would see primarily as the working of the Jungian "collective unconscious." But the mystery is not going to yield its ultimate secrets by clothing it in a new, or not-so-new phrase. What is conscious of that "collective" of which we are, for the most part at least, unconscious? I am aware that I have a body; but can I say that I am conscious of the cells of my body? Are we part of a greater, in the sense of more conscious, *whole* which may be no more conscious of *us* than we are of our brain cells? Is that the meaning today of collective unconscious?

In this double bind, Watson falls back on what he calls the "Catch-22 of Consciousness," quoting Emerson Pugh: "If the human brain were so simple that we could understand it, we would be so simple that we couldn't." Which is a little like one of our Eastern gurus saying, "If you haven't had the experience of meditation you can't understand my teaching; but without the teaching you won't get far in meditation." Fortunately the flight of Zeno's arrow is not stopped by its logical impossibility, or there would be no chance of a real transformation of consciousness, whether through the evolutionary pressures of the millennia or through the quicker paths offered by those who claim to hold the keys to our in-

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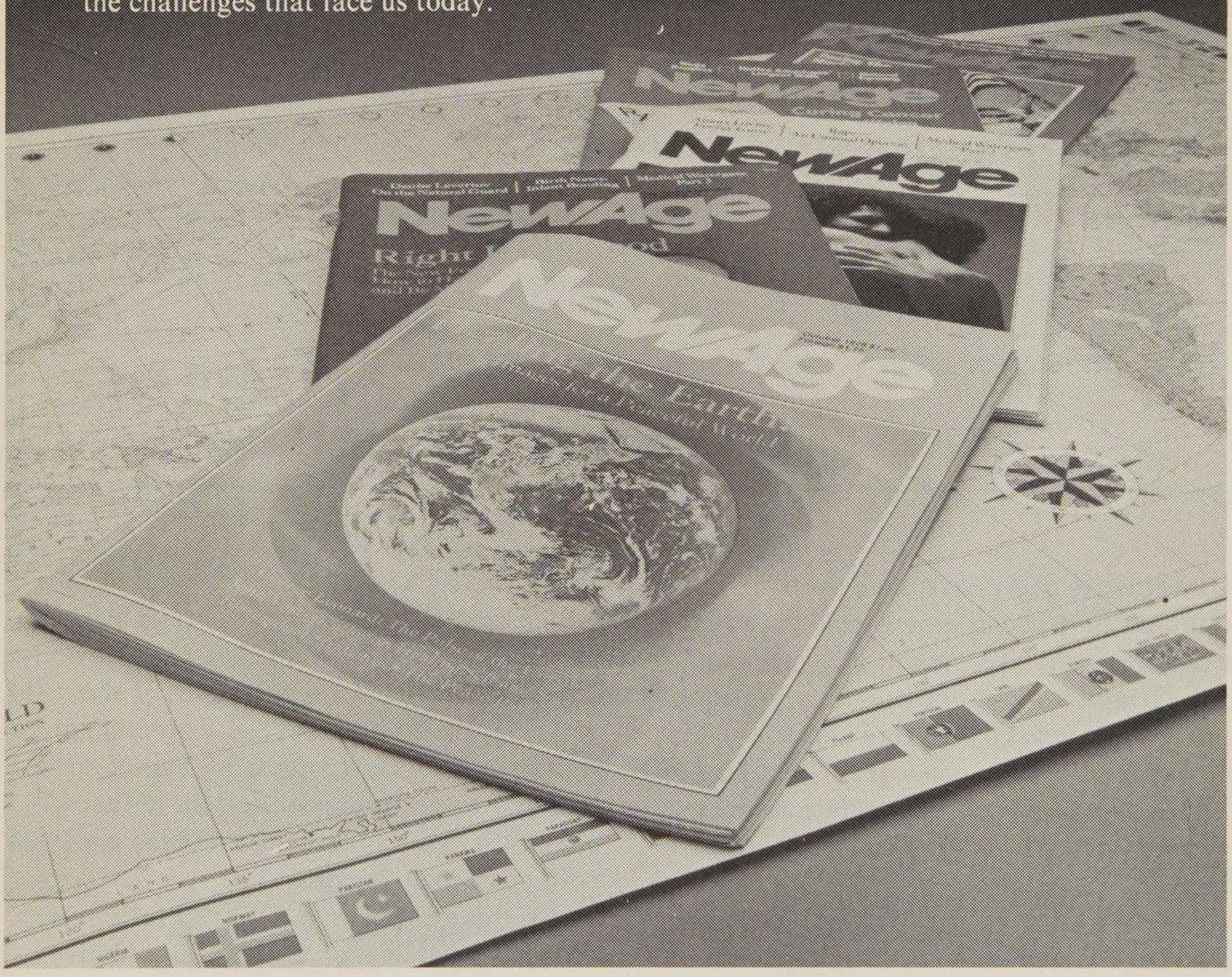

