DEC 2 1981
LIBRARY

PARABOLA

6/4

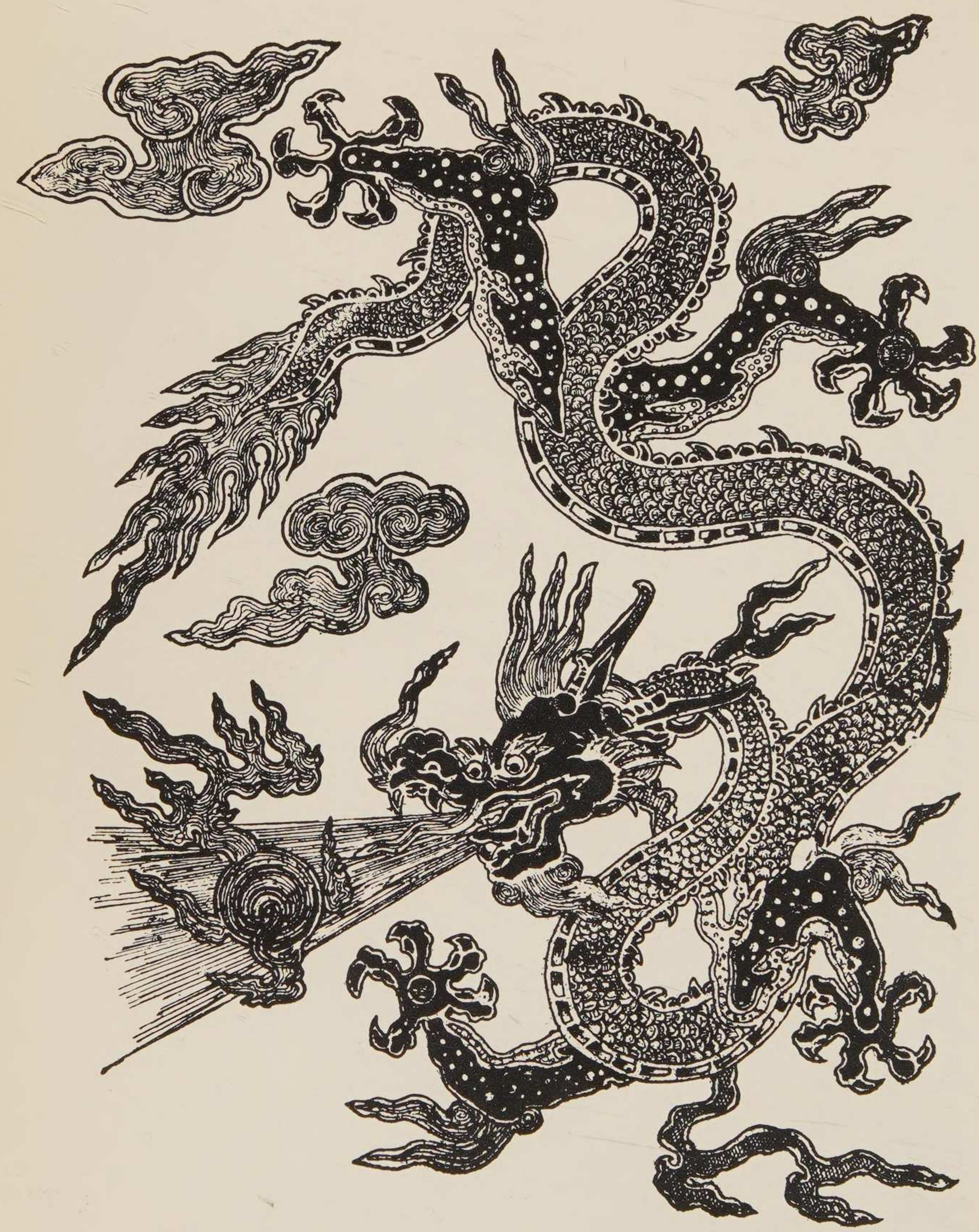
Fall
$5.00
VI:4

MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING



·D·E·M·O·N·S·

An Interview with Isaac Bashevis Singer
Marie-Louise von Franz on Inner Companions
A Balinese Faust ◆ The Tao and Mother Goose
Barbara Myerhoff on Mazatec shaman, Maria Sabina



DEC 2 1981
CAMROSE LUTHERAN COLLEGE
LIBRARY

VOLUME VI, NO. 4

PARABOLA

DEMONS MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

6 **A Balinese Faust** by J. Stephen Lansing. *The selling of souls.*

12 **The Evil Snake** by Maria Dermoût. *A story.*

18 **Misunderstanding** by Chinua Achebe. *A poem.*

19 **The Tao and Mother Goose** by Robert Carter. *Nursery rhymes and monsters.*

27 **The Children of Vietnam** by Francelia Butler. *The forces released by war.*

35 **EPICYCLE:** Bo-Ki

36 **Daimons and the Inner Companion** by Marie-Louise von Franz. *Our spirit helpers.*

45 **Arachne** by Susan Stern. *A story.*

48 **EPICYCLE:** The Fox and the Buffalo

52 **EPICYCLE:** Tzarevna Lyagushka II

56 **Wrathful Deities** by Edwin Bernbaum. *Transforming negative forces.*

62 **EPICYCLE:** Blue-Throat

64 **The Bogeyman** by Dino Buzzati. *A story.*

68 **Demons by Choice.** *An interview with Isaac Bashevis Singer.*

75 **EPICYCLE:** King Solomon and Asmodeus, King of Demons

79 **Sermons to the Dead** by C.G. Jung. *A vision.*

2 **FOCUS**

4 **FULL CIRCLE:** A Readers' Forum

TANGENTS

82 **From Shaman to Shooting Star** by D.M. Dooling. *The strange transformation of don Juan.*

88 **Too Many Sides to Count** by Lynda Sexson. *The many worlds of Maurice Sendak.*

92 **Maria Sabina and the Saint Children** by Barbara G. Myerhoff. *The autobiography of a shaman.*

96 **Currents & Comments**

100 **Book Reviews**

126 **CREDITS**

126 **PROFILES**

Publisher and Editor D. M. Dooling
Executive Editor Susan Bergholz
Managing Editor Lee B. Ewing
Advertising/Promotion Manager Gus Kiley
Circulation Cort Smith
Administrative Assistant Kate Riley
Epicycle Editor Paul Jordan-Smith
Art Director Barbara Richer
Assistant to Art Director Jody Wheeler

Contributing Editors Lorraine Kisly, Winifred Lambrecht, David Leeming
Consulting Editors Joseph Epes Brown, Thomas Buckley, Frederick Franck, Lobsang Lhalungpa, John Loudon, Barbara G. Myerhoff, Barre Toelken, P. L. Travers

PARABOLA (ISSN: 0362-1596) is published quarterly by the Society for the Study of Myth and Tradition (formerly Tamarack Press, Inc.).

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

Single Issue: $5.00. By subscription: $16.00 yearly, $29.50 for two years. Postage for outside territorial U.S.: add $3.50 for surface rates, $15.00 for air per year. Please specify when ordering.

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

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

For subscriptions and change of address notices:
PARABOLA, *Subscription Dept., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Subscription inquiry, Tel.: 212-924-0004.*

Postmaster: Send forms 3579 to PARABOLA, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

All material Copyright © 1981 by the Society for the Study of Myth and Tradition.

VOLUME VI, NUMBER 4, October 1981

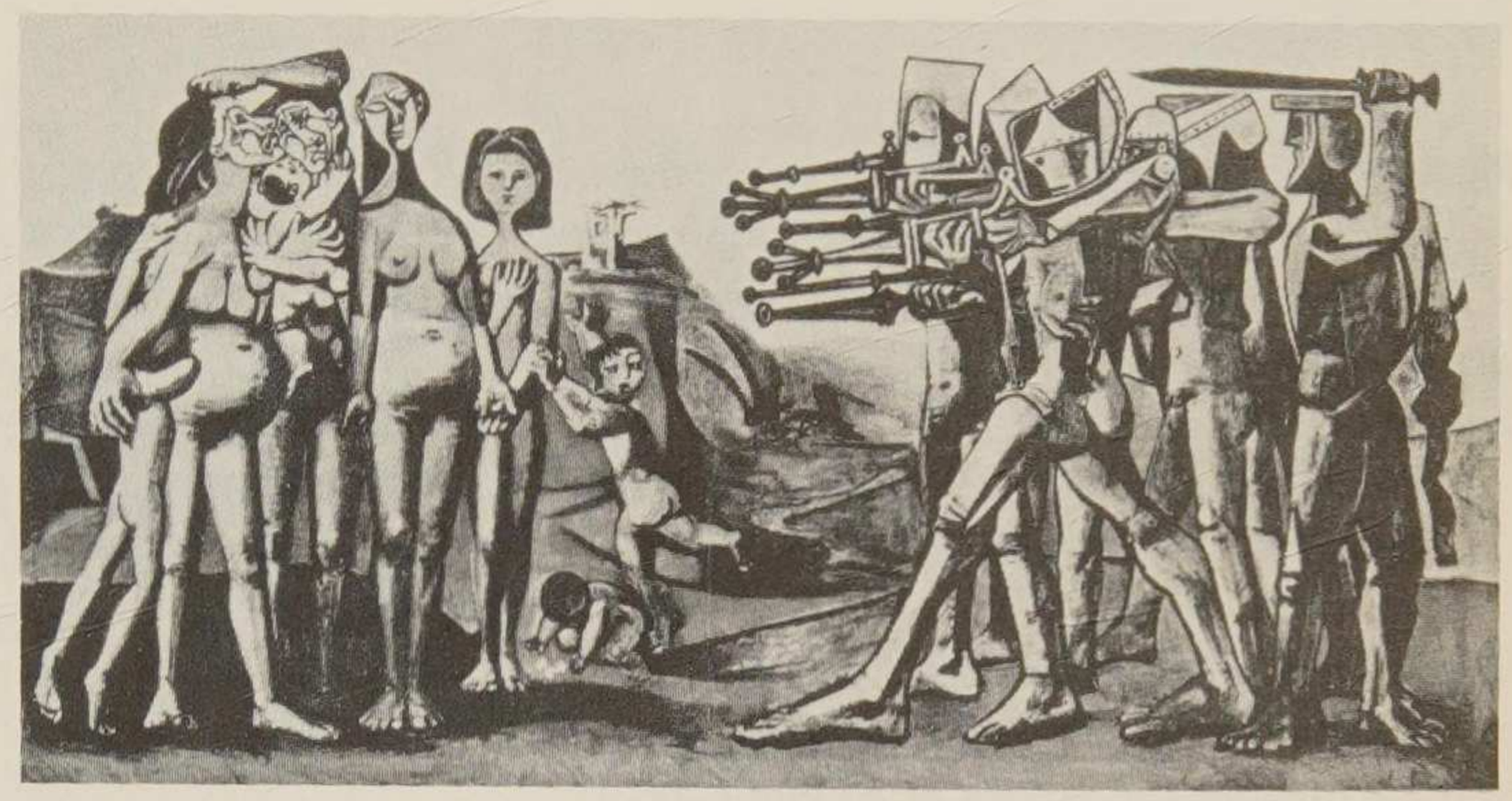
Cover: Detail from The Temptation of St. Anthony by Grünewald, Isenheimer Altar, Museum Unterlinden, Colmar.

Inside Cover: Tibetan Demon, traditional.

FOCUS

That the soul herself, our "I" or "self" itself, should be the Devil—whom we call the "enemy," "adversary," "tempter," "dragon,"—never by a personal name—may seem startling, but it is far from being a novel proposition. As we go on, it will be found that an equation of the soul with Satan has often been enunciated, and that it provides us with an almost perfect solution of all the problems that the latter's "personality" poses. Both are "real" enough for all pragmatic purposes here, in the active life where "evil" must be contended with, and the dualism of the contraries cannot be evaded; but they are no more "principles," no more really real, than the darkness that is nothing but the privation of light.

No one will deny that the battleground on which the psychomachy must be fought out to a finish is within you, or that, where Christ fights, there always must his enemy, the Antichrist, be found. Neither will anyone, "superstitition" apart, be likely to pretend that the Temptation of St. Anthony, as depicted in art, can be regarded otherwise than as "projections" of interior tensions. In the same way that Picasso's



Massacre in Korea by Pablo Picasso

"Guernica" is the mirror of Europe's disintegrated soul, "the hell of modern existence," the Devil's horns and sting are an image of the most evil beast in man himself. Often enough it has been said by the "Never-enough honoured Ancients," as well as by modern authors, that "man is his own worst enemy." On the other hand, the best gift for which a man might pray is to be "at peace with himself"; and, indeed, for so long as he is not at peace with Himself, he can hardly be at peace with anybody else, but will "project" his own disorders, making of "the enemy"—for example, Germany, or Russia, or the Jews—his "devil." "From whence come war and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even from your lusts (pleasure, or desires, skr. *kamah*) that contend in your members?" (James 4:1)

As Jung so penetratingly observes [in *The Integration of Personality*]: "When the fate of Europe carried it into a four years war of stupendous horror—a war that no one wanted—hardly anyone asked who had caused the war and its continuation." The answer would have been unwelcome: it was "I"—your "I" and mine. For, in the words of another modern psychologist, E. E. Hadley [in *Psychiatry*], "the tragedy of this delusion of individuality is that it leads to isolation, fear, paranoid suspicion, and wholly unnecessary hatreds."

All this has always been familiar to the theologians, in whose writings Satan is so often referred to simply as "the enemy." For example, William Law [in *The Spirit of Love*]: "You are under the power of no other enemy, are held in no other captivity, and want no other deliverance but from the power of your own earthly self. This is the one murderer of the divine life within you. It is your own Cain that murders your own Abel," and [again, in *An Address to the Clergy*] "self is the root, the tree, and the branches of all the evils of our fallen state . . . Satan, or which is the same thing, self-exaltation. . . . This is that full-born natural self that must be pulled out of the heart and *totally denied*, or there can be no disciple of Christ." If, indeed, "the kingdom of heaven is within you," then also the "war in heaven" will be there, until Satan has been overcome, that is, until the Man in this man is "master of himself . . ."

—Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Copyright © 1947 by Review of Religion, *Columbia University Press. Reprinted by permission.*

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

When I was in Burma and my brother was in Italy during World War II our nation resisted shelling the Abbey at Monte Cassinni (if I recall the name correctly). I am very pleased that our nation could be so noble as to place a religious shrine above military expediency.

Today on reading the Spring issue I am reminded of the universality of religious experience. The article on the Igbo with the discussion of Chi reminds me of the Ki in the Aikido class I have taken and of the Chi in the Tai Chi Chuan. The articles on the Nambiquara in Mato Grosso, Brazil and on the Skokomish and the Origin of the Bone Game remind me of the similar but complementary nature of the different creation stories.

The article on the LNG terminal at Point Conception and the Soul's Journey to Similaqsa ("Ravensgate," Vol. VI, No. 2) touched my heart and made me wonder why it is that a nation that could resist shelling a relatively minor Christian abbey in time of war is so ready to destroy an American Indian Shrine that in the context of their religion is perhaps as important as Saint Peter's in Rome is to the Catholics, the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake is to the Mormons and Jerusalem is to the Jews. We pass a law to preserve American Indian religious freedom but almost in the next breath we set out to violate it.

Though I am a Viking by ancestry, a Christian by culture, your article convinces me that I must do all that I can to help preserve the shrines of the Native American religion.

—Richard Foy
Redondo Beach, CA

I read your article on Templo Mayor (Vol. VI, No. 2) with great interest. There are several comments I would like to make: "Place of Authority" sounds like the translation of "Tenochtlitlan," which it is not; it should all be in lower case and not between quotes. In the parenthetical sentence that follows, I think you have to insert "last" before "magnificent" for clarity. In addition, to call a city on a lake an arid environment is misleading: there were parts of the conquered area that were arid and others not; rain and water were always important factors either by their presence in overabundance, or their absence. Also, the reference to the Mayan/Toltec Chac Mool and the need to incorporate the superior culture of earlier times into the Aztec one, is not exactly accurate. First of all, the influence, including Chac Mool (we don't know the Nahuatl term for the figure) was from Tula. Mayan influence here is of no significance. Secondly, the Toltec culture never died out: Toltecs who remained in the Valley merged with the Chichimecs who came from the north and the latter took on the Toltec culture. The Aztecs, in a sense, were among these, so they were really carrying on Toltec culture over which they painted a layer of their own aggressive ideas. They utilized the Toltec myths and bent a few to their own shape. I think their own migration myth was an amalgam, though I can't prove it. Curiously, too, I believe that archaeologi-

cally, they carried on the Toltec tradition in ceramics, though their sculpture was vastly better.

One more note, my translation of the oration you quote was originally published in the now-defunct *Alcheringa*.

In closing, let me emphasize that the article was wonderfully written. It was alive and fresh—a delight to read.

—Thelma D. Sullivan
Mexico D.F.

This is the myth of a faithful subscriber named Joan Kaye. When in New York she participated in The Open Eye Seminars with Joseph Campbell. Part of her Hero's Journey was a physical move to Florida. However her spirit and energy remain with PARABOLA from its inception. Her checks from the first issue on were on time both for her and her friends.

However, a persistent mechanical demon has pursued her unmercifully from the beginning. The demon persists in informing her that her time is running out. Each month she is told she must renew. In her confusion she sometimes sends out double checks, even when they are not due.

Finally she decided to confront and prove to the demon machine its folly, by the employment of another machine—a Xerox. The demon was caught redhanded.



She needs an ally in her myth. But that ally must be a human being. Is there one around?

—Joan Kaye
Highland Beach, Florida

Dear Haunted Readers,
You are not alone in your struggles with the computer-demon. Here, in this dusty office, there are moving, breathing humans who deal with your pleas one by one, envelope by envelope, and in turn pass the word to the computer. Hopefully any full-scale problems will be handled personally in this way. However, there are certain quirks in our system, built-in by an unsuspecting human many years ago, that have taken on mythic and unforeseen proportions due to the wide and warm reception PARABOLA *has been accorded by the populace-at-large. One of these, the most readily explained, is the fact that a series of monthly renewal letters go out to any subscribing individual beginning as early as two issues prior to the date your subscription is due to end, and not ceasing until two months past the date you wrote your renewal check. Two months is how long it takes for humans to process, for computers to digest, and for the information to be tabulated at the source of those renewal notes. So we must ask your forebearance. Please delay contacting us for two months, and then if you receive a third uncalled-for notice, write us including a xerox-copy of both sides of your check. Similarly, if you believe you unwittingly sent us two checks last year, follow the same procedure.*

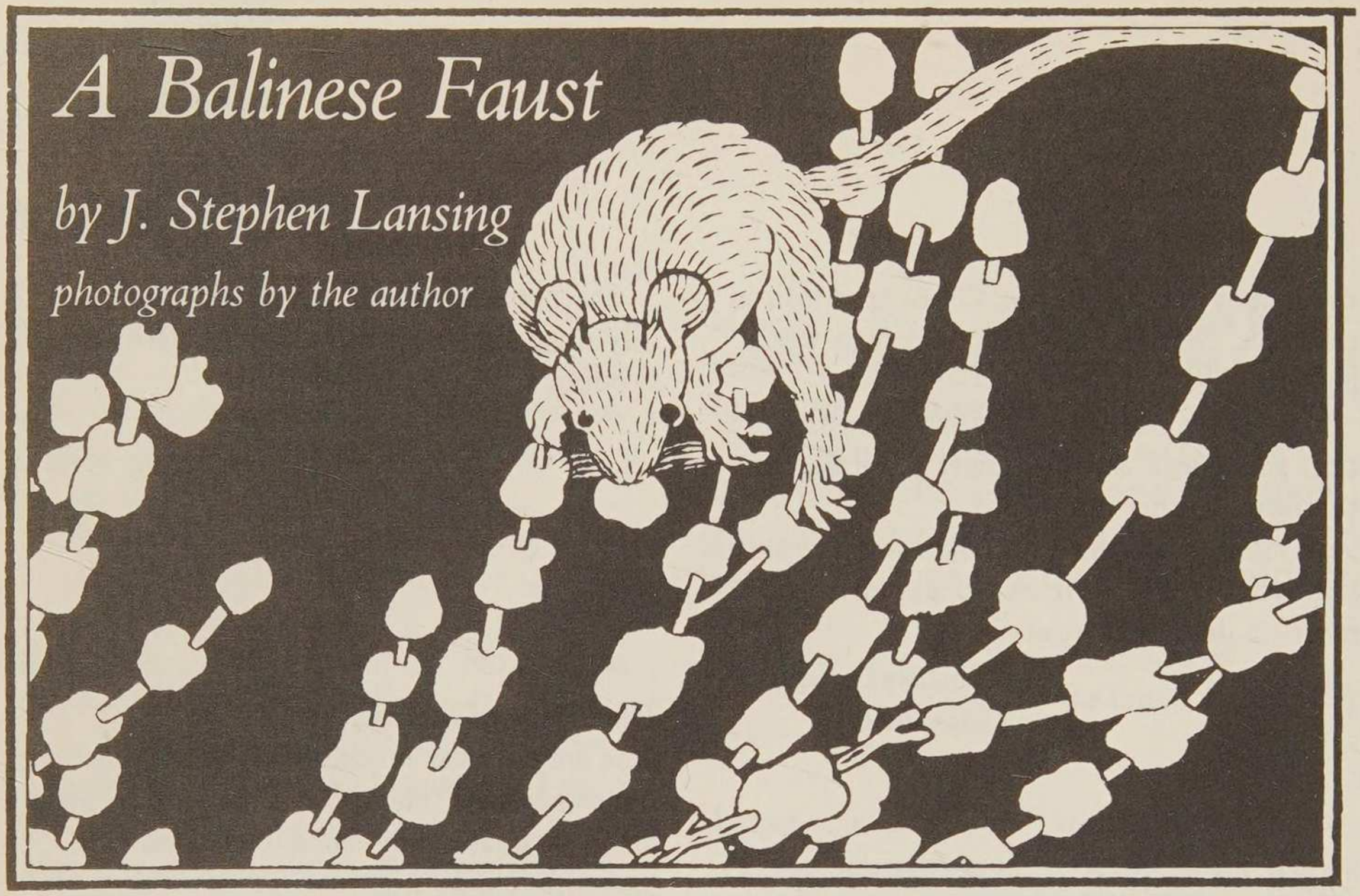
We at the human end of things, knowing that computers have not yet learned to laugh (fortunately), enjoy giggling at them caught redhanded, after which we slyly adjust their records to reflect your past payments.

—Kate Riley
Circulation Department
PARABOLA

A Balinese Faust

by J. Stephen Lansing

photographs by the author



On the evening of August 3, 1979, I was having dinner in a small Sumatran restaurant in the outskirts of Denpasar, capital city of Bali. I had spent the afternoon filming a kite-flying competition for a documentary film on Balinese culture, with the help of the television news crew from Bali's brand-new T.V. station. The whole crew had been transferred to Bali only a few months before, when the station opened. All of them were Moslems, and Bali's ancient Hindu-Buddhist culture was still new to them.

After dinner ended, the chief cameraman began to tell us about an event he had filmed the previous day for the evening news program. A remote village in East Bali had suffered a plague of rodents which threatened their rice harvest, the main source of livelihood for nearly the entire village. All of the usual remedies had failed, and so as a last desperate measure they held an extraordinary ritual: a mass cremation of 3000 corpses of rats and mice, carried out with the very highest Hindu ceremony at a cost of one and a half million rupees (about $3000 U.S.). Ornate cremation towers were built, the corpses laid out in state, and a procession of priests and villagers marched to the cemetery where music and prayers were offered and the cremation towers set alight.

The camera crew had filmed all this, but had been directed to pay special attention to a young couple, who ended the ritual by praying to the souls of the rodents. The cameraman (a Moslem) was told that these prayers were necessary to guide the spirits of the mice and rats to the appropriate heaven. However, after the prayers were ended and the crowds began to disperse, someone whispered to him that the young couple had placed their own souls in jeopardy by praying to the animals' souls, and for this sacrifice they would receive money and other rewards from the villagers. They had, in effect, made a kind of Faustian bargain, receiving rich rewards for placing their souls in jeopardy. "What sort of jeopardy?" asked the cameraman. "It is not certain, but they will probably be reborn as rats or mice."

The cameraman was mystified, and rather troubled, by this experience. Could I, as an anthropologist, make any sense of it?

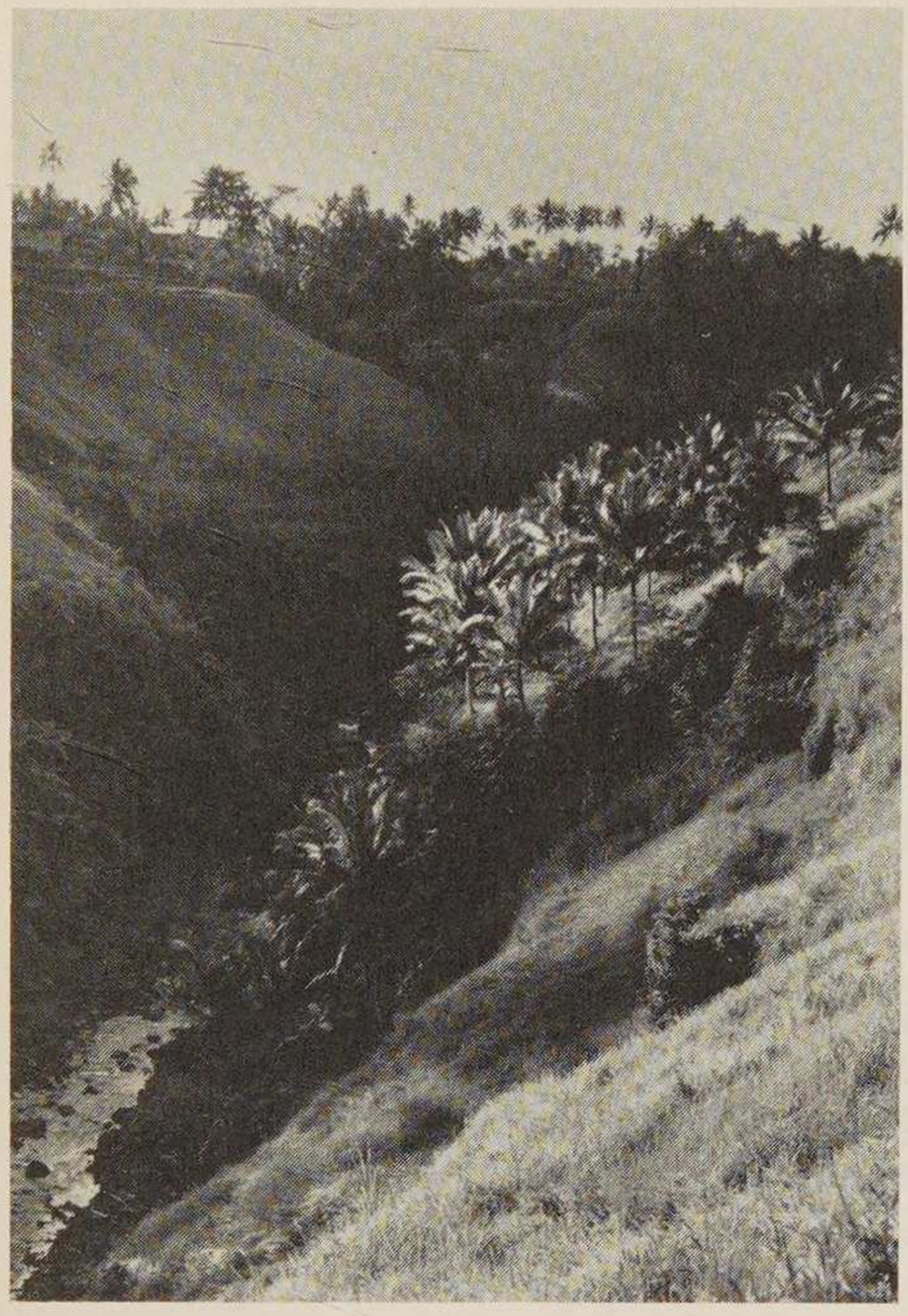
Although I had attended many human cremations in Bali, I had never heard of an animal cremation, although I was to learn that they are not unheard of. We still had a few days of filming to do, but I resolved to stay on after we were finished in order to track down this Balinese Faust and find out what had happened. The cameraman offered to go with me, but in the end I went alone. The day after the American members of our team left, I packed up a few provisions and set forth on a motorcycle for the village of Tikus, site of the mouse cremation. Before leaving, I spoke to a high priest who had been my teacher when I studied Balinese religion. He said that animal cremations were very rare, but did occasionally occur when a village felt that it had to make peace with some natural forces that seemed bent on destroying it. By cremating the animals with the very highest ceremony, the villagers would confer a kind of karmic promotion on them, which would spare them many painful rebirths as lower animals. Instead, they would be reborn much higher up the "chain of being," perhaps even as human beings. The souls of many of the rats and mice would undoubtedly be those of evil men and women, who had done foul deeds in past lives. The performance of the cremation rituals would lift several thousand souls above the level of rats and mice—and the surviving members of the rodent family in the vicinity of the village would be under a moral obligation not to plague the villagers any more, in gratitude for this extraordinary gift to their kinsmen.

When I asked about the "Balinese Faust," as I had come to think of him, the priest explained that the matter was very delicate. In order for a cremation of this sort to succeed, each soul must be prayed to by a member of its own family, to guide them along the complicated and dangerous path that leads to heaven and eventually to rebirth. Without these prayers, the ritual is useless, for the souls will become lost ghosts wandering the world and continuing to plague the living. Ideally, rats would pray to their own kinsmen but, as he patiently explained, rats cannot pray, so a human being or other creature capable of prayer must do it for them. But to pray in this way is only effective if one is a true kinsman. Humans who pray to guide rat souls become rat-souled themselves, and must expect to be reborn at that level of existence.