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ner kingdom. Only the former are Lyall Watson's concern as a biologist. For him Nature or Life is *the* Teacher. And he offers fascinating evidence of Her ingenuity as the master programmer—what the Tibetans would call "Wisdom married to Skillful Means." Though he has no pretensions to be a metaphysician, Watson clearly strives for an understanding of biological wholeness that as far as possible unites mechanistic and vitalist insights. In this, he is in the modern tradition of the great American poet-doctor, Lewis Thomas (*Lives of a Cell*). There may be no "ghost in the machine"; but it is certainly not "just a machine" either. In place of the "ghost," Watson posits a "contingent system, which we may be able to explain through the particularities of organelles and cell communities, but which we will never understand until we can see the biosphere in its entirety." In another time, when different terms were in vogue, that might have been called "seeing God face to face." At any rate, it is the vision of wholeness that we begin to recognize as the only cure for our current fragmentation and consequent alienation—scientific, social and personal.

So the author of *Supernature* has come to the superconscious—almost. But he prefers to call it a cosmic "tidal system" of intelligence to which "we and the planthopper and the baby swallow all have direct access... because we are reflections in its pool." Rumi in modern dress. "Harken to the reed," and its anguish when separated from the river bed, as the Sufi master put it.

With his talent for judicious provocation, Watson tries, as he says, "in effect to set myself up as God's Analyst and explore the possibility, and the advisability, of releasing the repressed forces of the tide of life and turning them to our conscious advantage." Although the tongue-in-cheek presumption is obvious, it seems strange that his holistic sweep does not include more than a passing reference to meditation and consciousness-transforming techniques, and no reference at all to the effects of drugs on consciousness. Are there some areas of today's human experience off-limits even to God's Analyst? Or is he, like Carlos Castaneda, saving that for his next best seller?

James George, now the Director of the Threshold Foundation, an international organization based in Switzerland, has been the Canadian Ambassador to India, Sri Lanka, Nepal, Kuwait, and Iran.

Taoism: The Road to Immortality
By John Blofeld. Boulder & London: Shambhala, 1979. Pp. *ix* + 195. Paper $4.95.

Reviewed by Dennis Lewis

In *Taoism: The Road to Immortality*, John Blofeld takes us through the hills and vales of Taoism, where we breathe the rarefied air of this mysterious five thousand-year-old tradition and share in the vitality of its folklore, poetry, alchemy, and discipline.

Many of us, wary of the dogmatic trappings and catchwords of the so-called new religions, have felt the call to a more honest, spontaneous way of life in harmony with universal laws. Conscious of the computer's shadow in our lives, we have pondered the demise of poetry and serenity in our search for truth.

As Blofeld writes: "A mind fed on words such as heaven, earth, dew, essence, cinnabar, moonlight, stillness, jade, pearl, cedar, and winter plum is likely to have a serenity not to be found in minds ringing with the vocabulary of the present age—computer, tractor, jumbo jet, speedball, pop, dollar, liquidation, napalm, overkill! Who would thrill at the prospect of rocketing to the moon in a billion-dollar spacecraft if he knew how to summon a shimmering gold and scarlet dragon at any time of the day or night and soar among the stars?"

Yet here we are amid the clatter of progress, unable for the most part to touch a stillness that could remind us of how very much is at stake. For the Taoist, what is at stake is both the present and the future: the present, because harmony with natural laws is what can bring us real meaning and happiness; and the future because a return to the source—the possibility of immortality—is our birthright.

The Taoists believe that our bodies and the universe are permeated with three energies resulting from combinations of heavenly yin and earthly yang: *ching* (essence), *ch'i* (vitality), and *shen* (spirit). They also believe that these energies can be transformed into a "spirit body" capable of uniting with the Source, thereby achieving immortality.

"Most people hold either that death is final or that immortality is thrust upon us willy-nilly," writes Bolfeld, "whereas the...Taoists, who are inclined to accept the traditional belief that man has two souls—the *p'o* that lingers near the corpse sharing its disintegration and the *hun* which enjoys a longer but not limitless existence in the upper regions—hold immortality to be a dazzling prize demanding unremitting effort."

While some of the methods of transformation may be dangerous—such as compounding and drinking special elixirs or participating in sexual practices to blend the male and female essences and concentrate them for the benefit of one of the partners—the majority of the methods, at least on the higher levels of the tradition, are rooted in "stillness." According to Blofeld, this is not a stillness which suppresses human feeling, but rather one that is akin to "real thought," thought that "is like light turned back upon itself."

In describing some of the alchemical and yogic methods used by the Taoists, Blofeld takes advantage of the recent publication in Chinese of a book by Chou Shao-hsien, which apparently contains the "quintessence" of the *Tao Tsang*, the Taoist Canon, consisting of 5,485 volumes. Drawing heavily on this material, Blofeld believes that his book "represents the first attempt to give an account in English of a practice which many Taoist yogins regard as the very core of their cultivation of the Way."

Blofeld writes personally, with no effort to conceal his emotional responses to the ideas and people he encounters. Unable to brook many of the popular beliefs and magical practices of Taoism, he concentrates on what he considers to be the more mystical level of the tradition, bringing them to life with Taoist stories and poetry and with his own experiences in Taoist hermitages. He also makes clear that Taoism goes back much farther than Lao Tzu—all the way back, in fact, to Huang Ti, the Yellow Emperor of China's golden age.

As discerning and informative as the book is, however, the reader may in the end be left with a vague unrest. Can Taoism, with its reliance on natural law and a poetry of the spirit, be practiced in the West today? From what Blofeld has outlined, it seems hardly a possibility, except for a few, rare individuals. Perhaps the best that most of us can hope for is to have our own search

MYTHOS SEMINARS/ AUTUMN 1979

The Lore of Shore & Sea with *Robert Bela Wilhelm*

The same sea touches all shores, bringing tales of all humanity into the harbor of our souls. Drawing on the myths and legends of sailors, pirates, pilgrims, and poets, we will explore universal archetypes that have meaning in our own lives. Jungian and Gestalt approaches will be used to ritualize these tales of the sea and the shore. *(North California Coast/September 14-16; New England Coast/October 19-21; The Gulf Coast/December 14-16).*

Images of the Good/Evil Woman with *Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty*

A seminar to explore the possible uses of mythology to formulate psychological and religious concepts about woman. Drawing on Hindu, Greek, and Irish myths, we will discuss the image of woman as it is split into good and evil aspects, but rarely re-integrated. How private and group mythologies shape our image of Woman. *(New York City/September 28-30)*

British Mythology: A Gestalt Approach to the Arthurian Legends with *Joan Bodger*

The legends of The Grail and the Round Table, the Celtic myths of Wales and Old Cornwall, the pilgrimage places of Stonehenge and Glastonbury Tor, and the characters of Arthur Pendragon, Joseph of Arimathea, and the Lady of the Lake provide the literary landscape for a search into our own personal mythology using the methods of the folktale and gestalt psychology and therapy. *(Minneapolis/October 12-14; Los Angeles/November 2-4)*

Workshop with *Diane Wolkstein*

Theme to be announced. *(Boston/October 26-28)*

Samhain: Stories for the Winter Season with *Joyce Timpanelli*

Traditionally tales are told only during the sacred season of winter, between the first day of Autumn (November 1) and the first day of Spring (May 1). This weekend will celebrate Samhain, the Celtic feast of Winter's "Coming In," as a special kind of All Hallow's Eve—or adult halloween. Drama, poetry, and storytelling, set in the early winter of the North Country. *(Minneapolis/November 9-11)*

The Art & Uses of Storytelling with *Jay O'Callahan*

A basic workshop to deepen our understanding of the many levels of folklore and fantasy, and to enhance practical storytelling skills. Guided fantasy, mask and voice techniques, small group improvisations, and movement and imagery exercises will be used to help us tell the stories within each of us. *(San Francisco/November 30-December 2)*

Metaparables: A Seminar on Jesus & Jorge Luis Borges as Storytellers with *J. Dominic Crossan*

Parables are made of glass. Some are windows through which one sees a world outside. And some are mirrors in which one sees oneself—sees oneself looking. Metaparables reveal to us how we look and how we listen, how we hear and how we read, how we perceive and how we exist. *(Houston/December 7-9)*

For Full Workshop Descriptions and Biographies of Seminar Leaders, write:

Robert Bela Wilhelm, Th.D
Mythos Institute, 865-B Onondaga Street,
Lewiston, New York 14092 (716) 754-2257

quickened by the vitality of the Taoist vision—a vision which reminds us that the goal and the way to it are somehow, mysteriously, the same.

Dennis Lewis, a freelance writer living in San Francisco, is coeditor of Sacred Tradition and Present Need *and* On the Way to Self Knowledge.

Earth Wisdom
By Dolores LaChapelle. Los Angeles: The Guild of Tutors Press, 1978. Pp. 183. Paper $9.95.