I thought that this sounded like harsh punishment for what seemed a noble gesture of compassion. The priest responded by asking whether the person in question had received any payment for this act. For if it were done as a pure act of self-sacrifice, he reasoned, it might lead to great karmic rewards. But if payment were accepted, then it would truly be a Faustian bargain. The souls of those who prayed to the rats would be reborn as rats, or perhaps even lower. His own interest was aroused by now, and he urged me to try to find Faust to determine what had actually occurred.

The next day, towards evening, I arrived at an abandoned water palace, the creation of one of the mad lords of Karangasem. There was a small inn nearby that I knew about, and I proposed to spend a quiet eve-





ning swimming in the clear pools of the water palace, and make my way to the village of Tikus the next morning. After the days of filming, and my motorcycle journey, I was rather fatigued.

The water palace was a popular bathing place, and I fell into conversation with two of my fellow bathers who, it turned out, came from the village of Tikus and were more than willing to talk about the mouse cremation. It began to look as if my quest was going to be an easy one. However, when I steered the conversation towards the Faust episode, they both became very reticent. Apparently Faust was not from their village, they did not know his name or where he was from, and denied that he had placed himself in any sort of jeopardy. Clearly, tact would be required if I was to get any further with my inquiries. So we talked of other subjects, and they agreed to meet me in the morning and conduct me to their village.

The next morning only one of them showed up. He climbed onto the back of my motorcycle and in a few minutes we were in Tikus, which was happily located near the inn. My guide insisted that we speak to the mayor of the village in order to obtain permission for me to ask questions. We found him just as he was leaving his house, and I explained that I was an anthropologist, formerly a lecturer at Bali's Udayana University, and wished to ask some questions about local rituals, particularly the mouse cremation. He gave me a gracious assent, suggested several people who might be most helpful, and hurried off.

We soon found one of the old men, and I began to ask questions about the mouse cremation. Within half an hour, about a dozen men had clustered around us as we talked about the cremation and the village. Everyone agreed that the rodent problem had been dreadful, that the entire rice crop had been threatened, and that the cremation appeared to have been successful, for the problem had greatly diminished. Several cautious souls observed that it was still too early to say whether the ritual had really worked.

Finally, I began to ask about the Faust. Not one person, but two couples had participated in the prayers, I was told. They all came from a remote village, and no one could remember their names, or the names of their village, or anything about them.

Who found them, then? I asked. Why did they participate in a ritual miles from their homes?

They were brought by a priest, and given the leftovers from the ceremony—money, clothing, roast pigs, and other things.

But why did they come? I persisted.

A priest brought them, the priest who supervised the ceremony. What is his name? I asked. They were reluctant to tell me but eventually I learned his name, and village. Armed with this information so that I could continue to follow the trail, I began to ask more pointed questions about the Faust. I described what the priest had told me, and asked for their reaction.

The general reaction was to become uncomfortable and to deny that Faust and his friends faced any penalties. But would they continue to be welcome in their own families? I asked. Could they pray to their own ancestors?

At this point, conversation broke down in mutterings and elliptical responses. I tried to repair the social damage as best I could with polite phrases of High Balinese, and made my adieus so that I could set off in search of the priest who conducted the cremations. My "guide," whom I had met in the bathing pools, seemed to feel some responsibility towards me, and tried to persuade me to abandon my search for Faust, but by now I was determined to find him, no matter how long it took. My dreams had been full of questions. How could a man make such a bargain? Was he a skeptic, an atheist? Or was there still a missing piece to the puzzle?

Reluctantly, my guide climbed back onto my little motorcycle and directed me to the priest's village. It turned out to be a long and difficult ride around a mountain, with lots of steep hillsides where the cycle had to be maneuvered by main strength, and sometimes almost carried. Finally, we located his house, only to learn that he was conducting a human cremation back near where we had come from. I remember thinking that the man seemed to be a specialist. The journey this time took us along the dikes separating rice paddies, slippery mud walls a foot across that require the complete attention of a motorcyclist who doesn't want to find himself and his machine in two feet of mud. Eventually, the sound of recorded gamelan music led us to a clearing and a small house. Yes, the priest was inside, asleep after two all-night rituals—but the sound of the motorcycle had awakened him, and he emerged yawning and incredulous at the sight of me. It took some minutes to convince him that the language I was speaking was really Balinese and not some foreign tongue, but finally he acknowledged my linguistic ability by abandoning his shouts and sign language and speaking to me. Afraid that the trail would end here unless I learned the name or at least the village of the Faust and his companions, I began by asking for this information. To my delight, he gave me both immediately, before asking why I wanted to know. That, however, was his next question. As I began to explain, he seemed to find my words increasingly incomprehensible, and soon we were back to shouts and gestures. But I had Faust's name, so I sang out my thanks in very respectful Balinese and made my exit.

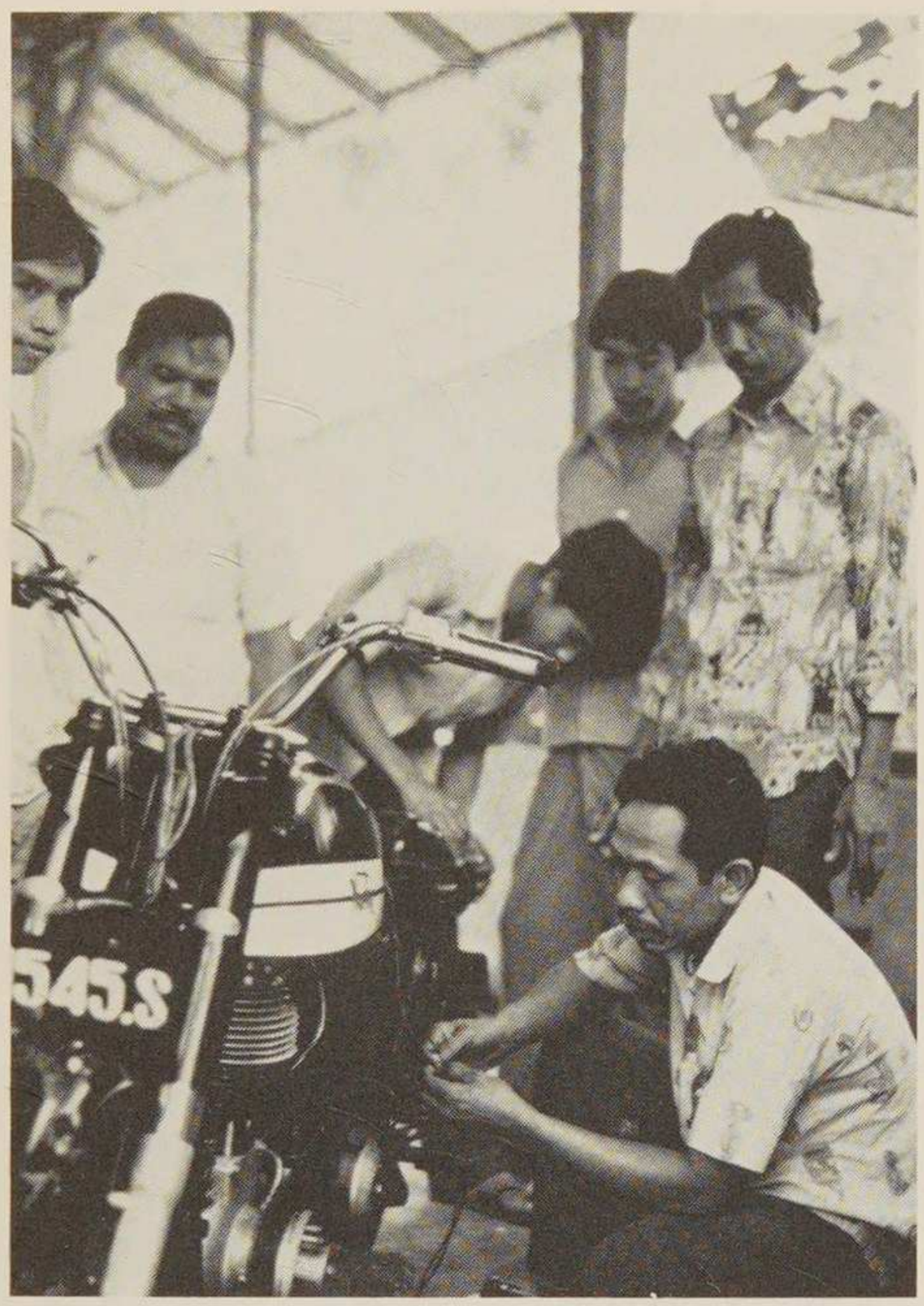
It was at this point that my guide began his second real attempt to dissuade me from going on. It was a hot day, and we had not eaten, the village was miles away, and so forth. But there were still four hours of daylight, and a full moon that night. I said that I would be pleased to return him to his home, but that I intended to go on and see if I could speak to Faust that afternoon.

In that case, he said, I will go with you.

We drove on, until we reached a dry stream bed where the motorcycle could not pass. For two kilometers we climbed, until we reached the village of the Balinese Faust. The village was indeed remote, and a crowd quickly gathered as we entered. The mayor appeared within a few minutes, and confirmed that this was indeed the home of the man who had participated in the big cremations at Tikus. Very obligingly, he sent for Faust, who was a farmer and probably in his fields at that time of day.

We all sat down and I set up my tape recorder and began filling a notebook with information provided by the mayor on Faust. A young man, about my age (late twenties), married. His wife and her sister and sister's husband had gone with him to participate in the cremations, and had come home laden with food and gifts.

Suddenly while we were talking an extremely diffident young farmer appeared carrying a hoe. He was bare-chested and his chest and legs were streaked with mud. It was clear that he had no idea why a



"Dutchman" had come to see him. The sight of my tape recorder, notebook, the mayor, and the small crowd gathered around us did nothing to increase his confidence. I felt rather sorry for him, but I had come a long way and was determined to ask questions. At the mayor's invitation, he sat down across from me. I turned on the tape recorder in what was intended to be a discreet movement but caught everyone's attention, and Faust literally began to tremble.

My questions began:

Are you the person who prayed to the mice at Tikus?

Yes.

How did it happen that you went to a ritual so far away?

A guru [teacher-priest] came and said that he was looking for someone for a ritual, and that whoever did it would receive all the leftovers.

Here several boys chimed in "They brought back several whole roast pigs!" "Not just him, his wife and in-laws too!"

Did you take your wife and in-laws? I asked.

Yes, the priest said I should bring my wife, and she brought her sister and brother-in-law.

"And now, are you still allowed to pray at your family temple to the ancestors?"

He answered affirmatively, but looked very puzzled. I turned to the mayor, who had drawn very close so as to hear Faust's answers, and asked, "And are they allowed to pray to the ancestors in the village temples?"

"Of course," he said, and looked more puzzled.

I remember looking at his expression of bewilderment, and then turning to Faust, in whom bewilderment had been replaced by something close to terror. My own hair began to stand on end, as I searched frantically for questions that would lead them away from this topic, confuse the issue—but I was too shocked by what had happened to be very articulate. After a few minutes of random questions, during which Faust continued to stare at me and tremble, I packed up my notebooks and tape recorder, expressed my thanks, and left.

As soon as we were out of earshot, my guide began to address me:

"You know, sooner or later he will go to a high priest—or the mayor or somebody else in the village will."

"Yes—but why did the priest do it? And what about the in-laws? Surely that wasn't necessary!"

"The ceremony would not work unless someone prayed to the souls of the rats. It had to be a married couple. Bringing his in-laws was his idea—and the priest couldn't stop them from participating."

"You mean, couldn't stop them without frightening Faust."

"Yes."

The next morning I returned to my own village, and went straight to the high priest and told my story. He did not feel that I had acted badly. Tricking Faust was a sin committed by the priest who organized the



ritual, even if it was for the good of the whole village.

"But what about Faust?"

He was unsure—it was a very delicate point. It needed thought, and perhaps discussion with other priests. Undoubtedly the situation could be remedied, probably with a special ritual. But accepting the leftovers—perhaps that could not be entirely remedied. I was impatient to do something, to lead him back to the village if possible. I wanted to confront the priest who recruited Faust, and the village of Tikus, with their trickery. But the high priest counselled patience, and I began to wonder exactly where my responsibilities lay. As an anthropologist, so far I had been only asking questions. But now I was proposing to call a conference of high priests, organize and conduct a purification ritual, and call a village and a priest to task on a very delicate ethical issue.

If I returned to Faust's village now with a high priest (assuming I could persuade him to go), would I be saving him from a karmic doom which I didn't believe in, or imposing that doom on him? I could well imagine Faust's terror in the face of the high priest. Was it really up to me to lay the mantle of Faust on this young Balinese?

But perhaps I had already done so. Should I try to find out whether Faust or one of his friends had already spoken to a priest? Was it likely that they would forget my questions? I could hardly go on pretending that I was merely an observer. Like a character in a Balinese drama, I was confronted with the knowledge that I had been inadvertently playing several roles. I saw myself as the anthropologist asking questions. But somewhere on my journey I had taken on another identity, as an unthinking messenger in a life and death situation. Of course, I could go on playing the anthropologist, which would not take me out of the drama, but merely cast me as a fool. I had already played my part in setting the wheels in motion, and this version of Faust would come to some conclusion. I was a messenger who might return. ◇



The Evil Snake

by Maria Dermoût

translated by Frederick and Claske Franck

On the sugar cane plantation, deep in Java's interior, the old house was still standing in the old garden, the "big house" as it was called. Every family that had lived in it, one after the other, had altered it or added to it. The garden too had changed. Someone had built the concrete lotus pond, the little shed for orchids, a guest pavilion. Paths had been laid anew between flowerbeds and blossoming shrubs. In the end not much was left of the old, except some trees—the two waringins that flanked the house on the right and the left and the kenari trees that lined the carriage drive. And the great stone vase too was still standing in the center of what was now the vegetable patch that at one time had been the rose garden.

But to the left of the house, behind the deer park, in that part of the garden that fell down to the river's edge, nothing had been changed. It had never been a laid-out garden with lawns and paths and beds of flowers, and the garden wall became here a hedge of thorny bamboo, high as a man. Behind it, separated from the large garden, and with its own bamboo hedge around it, there lay all by itself, a little garden. At one time a house must have stood there, the stone foundations showed still here and there through the thick weeds where a single waringin tree was growing. It was the "forbidden" garden.

Long ago, actually a very long time ago, a man had been living in the big house, a man who had two women. One lived in the big house; she had a child. The other one lived in the little house, hidden behind the bamboo hedge, near the river.

At first all went quite well.

The woman in the big house was proud; she held her child stiffly by the hand and did not say a word.

The woman in the little house did not say very much either; she was happy when the man came to her. He came often—sometimes in the morning, early. She made such good strong coffee, and he always had it as black and bitter as possible, with little water and almost no sugar. She liked hers weak with lots of milk and sugar. Sometimes he came to her in the afternoon or at night. But the man lived in the big house.

Slowly the woman in the little house began to change. At first she asked softly—

whispered in his ear—if he wouldn't like to move in with her in the little house. Just that! She didn't ask for anything else, did she? Then she began to say it aloud—until in the end she hardly talked about anything else; sometimes she became angry, cried, stamped her foot, threatened to jump into the river.

But the man just said:

"I live in the big house."

Then the woman of the little house did something she had never done before. She dressed up in her best clothes and instead of taking, as usual, the path along the river to go to town, to the market, she went by way of the garden of the big house. She didn't quite dare to go in by the carriage drive; she crept through the thorny bamboo hedge and walked circumspectly through the garden until she was close to the house. She avoided the open spaces; she stayed under the bushes, and at the rose garden she stopped. For every morning the other woman, the woman of the big house, used to come out and pick roses.

And after a while she saw her coming.

She was blond and quite pale, she had pruning shears in one hand and a basket was hanging from her arm. She had the child with her; the boy was as pale and thin as she.

Right away she started to pick, bending over the flower pots that stood in rows on their pedestals and formed a square, with the large stone vase in the middle. She didn't look left or right. The shears went loudly cnip-cnap, and she laid one rose after the other in her basket. Sometimes she kept one in her hand and sniffed at it—they were still wet with dew and so fragrant—and in the meantime every now and then she called the child.

But he did not want to come to her. He was dawdling between the flower pots, looking around as if he was looking for something, first on the ground, then higher between the pots, then even higher, turning around on his heels, until suddenly between the bushes, in the shade of the trees he saw the other woman, standing there.

She didn't move and looked steadily, from her distance, at the boy. She had round, shining black eyes. The boy also looked at her. Then he shrieked, ran to his mother and hid his head in her skirt.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried.

The woman was startled—what is it?—and looked around to see what could have given the child such a fright. Then she, too, saw the other woman, in no more than in a flash, for at that moment the other woman had turned around and was already halfway back to the little house; she moved with a surprising litheness and was gone in an instant.

The woman of the big house threw her basket down, her shears, all the pink roses. She grabbed the child and held him tight. He shivered as if he were freezing, and she carried him, big as he was, through the garden into the big house, to her dressing room, where she put him down. She closed all the doors and windows and locked them. Then she took him up again and sat down.

"Quiet, quiet," she soothed all the time. "Now we'll go away, quiet . . ." And she rocked him until he stopped shivering and fell asleep. When he was fast asleep, she laid him down on the couch, got a sheet to cover him, opened the door noiselessly, took the key to lock it from the outside and softly called the older servants together: the head boy, the coachman, the cook, the nursemaid, her own maid, the five oldest.

"You will understand, won't you, that we are now leaving . . . ," she said. All five nodded: they understood.

Calmly, rapidly, she talked everything over with them, arranged every detail, point by point, as if she had thought about it beforehand: those suitcases, those clothes of the boy, those of hers, the toys . . . That carriage with those horses, right? "Cook, think of this, of that." She gave the keys to the head boy. "You won't forget this, will

you, and that! My shears and the basket are still in the garden, and the roses: put them in water."

She took her little folding slate, on which she used to leave messages for the neighbors and she wrote on the inside:

"Now we are leaving," and put her name and that of the boy underneath, and addressed it on the outside.

"And this you give to the master, when the master comes home," she said when she gave it to the head boy.

Then she opened her dressing room again and opened a cabinet. She was looking for a gift for all five servants. Not junk: a silver box, and a watch that had belonged to her father, a gold bracelet, a ring, a brooch from before her marriage. All the precious things the man had given her she left on the shelf. The head boy pronounced a kind of blessing. Quick. Quick.

Before the man came home, in broad daylight, at the warmest time of the forenoon, the woman drove away from the big house in the traveling coach with four horses, with the coachman and the groom on the driving box, and with her valises and her hatbox and the child on her lap. He was still half asleep. Only later he woke up fully, looked around, astonished, and suddenly anxious again, where? where was he?

The mother smoothed his hair.

"We have gone away," she said, "you hear me? Away! Now come and sit next to me, for we are on a trip together." The boy slid down from her lap and sat, straight, at her side.

When the man came home to the big house, the head boy gave him the slate. Later he went down to the woman in the little house and told her. He had never seen anyone so radiant, so warm, so tender. She pulled him towards her.

"Now are you coming to live with me here in the little house?"

No," said the man, "I live in the big house."

And so nothing had really changed for her. The man lived alone in the big house and the woman never tried to come to him there, nor did he ask her. He came to her in the little house, but he did not live there.

What happened then, nobody remembers precisely.

Shortly after, one morning, when they had had their cup of coffee together, the man became ill in the woman's little house. She did not call anyone; she put him to bed and stayed with him. Before nightfall he was dead. It had happened in a time of cholera, the one said, but the other said that the woman had put some white powder instead of sugar in his bitter black coffee. You can buy it in the market for polishing daggers and killing rats.

And so the man died in the little house as if he had lived there. For, after all, one dies in the house one lives in, right? Cholera or rat poison—who would remember? It was all forgotten. The little house fell to ruin long ago and the debris had been cleaned up.

The big house had been changed, altered, again and again, the garden too. Other people had moved in, lived there with other children, other servants, other animals. Only some of the trees were still the same.

In the big house lived once more, just as in the old days, a man, a woman and a child. This time it was a girl, thin and quick with black hair, a chatterbox, curious as a magpie. In the afternoon, when she was supposed to rest, she climbed out of her window to play with two little Javanese girls, the nurse's nieces.

The whole garden was theirs; there was not a spot they didn't know, a fruit they had not tasted. But when they got to the far end of the garden near the river, under the coconut palms, and the girl wanted to creep through the bamboo hedge—"Come on! Look, are you chicken? Let's go and look at the other garden!" the two girls got scared "No, no! We are not allowed to! That's forbidden, you know that!" and they would



grab her and pull at her dress as hard as they could, or they ran away and told on her, and the nursemaid or the old head boy came running, just in time to fetch her and to grumble angrily.

She would cry: "Ugly tittle-tattles!" at the nieces, who didn't seem to mind.

But one afternoon, when the nieces were not there and everybody was asleep, she had gone anyway. Alone. She just wanted to have a look. She always wanted to just have a look.

It was a bitter disappointment. What was there to look at? Nothing to look at. Mossy stone foundations of a house, all covered with weeds and one tree. A waringin tree, not even a big one.

Trees are lovely, but not this one.

It was different from other trees, from the two waringins that flanked the house, that were so broad and big and opulently green, with elegant hanging aerial roots, light-brown. Swarms of chattering birds landed in the greenery to rest in the shade and to gorge themselves on the plump berries. Different too from the stately old kenari trees of the carriage drive, whose trunks looked like high mossy columns; or the mango trees next to the carriage house—the sun fell so very light green and yellow through their young leaves—or the broad strong rubber trees against the garden wall . . .

This tree was different. It was still alive, very old, as if it had no more sap. It stood there disabled, with its trunk full of cracks and holes, with puny, dried out aerial roots and stained leaves. Still it was standing straight up and threatening: an evil old tree.

Between its prominent roots, there lay freshly picked flowers and ashes of incense that had been burned there. Could it be a holy tree? Ah, was that why the garden was forbidden?

It seemed so still here. Why were there no berries, no fruit, no flowers? No animals, not a single bird, or even a butterfly? Not even a little lizard . . . nothing that moved, that had fragrance, color . . .

It was as if the silence, like a glass dome, covered everything. There was no air under it, how could she breathe; she couldn't move either. She stood and looked and waited and didn't know what she was waiting for . . . Suddenly she heard someone creeping behind her through the hedge: it was the head boy. He gave her a terrible fright; she had never seen him like that. He, always so spic and span, in his starched white trousers and tunic, with his batik belt and his flawlessly folded batik headcloth, he wasn't even dressed!

He wore short blue underpants, held up by a white shoelace, his chest was bare, he didn't even wear a headcloth, his long hair was held together in a slovenly bun with a comb, as if he were a woman. He must have been running; he was panting.

He passed her by, and put a small dish he was holding between the roots among the flowers and the burned incense. There was milk in it, but it was brown with coffee or chocolate or perhaps Java sugar. Then he stood close to her. "Stand still!" he ordered. He was very angry. She had been standing still all the time.

And so they stood, one next to the other.

After a while the girl saw that in a crack of the tree, close to the ground, something moved slowly, sluggishly, and came out. It was a snake, an ordinary snake, not a poisonous white-and-black-ringed one, not a green one; no, a big brown snake with black markings—very ordinary.

First it looked as if it were going to attack her; it slithered forward a piece, quick as lightning, raised its flat head and looked at her, really looked at her with its shiny little round eyes. And she couldn't help looking at the snake; she pulled up her shoulders, bent her head, and became cold all the way inside.

Then the snake turned away, crept to the saucer with milk, but didn't touch it, just looked, slithered around the saucer and rapidly, lithely disappeared back in the crack of the tree.

"Come! Quick!" The head boy kept the branches of the hedge aside for her and carefully bent them together again. The girl followed him obediently, slowly, shivering now and then. She felt nauseated. In the big garden, under the coco palms she stopped.

"You must beat that snake to death," she said.

But the head boy, who usually didn't say much, and wasn't even properly dressed, who looked like an old woman in little blue shorts and with a flat chest, said angrily, as if to punish her, "Be quiet! Look out, don't ever say that again! That snake lives there, and you are not to go there! You know very well it is forbidden!" And he repeated: "Never you go there again, you hear me!"

The girl looked at him. "I shan't go there anymore," she said submissively, "but what if the snake comes to us, in the big house? What then?"

"The snake doesn't leave here, it won't ever come to the big house!" He said it with such assurance, that she believed him at once and heaved a sigh of relief. But at the same time she had to think how, nevertheless, that snake just lived there, that close by, in the crack of the old waringin tree, near the river, with the flowers and the incense and the dish of milk in front of its cave. She saw it all clearly in front of her eyes.

"Oh," she cried, "you have forgotten your dish and the snake didn't even touch your milk."

"No," said the head boy curtly. "The snake doesn't drink as long as we people are around, it drinks later. And now come along! Come on!"

"But, but, do you always bring milk, and flowers, and incense?" she asked in astonishment. "But why do you do that?"

"Just so the snake is not angry with the people who live in the big house."

"Yes, yes," she could understand that. "Do you always just bring her milk?" She herself wasn't so crazy about milk. . . .

"Milk with coffee and sugar."

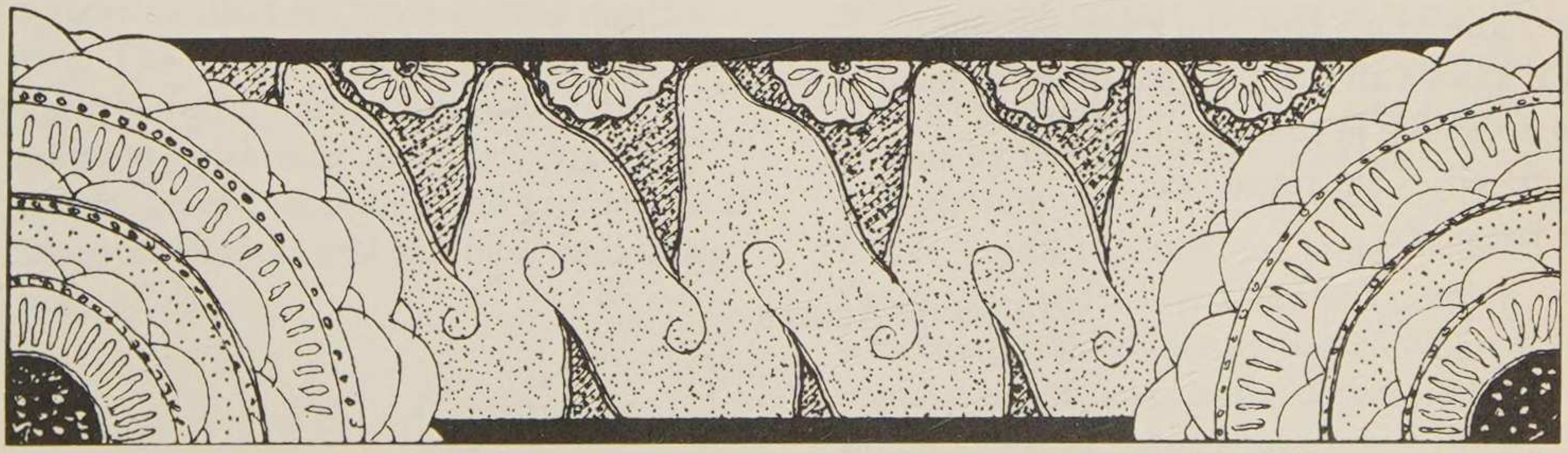
"But why with coffee and sugar," the girl asked. She always had to know everything precisely.

"Because the snake likes it that way. And now you be quiet and come along."

But a bit later he said: "Better not talk about this snake! Not with anybody. You understand? Or are you still too stupid to understand?"

Of course she understood. She was not too stupid. ◇

Adapted from Maria Dermoût's Verzameld werk *(Amsterdam, Em. Querido's Uitgeverij B.V., 1970). Reprinted by permission.*



Misunderstanding

My old man had a little saying
he loved and as he neared his end
was prone to relish more and more.
Wherever Something stands, he'd say
beside it will stand Somethingelse.
Uncaring then I waved it aside
as elderly prattle that youth has to bear
till sharply one day it struck home to me
that never before not even once
did I hear Mother in their homely disputes
utter again the moment he'd said it.
From whence began my long unrest:
What was this Thing so unanswerable
and why was it shadowed by that relentless Other?
She proved no help at all, my mother
nor he, my father, whose sole reply
was a vaguely sad and solemn smile.
But sudden one day of its own will
it showed its face to me unannounced
though not before they'd long been dead
my little old man and my mother also
revealing too how utterly vain
my self-appointed quest had been. Ablaze
with sight I turned that day
in a middling row to my wife and said
you see my darling where Something stands
Another as well will always abide.
I knew, she said; she pouted her lips
like a gun in my face. She knew she said
she'd known all along of that other woman
I was keeping in town, and I fear
my friends, I am yet to hear
the last of it.

–Chinua Achebe

The Tao and Mother Goose

by Robert Carter



Mother Goose flying to the moon . . .

The history of the world's religions may be described most simply as The Two yearning for The One, as the world of man and multiplicity longing for the Heaven of God and Unity.

How man has attempted to hear the sound of "one hand clapping," how he has sought to affect his binding back together with The One, is a story written in the history of man's art and science and his religions, with their doctrines, dogma, rituals, beliefs, teachings, and practices. It is the most fundamental and most fascinating story of all.

However else we may respond to the stories of creation, we should recognize that the process which they describe is one that exists every bit as much in the present moment, and in the future, as in the past. If these stories describe our collective beginning, they describe our individual origins as well. For the process of creation is one that is daily and constantly repeated, renewed, and re-experienced by us all. Consider the process by which new life is conceived and brought into our world: the two—male and female—come together, are joined, and "reunited," and where there was nothing, something is miraculously begun. The prenatal infant floats in the darkness of the amniotic waters, bound together with and within his source in the mother. When the

infant is born, emerges, and is divided from that source, he encounters the world of dualities in much the same order as they are described in Genesis.

First he is exposed to light, where before there was only darkness, and to air and dryness and cold, where there was only watery wetness and warmth. He encounters form and space, where before they were undifferentiated, and all space was filled. He learns of man and woman, of creatures great and small. And as he grows, and when he is an adult, he will continue to participate in the creation story, as a million new cells are daily born within him.

For man, both collectively and individually, the desire to return to the "womb" of his origins—in the broadest and deepest sense—the desire to be bound back together with The Source, is perhaps the most persistent, deeply-rooted, and intense desire of all. It is the very basis for the religious instinct, the motivation which lies at the base of every religion,* and is manifest in countless ways, both secular and spiritual. But if it is man's highest and most noble end and goal, it is also the source of his deepest frustration.

By their very nature, attempts to institutionalize The Tao—to make known The Unknown, to define The Indefinable—are in many ways self-defeating. These fixative efforts, recorded in the history of organized religions, may be likened in many ways to the story of Chaos, as told by Chuang-tze. In the story, Chaos (or what is called The Oneness, The Godhead, The Tao, etc.) is the cause of the achievements of his followers. They recognize that this is so, and wish to repay him. Seeing that Chaos has no sense organs by which to discriminate, they resolve to help him, and do so by first giving him eyes, another day a nose, and so on, until in the space of a week they have transformed him into a creature like themselves. And, as D. T. Suzuki reported in a splendid essay, "while they were congratulating themselves on their success, Chaos died."*

What is being discussed here is nothing less than the death of God—through the well-meaning efforts of his followers. Friedrich Nietzsche, with a similar understanding, wrote in 1882, "God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him." In the words of Meister Eckhardt, "to seek God by rituals is to get the ritual and lose God in the process, for He hides behind it." Or, in the Tao Te Ching:

The secret waits for the insight
Of eyes unclouded by longing;
Those who are bound by desire
See only the outward container.**

The meaning of these authors is clear: Chaos, Godhead, or Tao, The Primal Unity, The Oneness, The Beginning, The Infinite and Ineffable "secret" behind all of life—call it what we will—is unfathomable, ungraspable. When we seek to make it finite, divide it into parts, to fathom and to chart its depths, we cannot but fail, for stilled waters must surely become stagnant.

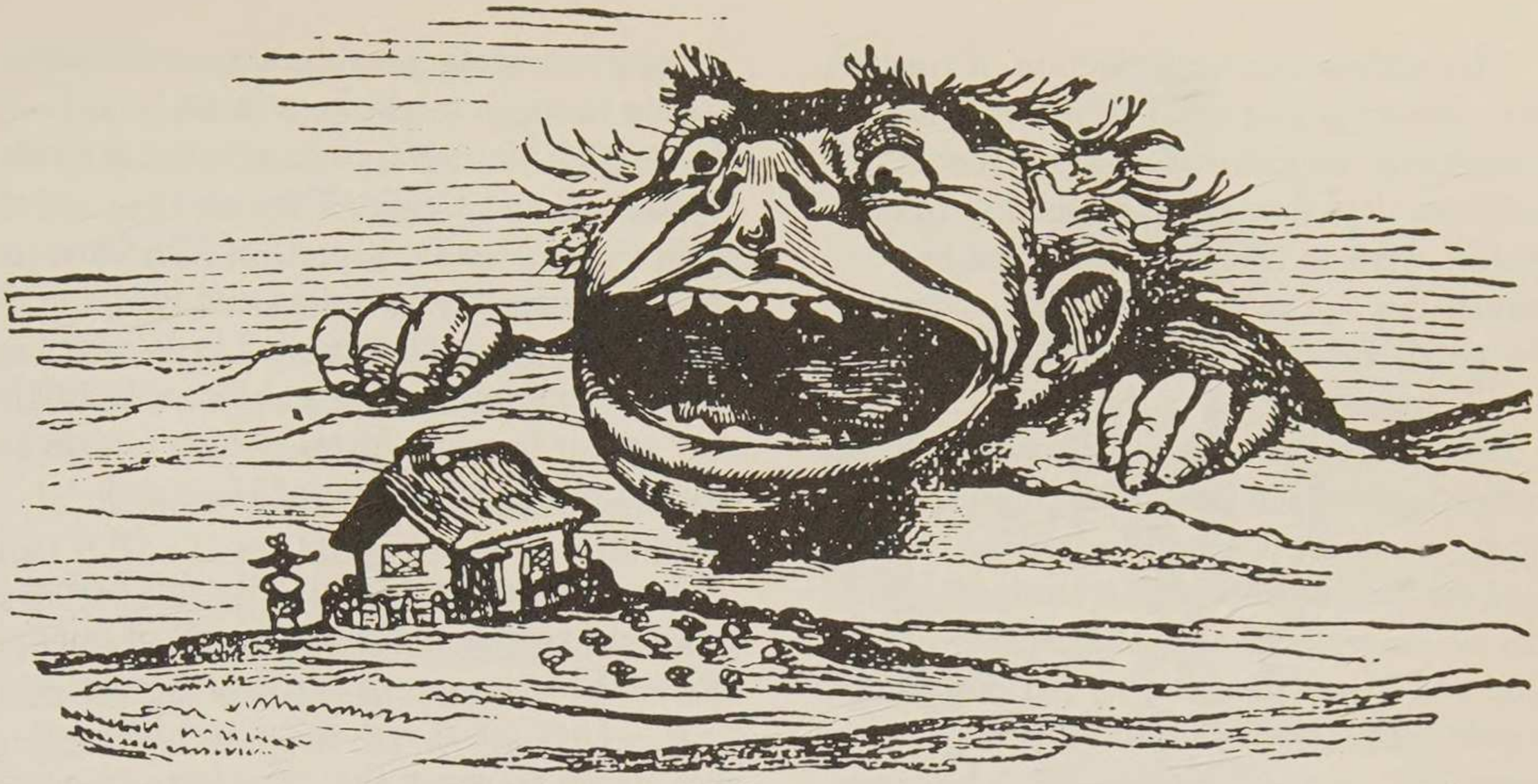
Here is a great paradox: obviously we will not seek for God, will not search for the "secret" unless we desire it, and desire it greatly. Yet, we are told, "those who are bound by desire see only the outward container." But if the invisible cannot be brought into the visible world, if the Infinite cannot be made finite, how then may it ever be approached at all? If we are doomed by our very desire to see only the "outward container," how may we ever know the "secret"? The Tao Te Ching answers:

These two come paired but distinct
By their names.
Of all things profound,

*The very word "religion" is taken from the Latin "re"—back, and "ligare"—to bind. Thus, religion is a binding back together of that which is divided.

*From "Lectures on Zen Buddhism" by D. T. Suzuki in *Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis* by Suzuki, Fromm, de Martino (New York: Grove Press, 1963).

**All quotations from the Tao Te Ching are taken from *Tao Te Ching* by Lao Tzu, trans. R. B. Blakney (New York: New American Library, 1955).



There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all . . .

Say that their pairing is deepest,
The gate to the root of the world.

It is a cryptic answer, but that is the only kind of answer we are likely to get.

The texts of the world's religious teachings, particularly the traditions of mysticism, in both the East and West, offer the seeker instruction in approaching the unapproachable. And what they all seem to share is a passion for the cryptic and paradoxical response, a tendency to speak in terms which defy our rational attempts to understand them. For theirs is a tradition which lives and is transmitted outside the fixed world of Time and History, beyond the realm of logic and words and the rationality of waking consciousness.

On the surface, their pronouncements are often frustratingly illogical, baffling, and absurd, sometimes to the point of seeming plainly silly—which, in fact, is a part of their aim: to lure us on beyond the boundaries of the sensible world, beyond the fixed, known, material, and conscious plane, and into the timeless sea of the unconscious, wherein dwells The Tao.

The journey, if we attempt it, is difficult, and fraught with powerful dangers which are no less real for the fact that they are hidden from normal view. This journey is described symbolically over and again in myth and dream and fable, as Joseph Campbell eloquently points out in *The Hero With A Thousand Faces.* Common to each such journey is the necessity for letting go, for relinquishing our grip on the safe and familiar haven of the known, to plunge headlong into the abyss, the wilderness or the sea of the Unconscious, there to encounter adventures and horrors unimagined, before we may find The Tao:

By letting go, it all gets done;
The world is won by those who let it go!

Paradoxically, this noble and life-affirming search must end, if it is to be successful, in our own extinction! Eastern and Western traditions alike insist that the death of the individual and personal self, the negation of the separate ego, is required before the greater reality, the "secret," may be found. In the words of Christ: "he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." And in the Tao Te Ching, "The Wise Man chooses to be last and so becomes the first of all; denying self, he too is saved"; or, in another passage, "Then, though you die, you shall not perish."

This selfless state of perfection, if reached, also means the end of all desire, the end of preferment, attachment, and differentiation, as Christ described in his injunction to be perfect, even as God is perfect: "for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

Even more alarming perhaps, is that this enlightenment and awakening means, in a sense, the death of God. For when the One is re-created, when Unity is attained, there can no longer be the separate duality of God and Man—their duality has been transcended. For one who is "bound back together," God and religion are as unnecessary, unnatural, and irrelevant as lungs for a fish.

For the rest of us, however, some swimming lessons may be required, before entering the great sea of the unconscious. These lessons are available in the cryptic literature of mystical teachings in many cultures, and they are not so different from one another as we might suppose. Perhaps the simplest possible condensation of the many teachings is contained in the following statement:

Not Two And Not One.

What this means, briefly, is that the fundamental "secret" of Heaven and earth, of God and man, is that they are not separate and yet not the same. The "secret" and the "outward container" "come paired but distinct by their names"—like the symbol for Yin-Yang; each half of the basic duality contains the seed of its opposite, and both are bound together in a whole. They *are* separate, they are a duality. Yet they are also not separate, they are one. They are the same and inseparable One, yet they are also not the same, for the world of duality does exist. Whether we refer to the two halves as Yin and Yang, God and Man, or The Infinite and the Finite, each lives within the other, they are not separate and not the same, Not Two and Not One.

Another variation on the theme of duality is what in myth might be referred to as Heroes and Monsters, or in religion as Gods (or Saviors) and Devils. They are the positive and negative aspects of The Oneness, the twin life-sustaining and life-threatening aspects confronted in Western religion tradition as God and Satan; in myth they appear in many forms, which may be reduced to the archetypes of Hero and Monster.

Our monsters and devils, like our heroes and gods, represent hidden aspects of ourselves. Which is not to say that they are not "real." They are as real as we are. It is not even meant to imply that they have no *objective* reality. Whether we refer to them as projections, eidetic images, compensatory phenomena, or simply as *monsters*, they quite literally have the power to destroy us, and that is as objectively real as anything need be.

Monsters thrive more in some psychological and spiritual climates than in others. The fact that they are more often found described in primitive or in medieval settings than in contemporary ones is simply an indication of the greater psychic or spiritual intensity prevalent in those earlier periods.

In myth, the monster plays a very real and important role. Often encountered as the guardian or protector of some prize of great value, the monster represents a life-threatening force, which must be confronted and overcome—either through being slain or by being transformed—so that the hero or heroine may gain the prize. The prize and the monster alike are most commonly placed, in fable, in some distant and alien surroundings—across the sea, or beneath it, atop or beyond the farthest mountains, deep in the wilderness or the desert, beneath the earth, etc. Symbolically, the story that is being told is the story of the search for Oneness, which lives as much within as without. Both the prize and the monster are its twin positive and negative aspects.

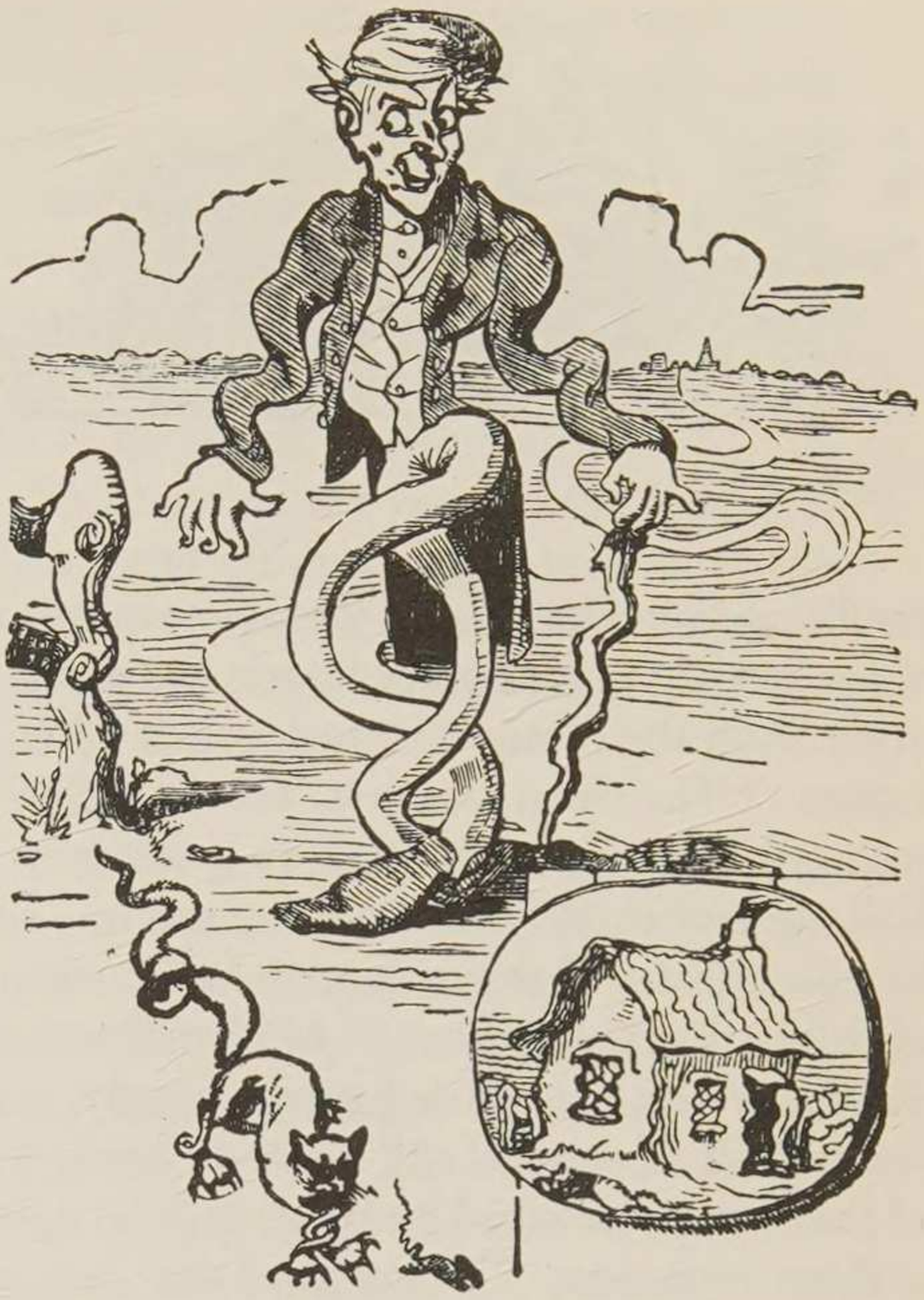
In dreams, monsters may appear in any form of animal, combinations of animals, or in combined animal and human forms, as well as in other less easily definable ways. They are most often experienced as per-

sonifications of the threat of death, of one kind or another, and in this connection they are frequently related to the Great Mother, in her terrible and devouring, death-dealing aspect. "And this motif is a recurrent one in fairy tales, where the mother often appears as a murderess or eater of human flesh; a well-known German paradigm is the story of Hansel and Gretel."*

In the present era it seems understandable that if The Great Mother is to be found preserved at all, it will be in a relatively despiritualized and somewhat innocuous, or at least less awesome, manifestation than those which peopled the myths of more "primitive" cultures. She will be the Hollywood "sex goddess," for example, rather than Aphrodite or The Madonna.

That the archetypal Feminine Principle should also be reduced for us, in the mythology of childhood, to an absurd old lady who tells nonsense meant for children, seems entirely appropriate, in an age given over to fascination with computer technology and televised sports. The personification of The Great Goddess as Mother Goose represents another collision of the sublime and the ridiculous, the wise and the foolish. It is another coincidence of opposites, and not an unworthy one. Every culture has had its share of popular clowns and fools, tricksters, witches, and "old story-tellers"; and Mother Goose, with her collection of tales and riddles and rhymes, is certainly not less well known, not less foolish, and not less wise than any of them.

The actual historical origins of the character Mother Goose are thoroughly researched and thoroughly unclear. She has been known to us at least since the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and may well have been known much earlier than that. She has been identified by scholars as deriving from



There was a crooked man . . .

various specific historical personalities, including Queen Bertha, mother of Charlemagne, who died in 783 A.D., and another Bertha, wife of Robert II of France (c. 970-1031 A.D.), both of whom seem to have had embarrassingly large feet. (They were known, respectively, as "Queen Goose-foot" and "Goose-footed Bertha.") Some American scholars jealously identify her instead with a lady of Boston, stepmother to ten children and mother to six others, who bore the surname, Goose. (Her son-in-law published a volume of Mother Goose melodies in 1719.) Some scholars, presumably serious, have even identified Mother Goose with the Queen of Sheba.

Without challenging the truth of any of these, or a number of other, associations, it is nonetheless fair to suggest that the mythical importance and psychological validity and necessity for such a figure as teller of tales for children is far better established in the writings of Jung, Neumann, and others of a similar persuasion.

The image of Mother Goose as a benevolent and wise old storyteller is undeniably

*From *Symbols of Transformation* by C. G. Jung, Bollingen Series XX, *Collected Works of C. G. Jung,* Vol. 5 (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1956).



Ring the bell! . . .

paralleled in numerous and various manifestations of the Great Mother figures, in world myth. And the demonic or malevolent aspects of The Great Goddess, as reflected in such manifestations as the Hindu goddess, Kali, are not entirely unknown to our friendly Mother Goose either. In fact, most of the earliest illustrations of Mother Goose depict her as a witch-like figure, strongly reminiscent of some of the shadowy forms of the anima, described by Jung, in his analyses of dreams. This aspect of the Mother carries not only the fruitful, regenerative and benevolent qualities of Mother Nature, but also her capacity for storm and strife.

Mother Goose may easily be seen as embodying these darker elements of the anima, particularly if we consider the complete collection of rhymes which are associated with her. For many of the rhymes are ribald, tragic, and threatening, even violent. One writer, urging nursery rhyme reform as recently as 1952, claimed that in a survey of 200 traditional Mother Goose rhymes, 100 "harbour unsavoury elements." He went on to cite a list of these, which included:

8 allusions to murder (unclassified),
2 cases of choking to death,
1 case of death by devouring,
1 case of cutting a human being in half,
1 case of decapitation,
1 case of death by squeezing,
1 case of death by shriveling,
1 case of death by starvation,
1 case of boiling to death,
1 case of death by hanging,
1 case of death by drowning,
4 cases of killing domestic animals,
1 case of body snatching,
21 cases of death (unclassified),
7 cases relating to the severing of limbs,
1 case of the desire to have a limb severed,
2 cases of self-inflicted injury,
4 cases relating to the breaking of limbs,
1 allusion to a bleeding heart,
1 case of devouring human flesh,
5 threats of death,
1 case of kidnapping,
12 cases of torment and cruelty to human beings and animals,
8 cases of whipping and lashing,
3 allusions to blood,
14 cases of stealing and general dishonesty,
15 allusions to maimed human beings and animals,
1 allusion to undertakers,
2 allusions to graves,
23 cases of physical violence (unclassified),
1 case of lunacy,
16 allusions to misery and sorrow,
1 case of drunkenness,
4 cases of cursing,
1 allusion to marriage as a form of death,
1 case of scorning the blind,
1 case of scorning prayer,
9 cases of children being lost or abandoned,
2 cases of house burning,
9 allusions to poverty and want,
5 allusions to quarreling,
2 cases of unlawful imprisonment,
2 cases of racial discrimination.*

Let it suffice, then, to say that Mother Goose does indeed have a darker side.

Monsters are a very real, important and absolutely necessary part of the psychological development of early childhood. This fact is frequently overlooked by those saccharine, if well-meant, children's publications, which insist on altering traditional fairy tales, so that the more violent and destructive elements of their monsters are glossed over and ignored. As Bruno Bettelheim points out, "those who outlawed traditional folk fairy tales decided that if there were monsters in a story told to children, these must all be friendly—but they missed the monster a child knows best

*From *The Annotated Mother Goose* by William S. and Cecil Baring-Gould. (New York: Bramhall House, Crown, 1962).

and is most concerned with: the monster he feels or fears himself to be, and which sometimes persecutes him. By keeping this monster within the child unspoken of, hidden in his unconscious, adults prevent the child from spinning fantasies around it in the images of fairy tales he knows. Without such fantasies, the child fails to get to know his monster better, nor is he given suggestions as to how he may gain mastery over it."*

Perhaps one of the healthiest extant psychological practices, regarding the monsters which inhabit children's dreams, is found in the society of the Senoi people in Malaysia. The practice, which Patricia Garfield calls "creative dreaming," in her book of that name, has probably been cultivated as assiduously by these people as by any others known. This practice, coupled with a remarkably healthy life-style, may account for the fact that "neuroses and psychoses are reported to be non-existent among them."**

When the very young children of the Senoi first begin reporting "scary dreams," of being chased by animals, monsters, and the like, they are instructed that these dream monsters can hurt them only if they flee. They are told that they can control their actions in a dream, and that they must not flee, but advance toward and confront such creatures, when they are next encountered in a dream. They are taught that they can call upon spirit or "dream-friends," who will aid them in conquering the monster. This 'conquering' may take place through killing the creature, or by befriending it. And finally, the child learns not only to confront and conquer his dream monsters, but even to require that they furnish him with a tribute, a gift, which he may bring back with him into waking consciousness. "This gift can be a poem, a story, a song, a dance, a design, a painting, or some other beautiful thing. Or it can be something useful, such as an invention or a solution to a problem. The value of the gift should be such that the dreamer obtains social consensus of its worth in a waking state."

To complete the victory, the child may then spend his morning in writing out the story or the poem, painting the design, playing the song, etc., which was given to him by the monster.

Nursery rhymes do not often deal with the extreme forms of monsters, like those encountered in myth and fairy tale and horror film. They do not present us with many dragons, winged serpents, sea monsters, and the like. The monsters encountered in nursery rhymes tend to be much smaller, more intimate and personal images. But for the very young child the horror they inspire is at least equivalent to that produced by fairy tales in the mind of the older child.

One of the simplest, most familiar, and most often repeated rhymes which may be said to deal with such an encounter is this one, which seems to date from about the sixteenth century:

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a big spider,
Who sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

In myth, the spider is most commonly the embodiment of negative aspects of intrigue, duplicity, and evil. It is usual for the spider to be associated in some connection with the negative functions of the feminine principle, as Terrible Mother. In Pueblo Indian lore, Spider Old Woman is a powerful deity, whose strength is associated with war. When used in the context of the Terrible Mother, the spider's connection with a web carries a meaning which involves an ensnaring, capturing, and binding capacity.

In the rhyme then, we have Little Miss Muffet, the picture of well-behaved innocence, perched like a little bird on her

*From *The Uses of Enchantment* by Bruno Bettelheim (New York: Vintage Books, 1977).

**From *Creative Dreaming* by Patricia Garfield (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1974).

'tuffet' and eating a bland mixture of curds and whey. She is innocuous, tidy and every inch a "good little girl." But enter the spider—a *big* spider—which takes its place right *beside her,* and frightens Miss Muffet away.

In the form of written language, the rhyme loses a great deal. We should remember that this rhyme, like all the others, is properly meant to be heard and recited—with all of the properly hushed and amplified tones and suitable vocal flourishes, and heard through the ears and the mind of a very young child. And then it is a very scary rhyme.

Here, expressed in six lines, we have a meeting of opposites, presented in immediately effective and familiar images, for a child. If there is a lesson here, perhaps it is this: for every Miss Muffet, there is a spider, and the more exceedingly prim the Miss Muffet, the more correspondingly extreme and horrifying the spider must be. Eventually Miss Muffet must learn to confront her spider, must recognize that she cannot really flee, for the spider is her constant, hidden companion. She must realize, as she matures, that the very essence of "spideriness" lives within her, just as there is a Little Miss Muffet who resides in the heart of every evil "spider."

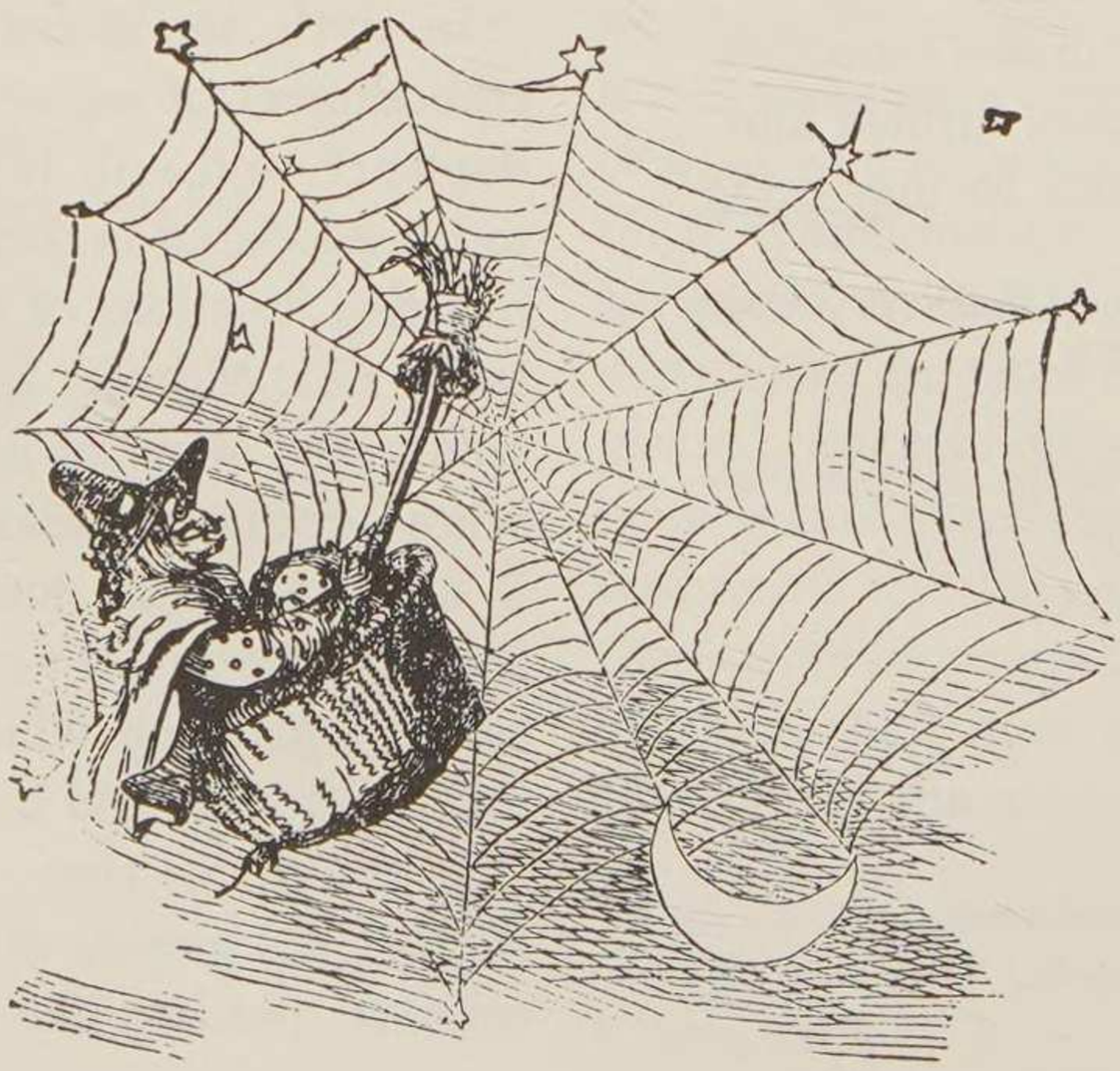
For the thoughtful adult, the deeper lesson to be learned in all of this is that the "monsters," who are the objects of our fear, are the mirror-images of the gods, heroes, and saviors, who are the objects of our worship. We *love* life but *fear* death. We love and desire God, but fear and despise Satan. This push-pull duality of attraction and repulsion, which rules so much of our lives, is one force, not two. As the Tao Te Ching states, desire and fear are the two sides of a single coin,

For is and is-not come together;
Hard and easy are complementary;
Long and short are relative;
High and low are comparative;
Pitch and sound make harmony;
Before and after are a sequence.

If we peer deeply into the Yin, we find the seed of Yang; if we study Yang, we encounter Yin. Like these, fear and desire are not separate, and yet not the same. Within fear is contained the seed of desire, and desire contains the seed of fear. Where there is no desire, no differentiation, no attachment, and no preferment, there can be no repulsion and no fear. And where there is no repulsion or rejection, no fear of loss, there can be no attachment and no desire for gain. The two grow together, and from the same seed, just as gods and devils do.

Gods and devils, or heroes and monsters, are the "outward containers," which are the objects of our desire and fear, and in the Tao Te Ching, "Those who are bound by desire [or by fear] see only the outward container." The "secret" of the sameness of the two "waits for the insight of eyes unclouded by longing." Such eyes as these, it should be added, are also unclouded by fear. ◇

There was an old woman toss'd up in a basket . . .