Reviewed by Peter Heinegg

The massive environmental crisis now gripping this country—and the rest of civilization—has grown out of a tangle of causes: cultural, political, technological, economic, and so on, but at bottom, we've just begun to realize, the problem is religious. That is, once people stop seeing the earth as sacred, they inevitably despoil it. There can be no conservation without ecological piety (in the original sense of the Latin *pietas:* dutifulness, loyalty, reverence), of the kind still practiced by "primitives" around the world. And the key to such piety is a sense of place, a spiritual commitment arising out of years, if not generations, of loving intimacy with the land around us. But can a nation of rootless, hyperactive nomads like America ever develop a sense of place? We like to boast about our pioneer spirit, but a pioneer, as the cowboy-painter Charles Russell reminds us, "is a man who comes to virgin country, traps off all the fur, kills off the wild meat, cuts down all the trees, grazes off all the grass, plows the roots up, and strings ten million miles of wire." At this point, with the pioneer mentality still going strong at Mobil, Exxon, Boise Cascade, and elsewhere, it looks as if only a national metanoia, a wholesale change of heart, can save the day. Luckily, something like this seems already under way, and writers like Dolores LaChapelle—a sensible, readable popularizer—both testify to its strength and contribute to its growth.

LaChapelle is, among other things, a climber and skier with many years of mountaineering experience, and she opens her book with reflections on "the relationship between the human being, the mountain and religion." Before long, however, she launches forth on an expedition through a stunning variety of collateral subjects, including the Eleusinian mysteries, the art of skiing powder snow, the effect of negative ions (abundant in mountain air) on the mind, recent research into the hemispheres of the brain, Tai Chi, yoga, Heidegger's philosophy of nature, the human life cycles, Amerindian rituals, etc., etc. LaChapelle takes this motley assortment of stuff—quotations, bits of information, summaries of books—and works it into a vast and reasonably coherent mosaic, an interdisciplinary vision of new ways, i.e., very old ways, of communing with nature. In classic American eclectic fashion she draws on every conceivable source, not to justify a theory, but to get a pragmatic job done: to show you how to "reinhabit your place."

To a great extent, this is a perfectly reasonable procedure. Our heightened ecological awareness can't be understood, or fostered, apart from the cluster of cognate forces (e.g., the rediscovery of the body, the spread of Eastern religions) which promise to reshape our lives. Hence the relevance, say, of Gregory Bateson's studies on cybernetics. He argues that the total information system of any individual compromises the human being plus his environment: "The lines between man and environment are purely artificial, fictitious lines. They are lines *across* the pathways along which information or difference is transmitted. They are not boundaries of the thinking system." Bateson is attacking the psychic isolation and fragmentation which encourage us to treat nature as so much alien "stuff," as a mere stockpile of construction material for human dreams and

desires. William Blake said something very similar to this almost two hundred years ago, when he wrote, in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,* "If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern."

LaChapelle doesn't quote Blake, but she stuffs this grab bag full of useful and sometimes memorable quotations from innumerable other seers and prophets, from Zoroaster to Aldo Leopold. Every now and then she garbles a reference or oversimplifies the facts, as when she claims that Petrarch marks a "turning point in the European attitude toward mountains and wild nature," because he climbed Mount Ventoux in Provence, simply to enjoy the view. Perhaps—except that when he reached the summit, Petrarch tells us that he pulled out a copy of Augustine's *Confessions* (from his backpack?) and read with deep compunction a passage condemning the vanity of such gadding about. Forgetting the beauty all around him, he decided, in Morris Bishop's words, that "his climb was merely an allegory of aspiration toward a better life." The truth is that it took the Romantic movement to open European eyes to the beauty of mountains.

LaChapelle makes a few more minor errors, but on the whole she's remarkably accurate, given her ambitious scope. The only radical weakness in this otherwise thoroughly satisfying compilation comes in the rituals she proposes for the enrichment of soulless bourgeois existence. She's undoubtedly right in calling for a new folk liturgy, but undoubtedly wrong in thinking that the Japanese tea ceremony or an earth goddess cult pieced together from remnants of Marian devotion (LaChapelle is an ex-Catholic) will do the job.

But, of course, her failure on this score was only to be expected. Post-modern culture urgently needs fresh and potent religious symbols, but of necessity such symbols can't come out of the suggestion box—from the random thoughts of gifted individuals. They have to emerge instead from the lived experience of an entire community, and for that we'll have to wait a while. In the meantime writers like LaChapelle perform a crucial service: by fashioning, or attempting to fashion, a new ecological religion, with its own ethics, aesthetics, and psychology, they expose the destructiveness and suicidal folly of Faustian assaults on nature. They hasten the coming of the spiritual revolution needed to liberate both the earth and ourselves as part of it.

Peter Heinegg is professor of Comparative Literature at Union College in Schenectady, New York.

PARABOLA GUIDE

The Parabola Guide appears twice yearly and offers an overview of current material which relates to myth and the quest for meaning. (These listings do not necessarily suggest editorial recommendation.)

Anthropology and Archaeology

The African Religions of Brazil. By Roger Bastide. Johns Hopkins University Press: 1978. $28.50, paper $8.95. An ethnological study that takes individuals into account.

Casting Out Anger: Religion Among the Taita of Kenya. By Grace Gredys Harris. Cambridge University Press: 1978. $19.95. An account of an East African religion during the 1950s.

Exploring Washington Archaeology. By Ruth Kirk with Richard D. Daugherty. University of Washington Press: 1978. $12.95, paper $5.95. Discoveries on the Olympic Peninsula discussed and illustrated.

The Houses of Mankind. By Colin Duly. Thames & Hudson: 1979. Paper $6.95. How tribal man has shaped his domestic space.

Mind and Nature. By Gregory Bateson. Reviewed in this issue.

Navaho Symbols of Healing. By Donald Sandner. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich: 1979. Paper $8.95. A clinical psychiatrist relates Navaho methods of healing to modern medicine.

The Once and Future Star. By George Michanowsky. Barnes & Noble: 1979. Paper $2.95. A star mystery that relates to Mesopotamian and Egyptian cultures is investigated.

The Origin of Table Manners. By Claude Lévi-Strauss. Harper & Row: 1978. $30.00. The third volume of the series, A Science of Mythology, by the structuralist anthropologist.

The Pawnee Ghost Dance Hand Game. By Alexander Lesser. University of Wisconsin Press: 1978. $6.95. Classic study, first published in 1933, on the Ghost Dance revival and ethnic identity.

Shamanic Voices. By Joan Halifax. E.P. Dutton: 1979. Paper $6.95. An anthology of testimonies from visionary healers.

The Smoking Gods. By Francis Robicsek. University of Oklahoma Press: 1978. $35.00. Tobacco in Maya art, history and religion.

The Arts

Art and Archaeology in China. By Edmund Capon. M.I.T. Press: 1979. Paper $9.95. Objects from a recent exhibition that span thousands of years in China's history.

The Camera Viewed. Vols. 1 and 2. Edited by Peninah R. Petruck. E.P. Dutton: 1979. Paper $9.95 each. Writings on twentieth-century photography.

The Cave Artists. By Ann Sieveking. Thames & Hudson: 1979. $16.95. The art of Paleolithic man, with illustrations.

Caves of God. By Spiro Kostof, drawings by Malcolm C. Carpenter. M.I.T. Press: 1979. Paper $10.00. Pictures and text describe the monastic environment of Byzantine Cappadocia.

Egyptian Painting. By Arpag Mekhitarian. Skira/Rizzoli: 1978. $25.00, paper $14.95. Characteristic ancient Egyptian art, 95 color plates.

Kinsey, Photographer. By Dave Bohn and Rodolfo Petschek. Chronicle Books: 1979. Paper $19.95. The settlement of the Pacific Northwest is recalled through the photographs of Darius Kinsey and the recollections of his family and friends.

The Ocean in the Sand. By Mark Holborn. Shambhala: 1978. $15.00, paper $6.95. The history of the Japanese garden in words and pictures.

Oceanic Images. Photographs by David Finn, text by Douglas Newton. Harry N. Abrams: 1978. $15.00. The sculpture of Oceania from the Metropolitan Museum in portfolio form.

Pueblo Weaving and Textile Arts. By Nancy Fox. Museum of New Mexico Press: 1978. Paper $5.95. A picture of the range of traditional Pueblo weaving.

The Soul of Mbira. By Paul F. Berliner. Reviewed in this issue.

Through Music to the Self. By Peter Michael Hamel. Shambhala: 1979. $13.95, paper $6.95. About the transformative powers of music.

Tibet: A Lost World. By Valrae Reynolds. Indiana University Press: 1979. $17.50. An illustrated catalogue of the collection of the Newark Museum.

A Way of Working: Edited by D.M. Dooling. Anchor/Doubleday: 1979. Paper $4.95. A collaboration by eight writers exploring the meaning and nature of work.

Weaving Arts of the North American Indian. By Frederick Dockstader. Thomas Y. Crowell: 1978. $22.95. A survey of the weaving art of all indigenous North American tribes except the Eskimo. 64 color pages.

Autobiography and Biography

I Send A Voice. By Evelyn Eaton. Theosophical Publishing House: 1978. Paper $4.95. An account of the training and work of a present day Pipe Woman.