The Children of Vietnam

by Francelia Butler

Albrecht Roser of Stuttgart, one of the world's leading puppeteers, once put on an act for one of my English classes. He called it "Viet Nam." Beautiful puppet dancers in graceful Vietnamese costume, the *aou yai*, swayed to Oriental music. Then, without warning, they slowly reversed themselves and became a great black, hairy spider which crawled off the stage. The act was stunning, but the students were so appalled they groaned, they could not clap.

Probably I was more affected than anyone, for this was a perfect symbol of the Viet Nam I had experienced during the summer of 1974 (South Viet Nam fell the following spring), when I spent a few weeks there studying the ritual nature of rhymes—an interest of mine for nearly thirty years. An old friend who worked for the Embassy had invited me over, so I had a place to stay and even the use of a car.

Having studied the rhymes in many places throughout the world, including Belfast during the Troubles, I had seen children find release through the ritual of rope skipping. Within the invisible world of the turning rope they had skipped to the universal themes of protest, loneliness, love, death, nonsense, the future. If they stumbled, they broke the spell and had to start over again. I anticipated seeing the same ritual performed in the orphanages and neighborhood playgrounds in Viet Nam. The irony was that I saw somewhat more than I bargained for . . . children deprived of help from charities and existing on less than a dollar a month (800 piasters) for food, clothing, shelter, medical care, and education. I also learned that I could not separate folk rhymes from the condition of the folk who contributed them.

At the time I arrived in May, 1974, most of the G.I.s had left, but things were still good for the Americans who remained. My hostess, a secretary, had a charming apartment centrally located in a beautiful building dating from the French occupation. Her French-speaking Vietnamese maid did the wash and prepared simple, delectable meals of fresh fish from the South China Sea with exotic tropical fruits for dessert. Repasts were served on low tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and there were lacquered pictures on the walls. The geckos—the house lizards that slithered about the walls making strange, prattling sounds like their name—added glamor and mystery. From the inside the apartment enclosure the war seemed far away, except at night on the balcony, when one saw a red glow in the sky and heard the distant sound of rockets.

But everyone in Saigon knew that the war would soon be over, and the Americans would have to leave. At Embassy affairs—I was invited to three—the twilight of the gods was being celebrated with venison, wild boar, pheasant, and arctic char.

Party at the American Embassy, Saigon, June 1974



"And what are *you* doing here, my dear?" The question was asked me by a diet-slim woman, her simple crepe dress adorned with a large diamond brooch.

"Collecting folk rhymes," I said.

My interrogator stepped back and stared at me.

"Now, my dear," she said, "tell us what you are *really* doing here."

I had entered an upside-down world engendered by war, where things that seemed sinister were sometimes innocent, and things that seemed innocent were sometimes sinister.

If it had not been for my Vietnamese driver, who knew English and knew his way about Saigon, I would never have been able to visit sixteen large orphanages. They just weren't show places. When the spokesmen for the mass charities I first queried were reluctant to tell me where the orphanages were, I assumed it was because they thought my visit might be an intrusion, but after visiting the orphanages, I decided that the charities did not know where they were, for there was no evidence of their help. Later, when I told several directors of the fifty-four charities of the horrors I had witnessed and asked why they were not helping, I was invariably given these four explanations:

1) Help was given only in the war zone, where I was not permitted to go. This excuse puzzled me, since a large share of the population of South Viet Nam had run into Saigon. In fact, the chauffeur had to proceed by inches in outlying districts, since whole families were lying on thin blankets in the road, and had to gather their meager belongings and scurry out of our way. (The problem was only in the outskirts of Saigon, since the refugees were not permitted to occupy sidewalks before the rich mansions in the downtown area, nor could they scale the walls there and rest in the gardens, as the walls had broken glass imbedded in them to prevent it.)

2) A large program of help to the orphanages was planned, once still more money was received—$7,500,000 from the United States Congress. This too bothered me, since the Americans had been in Viet Nam for a generation—long enough, it seemed to me, to work out the problem.

3) Help was given to day-care centers, not orphanages, and most of the programs were of the self-help variety. Self-help with what, I wondered.

4) The Vietnamese were dishonest, and would divert any funds to themselves. When I asked why Americans did not administer the help, I was told that conditions were so bad in the orphanages that no American could survive for any length of time.

Meanwhile, no normal human being could walk through the orphanages without weeping. The sum allotted for each child for total care was, as I said, less than a dollar a month. A typical orphanage was Co nhi vien Go vap, where there were four hundred children. The children were segregated according to age in chicken-wire pens on a third floor—fifty little tots around three in one pen, sixty-five a little older in another—like animals in a Kansas City stockyard. Many children had fly-infested sores on their bodies. A strong odor from a ground floor latrine reached clear up to the top floor of the building, where moribund children were segregated in a darkened room. One could locate them by following the acrid smell of incense. Downstairs, I tried to enter the latrine, but it was so dark one had to grope one's way. After nearly slipping on the slimy floor, I gave up.

Fortunately, I had come supplied with dozens of skip-ropes, and I gave them out to the listless children, squatting around the dry cement floor. There were no toys. Though the children formed a line clear around a building to try skipping, I soon discovered that there was no child-to-child transmission of traditional rhymes here. Then I realized—of course!—they were segregated according to age group. Instead, the children made up their own ritual chants. One girl, for instance, made a

stumbling effort to skip to the following rhyme:

Two animals
Their hearts beat as one
And now they have made friends
With one another.

In such an environment, the children felt that they were animals. The ragged Vietnamese attendants seemed to be doing the best they could, but they looked no better off than the children.

"While the G.I.'s were here," attendants told me in each orphanage in turn, "we got some help, but none since they left."

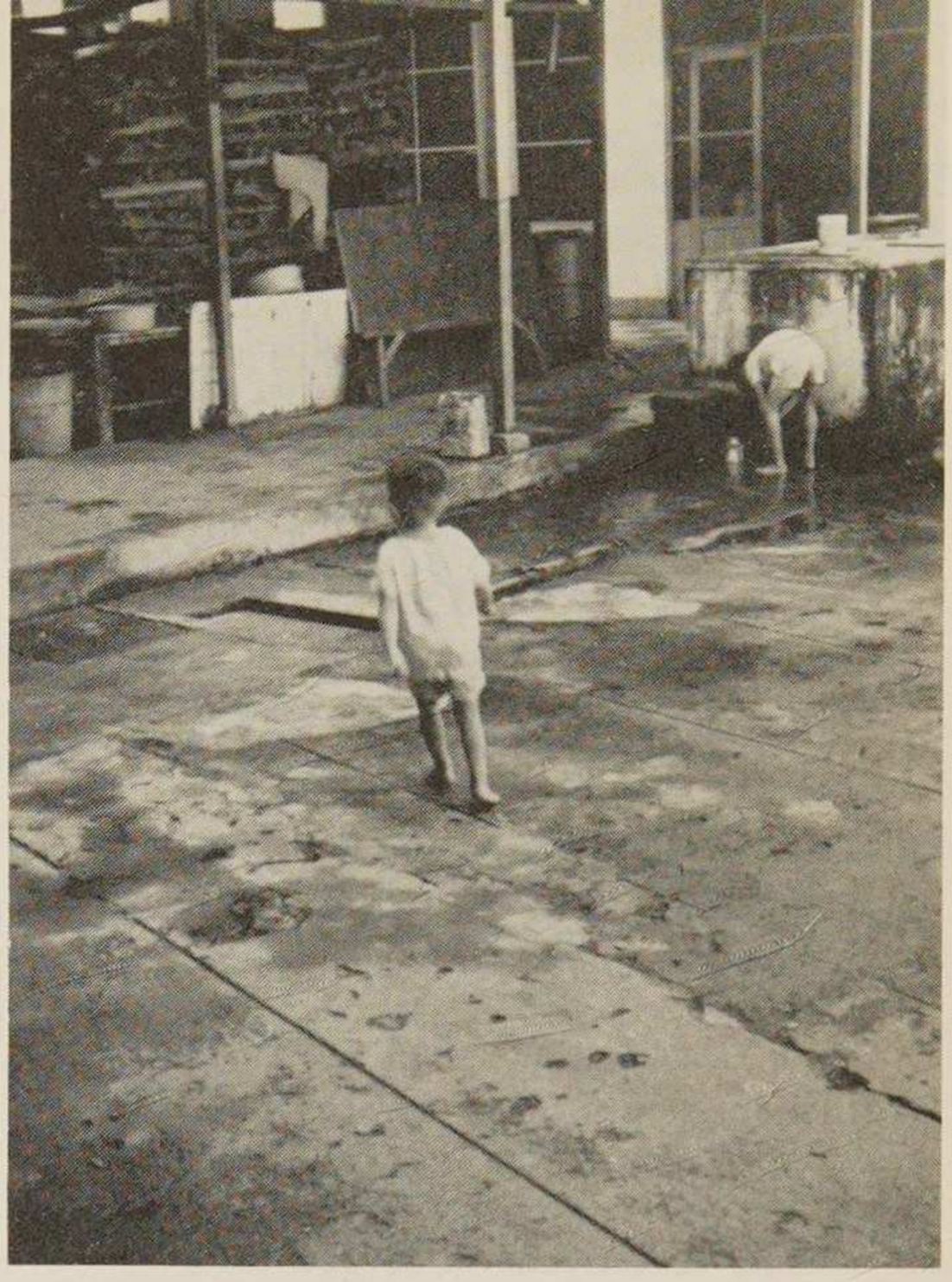
I made two visits to Co nhi vien Go vap. The second time, as I left, I saw workers there pounding rotten bits of vegetables on the ground to be mixed with mouldy-looking water from an open vat—the children's supper, they told me.

Not all the children were orphans. Some were abandoned each morning at the gates of orphanages by frantic parents who hoped the children would be given enough food to survive. A little boy, recently abandoned at the gate, tried to skip to this one:

A boy who is thinking about his family
Is going out to sell newspapers
To make some money to help his family

In his fantasy world, he was thinking of a solution to his problem.

The orphanage Phy My was even worse. It contained about three hundred children, some of them Americans, of course. They ranged in age from two to six. They stood or squatted or lay in dank, filthy concrete-floored barn-like buildings. No toys were visible anywhere. When they lined up for their turn to skip rope, they were unlaughing, twisting the filthy rags which served as clothes. The lack of childish exuberance was unnatural. The only strenuous effort was being made by a few boys who were engaged in a groin-rupturing attempt to pull a large stone out of a hole. Our guide explained that the boys hoped to turn a patch of dry, sparsely grassed land into a garden.



Quach-Thi-Trang Buddhist orphanage

In a pen in a ground floor shed, about fifty small children were huddled. On my arrival, they were asked to rise and sing a welcome song—a custom for visitors to all orphanages. The children with Western blood, both white and black, only stared intently, angrily, I thought. One lovely little girl about two-and-a-half, with tangled red hair, stared at me, saw that I was racially similar, and began to weep silently, putting her small hands before her face. The little girl did not try to sing.

"What's her name?" I asked.

The attendant entered the pen and tried to look at her name tape, but the child put her arm behind her. Forcibly, the attendant twisted her arm around so that I could see the blurred tape on the tiny wrist.

"It's Anne," she said.

Quach-Thi-Trang, a Buddhist orphanage, was even poorer. It had been operating since 1965 and contained three hundred boys and girls, from tiny infants to teenagers. There were thirty Buddhist orphanages like this, I was told, three with seven hundred orphans in each. Cooking was done with wood, on a large stone table. Water was taken from a stinking cesspool or pond. Near the cess-

pool, one ingenious boy was listlessly fashioning grasshoppers out of reeds, a form of Oriental folk art.

"I have fear for the future," the manager told me, "particularly for those of mixed blood."

Someone at the Embassy said, "The tiger cages (for adult prisoners) are the Ritz compared with the orphanages. After all, two-year-olds are expendable—what can *they* do?—but there is always a possibility an adult might get out and wreak vengeance." Then he added, "Some people feel that the way things are, the fewer children the better . . . if this is bad, you ought to see Calcutta."

Too many of the orphanages were like An Lac—a showplace among orphanages, I was informed by Americans in Saigon. Here there were one hundred eighty children under five; one hundred thirty-one over five. It was reasonably presentable—though the official serving as guide refused me permission to see the kitchen. As I was leaving, I saw some closed doors across the courtyard. "What's in there?" I asked. "Nothing," she replied. Sensing something wrong, I broke away from her company, dashed across the yard, and opened a door. Lying on the bare floor were a large number of children, obviously very ill, dressed in filthy clothes.

When the guide saw me emerge from the room, she hugged the wall of the courtyard in horror, then returned to the main building without showing me the customary courtesy of escorting me to the gate.

When I went to the charities and related what I had seen, I was coldly treated. "You have no right to nose in where it is none of your concern," one official said. "If you continue this line of behavior, the Vietnamese government will ask you to leave the country."

I felt that as a tax-paying citizen and a contributor to charities, I had a right to know what I was paying for. But frightened by the threat of eviction, I decided to go directly to the Vietnamese government and ask what was going on. I went to Dr. Cao Xuan An, Director of the Cabinet of Social Welfare, and told him what I had seen.

"I know," he said. "Some of these charity heads have never entered an orphanage, even though they have been here for years and are only a few blocks away."

This I believed, since when I questioned one administrator as to what orphanages I could go to in Saigon to collect rhymes, he told me he did not know about the orphanages there, and summoned his private secretary—he had not invited me into his office but met me in the lobby. She did not know either, and phoned someone in "Building C," who was off on an extended vacation. I sat for awhile in the lobby, resting my feet on an Oriental rug. Finally, his sleek, silk-clad secretary emerged with a list of three places she said the charity helped: a school, a street boys' project, and a hospital. I went to each and found that the charity in question had done nothing. They did have a function in connection with the hospital: they referred patients.

This charity was even more elegant than the American Embassy. In fact, on arrival in Saigon, I had at first mistaken it for the Embassy. It had fleets of air-conditioned cars and a sign on the gate: "Let us remember to keep the air-conditioning turned down in the evening, when we're not here."

Dr. An used my visit as an occasion to order the heads of two charities (in one of their own air-conditioned cars) to visit the orphanages with him and me and see the conditions at first hand. At first they demurred, as he predicted they would, but he insisted. Next day we were accompanied by a charming woman, Dr. Pham-Thi-Tu of the National School of Social Work, University of Saigon, educated, I believe, at the University of Chicago. I was embarrassed to see that one of the charity heads was the one who had threatened me with eviction.

Along with less palatable places, An took us to a day-care center in which he was interested. Here children had their own little garden plots and also interrelated with old

people in the same complex. The old people baby-sat the children and told them stories, and the children brought youth and a feeling of usefulness into the lives of the old.

Not all those concerned with the tragic plight of children were criminally indifferent and self-seeking. Victor N. Scrinivasan, for instance, an Indian head of the Vietnamese-American Children's Fund, was genuinely interested in his one-hundred-forty charges. He had designed beds for them with little drawers underneath for their clothes, and mosquito netting curtains to draw at night. The gardens of his orphanage, Hope II, were beautiful. But his was a small operation emanating from Houston, Texas, not eligible for aid, not registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, USAID, nor a member of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service and the Council of Foreign Voluntary Agencies in Viet Nam.

Srinivasan gave me *The Welcomer,* a newsletter dated November, 1973 of an adoption agency in Doylestown, Pa. (currently operating to place Korean orphans). According to the newsletter, "of 60 Vietnamese orphans put up for adoption, 52 died before they could be claimed . . . The children died because it takes 6 months to get through the red tape of adoption procedures and because the conditions in Vietnamese orphanages are atrocious." From what I saw I believe this is a fair representation of conditions.

I also checked out some of the places that had run big ads in American magazines, for I assumed there would be many children there. A street boys' project was farcically small—four or five boys in as many homes. A hospital project, in which it was claimed that $30 would purchase hospital care for a child in Viet Nam, was inaccurate. Inflation was such that three American dollars would pay for total care, including a private room. Some of these charitites were international and very complex. It is difficult to assign blame.

In the streets and homes of Saigon, I managed to make a large collection of the traditional rhymes. Children everywhere were skipping, using ropes made of pale plastic chains. Among other people I visited Mrs. Lynette Quang Ti, an American nurse married to a Vietnamese school teacher. Though very poor, they were obviously happy in their tiny cottage at 787 Tran Quoc Toan.

The Tis had three children of rope-skipping age—two boys and a girl—and they gave me many rhymes which Mrs. Ti translated. From here I learned that just as in America, children took traditional rhymes sometimes and perverted them into something erotic and disrespectful of parents and grandparents. (For erotic American rhymes, see the Seventy-Fifth volume of the *Journal of American Folklore,* though the pertinent pages are often missing from library copies.)

In the '60s in the States, some rebels interspersed the lines of The Star Spangled Banner with Bronx cheers. In Viet Nam, too, rebellious youth perverted their national anthem. Instead of "O, citizen! Stand up and answer the rivers and mountains!" there were satirists who sang in a comparably scatological way, "O, citizen! Sleep so sound you wet your bed and make a fart!" Another patriotic song, promoted by the South Vietnamese government in 1974, went like this:

All our strength for our country!
To build up our nation!
Youth Corps,
Join our talents together!

Using humor as a weapon to express their feelings and, hopefully, bring positive change, the young sang the song this way:

All our strength for our country!
Rice cakes with shrimp filling!
Youth Corps,
Our talent is eating!

Protest is universal and so is nonsense, sometimes used to express inexpressible longing and misery. Some of the music of the Doors was of this kind as was the

Beatles' song, "ob-la-di ob-la-da" ("Happy ever after in the market place"). In South Viet Nam, a popular nonsense rhyme was used to play tag. Everything is topsy-turvy, and someone has to be IT:

Let go of the leech and the snapping turtle.
Don't you catch women,
The men will be sad.
The rice is cloth white.
There are many rice boats like water
With spilled fish sauce and salt,
With a felled banana tree
And an upturned pot of chicken droppings.
Wherever the pot turns over,
That person is IT!

Not all the rhymes and songs were bitter. Nature is an important unifying symbol which reflected the agricultural aspect of people's lives. Rhymes seemed to drip with water, to have the natural watery atmosphere of the country—of rice paddies, meandering streams, and the South China Sea. Here is part of a long nonsense rhyme in which children imitate each other in taunting but harmless confrontation as one witnessed between the North and South Vietnamese children at play in Saigon:

Two rice cakes
On the food tray are quarreling.
Two large ants
In the honey bottle
Are fighting.
Two balls of earth
On the pondside are wrestling.
You drain my pond,
I dry yours up!
Your basket's full of fish
Mine's full of shrimp.
You go to market,
So do I.
You sell cakes before the Temple,
I sell before the King's palace.
You make shrimp sauce,
I make fish sauce.
You're your father's daughter,
I'm my father's son.
You're the eldest,
I'm the second youngest.
You wear a round basket,
I wear a conical hat.
You hold scissors,
I hold a knife.
What you do
I do the like.

One day, my hostess announced that we were going on a picnic. Her maid packed a hamper, and we set out to spend the weekend somewhere—I didn't know where. Including the maid and driver, there were six in the party.

We drove a long way—seventy-five or eighty miles—on an American-built road, past rubber plantations and ovens for making charcoal, past a small procession of Buddhist monks on their way to a shrine, past rice paddies where water buffalo were ploughing. Near one was its calf, a snowy egret perched on its back. Herons stood among the growing rice shoots. Here and there were small bamboo grass-thatched huts protected by palm, plumeria or frangipane trees with white blossoms. Once in a while one saw a dark figure ploughing, using a one-blade plough with two handles. At a crossroads, men and women were squatting, selling black market gas in quart jars. Patches of water held lotus and water lilies.

In late afternoon, we arrived at a barrier in the road. In Vietnamese and in English, the sign read: "Viet Cong Territory. Proceed no further. Road mined."

My friend asked her driver to turn off the road and drive the car around the barrier.

"No!" I shouted from the back seat. "Don't you see the sign?"

"They know they're winning the war," was the reply. "They're not shooting at white-skinned people anymore. . . . They'll think we're part of the International Control Commission."

High on the ridges one could see guards. The car radio said the VC were in the vicinity.

"I want out!" I shouted.

"To walk back to Saigon alone at night?"

I saw I was trapped. We proceeded about five miles up the road and then turned up towards a low promontory that overlooked



The water supply, Co nhi vien Go vap orphanage

Long Hai on the South China Sea, southeast of Saigon. Obviously, the place had been shelled. Part of a building was standing, and from it dangled a large frayed rope. The car would move no further, and we got out and shuffled through white sand, past an abandoned helmet full of holes, past large rats scurrying by and some human turds, down rocks onto a broad, beautiful white beach. There was scarcely a ripple on the sea—nothing in sight except a few round, woven, tarred fishing boats bobbing on the water, a rower in each with one paddle. Down the beach a little ways a man was surf-fishing with a net. Obviously, there had been action, for there were several rocket placements along the beach, part of a discarded black VC uniform, some flattened beer cans made into a short, tentative wall, a broken cart with wooden wheels, a disintegrating tank, truck, and jeep.

"At least the beach is empty," my friend said.

"Isn't that a shark?" I asked, pointing out to sea.

"Only about three feet long . . . just a baby shark."

I looked at the maid. She was shaking. "Is it dangerous here?" I asked her in French.

"Dangerous?" she replied. "This is the place I fled from."

"Here's where we spread out our blankets for the night," my friend said. "I'm hungry."

I was extremely angry at her for putting my life in jeopardy, but since there was no choice as to whether to stay or go, I went swimming. The water was deliciously stimulating and the sand soft underfoot.

Back in Saigon, I went to visit Doan Quoc Sy, a teacher of elementary education at the Saigon Normal School. Like Lynette Ti's, his home at 338/60B Thonh Thai was very poor by American standards, but he seemed happy and comfortable. Sy had been in the United States, had a master's degree from Peabody College in Nashville, and spoke fluent English. He was also a graduate

of the University of Van Hanh (Buddhist) and an authority on Vietnamese folk rhymes. He gave me several rhymes, among them a sensitive, philosophical rhyme popular at the mid-autumn Children's Festival, he said, when children form a lantern procession in the moonlight and make rowing motions as they wind about the roads and paths, following the leader:

Let's row rhythmically,
Not laugh at one another,
For there are no branches free from worms.
Let's row rhythmically,
Let's row rhythmically.
If you don't ponder life now,
You can't do it later.
Let's row rhythmically.

No one is perfect, the rhyme says, and life is brief. In harsher terms, the Doors were saying the same thing about life at that time, when simple people become the victims of powerful outside forces.

I gathered rhymes wherever I could. Perhaps I am a Swedenborgian like Johnny Appleseed, only instead of planting, I try to collect seedling rhymes and transplant them to show that we are all part of the Universal Soul. At the Club Nautique on the Saigon River, someone invited me to sup on the porch, savoring succulent charcoal-broiled crabs floating in hot garlic and butter sauce—better, I thought, than the food at the Hotel Continental in Saigon, scene of Graham Greene's *Quiet American.* But I kept thinking about those thousands of orphans and what *they* were eating. At the next table, an English-speaking Vietnamese knew a sophisticated game rhyme played very much like jacks, except that chopsticks are picked up or maneuvered instead. While a ball is thrown up in the air, the motions of the game are carried out:

Ferried across, one finds an egret,
A felled tree wrapped in vines,
Floating duckweeds and green guavas,
Peeled onions and red-yolk eggs,
Shrimps curved like the Pope's nose.
Take it all, then go into "crowheads."

Crowheads, you must be tired.
Let's swing across the river
To plant an orchard, one must keep the pits.
Let's pick once, let's pick twice, etc.

It was shocking to me to compare this version with that of children in Dieu-Giac, a Buddhist day-care center, where the children played a kind of jacks among the closely laid tombstones, their playground behind the pagoda where they lived. Like inventive children in other shelters, these children were using loose pebbles for their game:

Spreading the pebbles, I catch one and then two.
Spreading the pebbles, I catch two and then three. . . .

A popular song then in Viet Nam had a line about birds being able to move freely—why not people? In their fantasy world, children were already visiting places that had no bamboo barriers. An old folk rhyme popular that summer on the playgrounds in Saigon even took them to "Long Thanh"—name of Hanoi during the Ly dynasty (1100–1225). After all, many of the children in South Viet Nam were North Vietnamese whose parents had fled there. The rhymes goes:

Let's go sightseeing in Long Thanh
Which has in all thirty-six streets:
Basket Street, Silver Street, Hemp Cloth Street,
Sail Street, Tin Street, Slipper Street,
Tray Street, Horse's Tail Street, Pipe Street,
Shoe Street, Eel Pot Street, Long Bamboo
Hurdle Street, Rattan Street,
Musical Instrument Street . . . .

We enjoy what we have seen.
The streets of Long Thanh are prettiest of all.
They stretch in a mesh like a chessboard.
Back home, we miss them greatly
So we praise them warmly here.

Beautiful puppet dancers in graceful Vietnamese costume, the aou yai, *swayed to Oriental music. Then, without warning, they slowly reversed themselves and became a great black, hairy spider which crawled off the stage. . .* ◇

EPICYCLE

Bo-Ki



The story is told from ancient times. There were once upon a time two brothers, Taro-maru and Jiro-maru. Hunters they were, who knew how to keep closed "the bag of patience." Often did they hunt together, spending the night among the branches of a tree, silently waiting for a boar to drink in the pool of light below their feet.

One night as they waited, Taro-maru felt his neck seized by a powerful claw. The attack came so suddenly that he thought it could only have come from a large bird of prey. At once he called to his younger brother, "Shoot quickly, one foot above my head!" Jiro-maru took no time wondering about flying boars, nor to ask his elder brother any questions. A man of swift and unerring action was Jiro-maru, and his arrow sped to its mark. A terrible scream came from above his brother's head, and a thrashing among the branches that vanished into the night.

Thinking that he had somehow missed his target, Jiro-maru ran to his brother's side. But not for nothing were the two young men regarded as the best hunters in the district. Jiro-maru's arrow had indeed found its mark. Whatever had grasped Taro-maru's neck had been badly wounded: torn from the creature was the member that still clutched his throat. Together, the brothers began to pry loose the iron grip, but to their horror they found, not the talons of a predator, but human fingers, the nails filed sharp, the shaggy arm severed at the shoulder by the arrow.

The night's hunt was over. The brothers returned home, shaken by all that had happened, but they said not a word about it to their mother. Still absorbed in the evening's events, they did not notice how awkwardly she moved, as she served them their evening meal, and did not guess, therefore, that beneath her kimono, what remained of her severed arm still bled. . . .

—Retold by Paul Jordan-Smith

Note: I am indebted for this traditional Japanese tale to Trudy Betcher, storyteller, who told it one night, in a room lit by a single candle, to the delight and terror of all who heard . . . .

Daimons and the Inner Companion

by Marie-Louise von Franz

photographs by Arthur Tress

There are demons in all times and all cultures. In ancient Egypt there were good spirits and evil ones. The dwarf Bes and the youthful Horus, for example, were positive demons; the evil demons were often referred to as a nameless collective, the "companions of Seth." Similarly with the Devas of Iran. In Mesopotamia and Asia Minor there were also such good and evil demons; the latter, for instance, are spirits of the dead and evil winds that bring sickness, as well as "spies," and "secret agents," whose aim it is to bring harm to human beings.

In pre-Hellenic Greece the demons, as in Egypt, were part of a nameless collectivity. The word *daimon* comes from *daiomai,* which means "divide," "distribute," "allot," "assign," and originally referred to a momentarily perceptible divine activity, such as a startled horse, a failure in work, illnesses, madness, terror in certain natural spots. There are even skills that are in a way demons. The idea of a demon as a person's constant companion emerged in the fifth century B.C. in Hesiod, and in the third century B.C. it spread very widely. Such a demon causes the individual's happiness or unhappiness; as early as the fourth century B.C., sacrifices were made to a good (*agathos*) daimon as house-spirit.

Plato does not use the word *daimon* unambiguously; usually it is synonymous with *theos* (god), sometimes with the nuance of a "near-human" being. In the *Symposium*, Diotima says that Eros is a mighty daimon and "spirits, you know, are halfway between god and man." To Socrates' question, "What powers have they then?" she answers, "They are the envoys and interpreters that ply between heaven and earth, flying upward with our worship and our prayers, and descending with the heavenly answers and commandments, and since they are between the two estates they weld both sides together and merge them into one great whole. They form the medium of the prophetic arts, of the priestly rites of sacrifice, initiation, and incantation, of divination and of sorcery, for the divine will not mingle directly with the human, and it is only through the mediation of the spirit world that man can have any intercourse, whether waking or sleeping, with the gods. . . . There are many spirits, and many kinds of spirits, and Love [Eros] is one of them."

In the Stoa and in Platonism of the middle period the shades of difference between gods and demons were more sharply drawn: the gods are the mighty powers of the universe, remote from men, majestic, for the most part aloof from the suffering and the passions of humanity. The demons, on the



other hand, inhabit the intermediate realm between Olympus and mankind, especially the regions of the air and the sublunar world, and there they join the nature spirits in springs and plants and animals. In presenting his late Platonic conception, Apuleius of Madura formulates this as follows: The poets had falsely attributed to the gods what was valid only for the demons; "they exalt and favor certain human beings and they oppress and humble others. They feel therefore compassion, anger, joy, and fear and all the other feelings of human nature . . . all the storms that are so far removed from the tranquility of the heavenly gods. All the gods pass their time in an unchanging spiritual state . . . since nothing is more perfect than a god. . . . All these feelings are suited, however, to the inferior nature of the demons, which have immortality in common with the upper beings and passions with the lower beings. . . . I have therefore called them 'passive,' because they are subject to the same disorders as we

are."* In a certain sense a man's spirit, his "genius," and his "good spirit" (like Socrates' *daimonion)* are themselves also *daimons* like the other spirits that inhabit the air. After death they become *Lemurs* or *Lares* (house-gods) or, if they were evil, *larvae* (ordinary ghosts).