In Memory Yet Green. By Isaac Asimov. Doubleday: 1979. $15.95. The autobiography of Asimov covering the years 1920-1954.

Letter to a King. By Huamán Poma, translated by Christopher Dilke. E.P. Dutton: 1978. $10.00. A Peruvian chief's account of life under the Incas and Spanish rule, written between 1567 and 1615.

Letters from Russia 1919. By P.D. Ouspensky. Routledge & Kegan Paul: 1978. Paper $2.95. Ouspensky's letters chronicle the breakdown of public order in Russia.

Pilgrimage to the Rebirth. By Erlo van Waveren. Weiser: 1978. $7.95, paper $3.95. A soul's metamorphosis related by a Jungian analyst.

Myths, Folktales, Folklore and Stories

American Indian Fiction. By Charles A. Larson. University of New Mexico Press: 1978. $9.50. A critical account of recent Native American fiction.

Back Then Tomorrow. By Peter Blue Cloud, drawings by Bill Crosby. Blackberry Press: 1978. Paper $2.95. Retellings of Coyote Stories.

Beauty and The Beast. Translated by Madame de Beaumont, illustrated by Diane Goode. Bradbury Press: 1978. $7.95. The classic fairy tale. For children.

Boori. By Bill Scott, illustrated by A.M. Hicks. Oxford University Press: 1979. $7.95. A fantasy based on aboriginal lore.

The Caldecott Aesop. Illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. Doubleday: 1978. $11.95. Twenty fables with an introduction by Michael Patrick Hearn.

Curious Myths of the Middle Ages. By Sabine Baring-Gould. Oxford University Press: 1978. $7.95. First published in 1866, an authoritative source of tales of the marvelous.

The Dancing Man. By Ruth Bornstein. Reviewed in this issue.

The Death of Woman Wang. By Jonathan D. Spence. Penguin Books: 1979. Paper $2.95. A novel about provincial China in the seventeenth century.

The Devil's Tale. By Nanine Valen, illustrated by David Mc Phail. Charles Scribner's Sons: 1978. $7.95. A humorous tale about the devil, from an old French legend. For children.

Diary of the Boy King Tut-Ankh-Amen. By June Reig. Charles Scribner's Sons: 1978. $7.95. A fictionalized diary imagined to be found in the tomb is the basis of this story for children.

Dowsing for Everyone. By Harvey Howells. Stephen Greene Press: 1979. Paper $5.95. The art and application of modern dowsing.

The Dream Eater. By Christian Garrison, pictures by Diane Goode. Bradbury Press: 1978. $8.95. Bad dreams are food for a monster in this Japanese legend.

Dream Weaver. By Jane Yolen. Collins + World: 1979. $10.95. Seven tales of fantasy and imagination. For older children.

An Encyclopedia of Fairies. By Katharine Briggs. Pantheon Books: 1978. Paper $4.95. Legends, ballads and folktales.

The Enormous Crocodile. By Roald Dahl, pictures by Quentin Blake. Alfred A. Knopf: 1978. $4.95. The crocodile as a trickster who gets his due. For children.

The Fantasy Worlds of Peter Beagle. By Peter Beagle. Viking Press: 1978. $14.95. *Lila the*

Werewolf; The Last Unicorn; Come, Lady Death; A Fine and Private Place: complete in one volume.

The Flight of Feathered Serpent. Text and illustrations by Peter Balin. Wisdom Garden Books: 1978. Paper $8.95. A guide to the "Maya Tarot deck."

The Friends of Time and Earth. By Isaac Asimov. Doubleday: 1979. $12.95. Collected fiction includes *Pebble in the Sky* and *The End of Eternity.*

Hanta Yo: An American Saga. By Ruth Beebe Hill. Doubleday: 1979. $14.95. A novel about the Mahto band of Teton Sioux based on a document recorded on an animal hide.

Happy Jack. By Malcolm Carrick. Harper & Row: 1979. $4.95. A folktale told for beginning readers.

Heroic Epic and Saga. Edited by Felix J. Oinas. Indiana University Press: 1978. $29.95, paper $10.95. An introduction to the world's great folk epics and sagas.

The Homeric Gods. By Walter F. Otto. Thames & Hudson: 1979. Paper $7.95. The growth and meaning of ancient Greek religion is explained.

Images of Salvation in the Fiction of C.S. Lewis. By Clyde S. Kilby. Harold Shaw Publishers: 1979. $5.95. The Christian meanings behind Lewis's stories and novels.

In The Beginning. By Sholem Asch. Schocken Books: 1979. Paper $3.95. Stories from the Bible.

The Lais of Marie de France. Translated and introduced by Robert Hanning and Joan Ferrante. E. P. Dutton: 1978. $14.95. Stories written in the twelfth century by one of the first major women writers, in a new translation.