Apuleius' great model was Plutarch (born A.D. 50), who worked out this world order: At the top of the cosmic order are the visible gods, the celestial bodies that belong to the element fire; beneath them the demons who belong to the air; still lower the spirits of the dead heroes (in water); and finally human beings, animals, and plants with their earth-nature. Our souls can climb upward or downward, according to merit. The demons are not immortal but can live for thousands of years. When they die there are often storms or epidemics of the plague. Evil demons mostly punish transgressions of taboos with incurable madness.**

The distinction made in late antiquity between gods, who are remote from all earthly suffering, and demons, who are subject to all the human passions and feelings, seems to me to be very important. The demons are, so to speak, closer to human beings, more subjective-psychological than the gods. Cicero even describes them as *mentes* or *animi,* that is, as "souls." Others call them *potestates,* "powers." The description of demons as "souls" may be found in many earlier authors but especially in later ones, in the Stoa, Poseidonius, Philo, Plutarch, Clement of Alexandria, and others.*** From the standpoint of Jungian psychology the distinction in antiquity between gods and demons means the following: The gods represent more than the archetypal ground-structure of the psyche, which is far removed from consciousness, while the demons are visualizations of the same archetypes, it is true, but in a form nearer to consciousness, which comes closer to the subjective inner experience of humans. It is as if a partial aspect of the archetype were beginning to move closer to the individual, to cling to him and to become a sort of "grown-on soul."

In Neoplatonism we have the following cosmic world-order (there are naturally a number of variants): The highest god in wise providence ordered all things. A further providence is attributed to the gods who move through the sky, the celestial bodies; they see to the growth of mortal man for the preservation of the species. A third function of providence is entrusted to the daimons, which are the protectors and guardians of special human concerns. Celsus, who was of an academic-Stoic cast of mind, even attributes to them specific functions: they provide the human species with vitally needed water, wine, bread, and air; they bestow fertility in marriage and each one watches over a specific part of the body, which is why they must be appealed to whenever a certain part of the body is in need of healing. They can grant prophecies to men, but in certain circumstances can also bring about physical evil. Such evil can best be healed through public tribute to such a demon.

In the final initiation of Apuleius into the Egyptian mysteries he is called to the worship of Osiris, the son-husband of Isis. For the man of that day Osiris represented the immortal inner personality into which a man is transformed after death. In the alchemistic tradition, therefore, Osiris was the equivalent of the "stone," that is, the resurrected body. In Egypt the immortal nucleus of the soul was also called the Ba-soul. In his essay "The Dialogue of a World-Weary Man with His Ba," Helmuth Jacobsohn has shown that the Ba represented, on the one hand, something like the unconscious personality of a man and, on the other, what Jung has described as the

*Translated from *Opuscules philosophiques et fragments* by Apuleius, edited by J. Beaujeu (Paris, 1973).

**See *La Démonologie de Plutarque* by G. Soury (Paris, 1942).

***See *Apuleius philosophus Platonicus* by F. Regen (Berlin and New York, 1971).

Self, whereas the Ka embodied something resembling a man's vitality and those elements of his personality and constitution that are inherited. The Ba was depicted as a *star* or as a bird with a human head. (We know that in the beliefs of many peoples human beings are supposed to have a number of different souls; the ancient Greeks also believed that people possess several souls—*psychai.*)

According to Plutarch, Isis and Osiris are very great "daimons" but they are not gods. Therefore they represent something which is transsubjective but which is closer to the human than are the gods, something which can be experienced inwardly in certain states of very strong emotion. Through initiation into the mysteries, a human being could become a special servitor of these daimons, could even be completely dissolved in them after death without losing his individuality; that is why in Egyptian coffin-texts the dead are evoked as "Osiris N.N." Apuleius does not tell us what happened to him during his encounter with Osiris, maintaining the silence imposed by the mysteries. We can only assume that in this experience he found an indestructible psychic ground for going ahead with his life.

We should be skeptical about attempts to relate some of these "souls" or "daimons" to the Jungian concepts of shadow, anima, animus, and Self. It would be a great mistake, as Jung himself often emphasized, to suppose that the shadow, the anima (or animus), and the Self appear separately in a person's unconscious, neatly timed and in definable order. In the reality of everyday practice it is much more likely that a person in depth psychological analysis will first meet with something psychically "absolutely other" in himself, a dark, chaotic something, appearing to him in complicated dream images in which, little by little, he begins to discover his alter ego. Some orientation begins to emerge from this chaos as certain inferior traits in this "other" begin to separate out, traits that are relatively easy to recognize as belonging to the particular person. As this process continues, the contrasexual aspects in this *massa confusa* gradually begin to be distinguishable. It is only after these, too, have drawn nearer to consciousness that it later becomes evident that a part of the great power and the divinity of these figures does not come from the person himself but originates in a still deeper and more embracing psychic center, the Self. In the series of dreams of a modern physicist, which Jung published in *Psychology and Alchemy,* there appears the image of a sublime and majestic woman whose head radiates light as the sun does. In this image the anima and the Self (sun) are still entirely one; this is rather like the appearance of Isis toward the end of *The Metamorphoses* of Apuleius. It becomes apparent only later that the anima may be distinguished from a power emanating from a still deeper level.

If we look for personifications of the Self among the daimons of antiquity, we see that certain daimons are more like a mixture of shadow and Self, or of animus-anima and Self, and that is, in fact, what they are. In other words, they represent the still undifferentiated "other," unconscious personality of the individual.

This is the case not only with the Egyptian Ba-Osiris but also with the ancient Roman idea of the *genius*. The *genii* of the ancient Romans were originally household gods of a kind. Their name is etymologically related to *gignere*—to "beget" or "engender"—so that the genius represented first of all the reproductive power of the father of a family and of the son and heir, much like the Egyptian Ka-soul of the Pharoah. The marriage bed was called *genialis lectus;* this referred not only to sexual potency but also to the qualities that today we would call psychic vitality, temperament, resourcefulness, and a lively imagination. The genius rejoiced when those who honored him ate and drank well and when their sexual experience was good (*indulgere genio)*, but homosexuality and sexual perver-





sions put him out of humor. Miserly and dry people allow their genius to waste away. That the genius represented much more than the merely sexual is shown by the fact that for the Romans even places in a landscape or fields or groves could possess their genius, the *genius loci,* which assured the continuity of their existence. Used in this way the word *genius* referred more to the psychic atmosphere or to the mood that such a place can evoke. Here we have once again that original situation in which the objective psyche appears to live altogether in outer things, that is, is experienced by human beings only in complete projection.

For the Romans the house especially possessed several genii: Vesta guarded the hearth, the Penates protected provisions, the *Lar* guaranteed safety and good fortune, and, by no means the least important, the deceased members of the family lived on in the house with the living as anonymous *Dii Manes.** The statuette of the genius of the father of the family usually stood by the hearth in the kitchen. It was the figure of a youth bearing a horn of plenty in which

*See *The Genius Figure in Antiquity and in the Middle Ages* by J. C. Nitzsche (New York and London, 1975).

there were often phalli, or the genius was itself a phallus or a snake. (The *genius loci* was always represented as a snake.) It was not only the father of the house, however, who had his genius; the mistress also had such a guardian spirit, a feminine figure called "Juno," who embodied the power of giving birth and the maternal-feminine factors in woman.

Originally "genius" and "Juno" were quite impersonal "atmospheric" house gods, but by the third century before Christ they had become much more individualized. Not only the head of a family but every man had his own genius, every woman her Juno, and each person offered certain sacrifices to his genius at a small celebration on his birthday. It was thought that the genius was born with the particular person and was the arbiter of that individual's fortunes. Horace describes him: "Companion who rules the star of birth, god of human nature, mortal in each man, of changing countenance, white and black."* Later the genius was thought to be immortal. At the same time that the genius became more individualized, his image—probably as a result of the growing familiarity with the Greek spirit—was extended in the third century B.C. The *genius loci* became the genius of the city, of schools, of the Senate. The genius of Jupiter, visualized as a phallus, protected the storehouses. The genius of a god, so

*See *Epistolae* 2, 2, 187ff.



employed, embodied at the same time his moral and psychic essence.

The Italic ideas about the genius were altered in still another way through the encounter with the Greek spirit. They merged with the philosophic concepts of the Greek thinkers that centered on an immortal spiritual psychic nucleus. In the *Timaeus* (90B-90C), Plato sets forth his theory that every human being has a divine daimon that is the noblest component of his psyche. Whoever seeks wisdom and seriously concerns himself with divine and eternal things nourishes his daimon, whereas worldly trivialities abase and mortify him. A more intensive interest was thereby awakened in the Platonic school in those mysterious "voices" that, as we know, Socrates was in the habit of admonishing. This Socratic daimon was regarded as an example of that divine daimon of which Plato writes. The extent to which this daimon or these daimons were thought of as endopsychic varies.

Some of the Stoics taught the existence of such a daimon in double form: one is a divine component of the psyche *(Nous),* but the other is a spark of the fiery world-soul that has migrated into human beings; this latter daimon—or this part of the daimon—guides a man from without through his whole life. In the opinion of Plutarch (died A.D. 125), only a pure man can hear the voice of this daimon, a completely bodiless being who is the mediator of supernatural, "parapsychological" knowledge to the human being he watches over. The Neoplatonists thought of this genius-daimon as immortal, as one who becomes an actual divinity after his mortal sojourn. Whereas the Italic genius originally died with his bearer, in the later view he lives on after death as a *Lar* (benign spirit).

As a result of the Stoa's spiritual-ascetic orientation in late antiquity, and of Neoplatonism, the Italic genius lost his earlier component of physical vitality, the pleasure principle, which originally had been innate to him. In *De genio Socratis,* a work by Apuleius, there is mention of two genii who live in human beings; one is the immortal ethical guardian and inner friend of a specific person, and the other (who lives in the *genua,* "knees") embodies sensual desire and covetousness and is evaluated negatively.

The idea of the genius also merged quite early with the astrological idea of a personal *fate* shaped by the date of birth (hence Horace: ". . . who rules over the birth-star"), because sacrifices had always been made to the genius on one's birthday. In his *Saturnalĩa,* Macrobius describes this in detail. In his view every human being is a combination of *four* daimons: of Eros, as we have become acquainted with him; of a particular destiny (a fate ordained by God); of a daimon whose nature is stamped by the position of the sun in his horoscope; and finally by a *Tyche* (fortune) that is dependent on the position of the moon. The daimon knows the future and is at all times in touch with the world-spirit, with the Logos or spermatic pneuma of the universe. *In him masculine and feminine are merged,* so that he is thus an androgynous symbol of wholeness, no longer merely genius or Juno but an archetypal image that, like the *lapis* in alchemy, unites the opposites of masculine and feminine in *one* figure.

Apuleius describes Socrates' genius *(daimonion)* as follows: He is "a private patron and

individual guide, an observer of what takes place in the inner person, guardian of one's welfare, he who knows one most intimately, one's most alert and constant observer, individual judge, irrefutable and inescapable witness, who frowns on evil and exalts what is good." If one "watches him in the right way, seeks ardently to know him, honors him religiously," then he shows himself to be "the one who can see to the bottom of uncertain situations and can give warning in desperate situations, can protect us in dangerous situations, and can come to our rescue when we are in need." He can intervene "now through a dream and now through a sign [synchronistic event], or he can even step in by appearing personally in order to fend off evil, to reinforce the good, to lift up the soul in defeat, to steady our inconstancy, to lighten our darkness, to direct what is favorable toward us and to compensate what is evil."* It is well known that in late antiquity a primitive element of religious experience in the philosophic-religious theories was much stronger than in the classic period, perhaps through contact with the more primitive outlying border areas of the Greco-Roman culture. I know of scarcely any account from antiquity that gives a better description of the experiences of the Self than this short summary by Apuleius—with the exception, naturally, of Apuleius' great teacher, Plutarch, who followed exactly the same line.

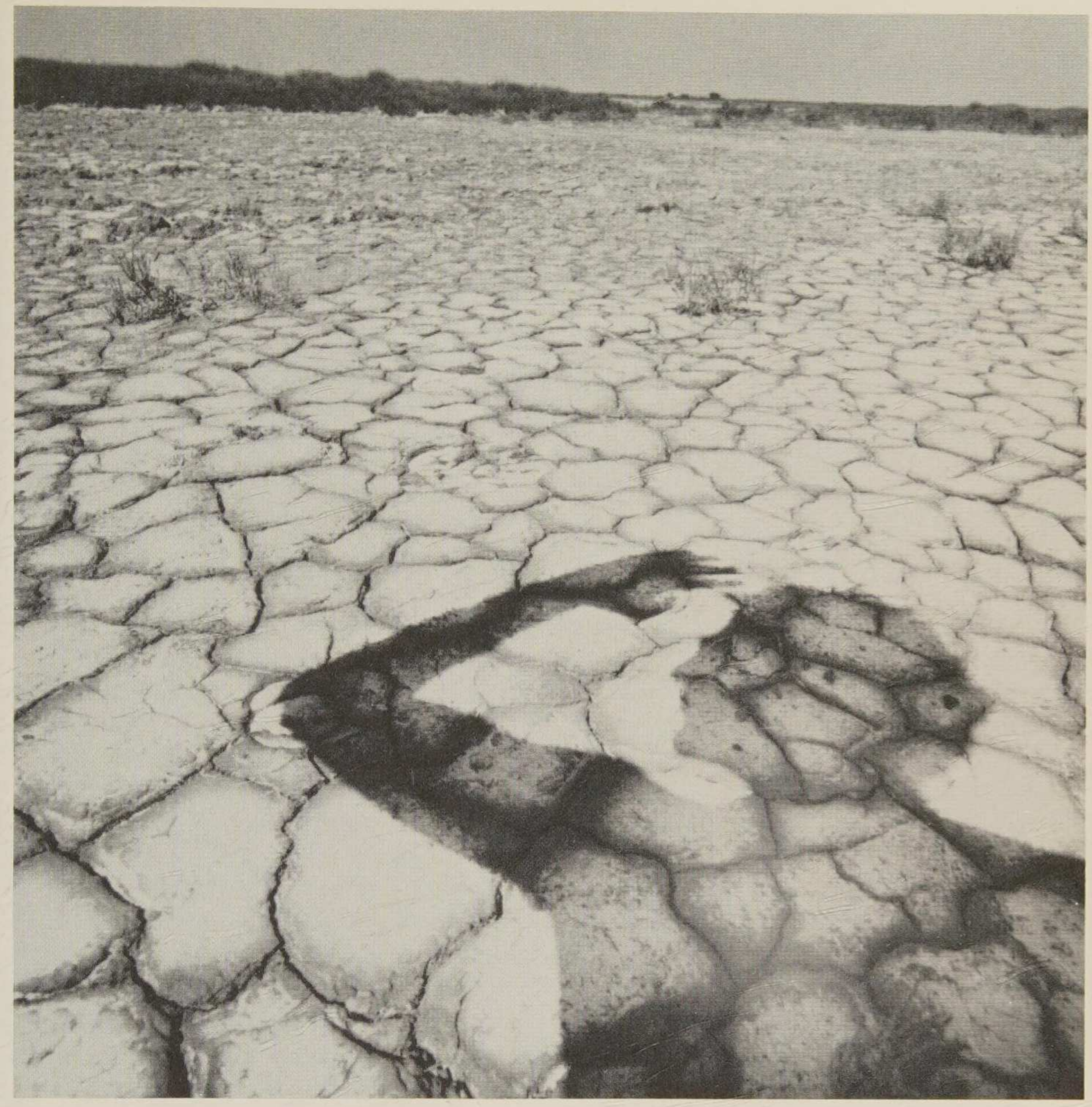
As in the case of the other daimons, this daimon, which embodies the individual's larger, more comprehensive personality, was in late antiquity also like a mountain the bulk of which lay in the transpersonal realm of the psyche, extending only a small tip into the human being's personal sphere. With the Christianization of the ancient cultural world, however, it was for the most part the transpersonal aspects that were retained, his aspect as the messenger of the gods being assimilated to the idea of the angels; and the other aspects, that is, the parapsychological knowledge, the vitality, and lustfulness of the genius, were attributed to the devil and his tribe. But a faint intimation of the individuality of this figure lived on in the idea that the individual may have a particular guardian angel or patron saint. The reason for this apparently regressive development lay in the fact that the figure of Christ had attracted to himself all the positive qualities of the genius figure. *He* was exalted to *one* symbol of the Self, in a form, however, in which the collective elements far outweighed the individual elements. Gradually, as the institutionalized ritual and the confession of faith increased in importance, less and less weight was given to the Pauline inner experience of the Christ and to the visions of the early Christian martyrs. Among those within the Church, only the mystics remained loyal to that line of tradition which put the central value on the inner *experience* of Christ.

An attitude of mind lived on in the Hermetic philosophy of late antiquity and *in alchemy* which, in contrast to Christianity, sought an unprogrammed experience of the "inner companion" or of the daimon who showed the way. This daimon was usually honored in these traditions as Hermes-Psychopompos, as Poimandres (Shepherd of Men), and as *Agathos Daimon* (Good Spirit). Richard Reitzenstein, in *Poimandres,* has explicitly drawn attention to the existence of an actual Hermes religion in late antiquity, but so far his work has not been adequately recognized. In my opinion this religion had a significance that should not be underestimated. In those circles a truly religious attention was paid to the "inner companion," an attention that in the language of today's psychology we would describe as relatedness to the inner "guru," or, in Jungian language, to the Self.

As Henri Corbin has proven,* the

De Deo Socratis, chapter 16.

*See *Avicenne et le recit visionnaire* by Henri Corbin, 2 volumes (Teheran and Paris, 1954).



gnostic-hermetic Hermes figure lived on in Persian mysticism (for instance, Avicenna and Sohraward). There he is the emissary of the Oriental world, of the world of the sunrise, that is, of inner enlightenment, and he accompanies the visionary in his inner development and realization of the godhead. In this mystical spot of the rising of the sun a *personal* figure takes shape, a figure embodying the visionary's innermost depths. Normally this figure appears to men and women only after death, but it can be seen beforehand by the mystic in the state of ecstasy. It was equated with the Metatron, with the original Anthropos, with the Nous, and with the Holy Ghost and the archangel Gabriel. It appears to the soul in order to lead it on an inner journey to God and to enlighten it with secret knowledge about God. This angel symbolizes the individuality of the relation between God and each particular soul and yet is at the same time only the *one* same figure in all souls. Here, too, as in the Hermetic philosophy, this personification of the Self is the most individual core of the individual person and simultaneously the human self, that is, the self of all humanity. Becoming conscious of this inner figure means for the soul that it becomes a *clear mirror* of this image and from

that point on proceeds in its company as with an escort. This image is, as Corbin writes, the *principium individuationis,* which is individualized "in solitude by the solitary" and which each person sees in the way in which by nature he is fitted to understand it—*"Talem vidi qualem capere potui"* (I saw him as such, in the way in which I was able to understand him), as it says in the *Acts of Peter.*

The visionary journey guided by this psychic companion then leads, as Corbin explains, to a *continuing and progressive internalization* of the whole cosmos and to a gradual transformation of the seer himself into the inner teacher.

As to the attitude of consciousness needed to gain insight into *this* projection, the situation is differently modulated than that of the integration of the shadow and the animus or anima. In the case of the shadow it is largely a question of humility; in the case of the other two figures it is one of an at least partial insight into their individual qualities and simultaneously of a wise "live-and-let-live" attitude toward their overwhelming nature. When, on the other hand, personifications of the Self begin to appear, the ego is then confronted with the necessity of sacrificing itself; *it can never integrate the Self* but can only bow before it and try to relate to it in the right way. That does not mean a total renunciation of one's own freedom—even before God, man has to reserve the right to a last word, remaining fully conscious, however, that the power he addresses is always the stronger one. The encounter with the Self means, therefore, a deep and far-reaching change in the conscious attitude. It is not for nothing that the above-described inner daimon is called, among other names, the "Angel of Metanoia": he brings with him a *withdrawal* from the play of Maya, of the world's illusion, an absolute retreat from the world. No one can accomplish this by simply willing it. It is effected in him by the Self and in many cases takes place only shortly before death. Only a few thoughtful, reflective people experience it earlier. Insight into the nature, the essence, of the Self is purchased only at the price of great suffering that wipes out the worldly prejudices and preoccupations of the ego, thereby forcing it into a change of attitude. Every deep disappointment or disillusionment is, in this sense, a step forward along the way of individuation, if it is accepted with insight and not with resignation or bitterness.

In the encounter with the Self there emerges a goal that points to the conclusive ending of all projections, namely, to death. In his *Memories, Dreams, Reflections,* Jung reports a dream about this: He sees himself walking along a road through a sun-bathed landscape. He comes to a small roadside chapel and enters it. Instead of a statue of the Madonna or a crucifix, there is a beautiful flower arrangement on the altar. Before the altar sits a yogi in the lotus position and in deep meditation. "When I looked at him more closely, I realized he had my face. I started in profound fright, and awoke with the thought; 'Aha, so he is the one who is meditating me. He has a dream, and I am it.' I knew that when he awakened, I would no longer be."

The yogi is the same archetypal figure as the inner Hermes-Psychopompos described above, except that here he appears in Far Eastern dress. The dream points to the fact, as Jung himself also mentions, that there is a meaning here of which those in the East have always been much more conscious than we have: namely, that in the end the whole world is only a projection, a reality "arranged" with mysterious purpose and which, if the Arranger so wills it, can disappear again, to make place for a great awakening to another reality unimaginable by us. ◇

Acknowledgment: From Projection and Re-Collection in Jungian Psychology: Reflections of the Soul *by Marie-Louise von Franz, translated by William H. Kennedy. LaSalle and London: Open Court Publishing Company, The Reality of the Psyche Series, 1980. Reprinted by permission.*

Arachne

by Susan Stern



She's a stubborn creature even now. I'm told she makes an everlasting case for her new insect pleasures; babbles on to whoever will listen about tasty fruitflies writhing in the web, proclaims herself industrious and calm. I really ought to finish her off. I ought to flick her from that web and drown her in a vat of olive oil. Then perhaps I could forget the whole tedious affair. As it is, I'm often on edge. At the very least I think I might go back and change her to a maggot or a slug.

When they first warned me of her lunatic claims, I was intrigued. I'd been at loose ends since the business with Pegasus and the celestial bridle. At night my dreams were full of the hollow drumming of his hooves and the shine of those sweaty flanks; I'd wake up thirsty from the salt taste of my own sweat, and I couldn't seem to settle down.

At any rate, when they brought me stories of this runt from Lydia, this chalk-faced girl with her supposedly fantastic loom, I thought she might prove a diversion. I planned to go as an old woman, to see the tapestries myself (admittedly, I was curious, I thought they might be worth the trip), and to handle her with a timely warning. Don't set yourself against the gods, my dear, don't presume . . . the prudent, nagging idiom of age.

In Lydia the morning light is harsh. I had forgotten, I wasn't prepared for the knife-sharp glare that bounced from trees and hills and rocks. I walked along, distracted, amused even by the novelty of my human shadow, but already beginning to be sorry I had come. That sort of light reveals too much; grey is my color, my eyes, my robes, even my tiresome owl, all grey. A non-committal shade for those, like me, who have no need to posture or to flaunt. For those who are circumspect and chaste, who run no risk, ever, because they have nothing to lose. A dull shade, I grant you, dull because, like me, it is everlastingly safe.

I walked quite a while, slowed and made ponderous by the heat as a swimmer is slowed by the water's weight. Here, though, the earth was reddish, cracked and dry. I passed several huts and saw a number of goats, all of them stamping and twitching to shake off the flies. Once, in the distance I heard a dog bark.

Her house, when I reached it, was unremarkable. What had I expected? Some emblem of pride, a laurel wreath, a purple rug? I clutched my walking stick and

stepped over the threshold with the jittery impatience of one who must cross enemy territory to get home. We don't know fear, of course. I might have been uneasy or concerned, but not afraid.

The room inside was dim. It took my eyes some time to adjust to the shadows which were soft and treacherously welcoming. The first thing I saw was her loom off in the corner, with flies crawling on the frame. I listened for a voice or footsteps, but the only sound in all the house was my old woman's wheezing and the buzzing of those flies. On a table by the window were the remains of a meal: some cheese, a glazed bowl of walnuts, a dish of radishes and loaf of bread. I knew that I might sit while waiting, I might tear off a thick and mealy chunk of bread and nibble at the radishes which gave off a scorching glow. I might drink her wine, the jug was right there on the dirt floor. There was no question of sorcery, and yet I felt a threat in every lamp or spoon, in the worn and rutted wood of the table and the string of onions hanging on the wall. I need my distraction, true, but what have I to do with human nourishment? I was born, I leaped already in my armor from my father's head; I had a birth, but I will have no death. Then why should jugs and onions make me sad?

"What can I do for you, old woman?"

She stood in the doorway, her voice whirled me around. And what a wretched, pasty thing she was. Her neck and shoulders seemed dry as goat-cheese rind, her face was pinched, she had the bleached and hungry look of some albino scavenger.

"My dear," I crooned, "I thought you might show me your tapestries. You've quite a reputation, and I've come in all this heat, hoping for just a peek."

She smiled—no, not smiled, simpered, she positively simpered. The dummy, she hadn't a clue. "Sit down," she told me, "relax and have some wine. I'll show you whatever I have around. You can go home and tell your friends you saw Arachne's handiwork." She poured a drink and held out the cup with condescension, as one might offer swill to goats.

I grinned, baring my rotted teeth, and sipped noisily at the wine as she rummaged through piles of colored cloth in a chest by her loom.

"Here," she held one up—a country scene, a shepherd napping in a cypress grove while his sheep grazed by a stream that shone like ice. Shade from the trees was deep, toadstools grew among their roots, but sunlight played on every leaf. The shepherd was little more than a boy, his tunic stopping at mid-thigh. Even now I remember that curve of rump and thigh.

"Beautiful," I told her, pitching my voice reed-thin and high, as if I had been nearly overcome. "Simply beautiful."

"Yes," she agreed. "Look at the light and shadow on the trees. Even Athena couldn't manage the texture of that bark."

I let my cup fall to the ground as if in mortal fear; it shattered into wine-soaked, jagged shards that lay between us like a threat. I moaned and rolled my eyes. "Please, don't tempt the gods," I begged. "Don't make unnatural claims."

"I'm not afraid of the gods. I challenge the gods, I'd challenge Athena herself to try her hand." She folded the tapestry and stuffed it back into the chest.

"Very well, then," I said in my own voice, "I accept." I threw down my walking stick and straightened to meet her at eye level. Then I raised my right forefinger to my brow, and, as I had known it would, the floor began to heave. Those four walls danced and fluttered like scraps of linen in the wind. It was one of my better efforts, and we both heard thunder from the hills beyond. When all was still I stood before her as myself. Without another word I went to my loom which I had conjured up, and pulled at the shuttle with the same pleasure that I might have had in tightening a cord around her neck.

She seemed to hesitate, but in a moment I saw out of the corner of my eye that she

had gone to her own loom and was drawing out a long, soft thread of wool. To give credit where credit is due, she rose to the occasion, although I saw her lower lip extended in a self-pitying pout.

We worked in silence. Figures took shape beneath my hands; twelve gods, grave and dignified, all watching with approval as I struck the ground with my spear and called forth the olive tree. Then, by way of warning, I stitched the fate of others who presumed: that bloated little Pygmy Queen transformed by Juno to a flapping crane; Cinyras's daughter petrified and made a flight of temple steps; and lastly, Haemon and Rhodope who dared to give themselves the names of gods—once human, now two granite cliffs. Oh, they were amusing, those two cliffs. As I outlined them I thought of how I'd handle her and laughed out loud. For ornament I finished with a border—berries, vines, and olive leaves, that sort of thing.

When I looked over she was still at it, her bony fingers plucking, grasping at each thread as if for salvation. Finally she put the shuttle down and turned to face me, smiling, oddly enough, narrowing those little ferret eyes. Once I'd seen her tapestry I understood that smile, I knew the solace she had worked out even in defeat. Lust and seduction were her chosen theme. Each scene, each figure was a taunt for me, she offered them as one might offer music to the deaf. There was Europa clinging to the thick-necked bull and Leda, breathless in the shadow of the swan. Danae was there, engulfed by Zeus appearing as a shower of gold. Her head was thrown back, mouth open as if to taste the shining particles that drifted from the sky.

As I stared the very stitches throbbed before my eyes. I felt the forbidden weight of other thighs against my own, and an urgent moaning seemed to fill the room. It was unbearable. I fumbled for the herbs I'd got from Hecate and crushed them in my palms. The stench of vegetable decay was almost overpowering. She lifted an arm to shield herself, but I tossed the mess at her face and stepped back, coughing from the fumes, to watch.

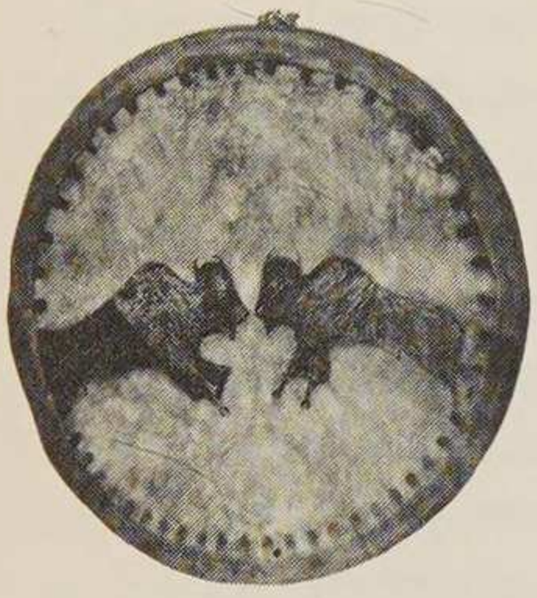
She had time only for one shriek before her voice was gone, and her mouth worked open and shut without sound until it too had disappeared. I saw her features darken and dissolve into a brittle crust. Then she stiffened at the joints; then her limbs seemed to deflate as if they had been punctured and instantly drained. Layer after layer of muscle, lymph, and bone evaporated as I watched. In seconds she was at my feet, black and pitiful and wobbling on her eight new spider legs.

The effort of it nearly did me in. After I had caught my breath I smoothed my robes and gave my hair a pat. There was an empty quiet in the room. Outside the light was dying, it was almost dark. She skittered off into the shadows and began a slow climb towards one rafter, where I could barely make her out. In the gathering dusk even chairs and dishes had lost their sharp outlines and were softening to a blur.

Sometimes, at that hour of the day, when lamps are filled and lit and evening kettles simmer, I need to think of my accomplishments to keep my spirits up. Because, you see, I was an end and a beginning for Arachne, but for me she was an interruption, nothing more. I'm left here on my mountain where the winds are mild and constant. I have my magic, I have the same, unalterable guarantee, the temperate mornings and the afternoons without surprise. But still, from time to time I see myself back in that room among the pots, the table and the loom and all the gentle and decaying implements for which I can have no use. I see the string of bulging, pearl-white onions and the scattered bits of wool, the red-glazed platter, chipped from daily wear, the bread, the iron spoon. And I see myself, powerful and helpless in the fading light. ◇

Copyright © 1981 Susan Stern

The Fox and the Buffalo



A fox was walking about looking for food. He was very hungry. He was so hungry he was almost starving to death. Having been walking and looking for a long time, he was weak and tired. He could catch nothing, not even a beetle to gnaw on. He lay down.

Suddenly, a large shadow fell across him. Startled, he leaped to his feet. There stood a large buffalo, but the buffalo didn't seem to have noticed him. He was grasping the tufts of rich grama grass and tearing them up, chewing them between his large white teeth with great contentment. Slowly the fox walked right in front of the buffalo's head. Then he sat down, he was so weak. He watched the buffalo chewing, chewing, chewing. Oh, that grass looked so good! So juicy! And the buffalo looked so contented. . . .

The buffalo saw the fox, but paid no attention to him. He just went on eating that rich grama grass. In a while, the buffalo ate his way right over to where the fox was sitting, and looked straight down at him.

"Friend buffalo," said the fox in a thin voice, "I wish, I wish you would give me a blessing. As you can see, I am about to starve to death. I wish I was the same as you. I wish I could eat the delicious grass, just like you. Please make me the same as you. You have the power."

The buffalo looked at him.

"That's really very sad," he said. "Very sad indeed. But it's also too bad. I have no intention of making you like me."

"Oh please, buffalo!" the fox cried. "Take pity on me! Look how my bones poke through!"

The buffalo stopped chewing the grass, and began to chew his cud.

"You know, fox, you are a born liar. You are not to be trusted. How do I know you're not up to one of your tricks? How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"How do you know! Why, just *look* at me. I'm all skin and bone. You can almost see through me. I swear I am telling the truth."

The buffalo stopped chewing his cud, and gave the fox a hard stare. Then he said: "Go and search for a place where a buffalo has rolled about. Go on! What are you waiting for? Are you afraid?"

Fox was weary, but he said: "I'm on my way." As he walked off, the buffalo called after him:

"You *are* telling the truth, aren't you? You're not lying?"

"I'm not, I swear," the fox replied.

"All right," said the buffalo. "Now listen. When you get to the buffalo wallow lie down in it. Then wait for me."

Fox walked slowly, footsore, but with his spirits a little higher now. Soon he found an area like a small dust bowl where a buffalo had rolled about. He looked back and saw the buffalo following him. He lay down. When the buffalo arrived, he said: "Now don't watch me. Close your eyes."

Fox did as he was told.

Then the buffalo lowered his head with its large in-curved horns, and waved it from side to side, readying for the charge. Then he pawed the ground with his forefeet. He charged! But just when he started forward fox leaped aside in fear. The buffalo pulled up, dust swirling all around him.

"That's it," he snorted. "Just as I thought. You're not serious. I asked you to close your eyes. You are not humble enough. You have no trust."

And he turned around, swishing his tail, to go back to where he had been eating the delicious grama grass.

But the fox ran after him, pleading. The buffalo stopped and looked at the fox. "I'll give you one more chance, and that's it."

So back they walked to the wallow, and again the buffalo gave his instructions and made his frightening preparations. He lowered his horns, waved his head from side to side, pawed at the earth—and charged. And all the while a terrified fox was thinking to himself: "I had better not jump aside this time, even if he kills me. I'll keep my eyes shut tight so I won't see a thing."

The buffalo came on with thundering hoofs, right at the fox where he had lain down, eyes shut tight, scared. And the buffalo ran smack into him.

Two buffalos ran away from that place.

The fox was able to eat his fill. He gulped down grass, and was soon stuffed to bursting. The real buffalo watched him. When the new buffalo had eaten so much that he had to lie down, groaning, the real buffalo said to him: "Now, everyone knows you are a born liar. So don't do anything that would get you into trouble. Remember you are not a real buffalo, though you look like one. And now I'm leaving you. Take care."

A long time passed. The new buffalo digested his meal, chewed his cud, and then started eating again. It seemed he would never get enough to fill him. As he ate, he walked, and in time he came to a new part of the prairie where the grass was just as good, if not better. A flicker of movement caught his eye. He looked up. There in front of him was a fox. The fox was sitting down, looking up at him. The new buffalo kept his eye on him, but continued grazing. The fox stood up.

"Friend buffalo," he said. "I wish I was the same as you."

The buffalo looked at him. "Do you really," he said.

The fox sat down again. "I really do. I mean it," he replied. "I am so hungry I am about to starve to death. You have all the food you can eat. I wish I was like you. Take pity on me. You have the power."

The buffalo gave a swish with his tail. "All right," he said, after a delay and some pretend reluctance. "If you say what you really want, and are not up to some trick. Foxes are such born liars."

"No, I really want it!" the fox exclaimed. "I swear I'm not lying. Just look at me!"

"Very well then," said the buffalo. "Do exactly as I say. Go and find a buffalo wallow and lie down in it. Whatever happens, don't open your eyes."

The fox trotted off, with the buffalo walking behind. When he found a buffalo wallow, the fox lay down in the dust, and closed his eyes. He could hear the buffalo snorting and tearing up the earth with his hoofs as he prepared to charge. The fox could barely control his terror. "He's going to kill me now," he said to himself, and when he heard the first few hoofbeats, the fox opened his eyes wide and shot out of that hole.

The buffalo came to a thunderous halt. "You'd better leave," he told the fox angrily. "You are not humble enough. You don't have enough trust. Just like a fox."

"Oh, friend," cried the fox. "Just one more chance! Please give me just one more chance. You did promise to give me a blessing." The buffalo pretended to be about to refuse. Then he said: "Go and lie down in that wallow again. And keep your eyes shut."

Trembling, the fox did as he was instructed. But he had a hard time of it preventing his legs from running off with the rest of him.

So again the buffalo readied for the charge, head swaying, hoofs pawing. And this time he charged with even more noise and force than before. He caught the fox on his in-curved horns, and tossed him high in the air.

And suddenly there were two foxes in that wallow, fighting and scratching and yelping and making just an awful racket.

Then the fox who had been a buffalo turned on the other and snarled: "*You!* You have ruined me! I should never have listened to you!"

And he ran off to find the first buffalo who had given him his blessing. When he found him, he said: "Friend buffalo, I am still starving to death."

The buffalo stopped grazing and raised his huge bearded head. "I know you," he said. "Aren't you the one I blessed already?"

"I am," said the fox quietly, reluctantly.

"Go and find a buffalo wallow, and do as you did before," the buffalo said.



"Here's one," he called out, excited.

"Lie down in it," the buffalo commanded.

Fox lay down.

"Now he is going to bless me again," he said to himself, and shut his eyes tight.

The buffalo charged. He impaled the fox and dashed him to pieces on the dusty earth of the buffalo wallow.

—Retold by Brian Swann

Acknowledgment: Adapted from Caddoan Texts, Pawnee South Band Dialect *by Gene Weltfish (New York: Publication of The American Ethnological Society, Vol. XVII, 1937). "The Fox and the Buffalo" will be published as a book by Green Tiger Press in the fall 1981.*

EPICYCLE

Tzarevna Lyagushka II

The story of the Frog-Princess, Lyagushka, was begun in the last issue of PARABOLA. *There it was told how the Tzar's three sons each married the maiden who picked up the arrow shot by that son. The first two married well, but Ivan, the third son, was fated to marry a frog. His elder brothers laughed at him, but it was Lyagushka's loaf of bread, and her finely woven carpet, that pleased the Tzar most, not those of her sisters-in-law. Ivan had never seen his bride in any other form than as a frog, so when he beheld her radiant beauty at the wedding-feast, he rashly hurried home and burned the frog-skin that she had worn until then. But the curse of her father, Koshchei the Deathless, had not come to an end, and when Lyagushka came home she was forced to assume the form of a swan, and to return to her father's kingdom.*

After the loss of his Vasilisa,
Ivan-tzarevitch cried gorko and cried;
Then he prepared himself,
Bidding farewell otsom i materyu,
To set off, whither his eyes set their gaze.
Whether he traveled bleezko or daleko,
Long or short, difficult to say;
But when his kaftan ragged at the sleeve,
And his boots wore down at the heel,
He chanced to meet with an old starik.
"Greetings, my good lad. Whom do you seek?
Whither goes the road you're taking?"
Prince Ivan told of his misfortune.
"Oh, Ivan, why did you burn the skin of Lyagushka?
It was not yours to wear,
Neither yours to destroy.
Vasilisa-Premudraya was more clever born,
Wiser than her own father, Koshchei the Deathless.
For this, he oserchal and doomed her to be
Lyagushka for three years.
Ne tuzhi, Ivan-tzarevitch, do not grieve;
I will help you: here is a ball.
Set it rolling, follow it boldly."
Ivan thanked starika and poshol after the ball.
It led him high and low,
To the clean, untrodden field, never plowed;
There he crossed paths with Bear.
Ivan took aim with arrow and bow,
But Bear said, "Nye byei menya,
Ivan-tzarevitch. Do not kill me!
Sometime, somewhere, you will benefit."
Ivan took pity on Bear, went on dalshe.
Onto the field ran slant-eyed Hare;
Ivan took aim, but Hare said to him,
"Nye byei menya, Ivan-tzarevitch!
Somehow, somewhere you will benefit."
Ivan took pity, went on dalshe.
He heard the sound of Drake flying over:



Ivan took aim, but Drake cried out,
"Nye byei menya, Ivan-tzarevitch!
Sometime, somewhere you will benefit."
Ivan took pity, went on—to the blue morye.
On the beregom he saw a gasping pike.
"Take pity, Ivan-tzarevitch;
Throw me back into the blue morye.
Somehow, somewhere, you will benefit."
Ivan threw Pike back into the morye,
And walked along the beregom, behind the ball rolling
Right up to a little hut on hen's feet,
Turning itself krugom.
"Izbushka! Izbushka! Stand as you once stood,
With your face to me, your back to the sea."
The hut turned around, stopped;

Ivan climbed up a hen's leg to find,
Lying on the stove, head on the ninth brick,
Baba Yaga, the bony witch with broom and switch,
The hag with a nose like two arshins,
Her pestle and mortar beside her.
"Ugh, ugh, Russian blood I never met before!
Za chem I smell it at my door?
Who comes, where from, iskuda-to?"
Replied Prince Ivan,
"Babushka, how you receive guests!
Doma v Russ they give a wandering chelovek
Food, drink; a bath, rest,
Before asking where and why."
Said Baba Yaga,
"Don't be cross with an old dame,
We're daleko from Russ;
But I'll set things na pravde."
And she bustled up, set the table,
Heated the stove in the bathhouse.
Ivan-tzarevitch steamed v banye,
Dined, drank, lay down to rest,
With Baba Yaga beside him.
"Tell now, where lies your way?
Have you come of your own will,
Or is some ill-will driving behind you?"
Ivan told that he sought his wife,
Vasilisa-Premudraya, devitsa-krasavitsa.
Baba Yaga said, "Znayu!
She is held by Koshchei the Deathless.
Trudno to reclaim her,
Not easy to deal with Koshchei.




JUNE ATKIN

But I will tell you, where lies hid
The death of Koshchei the Deathless:
At the tip of a needle, inside an egg,
Inside a duck, inside a rabbit,
Inside a stone cask, atop a tree
That Koschei guards as his own glaz."
Where grew that oak, Ivan already knew:
Beyond the thrice-nine lands,
In the thrice-ten kingdom.
From Baba Yaga he learned how to reach it;
But once there, he could not reach the stone cask.
He shook the tree, tak-yedak,
But could not move it.
Suddenly from nowhere out comes Bear:
He pulls the tree up by the roots.
The stone cask fell and crashed,
Out hopped a rabbit vo vsiu prit;
But Hare chased and seized her,
Tore her to bits. From the bits flew
A duck, visoko-visoko in the air;
Drake flew right behind her.
He struck: an egg dropped out her mouth,
Right into the blue sea.
Ivan-tzarevitch sat on the bank and cried bitter tears.
Then Pike swam up with the egg in his mouth,
Ivan took it and started to run.
Back in the palace Koshchei can feel
Ivan coming with death;
Koshchei strikes, Ivan keedaet;
He begins tossing the egg hand-to-hand.
The more Koshchei struggles, the more he's dashed
Side-to-side, s boku-na-bok.
Even his fiery steed is no use to him now;
Ivan cracks the egg, Koshchei trembles;
He seizes the needle, Koshchei writhes.
He lunges—Ivan breaks the tip:
Gasp! Koshchei meets Death.

Ivan-tzarevitch rushed into the palace
To embrace his beloved, Vasilisa-Premudraya.
He sped her back to his own tzarsvo.
The old Tzar in his rejoicing
Prepared a feast for the whole mir.
They lived long and happily vmestye.
Konetz.

—Retold by Ann Himler

Illustration by June Atkin

Wrathful Deities

by Edwin Bernbaum

Using the blood of one of these creatures slain by a lion, the seeker must draw a picture of the demoness named Mandeha on a slab of black rock. Red in color, she should look fierce with protruding fangs, a human skin wrapped around her loins, her left hand brandishing a sword, and her right holding up a cowhide filled with blood, flesh, and hearts. The seeker should place offerings of blood and flesh in front of the image he has drawn and visualize himself as Yamantaka, the Conqueror of the Lord of Death, riding on a buffalo. The recitation of that Bodhisattva's mantra will make the demoness come forth. When she appears, the seeker should offer her the flesh and immediately subjugate her with the power of the Great Wrathful One, Yamantaka. Then she will ask what he desires and he must reply, "O Demoness, since I wish to go to Kalapa to benefit all sentient beings and make them happy, provide food for me in these empty lands."

— from *Kalapavatara*,
a Tibetan guidebook describing the journey to Shambhala[1]

Whoever ventures into the world of Tibetan myth and religion soon encounters a vast and bewildering array of demonic figures. Wrathful deities holding skullcaps filled with blood, hideous goddesses festooned with garlands of severed heads, demons with great protruding fangs, fierce goblins riding in halos of fire, pale ghosts with bloated stomachs and constricted necks—all these and more leap out at the onlooker from countless works of Tibetan art. Perhaps no other culture has described and depicted manifestations of demonic forces in such variety and gruesome detail. The Tibetan language certainly has far more terms than English for distinguishing different kinds of demonic figures, ranging from minor spirits inhabiting rocks and trees to wrathful deities found in the highest reaches of the Buddhist pantheon.

Many of these alarming figures are not demonic in the sense of being evil. Although terrifying in appearance, the wrathful deities actually embody the highest spiritual principles of Buddhism, such as wisdom and compassion. They appear demonic to those who cling to the passions and illusions they threaten, the ego in particular. Yamantaka, the Conquerer of the Lord of Death, for example, is a wrathful manifestation of the Bodhisattva of Wisdom. As such he represents the fierce aspect of wisdom that overcomes the power of ignorance and illusion. Other, lesser deities of terrifying appearance, such as Pehar and the Guardian Kings of the Four Directions, protect the teachings of Buddhism from corruption by the forces of evil.

Some of the demonic figures of Tibetan myth have an ambiguous nature, being both good and evil. The nagas, serpent deities who live in water and beneath the earth, guard various spiritual treasures. The great sage Nagarjuna is said to have obtained the *Prajnaparamita*, the Perfection of Wisdom teachings, from them. On the other hand, the nagas also have a capricious, malevolent streak that leads them to afflict people with illness, especially when they are offended. In one text the Buddhist sage Padma Sambhava tells the King of Tibet, "Hereafter, owing to your action, the Naga King will dom-



Vajrabhairava, a form of Yamantaka, Conqueror of the Lord of Death

inate Tibet and send upon the people eighteen kinds of leprosy; and the wrathful nagas will be your enemies."[2] Tibetans treat the places in which nagas are believed to dwell with great care and respect.

Finally, a great number of demonic figures seem to be purely evil. In this category we find demons, vampires, witches, zombies, goblins, and other malignant spirits. Some of them specialize in causing disease and misfortune; others, such as the Maras, try to seduce or otherwise drive practitioners of yoga from the spiritual path. The universal presence of these malevolent beings—in the sky, on the earth, and underground—makes the world a perilous place in which to live. In order to survive, Tibetans turn for help to lamas and others expert in the control of supernatural forces.

Many of the religious ceremonies performed in temples, villages, and houses have the aim of either appeasing or exorcising demons that threaten the community or individual. In some of these rituals sacrificial offerings or scapegoats are presented to the malevolent spirit, who is implored to accept them and spare the threatened party. In other ceremonies the officiants take a more aggressive role and try to drive the demons away or destroy them. One of the most dramatic examples of this appears in the *cham* or sacred dance dramas of Tibetan Buddhism. There monk dancers dressed in elaborate robes attack a stuffed doll that embodies the epitome of the evil spirits antagonistic to Buddhism. By ritually slaying this figure, they symbolically clear the air of demonic influences and safeguard the community for another year.

But even the most malignant of these beings also have positive roles to play in

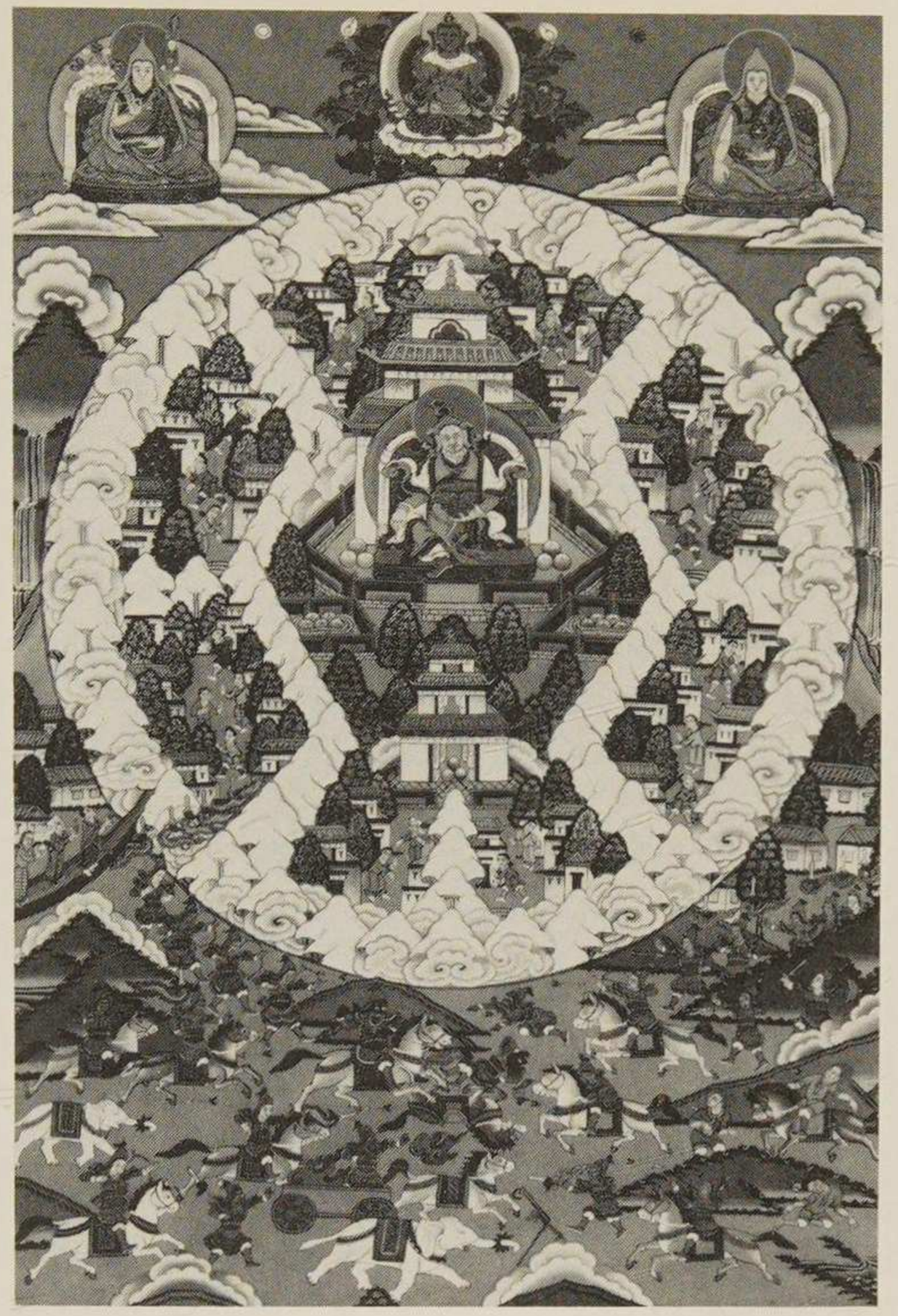
Tibetan myth and religion—and these roles are in many ways the most interesting and significant. According to traditional accounts, when Padma Sambhava, an Indian sage with supernatural powers, brought Buddhism to Tibet in the eighth century A.D., he subjugated many indigenous deities and demons and converted them into protectors of the new religion. His biography tells us how, in India, "He assumed a form with nine heads and eighteen hands. He intoned mystic *mantras* while holding a rosary of beads made of human bones. In this wise he subjugated all [these] demons and evil spirits, slew them, and took their hearts and blood in his mouth."[3] The text adds that afterward he "resuscitated all evil spirits, nagas, and demons he had slain, taught them Dharma, initiated them, and made them serve the cause of religion."[4] This suggests that even the most evil beings have something redeemable, a pure part that can be directed toward spiritual ends. And in fact we find in Tibetan Buddhism the idea that all sentient beings, even the lowest denizens of hell, will eventually attain liberation—once they have awakened from the sleep of ignorance and illusion.

In the practice of *chod*, the rite of "cutting off," Tibetan yogis make direct use of evil spirits and demons to help them along the way to liberation. To perform this rite, the yogi goes to a cemetery or charnel ground, the favored haunt of all kinds of malignant beings. There he summons forth the most terrifying demons and spirits and invites them to feast on his flesh. Having visualized his body sliced up by a wrathful goddess, he says to his demonic guests, "On the outspread human hide . . . heaped up flesh, blood, and bones have been laid out, as an offering. If I consider these to be 'mine' or as being 'I', I will thereby manifest weakness. Ungrateful would ye all be should ye not enjoy the offering most heartily. If ye be in haste, bolt it down uncooked; if ye have leisure, cook and eat it, piece by piece; and leave not a bit the size of an atom behind."[5] In order to make the rite effective, he must visualize this gruesome repast in such detail and with such intensity that he feels his body being torn to bits. In this way the demons and spirits help him to cut off his attachment to the most basic of all illusions—the illusion of an independent self or ego.

As the texts describing the *chod* rite make clear, the deities and demons that appear to the yogi are actually manifestations of his own mind. The wrathful deities he visualizes represent spiritual forces within himself that he must awaken in order to attain liberation. One text, for example, instructs the yogi to "visualize the radiant Intellect, which is within you, as being the Wrathful Goddess . . . having one face and two hands and holding a knife and a skull."[6] The truly demonic figures, on the other hand, embody the passions and illusions that bind him to suffering and from which he must liberate himself. One Tibetan word for demon, *geg*, means *hindrance*, referring to both the outer hindrances of the external world and the inner hindrances of the mind. In dealing with these hindrances as it does, the *chod* rite reveals a characteristic feature of Tibetan, or Tantric, Buddhism: the way in which it makes positive use of the negative forces of passion and illusion, transforming them into a means of liberation.[7]

We see this quite clearly in Tibetan guidebooks describing the journey to Shambhala, a mythical kingdom hidden behind snow mountains north of Tibet. A special kind of paradise meant only for those on their way to enlightenment, Shambhala holds the highest and most secret teachings of Tantric Buddhism. As such it represents an advanced stage on the path to liberation. Only by practising meditation and acquiring various supernatural powers can one make the long and difficult journey to the hidden kingdom. The guidebooks can therefore be read as allegories of the spiritual quest, representing various stages along the way to the advanced stage symbolized by Shambhala itself.

A number of demonic figures, both good and evil, play important roles in the guide-



The Hidden Kingdom of Shambhala

books to Shambhala. The seeker's encounters with them represent critical junctures on the spiritual path. In *Kalapavatara*, the text we will be using, wrathful deities appear right at the beginning of the journey. After meditating on his tutelary deity—in all likelihood a wrathful deity—the seeker must recite mantras and make offerings to Manjushri and Yamantaka, the peaceful and wrathful manifestations of the Bodhisattva of Wisdom. According to the text, the invocation of Yamantaka will enable the seeker to destroy the forces of hatred. He needs a fierce, active form of wisdom to overcome the powerful delusions of anger.

Not long thereafter he makes use of Yamantaka to subdue a demoness named Mandeha who embodies hatred and other deluded passions. By performing a ritual which involves drawing her image on a slab of rock and making offerings to her, he invites her forth. Then, in order to gain control over the demoness and the deluded passions she symbolizes, he visualizes himself as Yamantaka in a form even more terrifying than hers, "with a body the color of black clouds, six legs, and twelve hands holding various weapons as well as a skullcup brimming with blood."[8] Properly cowed, she provides food for him in the empty lands that lie ahead. The text describes this food as "delicious . . . of a white color with a taste of honey"[9]—the kind of food used in very pure offerings to deities. In other words the seeker extracts a pure kind of sustenance or energy from the impure passions and illusions embodied in the demoness.

Later on, in order to cross a river so cold that only hell beings can live in it, he em-

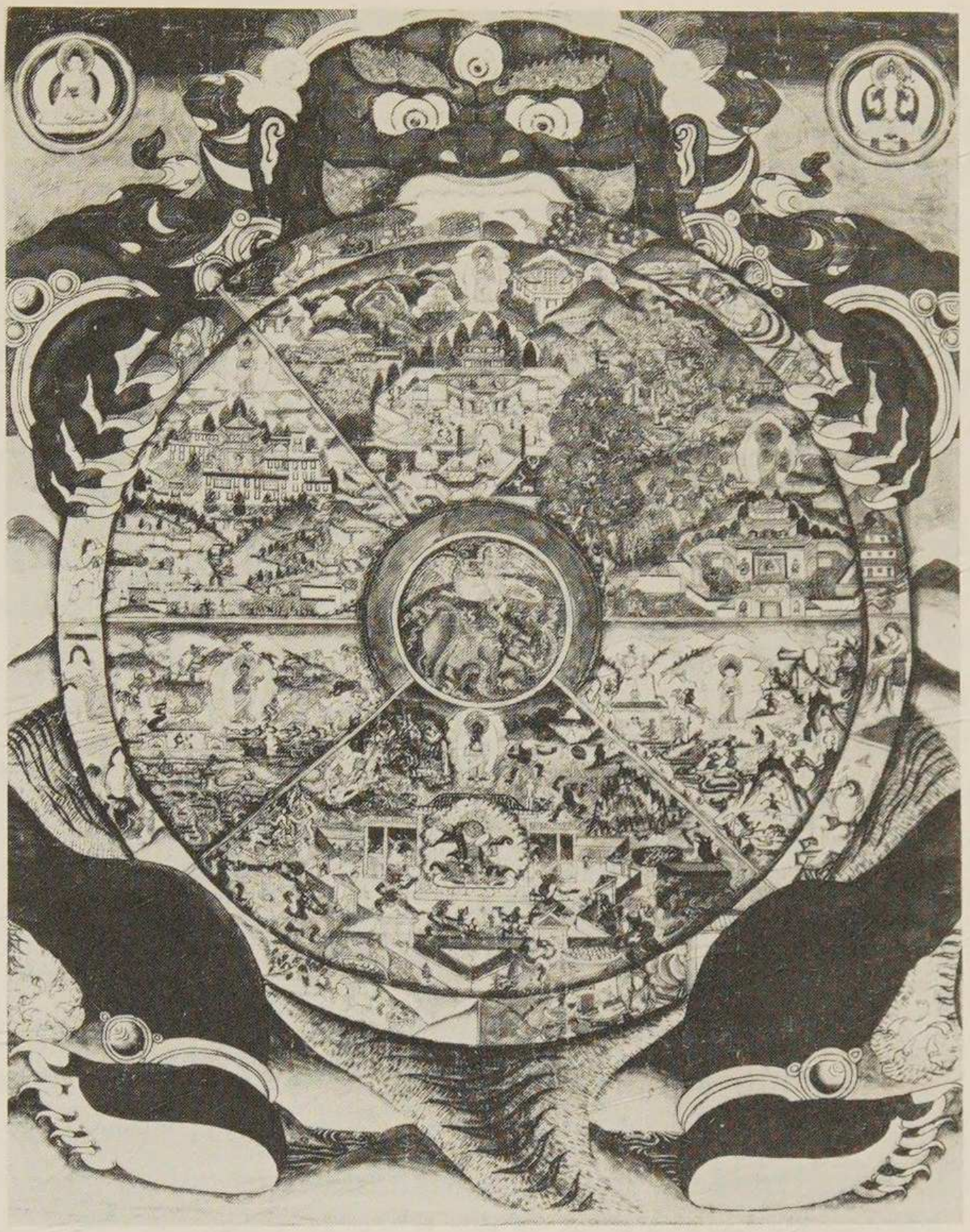
ploys a similar ritual with another demoness, named Flashing Lightning, once again visualizing himself as Yamantaka. She freezes the water so that he can cross over it. As a dwelling place of hell beings, the river represents an inner barrier of extremely negative emotions. The seeker overcomes this barrier through the power of the passions and illusions symbolized by the demoness. In both cases, here and with Mandeha, he makes use of the very forces that bind him to suffering as a means of overcoming obstacles on the path to liberation.