The Legend of Scarface: A Blackfeet Indian Tale. By Robert San Souci, illustrated by Daniel San Souci. Doubleday: 1978. $7.95. Scarface wins the maiden Singing Rain from Father Sun. For children.

Lost Goddesses of Early Greece. By Charlene Spretnak, illustrated by Edidt Geever. Moon Books: 1978. Paper $4.95. A collection of pre-Hellenic mythology.

Man, Magic and Fantasy. By Marc Edmund Jones. Sabian Publishing Society/Distributed by Great Eastern Book Company: 1979. $16.95. A discussion of the symbolism and philosophy of ten well-known fairy tales.

The Mysteries. Edited by Joseph Campbell. Princeton University Press, Bollingen Series XXX 2: 1978. Paper $5.95. Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks covering various religious mysteries: the Mass, Eleusis, Osiris, etc.

Naftali the Storyteller and His Horse, Sus. By Isaac Bashevis Singer, pictures by Margot Zemach. Dell Publishing Co.: 1979. Paper $1.50. Singer's stories about storytelling and storytellers, including himself. For children.

Of Wolves and Men. By Barry Holsten Lopez. Charles Scribner's Sons: 1978. $14.95. A study of the wolf and speculations on how man *creates* animals.

One Ring To Bind Them All: Tolkien's Mythology. By Anne C. Petty. University of Alabama Press: 1979. $8.50. An analysis of the underlying structure of *The Lord of the Rings.*

The Oresteia of Aeschylus. Translated by Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus, Giroux: 1978. $8.95. Translation from other translations by the American poet.

The Other Way to Listen. By Byrd Baylor and Peter Parnall. Charles Scribner's Sons: 1978. $7.95. A story for children about another way of listening—and learning.

Parables of Kierkegaard. Edited by Thomas C. Oden, illustrated by Lonni Sue Johnson. Princeton University Press: 1978. $10.00. Excerpts from Kierkegaard's work.

Pitseolak: Pictures Out of My Life. From recorded interiews by Dorothy Eber. University of Washington Press: 1979. Paper $5.95. An Eskimo graphic artist, Pitseolak, sets down her story in words and pictures.

Puffin Folktales of the World: Dick Whittington, The Lady of Stavoren, Matt the Gooseherd, The Mouse King. Penguin Books: 1979. Paper $1.95 each. Folktales from around the world. For children.

Shadows of Imagination. Edited by Mark R. Hillegas. Southern Illinois University Press: 1979. Paper $3.95. Essays on the fantasy of Lewis, Tolkien and Williams.

The Skin Horse. Margery Williams Bianco, illustrated by Pamela Bianco. Green Tiger Press: 1978. Paper $4.95. A discarded toy becomes the companion of an ailing child. For children.

Tales from the Arabian Nights. Retold from the original Arabic by N.J. Dawood, illustrated by Ed Young. Doubleday: 1978. $12.95. New translations of the classic tales. For children.

The Terrible Nung Gwama. Adapted by Ed Young from the retelling by Leslie Bonnet, illustrated by Ed Young. Collins + World: 1979. $5.95. A Chinese folktale about a brave heroine and a terrible monster. For children.

Turkey Brother. As told by Joseph Bruchac, illustrated by Kahonhes. The Crossing Press: 1978. Paper $3.95. Seneca Indian folktales for children.

The Vanishing People. By Katharine Briggs. Reviewed in this issue.

The Way to Start a Day. By Byrd Baylor, illustrated by Peter Parnall. Charles Scribner's Sons: 1979. $8.95. Celebrations and greetings for the Sun all over the world. For children.

When Sh'emiel Went to Warsaw & Other Stories. By Isaac Bashevis Singer, pictures by Margot Zemach. Dell Publishing Co.: 1979. Paper $1.25. The distinctive people of Chelm reveal themselves in stories for children.

Poetry and Essays

A Festering Sweetness: Poems of American People. By Robert Coles. University of Pittsburgh Press: 1978. $6.95, paper $3.95. Poetry which has resulted from Cole's work with children and parents.

Finding the Center. Translated by Dennis Tedlock. University of Nebraska Press: 1978. Paper $4.50. Narrative poetry of the Zuni Indians with a new introduction by the translator.

Haiku Master Buson. By Yuki Sawa and Edith M. Shiffert. Heian International: 1979. Paper $7.50. A representative selection of the work of the eighteenth-century poet, painter and religionist.

Love Poems of Ancient Egypt. Translated by Ezra Pound and Noel Stock. New Directions: 1978. Paper $2.95. A reissue of the 1961 edition of translations taken from the hieroglyphics and pottery inscriptions.