In order to use demonic forces in this way, the seeker must take certain precautions. The guidebook instructs him to tell Mandeha that he wishes to go to Kalapa, the capital of Shambhala, for the benefit of all sentient beings. If he tries to make use of demonic forces solely for his own benefit, he will descend to the level of sorcery and accrue much bad karma, perhaps becoming a demon himself. The seeker must also be able to subjugate the beings he calls forth; otherwise, they will overpower him and cause him much harm. After making use of the demoness Mandeha, the seeker comes to a mountain inhabited by sages and demons of another, more powerful, kind. The guidebook tells him that if he has the power to subjugate others, these sages and demons will fly him straight to Shambhala; but if he does not, he would do best to avoid them. The text recommends that he avoid them. Depending on the nature of the passions and illusions, as well as the spiritual forces, involved, the seeker must reach a certain stage of spiritual development before he can safely make use of them on the path to liberation.

Later in the journey he comes to poisonous springs flowing from mountains filled with gold, silver, and other metals. The waters will kill, drive mad, and sicken ordinary people. But the seeker has reached a stage advanced enough so that the springs will give him long life and good health. Tibetan texts commonly refer to the five poisons of lust, hate, blindness, pride, and envy that keep unenlightened beings bound to suffering. Demonic forces, such as those embodied in the poisonous springs, symbolize these inner, spiritual poisons of the mind. The seeker can derive benefit from them because he has reached an advanced stage of tantric practice at which he recognizes poison to be, in fact, the nectar of immortality. He can now see and make use of the pure energy and wisdom hidden in the most impure passions and illusions.

The seeker has reached this stage because he has understood that poison and nectar, ignorance and wisdom, illusion and reality are in essence the same—empty of any nature of their own. Here we see an application of one of the most basic principles of Tibetan Buddhism—the doctrine of *shunyata* or emptiness, the ultimate reality of all things. This becomes clear in the next incident of the journey where the seeker encounters Kinnaras, demonic beings of an ambiguous nature. According to the text, "They will sing enticing songs and make sweet music to seduce the seeker. If that fails, they will change into frightening forms and threaten him with terrifying sounds; or else they will produce various kinds of dismal smoke to make him sad and depressed."[10] The guidebook tells him to overcome these manifestations of his mind by remaining unmoved in the contemplation of emptiness. In this way the seeker realizes once and for all the empty, illusory nature of all his desires and fears.

Then, in a flight symbolizing a mystical leap of transcendence, Vajra Dakinis, sky-going goddesses, take him on their shoulders and fly him over the snow mountains to the edge of Shambhala. There in a beautiful valley where she resides, the seeker performs a ritual to Ekajati, a wrathful form of Tara, the female Bodhisattva of Mercy and Compassion. She grants him power over harmful demons and the ability to see into the nature of all things. He has finally gained mastery over his deepest passions and transformed his illusions into a penetrating awareness of reality. Now that he has reached the stage symbolized by Shambhala, he can enter the kingdom itself and proceed



Wheel of Existence *The Newark Museum Collection*

toward the ultimate goal of liberation for all sentient beings.

There is no way on the spiritual quest to avoid demonic forces. At the very least the seeker carries them within himself, in the form of his own passions and illusions. At various stages of the path, he must confront and deal with each of them—in one way or another. As we have seen in the journey to Shambhala, Tibetan Buddhism accepts the existence of these negative forces and transforms them into a positive means of attaining enlightenment. Such an approach to the problem of evil has many perils: if one cannot handle the forces involved, it can easily lead one to commit the most horrible acts—and to incur the most terrible suffering. But it also holds the promise of the greatest good: the possibility of redeeming what seems the worst in ourselves and the world around us. ◇

Notes

1. Translated in Edwin Bernbaum, The Way to Shambhala *(Garden City, N.Y.: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1980), p. 190.*
2. Adapted from a trans. of Irgyan gu ru padma 'byung gnas gyi rnam thar *in W.Y. Evans-Wentz, ed.* The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation *(New York: Oxford University Press, Galaxy, 1969), p. 186.*
3. Ibid., p. 140.
4. Ibid., p. 142.
5. From Gcod yul mkha' 'gro'i gad rgyang, *translated in W.Y. Evans-Wentz, ed.,* Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines, *2nd ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, Galaxy, 1970), p. 315.*
6. Ibid., p. 311.
7. I have not dealt with the negative use of demonic forces in Tibetan sorcery since that lies outside the scope of this paper.
8. Bernbaum, The Way to Shambhala, *p. 191.*
9. Ibid., p. 190.
10. Ibid., p. 193.

EPICYCLE

Blue-Throat

It was during the many transformations of Shiva and the other gods that the strife arose between the gods and the demons. Only the highest of the gods—Indra, Brahma and Shiva—remained aloof from the conflict. Indeed, it was through Shiva's assistance that the demons acquired the power of resuscitation, thus maintaining a balance between the two forces. Now the demons were able to revive themselves with the magical spell which Shiva had given their priest, and after this, the battle did not go well for the gods.

Worried about the outcome of the struggle, the gods approached Brahma, who interrupted his meditations long enough to tell them to cooperate with the demons, and together to churn the cosmic ocean and produce *amrita*, the elixir of immortality. The demons were agreeable to this, since by drinking the nectar, they would no longer need the spells of resuscitation. So, for a time, the struggle was suspended, and the churning of the Great Sea was undertaken.

The method of the churning was this: the cosmic serpent Ananta uprooted the mountain Mandara, with all its trees, and Indra fastened its tip on the back of the King of Tortoises. The great serpent Vasuki was chosen for the rope to turn the mountain, with the demons placed at his head, and the gods holding his tail. The demons were at first quite proud of their position, but in fact they were all scorched by the flames that shot from Vasuki's throat. Now the serpent wrapped his long body around the mountain, and alternately pulling on the head and tail, the demons and gods turned the mountain now this way, now that. Vigorously they churned the cosmic ocean, and from the mouth of Vasuki billowed smoke and flames, which rose into the air as clouds and lightning. A deep and terrible roar came from the deep, as a maelstrom arose and sucked into itself all the trees that grew on the mountain slopes. All living things were crushed by the churning, and their vitality oozed into the ocean and mingled with its waters.

The churning lasted a long time, and many marvelous things issued from the ocean: the sun and moon, the goddess Luck, the gem of Vishnu, and countless other treasures. When the gods and demons became tired, Vishnu gave them strength, and they continued their labors, avid for the nectar that should sustain them forever. But alas, from the churning of their agony and greed came not nectar but a black poisonous mass, the terrible Kalakuta. This venom rose to the surface, and its fumes asphyxiated the triple world. Flames shot from its surface, and it threatened to consume the universe. In shame and despair, the gods approached Lord Shiva. "We alone are to blame,"

they said, "for it was greed that drove us to seek *amrita.* The demons strove also with greed, but that is to be expected of them. We lusted after immortality, but we have found only death."

When Shiva heard the confession of the gods, he took compassion upon them, and upon the world. Bending his head down to the poisonous sea, he drank in all the venom, holding it in his throat at the Center of Purity. So virulent was the concoction of agony and greed that as it descended, it turned Lord Shiva's throat a deep blue, which is why, among his many names, he bears that of Nilakanthus—Blue Throat. By that name he is called, who is also the Destroyer, in recognition of his role as liberator from death and destruction.

With the poison sucked up from the deep, the churning was resumed, and at last the *amrita* arose, milky-white, from the cosmic sea. It was contained in a white vessel, held by the physician of the gods, to save gods and demons alike from death. But no happiness came from it. Once more deception, strife and war arose between the gods and demons, ending in a tumultuous battle. The gods won the divine nectar, and it was given to Vishnu for safekeeping. With Lord Vishnu resides the elixir of life; and in the throat of Nilakanthus resides still the poison whose name means "the puzzle of Time".

—Retold by Paul Jordan-Smith
from traditional sources

Illustration by Stanley Sherr

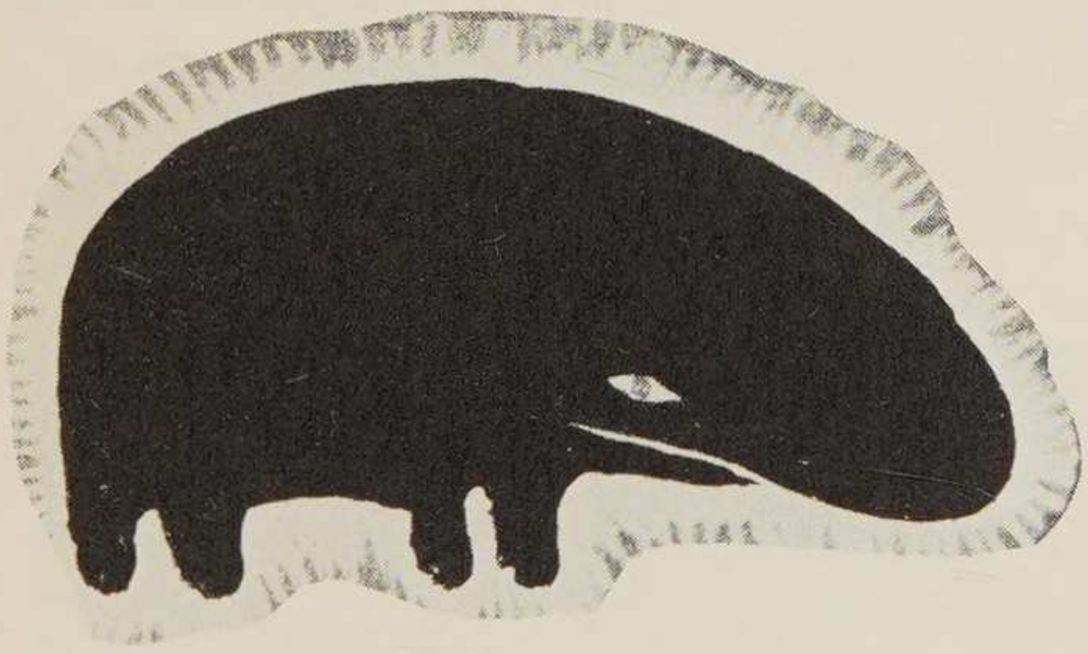


The Bogeyman

by Dino Buzzati

translated by Lawrence Venuti

illustration by the author



The engineer Roberto Paudi, assistant to the director of COMPRAX and member of the city council, flew into a rage one night. He had caught the babysitter Esther as she tried to stop his son Franco from throwing a tantrum by telling him: "You better watch out. If you're not a good boy, the Bogeyman's going to come tonight."

In Paudi's opinion, it was intolerable to educate children by continuing to resort to foolish superstitions which could only create painful complexes in their tender psyches. He delivered a sermon to the girl, who left in tears, and he himself put his son to bed, as the boy had calmed down very quickly.

That very night, the Bogeyman, levitating in mid-air as was his habit, appeared in the room where Paudi slept by himself, and caused the engineer a few moments of anxiety.

The Bogeyman, it is often noted, assumed diverse forms according to the customs of the country in which he appeared. In that city, from time immemorial he had looked like a gigantic, blackish animal, whose shape seemed a cross between a hippopotamus and a tapir. He was horrible at first sight. But

after a closer, more dispassionate observation, the benign fold of his mouth and the almost affectionate sparkle of his rather tiny eyes led one to perceive an expression that was anything but wicked.

Of course, in certain grave situations, the Bogeyman could arouse trepidation, even fear. But as a rule he performed his tasks with discretion. When the Bogeyman drew close to the child who was to be reproached, he didn't even wake him, but rather limited himself to penetrating the child's dreams where he left an indelible trace. Everyone is well aware that the smallest infants' dreams also have a boundless capacity and effortlessly welcome colossal beasts like the Bogeyman, who can carry out all the maneuvers required by the situation with complete freedom.

Naturally, when he appeared to Paudi, the ancient creature's face wasn't too friendly; in fact, he adopted the physiognomy—in an exaggerated form, to be sure—of Professor Gallurio, who for the past two months had acted as temporary director of COMPRAX. This firm had been sailing in difficult waters, and Gallurio, a man who was very strict, if not simply unreasonable, was precisely Paudi's black beast: the engineer's eminent position in COMPRAX could run considerable risks under such a director's regime.

Having woken up in a cold sweat, Paudi was able to see the visitor as he slipped through the wall (the window wasn't large enough to accommodate such a huge mass), showing the engineer the monumental dome of his posterior.

In the morning, Paudi absolutely refused to apologize to poor Esther. Indeed, his personal verification of the Bogeyman's existence reinforced not only his indignation but also his firm determination to do everything possible to get rid of the revolting creature.

Over the next few days, he sounded out his wife, friends, and colleagues on the matter, naturally mentioning it with a facetious tone, and he was amazed when he learned that the Bogeyman's existence was generally taken for granted: it was viewed as a classic natural phenomenon, like rain, or earthquakes, or rainbows. Only Mr. Gemonio from the legal department seemed to be surprised: yes, when he was a little boy, he had heard some vague talk of the thing, but later he was completely convinced that it was a meaningless, idiotic tale.

From then on, as if the Bogeyman had guessed Paudi's bitter hatred of him, he began to visit the engineer with remarkable diligence and always assumed Professor Gallurio's unpleasant appearance, making ugly faces at Paudi, pulling him by his feet, and shaking his bed. One night the Bogeyman went as far as to curl himself up on Paudi's chest, but he didn't suffocate the engineer because he stayed there only for a little while.

Thus it is not surprising if Paudi spoke of the matter to several colleagues at the next meeting of the city council: "How can we permit such a disgrace, worthy of the Dark Ages, to continue in a metropolis which boasts of being in the vanguard of contemporary culture? Is not this a situation that demands decisive action to remedy the problem?"

At first there were brief discussions in the corridors, informal exchanges of opinion. In the end, the prestige which Paudi enjoyed cleared every obstacle from his path. Within two months, the problem was brought before the city council. It stands to reason that in order to avoid ridicule, the agenda of the meeting did not contain a word about the Bogeyman; the fifth item mentioned only "a deplorable cause of disturbance that threatens the nocturnal peace of the city."

Contrary to what Paudi expected, not only did everyone give the matter serious consideration, but his thesis, which might seem obvious, encountered lively opposition. Voices rose to defend a tradition that was equally picturesque and inoffensive and that was disappearing in the darkness of these

days. They then proceeded to underscore the utter innocuousness of the nocturnal monster, which was, among other things, entirely silent, and they stressed the educational benefits of that presence. There was one councilman who even spoke of "an attack on the cultural patrimony of the city," in case there might be recourse to repressive measures, and his speech was greeted with a burst of applause.

On the question of the Bogeyman's value, however, there finally prevailed irresistible arguments which are always used to support the so-called progress of dismantling the last fortresses of mystery. The Bogeyman was accused of leaving an unhealthy imprint on children's spirits, of sometimes causing nightmares contrary to the principles of correct pedagogy. Hygienic considerations were also raised: it is indeed true that the nocturnal giant did not dirty the city or leave any kind of excrement scattered about, but who could guarantee that he wasn't a carrier of germs and virus? Nor was anything positive known about his political creed: how could one exclude the possibility that his suggestions, which appeared so simple, if not crude, might conceal subversive plots?

The debate, to which journalists had not been admitted given the delicacy of the topic, ended at two in the morning. Paudi's proposal was approved by a slim margin of five votes. As for its practical application, there was appointed a special committee of experts, of which Paudi himself was the chairman.

Their task, however, would not be easy to carry out: it was one thing to proclaim that the Bogeyman was ostracized, but another to succeed in eliminating him. One could clearly not rely on his civic discipline, especially since it was doubtful whether he was able to understand language. Nor was it possible to capture and assign him to the city zoo: what cage would have held an animal (if he were an animal) capable of flying through walls? Even poison was rejected as ineffective: never had the Bogeyman been seen eating or drinking. What about flamethrowers, then? Or a small napalm bomb? These means were too risky for the citizens.

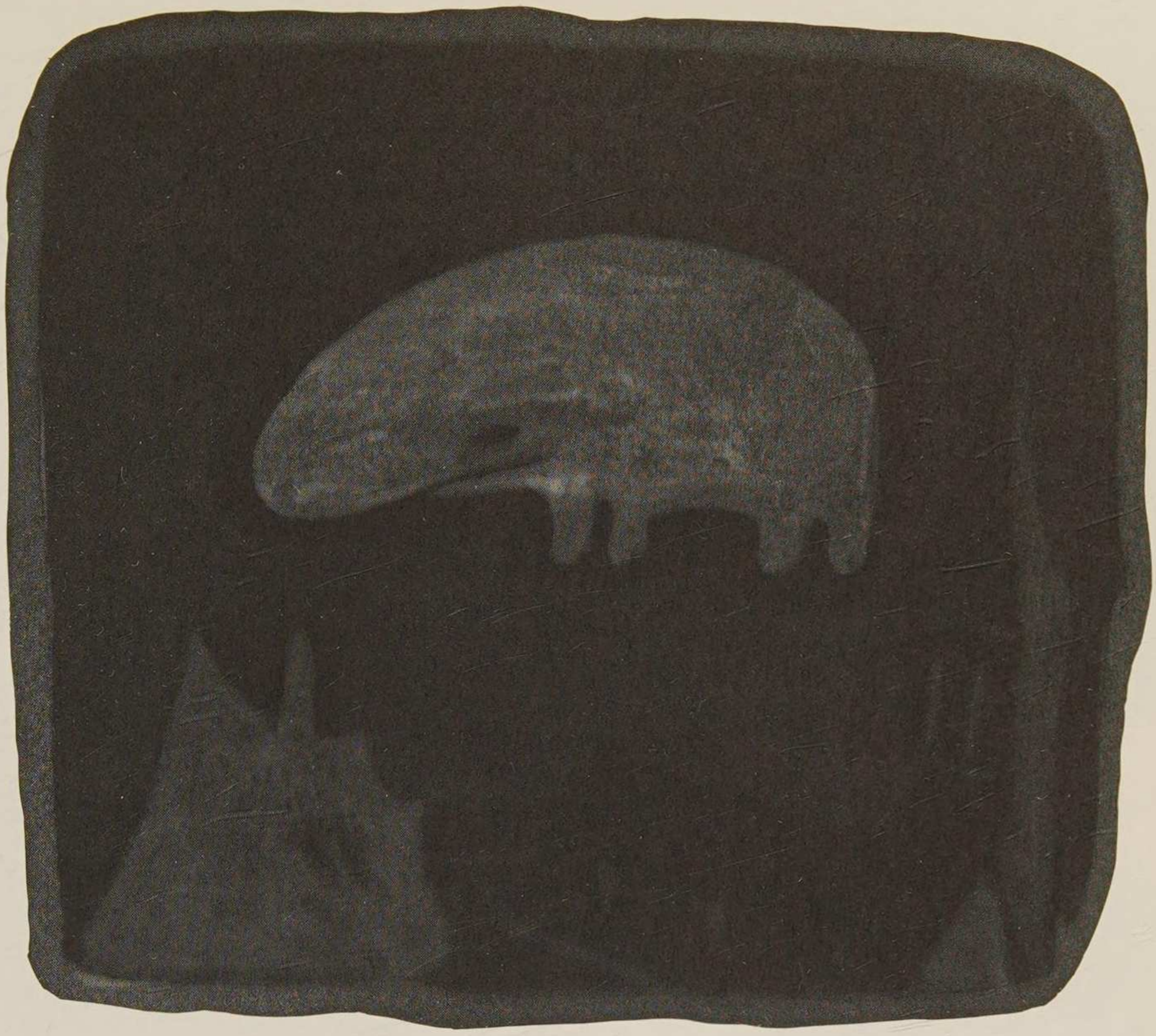
In a word, the solution appeared very problematic, if not impossible. And already Paudi felt that the success he longed for was slipping beyond his reach, when a suspicion suddenly emerged: it was true that the chemical composition and physical structure of the Bogeyman were unknown, yet as happens with many legendary creatures, could he not by chance be much more weak and vulnerable than was supposed? Who knows, perhaps a simple bullet shot at the right place was enough, and justice would be done.

After the decision of the city council had been countersigned by the mayor, the police department could not but collaborate. Within the flying squad, a special patrol equipped with high-performance vehicles was instituted. The matter was simple. There was only one strange circumstance: a certain reluctance, on the part of low-ranking officials and policemen, to participate in the execution. Were they afraid? Was it the obscure fear of violating a prohibition? Or was it simply a nostalgic attachment to certain fond childhood memories?

The encounter occurred on an icy night beneath a full moon. Lying in wait in a dark corner of Piazza Cinquecento, the patrol noticed the vagrant as he calmly sailed at a height of around thirty meters, like a dirigible that had just been launched. The police advanced with their machine guns aimed at the enemy. There wasn't a soul in sight. The staccato bursts of gunfire reechoed in the distance.

It was a bizarre scene. Without a jerk, the Bogeyman slowly turned over and, claws in air, descended until he landed in the wet snow. There he lay on his back, motionless forever. The moonlight was reflected on his enormous, taut stomach, which glistened like rubber.

"This is something I'd rather not see a second time," said Corporal Onofrio Cottafavi. Beneath the victim, a bloodstain widened, incredibly, and appeared black in the moonlight.



The sanitation department was telephoned at once to remove the remains. The workers did not arrive in time. In those few minutes, the gigantic creature shrank before their eyes like a punctured balloon, was reduced to a wretched larva, a tiny black worm on the white snow, and finally disappeared, dissolving into thin air. All that was left behind was the dark bloodstain, which the fire hydrants washed away before dawn.

It is said that in the sky, as the creature was dying, there shone not one moon, but two. Stories are told of how throughout the city dogs and nocturnal birds lamented for hours. There were rumors that many women, both young and old, were awakened by an obscure call and left their houses to kneel down and pray before the unfortunate creature. All of these reports lack historical proof.

In fact, the moon proceeded without deviation on the path prescribed by astronomy, the hours passed regularly one after another, and all the children in the world continued to sleep soundly, without imagining that their comic friend-enemy had gone away forever.

He was much more delicate and tender than anyone believed. He was made of that impalpable substance that is commonly called fable or illusion—even if it is real.

Hurry, fly away, superstitious fantasies. The civil world, eager to exterminate you, follows in hot pursuit. It will never let you rest. ◇

Note: Cover art of *Le Notti Difficili* author/artist Dino Buzzati, © 1971 by Arnaldo Mandadori Editore, Milan.

Demons by Choice:

An Interview with Isaac Bashevis Singer

photographs by Abraham Menashe



When we first began discussing an issue on demons, one of the people we felt we would most like to talk with was Isaac Bashevis Singer. Certainly no writer in our time has described a world so filled with devils in fancy dress, demonic beings who fly through the air, dybbuks taking up residence with the innocent, imps who play dastardly tricks, ugly old witches, or human beings, like the Magician of Lublin, so possessed. And certainly no one else has done so with such intelligence, grace, and compassion.

Singer, who has just had the second volume of his autobiography, Lost in America, *published to great critical acclaim, came to the United States from his native Poland in 1939. From that time to this, virtually everything he writes first appears in story or serialized form in Yiddish in the* Jewish Daily Forward. *He has written some eight novels from* The Manor *and* The Family Moskat *to* Shosha *and* Old Love*; endless short stories from* A Friend of Kafka *to* A Crown of Feathers*; books for children—*The Fools of Chelm, Why Noah Chose the Dove, Naftali the Storyteller and His Horse, Sus*; and autobiographical works:* In My Father's Court *and the first volume of his autobiography,* A Young Man in Search of Love. *In 1978 he was finally (and many of us feel belatedly) awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. He has been unstintingly generous with his time and energy—talking to everyone about everything—sharing the stories. Until the prize, which brought with it recognition and unbelievable demands, Singer was one of the very few resident authors who was listed in the New York phone book or who answered his own phone. He continues to be a visible part of New York's West Side—strolling the streets, or eating in one or another of his favorite neighborhood restaurants.*

We spoke to Singer in New York in the midst of a 95° heat wave. He had just finished an exhausting lecture tour and a series of book-signings, and was beleaguered by a bad toothache. But he gave of himself once more—because, he said, the subject of demons "interests me."

Does Singer believe in the devil? Do demons exist as a separate reality? After reading the novels, the stories, the memoirs, after talking with the man himself, one is left with what may be the greatest gift of the very great storytellers: a richly-etched, deeply-felt portrait of our condition; no easy answers; and a million more questions that will enrich us and actively engage us in a search that Singer himself pursues with such benefit for us all.

Only on rare occasions did Rabbi Benish cross the threshold of his house. He would glance about him, and inquire of a passing porter or school boy:
"How will it end?"
"What does God want?"
SATAN IN GORAY

PARABOLA: *Do you think we need demons?*

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER: Do you mean do we need them in life?

P: *Yes.*

IS: It's a good question. I think it would be necessary. Because if people would never see anything of the supernatural, if we would never have any contact with other entities, we would live out our life with the feeling that this is it: our so-called reality is the only thing which exists. And that would make the human spirit much smaller than it is.

P: *Do you feel that the demons we deal with are as you say in* Gimpel the Fool *like "shoulders and burdens" from God?*

IS: If they exist, they certainly are from God. There is nothing in the universe which is not from God. If a person believes in nature, everything is from nature, which is again everything. There is a unity in the creation. We cannot believe in anything else.

P: *But does* everything *have a dark side, an "other" side?*

IS: I think that everything might have God knows how many sides! We don't know ourselves how many. Because if you take a pebble, you can look at this pebble from a

He was in good spirits and he strolled about his property aimlessly. The grass in the courtyard was green, and a host of flowers grew there: yellow, white, speckled buds, and tufted blossoms that dispersed with every breeze. Brush and thistle reached almost to the roof of the outhouse. Butterflies fluttered this way and that, and bees buzzed from flower to flower. Every leaf and stalk had its inhabitant: a worm, a bug, a gnat, creatures barely discernible to the naked eye. As always, Yasha marveled at them. Where did they come from? How did they exist? What did they do in the night? They died in winter but, with summer, the swarms came again. How did that happen? When he was in the tavern, Yasha played the atheist but, actually, he believed in God. God's hand was evident everywhere. Each fruit blossom, pebble, and grain of sand proclaimed Him.

Only one consolation remained: that God was merciful and compassionate and that, in the final reckoning, good must triumph over evil! But what was evil? He had studied the literature of the cabala with his instructors for three years: already he was aware that evil was merely God's diminishing of Himself to create the world, so that he might be called Creator and have mercy toward His creatures. As a king must have his subjects, so a Creator must create, so a benefactor have his beneficiaries. To this extent, the Lord of the Universe had to depend upon His children. But, it was not enough to guide them with His merciful hand. They had to learn to cleave to the path of righteousness by themselves, of their own free will.

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN*

chemical point of view, from a gravitational point of view—from many other points of view. According to Spinoza, the number of attributes of God are endless. And even if you believe in nature, you can say the same thing: that this pebble still can be seen from very many points of view.

P: *One of the things that seems very strong in your work is an idea that the "demons" are put here to test us . . .*

IS: I would say that behind all my ideas, the strongest idea of mine which is conveyed in my thinking, even more than in my writing, is the freedom of choice. I feel that the freedom of choice is the very essence of life. Although the gifts which God has given us are small in comparison to the gifts which He has given maybe to the angels or to the stars, we have one great gift—and this is to choose. And we always indulge in choosing. If we pay attention to one thing, we have chosen to pay attention to it. If we love somebody, we have chosen this person for love. This is in every act of humanity. To me, God is freedom. And nature, to me, is necessity. Everything in nature is necessity. In God—who I think can overrule nature, is above nature—everything is free.

P: *But what about a situation like the one situation you describe in* Satan of Goray*? Would it make a difference if we acted differently? Or is it inevitable that we must encounter demons?*

IS: No, no . . . it makes all the difference. When people leave free choice, the demons appear. The demons are in a way the dark side of nature which we choose. If we stop completely believing in our power, then other powers can come upon us. In other words, the demon to me is a negative side of free choice. But we have free choice in

*From *The Magician of Lublin* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated by Elaine Gottlieb and Joseph Singer. Copyright © 1960 by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

The louts and loudmouths of the town who came into the bakery gave me a going over. All Frampol refreshed its spirits because of my trouble and grief. However, I resolved that I would always believe what I was told. What's the good of not believing? Today it's your wife you don't believe; tomorrow it's God Himself you won't take stock in.

GIMPEL THE FOOL*

The Evil One Triumphs . . .

On the first day of the Feast of Tabernacles a deluge descended on Goray, and the rain poured down incessantly for three days and three nights. The river overflowed, smashing the locks of the water mill and crumbling the dam. . . .

The oldest people in Goray could not remember another Feast of Tabernacles like this, nor had they ever heard of anything like it from their elders. On the morning of the third day of the holiday week it suddenly grew dark as night, and everyone at once began to prepare for the worst, for the world seemed to be about to come to an end. The day before Hoshana Rabba there was a hailstorm. Pieces of ice fell, large as goose eggs, injuring many beasts in the meadow, as well as shepherds. Afterward, it began to thunder and lightning, though that was unusual for this time of year. A blinding spiral of fire twisted into the study house, rolled across the tables, like a ball, swirled into the open oven door, and went out the chimney with so loud a crash that many people were deafened. From the study house the lightning flew off to the church, causing considerable damage. On the night of Hoshana Rabba a dreadful thing happened: A woman who had gone to fetch water was thrown by demons into the well, where she was found dead the next morning, head down and feet up. The evil spirits also molested the old night watchman, tearing off half his beard.