Mirror for the Moon. By Saigyō, translated with an introduction by William R. LaFleur. New Directions: 1978. $10.95, paper $2.95. The poetry of an early medieval poet who had an important influence on Buddhist thought.

Nāsin-i Khusraw—40 Poems from the Divan. Translated with introduction by Peter Lamborn Wilson and Gholam-Reza Aavani. Imperial Iranian Academy of Philosophy/Distributed by Great Eastern Book Co.: 1977. $10.00. A collection of odes by an Ismā 'īlī Persian poet.

Pilgrim of the Clouds. By Yüan Hung-tao, translated by Jonathan Chaves. John Weatherhill, Inc.: 1978. Paper $6.95. Poetry and essays from the Ming Dynasty.

Possibility of Being. By Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by J. Bheishman. New Directions: 1978. Paper $2.45. Eighty-four poems that serve as an introduction to Rilke's strategies in the pursuit of "being."

Psychology

Blake and the Assimilation of Chaos. By Christine Gallant. Princeton University Press: 1978. $12.50. A comprehensive interpretation of Blake's poetry using the depth psychology of Jung.

C.G. Jung: Word and Image. Edited by Aniela Jaffé. Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series XCVII2: 1979. $25.00. A record of Jung's life: text, photographs and illustrations.

The Completed Gesture. By John Rouse. Skyline Books: 1979. $9.95, paper $5.95. The importance of storytelling in the teaching and understanding of children and the self.

Flying Saucers. By C.G. Jung. Princeton University Press, Bollingen Series: 1979. Paper $3.95. The psychology of UFO's: Jung's views.

The History of Sexuality: Volume I, An Introduction. By Michel Foucault. Pantheon Books: 1978. $8.95. An iconoclastic exploration of the current obsession.

Person/Planet. By Theodore Roszak. Anchor/Doubleday: 1978. $10.95. A synthesis of human psychology and natural ecology.

Realize What You Are: The Dynamics of Jain Meditation. By Gureedev Shree Chitrabhanu. Dodd Mead: 1978. $7.95. An introduction to Jain techniques of meditation.

Skillful Means. By Tarthang Tulku. Dharma Publishing: 1978. Paper $5.95. A practical guide to working.

The Symbolic Quest. By Edward C. Whitmont. Princeton University Press: 1979. Paper $4.95. An exploration of Jung's discoveries about man as a symbol-making creature.

Toward a Science of Consciousness. By Kenneth R. Pelletier. Delacorte Press: 1978. $10.00. A survey and synthesis of the issues and potential in consciousness research, East and West.

The Wild Boy of Burundi. By Harlan Lane and Richard Pillard. Random House: 1978. $10.00. The account of an investigation of reports of a modern-day feral child.

Science and Health

The Ancient Science of Geomancy. By Nigel Pennick. Thames & Hudson: 1979. $16.95. A commentary on the science that seeks to understand man's harmony with the physical earth.

Cosmos, Earth and Man. By Preston Cloud. Yale University Press: 1978. $14.95. A biogeologist's short history of the universe.

The Dancing Wu Li Masters. By Gary Zukav. Quill/Morrow: 1979. $12.95, paper $5.95. An overview of the new physics.

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PROFILES

Fritjof Capra took his Ph.D at the University of Vienna and has done research in theoretical high-energy physics at the University of Paris, the University of California Santa Cruz, Stanford University and the University of London. He is presently working at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory of the University of California. He is the author of *The Tao of Physics* (Shambhala Books and Bantam), on which this article is based.

Anita Daniel studied classical Balinese dance in Bali with one of the last great masters, I. Nyoman Kakul. Her training in developmental psychological research included the recording of infant behavior with video and still photography. These techniques have facilitated a holistic approach to her work as a documentary photographer. Her book on Balinese dance is being published by Alfred A. Knopf in the spring of 1980.

Rosemary Jeanes was a dancer with the National Ballet of Canada for five years and spent a year in India studying Odissi dance, flute and yoga. She has worked with Andrei Serban at La Mama Repertory Company and is presently studying Sanskrit, Japanese theater, and myth, at the University of Toronto.

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Annemarie Schimmel received her Ph.D. in Islamic Studies from Berlin University at the age of nineteen. She was Professor of History of Religions at the University of Ankara and the University of Bonn before being named Professor of Indo-Muslim Culture at Harvard University in 1970. She is the author of *Mystical Dimensions of Islam* (University of North Carolina Press) and *The Triumphal Sun: A Study of the Works of Jaladoddin Rumi*, which has just been published by Fine Books in England, with distribution in the United States by Great Eastern Book Company.

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