SATAN IN GORAY**

every time of our life, in every minute of our day, so we can always choose. Even if we have a bad choice to make, there is always something which is better than the other.

P: *Can we be* easily *possessed by demons?*

IS: I don't think they can take us over so quickly. They only come when people resign almost from everything. When people say to themselves, "I'm not going to make any choices anymore. I will just let the powers work for themselves." It is then that the demon is bound to appear.

P: *Do you think we are in a time similar to the one you painted in* Satan in Goray *where the Evil One is triumphing again?*

IS: I would say we are always in such a time. If not the whole of humanity . . . you look what's going on, let's say, in this country with crime: how really wherever you go—if you go to a court where there should be justice, there is the very opposite—people who you can buy for money . . . I would say human life is one big crisis. The moment you have conquered one crisis, there is already another one lurking.

P: *But is that a part of what "moves" us?*

IS: I think it is a part of being alive, of choosing. In other words, the danger is always there: the danger of turning love into hatred, of turning justice into injustice,

*From "Gimpel the Fool" from *Gimpel the Fool* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated by Saul Bellow. Copyright © 1953 by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

**From *Satan in Goray* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated by Jacob Sloan. Copyright © 1955 by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

> **There was an entire apothecary in her hovel: devil's dung and snake venom, wormy cabbage and the rope with which a man had been hung, adder's meat and elves' hair, leeches and amulets, wax and incense. Cunegunde needed all this, not only for those who sought her help, but for her own defense. The evil powers had tormented her since the moment she took her first step. Her mother, may she rot in hell, had hit and pinched her. When drunk, her father beat her. She was teased by her brother Joziek, frightened by his stories of Dziad and Babuk. The tales of her sister Tekla worried her as well. . . .**
>
> **If Cunegunde had not acquired witchcraft, she might have been destroyed.**
>
> CUNEGUNDE*

of turning talent into non-talent, and so on and so on . . .

P: *Do you think that your God would fight for us? Is God at war?*

IS: I will tell you: He doesn't fight for us. Since He gave us free choice, He gave us a great gift, and we have to use it or misuse it. In other words, when it comes to choosing, we must rely mostly on ourselves. In this respect Judaism is a little different from Christianity. Where the Christians believe that once you belong to the Christian religion, the powers are resolved: when Jesus died, all the others should be redeemed forever. We believe the opposite: that the crisis is always there, the danger is always there—like a medical doctor who will tell you that the microbes are always there in your mouth and in your stomach, and if you become weak, they begin to multiply and become very strong.

P: *And if we lose our control, the microbes, or the demons, can take over.*

IS: Of course. Nothing which one man did, no matter how great he was, can really redeem you or guarantee you redemption forever.

P: *And in your story, "The Mirror," it seems that you are suggesting that everyone has a demon in the mirror.*

IS: Of course. Just as we are medically surrounded by dangerous microbes, so our spirit has always to fight melancholy and disbelief and viciousness and cruelty and all kinds of things.

P: *But in some of your stories, even in "Cunegunde," your demons have a kind of melancholy . . .*

IS: Oh, but the very essence of demons is melancholy. Because it's the very opposite of hope.

P: *So you have some sympathy . . .*

IS: Of course, I have sympathy for everyone who suffers and lives. Because we are all living in a great, great struggle, whether we realize it or not. Sometimes we realize it. This is a very difficult thing—we very often say how difficult life is.

P: *Do you think we learn from our encounters with the demons, from facing those demons?*

IS: We learn all the time, even if we don't use all the time what we have learned—because just as you learn all the time, we also forget all the time. There is a permanent amnesia planted in us, which just as we keep on forgetting our dreams, we sometimes keep on forgetting our reality. You see a certain thing; you think you have learned. And then you make the same mistake again, which shows that you didn't learn.

P: *So, is there any hope for us?*

IS: I will tell you: we have to go through this kind of struggle. In a way, the hope is

*From "Cunegunde" from *Gimpel the Fool* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated by the author and Elaine Gottlieb. Copyright © 1964 by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

Thoughts of repentance enveloped him. Perhaps there was a God, after all? Perhaps all the holy sayings were true? It just didn't seem credible that the world had created itself or simply evolved out of a fog. Perhaps a Day of Reckoning really waited and a scale where good deeds were weighed against the evil? If it were so, then every minute was precious. If it were so, then he had arranged not one but two hells for himself. One in this world, a second in the other!

But what concrete solution could he now adopt? Grow a beard and sidelocks? Don a prayershawl and phylacteries and pray thrice daily? Where did it follow that the entire truth was to be found in the Jewish codex? Maybe the answers lay with the Christians, the Mohammedans, or still some other sect? They also had their sacred books, their prophets, all sorts of legends of miracles and revelations. He felt the wrangling of the forces within him, the good and the evil.

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN*



© 1975, Abraham Menashe

that life does not last forever, the crisis does not last forever, and behind all this crisis, behind all this darkness, there is a great light. We have to struggle, but we are not lost, because the powers which have created us are actually great and benign powers.

P: *And you think we have the equipment to fight back?*

IS: We have the equipment. The only thing is we should not let it rust, we should not forget about it, we should not put it away, and say, where is it? We must be very much aware all the time—on the watch. This is true in science, it's true in literature . . . If you don't all the time watch what you are doing, you're bound to make mistakes. In my own life, I feel it all the time. It's true in love, it's true in everything.

*From *The Magician of Lublin*. © 1960 by Isaac Bashevis Singer.

Zirel, daughter of Roize Glike, missed me, and her eyes were sad. She is mine, mine, I thought. The Angel of Death stood ready with his rod; a zealous little devil busied himself preparing the cauldron for her in hell; a sinner, promoted to stoker, collected the kindling wood. Everything was prepared—the snow drift and the live coals, the hook for her tongue and the pliers for her breasts, the mouse that would eat her liver and the worm that would gnaw her bladder. But my little charmer suspected nothing. She stroked her left breast, and then her right. She looked at her belly, examined her thighs, scrutinized her toes. Would she read her book? trim her nails? comb her hair? Her husband had brought her perfumes from Lenczyc, and she smelled of rosewater and carnations. He had presented her with a coral necklace which hung around her neck. But what is Eve without a serpent? And what is God without Lucifer?

THE MIRROR*

P: *You don't really feel that "evil" is a separate force?*

IS: It's a part of what we call life. I don't think that the rocks have free choice, or the meteors. They live in the world of necessity—which is again a different kind of war. What can you call it? A higher war? But we are, so to say, soldiers. We have to fight.

Our life doesn't last forever. The moment we leave this world, the great struggle is over—at least for a time. In a way, death is not such a curse, but it's a time of resting. People are afraid of death because they were created so, to be afraid, because, if not, they would mishandle the body. Actually death is in a way a great resting after the struggle.

All the powers work so that you should come to a bad ending, but our soul works for the opposite—that the ending should be good. Actually, the ending is always good. ◇

*From "The Mirror" from *Gimpel the Fool* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated by Norbert Gutterman. Copyright © 1957 by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

EPICYCLE

King Solomon and Asmodeus, King of Demons

From Ancient Israel



King David had had a long and full life, and the time had come when he saw that he would soon take leave of this world, and that his son, Solomon, would take his place as king. Then King David called in Solomon and said to him: "Solomon, my son, now that I am growing old there is a secret I wish to share with you, a secret I have been saving for many years. It concerns a dream that came to me on the night you were born. In the dream I was following a path at night, when I came upon a ladder that reached from earth into heaven. I knew at once that I must ascend that ladder, for I longed to know where it would lead me. And as soon as I stepped on the first rung, I heard a melody like a distant harp, more beautiful than any I had ever heard. And with each rung I climbed, the melody grew clearer and drew me closer.

"When at last I reached the top rung of the ladder, I found myself in a city that resembled Jerusalem in every aspect, except that the stones of the houses and the streets were made of gold. I wandered through those streets in a daze, marveling at this mirror image of Jerusalem in the heavens, until I reached a Temple of great splendor in the center of that golden city. Just then an old man in a white robe approached me, and said: 'Welcome, King David. We have been expecting your arrival.' I asked the old man who he was, and he told me he was Abraham, our first Father. He took me and led me to the entrance of the Temple, and there we were met by two other men, also robed in white, our Fathers Isaac and Jacob. They took me through the Temple, and showed me each and every aspect of it, and when the splendor of the Temple had been revealed to me in all its glory, Abraham said: 'The heavenly Jerusalem is like the earthly Jerusalem in every respect, except that the Temple that has existed here since the creation of the world has yet to be built on earth. It is for you, King David, to bring the vision of this Temple back to the world of men and, when the time comes, to share it with your son, Solomon, who is about to be born. For it is destined that Solomon shall bring the Temple on earth into being."

Solomon was amazed when he heard these words, and he understood that his destiny had been revealed to him. From that moment on he thought only of the Temple he would construct in the center of the city, which would resemble the celestial Temple in every respect, exactly as King David had described it, so that the heavenly city would finally find its mirror image on earth.

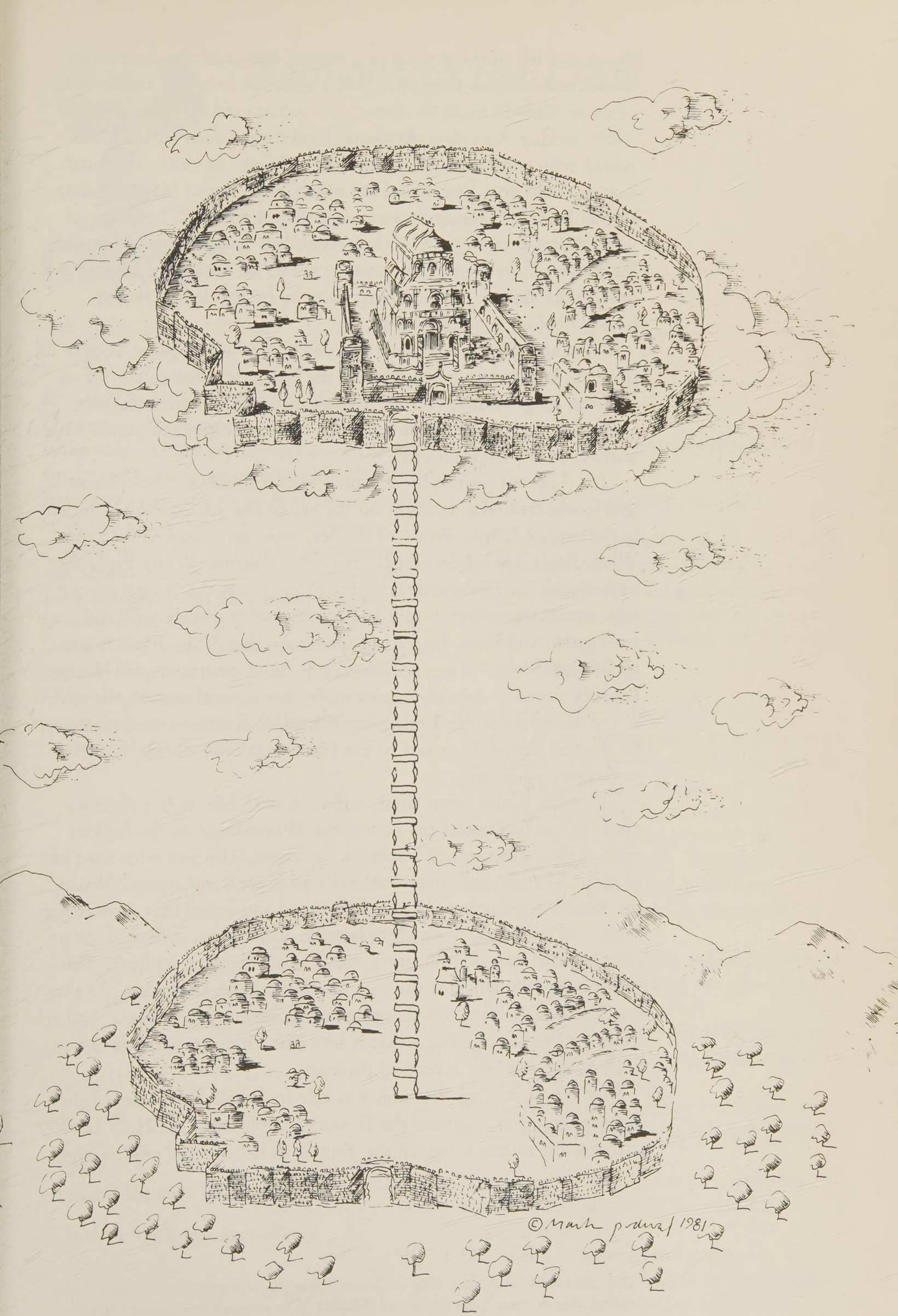
Not long after this King David left this world and rejoined the Fathers in Paradise. When Solomon became king and set out to build the Temple, he soon realized that he must find a way to fashion the

stones that would be used in building it, for it is forbidden in the Torah to fashion with iron the stones intended to serve God, since iron is used for weapons of war. Solomon called in his wise men and asked for their advice. One of them recalled a legend of a creature no larger than a grain of barley, known as the Shamir, which could cut through mountains the way a knife cuts through butter, but he did not know if it really existed or not. Solomon used his powers to conjure up two demons, one male and one female, to see if they knew where it might be found. They told Solomon that the Shamir did exist, but that they did not know where it was. Their king, Asmodeus, however, would surely know this secret, and might even have it in his possession. Solomon asked them where to find Asmodeus, and they told him that his palace had been built on the highest peak of the Mountains of Darkness. There Asmodeus had dug a cistern, from which he alone drew his drinking water. Every day he sealed that cistern and covered it with a huge boulder. Then he left to rule the Kingdom of Darkness. When he returned he would check the seal to be certain that no one had tampered with it, and when he was thus assured, he removed the rock and satisfied his thirst.

So Solomon summoned Beniah, his most trusted minister, and sent him with six men to the palace of Asmodeus to capture him. He gave them four things: a chain on every link of which the Name of God was engraved; his magic ring, on which the Ineffable Name was also inscribed; a large skin of wine; and a bundle of wool. Then Beniah journeyed until he reached the Mountains of Darkness, and when he and his men climbed the highest peak, they discovered the cistern of Asmodeus. There they hid themselves in trees until Asmodeus left his palace and came to the cistern. Beniah and his men were terrified to see him, for Asmodeus was very terrible in appearance—he was a giant with the feet of a cock, the beard of a he-goat, and with fire shooting forth from his nostrils. But Beniah and his men put their trust in the power of the Name, and they did not lose heart.

When Asmodeus had finished drinking from the cistern he sealed and covered it as usual and took his leave. Then Beniah and his men came down from the trees and bored a hole in the base of the cistern, letting all the water run out. They closed the hole with the wool they had brought with them. After that they bored a second hole, higher up, and let the wine flow in through there. Finally they covered both holes with dirt, so as not to arouse the suspicions of Asmodeus, and again concealed themselves in the trees, waiting for Asmodeus to return.

When Asmodeus finally appeared many hours later, he lifted the stone off the top of the cistern, checked the seal and saw that it was unbroken, and lowered the bucket to drink. But when he drew up the bucket he was astonished to find that the water had turned to wine. At first he was reluctant to drink it, but since he saw no sign of tampering and his thirst was very great, he finally drank a bucketful of the wine, and then another and yet another. In this way he became


©Mark podwal/1981

drunk and fell to the ground in a stupor, and soon was deep asleep. Beniah and his men then came down from the branches and drew the chain around the hands of Asmodeus, and around his neck.

On waking Asmodeus discovered that he had been chained, and roared with anger. But when he tried to break the chain, he found that he could not. Beniah and the others came out of hiding, and as Beniah held up Solomon's magic ring they shouted: "The Name of your Master is upon you!" When Asmodeus saw that he was under the power of the Name, he ceased to resist, for his power flourished only in the absence of everything holy. So he was led away and brought before King Solomon.

The king said, "It is my fate and destiny to build a great Temple in this holy city to honor the King of the Universe, who rules over us all, even kings such as you and I, Asmodeus. But I cannot fashion the stones for the Temple without the aid of the Shamir, and you, I have learned, have possession of it."

"No, I do not possess the Shamir," said Asmodeus. "But I know that it was created at twilight on the eve of the first Sabbath, and left in the care of Rahab, Prince of the Sea, who has entrusted it to the White Eagle." Solomon asked: "But what does the White Eagle do with the Shamir?" Asmodeus replied: "She places the Shamir on the high mountains and they split and form canyons, where wild fruit trees grow, and from the fruit of these trees the White Eagle is able to feed her brood." Then Solomon said: "And where can this White Eagle be found?" Asmodeus answered: "It makes its nest on the peak of the mountain where I make my home." When Solomon heard this, he directed Beniah to return to the Mountains of Darkness, in order to recover the Shamir.

This time Beniah went alone, and took with him only a plate of glass. When he reached the nest of the White Eagle on the highest peak of the Mountains of Darkness, he covered the nest with the plate of glass. Then he hid himself behind a huge rock and waited. When the White Eagle returned to feed its brood and found that it could see them, but could not reach them because of the glass, it flew off to its hiding place, and soon returned with a small object in its beak. This was the Shamir, which it then set down on the plate of glass. At that moment Beniah came out shouting and making a great clamor, and so frightened the White Eagle that it flew off. Then Beniah took the Shamir, and brought it back to his king.

So it was that King Solomon was able to fashion the stones of the Temple, and thus complete the House of the Lord in the Holy Land that was the mirror image of the Temple in the celestial city on high.

—Retold by Howard Schwartz

Illustration by Mark Podwal

"King Solomon and Asmodeus, King of Demons," from the forthcoming book Elijah's Violin & Other Jewish Fairy Tales *by Howard Schwartz, to be published by Harper and Row in 1983.*



Sermons to the Dead

by C.G. Jung

Carl Jung in his autobiography, Memories, Dreams, and Reflections *speaks of a period in his life when he was experiencing a series of visions and fantasies, an important period in that from these experiences stemmed all the creative work which he accomplished in later years.*

It was during this phase of his development that Septem Sermones ad Mortuos *came into being. Its writing was accompanied by strange phenomena and, as Jung said: "Then it began to flow out of me and in the course of three evenings the thing was written. As soon as I took up the pen, the whole ghostly assemblage evaporated. The room quietened and the atmosphere cleared. The haunting was over."*

Sermo IV

The dead filled the place murmuring and said:

Tell us of gods and devils, accursed one!

The god-sun is the highest good; the devil is the opposite. Thus have ye two gods. But there are many high and good things and many great evils. Among these are two god-devils; the one is the BURNING ONE, the other the GROWING ONE.

The burning one is EROS, who hath the form of flame. Flame giveth light because it consumeth. The growing one is the TREE OF LIFE. It buddeth, as in growing it heapeth up living stuff. Eros flameth up and dieth. But the tree of life groweth with slow and constant increase through unmeasured time.
Good and evil are united in the flame.
Good and evil are united in the increase of the tree.
In their divinity stand life and love opposed.
Innumerable as the host of the stars is the number of gods and devils.
Each star is a god, and each space that a star filleth is a devil. But the empty-fullness of the whole is the pleroma.
The operation of the whole is Abraxas, to whom only the ineffective standeth opposed.

Four is the number of the principal gods, as four is the number of the world's measurements.
One is the beginning, the god-sun.
Two is Eros; for he bindeth twain together and outspreadeth himself in brightness.



Three is the Tree of Life, for it filleth space with bodily forms.
Four is the devil, for he openeth all that is closed.
All that is formed of bodily nature doth he dissolve; he is the destroyer in whom everything is brought to nothing.
For me, to whom knowledge hath been given of the multiplicity and diversity of the gods, it is well. But woe unto you, who replace these incompatible many by a single god. For in so doing ye beget the torment which is bred from not understanding, and ye mutilate the creature whose nature and aim is distinctiveness. How can ye be true to your own nature when ye try to change the many into one? What ye do unto the gods is done likewise unto you. Ye all become equal and thus is your nature maimed. Equality shall prevail not for god, but only for the sake of man. For the gods are many, whilst men are few. The gods are mighty and can endure their manifoldness. For like the stars they abide in solitude, parted one from the other by immense distances. But men are weak and cannot endure their manifold nature. Therefore they dwell together and need communion, that they may bear their separateness. For redemption's sake I teach you the rejected truth, for the sake of which I was rejected.

The multiplicity of the gods correspondeth to the multiplicity of man.
Numberless gods await the human state. Numberless gods have been men. Man shareth in the nature of the gods. He cometh from the gods and goeth unto god.
Thus, just as it serveth not to reflect upon the pleroma, it availeth not to worship the multiplicity of the gods. Least of all availeth it to worship the first god, the effective abundance and the summum bonum. By our prayer we can add to it nothing, and from it nothing take; because the effective void swalloweth all.
The bright gods form the celestial world. It is manifold and infinitely spreading and increasing. The god-sun is the supreme lord of that world.
The dark gods form the earth-world. They are simple and infinitely diminishing and declining. The devil is the earth-world's lowest lord, the moon-spirit, satellite of the earth, smaller, colder, and more dead than the earth.
There is no difference between the might of the celestial gods and those of the earth. The celestial gods magnify, the earth-gods diminish. Measureless is the movement of both.



Sermo VII

Yet when night was come the dead again approached with lamentable mien and said; There is yet one matter we forgot to mention. Teach us about man.

Man is a gateway, through which from the outer world of gods, daemons, and souls ye pass into the inner world; out of the greater into the smaller world. Small and transitory is man. Already is he behind you, and once again ye find yourselves in endless space, in the smaller or innermost infinity. At immeasurable distance standeth one single Star in the zenith.

This is the one god of this one man. This is his world, his pleroma, his divinity.
In this world is man Abraxas, the creator and the destroyer of his own world.
This Star is the god and the goal of man.
This is his one guiding god. In him goeth man to his rest. Toward him goeth the long journey of the soul after death. In him shineth forth as light all that man bringeth back from the greater world. To this one god man shall pray.

Prayer increaseth the light of the Star. It casteth a bridge over death. It prepareth life for the smaller world and assuageth the hopeless desires of the greater.
When the greater world waxeth cold, burneth the Star.

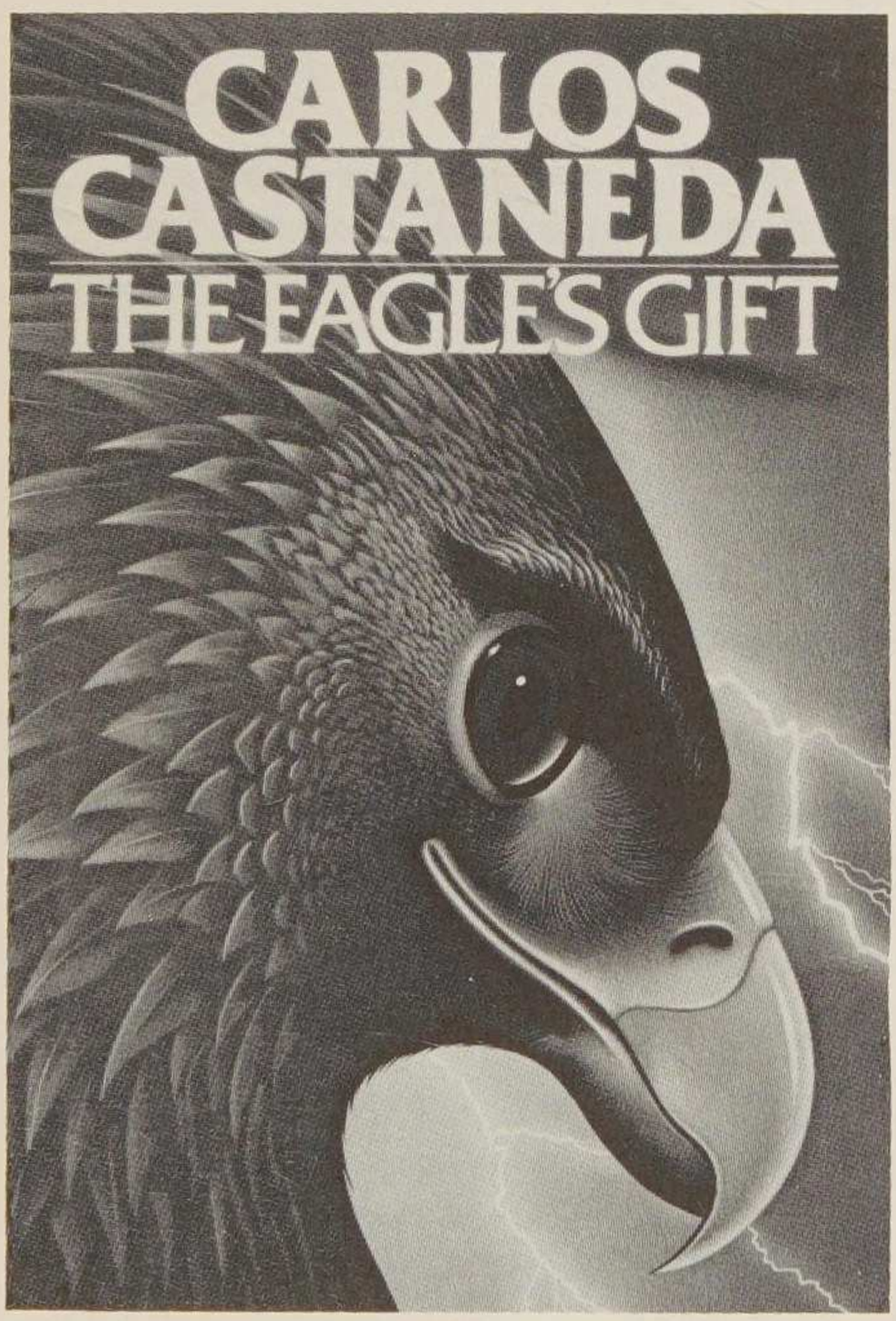
Between man and his one god there standeth nothing, so long as man can turn away his eyes from the flaming spectacle of Abraxas.
Man here, god there.
Weakness and nothingness here, there eternally creative power.
Here nothing but darkness and chilling moisture. There wholly sun.

Whereupon the dead were silent and ascended like the smoke above the herdsman's fire, who through the night kept watch over his flock. . . . ◇

Copyright © 1963 by Random House, Inc. Reprinted from Memories, Dreams, and Reflections, *recorded and edited by Aniela Jaffe, translated by Richard and Clara Winston, by permission of Pantheon Books, a Division of Random House, Inc.*

From Shaman to Shooting Star

by D.M. Dooling



The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge,
University of California Press 1968, Pocket Books October 1974
A Separate Reality, Simon & Schuster 1971, Pocket Books October 1972
Journey to Ixtlan, Simon & Schuster 1972, Pocket Books October 1974
Tales of Power, Simon & Schuster 1974, Pocket Books September 1976
The Second Ring of Power, Simon & Schuster 1977, Pocket Books April 1980
The Eagle's Gift, Simon & Schuster 1981

The series of books by Carlos Castenada, about a Mexican Indian sorcerer whom he calls Juan Matus, surely constitute one of the strangest literary phenomena of our times. The critics voice every shade of opinion between "deeply significant" and "absurd hoax," and a large public runs to the nearest bookstore whenever a new title is announced. It all began in 1968 with a small book published by the University of California Press, a book that had started out to be a college thesis by an anthropology student at UCLA named Carlos Castaneda, who, looking for an Indian "informant" about peyote, found instead a *diablero* who became his teacher on the path of becoming more than a sorcerer: "a man of knowledge." The book he wrote about his experiences with psychotropic plants and magical practices, under the guidance of this man, contained among other fine and exciting formulations a description of the four

enemies who waylay the man seeking knowledge: "Fear," "Clarity," "Power," and "Old Age." Written in a direct and honest style, the book ends with the admission that its author has fallen victim to the first enemy and terminated his alarming discipleship.

How to account for the fact that the fifth sequel to *Teachings* has just been published? And considering the quality, or lack of it, of this last (*The Eagle's Gift*, Simon & Schuster, 1981) and several of the preceding volumes, why should we bother to try? Partly, perhaps, because of the strangeness of the phenomenon alluded to—the enormous popularity of Castaneda's books, the ambivalence of their critical reception, and the careful befogging in mystery of everything concerning the author and his sources. But I believe there are other and more important reasons for trying to "account" for Castaneda, which I shall come to later and about which I am quite willing to risk my own guess; for one advantage, for us, of the clouds of unknowing in which Castaneda hides himself—aside from the obvious one for himself and his publishers, its box-office value—is that it allows an open field for speculation.

First, the sequence of events in the Castaneda chronicle: The first book ended with the plain implication that nothing more would be told. But it was an unexpected best seller. Castaneda, evidently never a man to turn down a golden opportunity, nor to refuse a risk, either merely reopened his notebooks or, as he himself claims, renewed his ties with don Juan. My own guess is that it was the former, and that after the first, genuine experiences he recounted in *Teachings* he never saw again the man he calls don Juan. But "I felt compelled," he wrote in the Introduction to book number two, *A Separate Reality*, which came out in 1971, "to show it [*Teachings*] to him. I paid him a visit. Our link of teacher and apprentice was mysteriously re-established." At the time, we didn't have any real reason to doubt his word, but the situation is different now.

This second book continued the account of psychedelic experiences and don Juan's verbal teaching, with further steps on the road to becoming a man of knowledge, the "path with heart," through learning to be a "hunter" and a "warrior." At its conclusion, Castaneda wrote that a new cycle of instruction had opened for him and hence that "this is the point where I must end my reportage."

But no. This book sold even better than the first, and promptly in the following year, *Journey to Ixtlan* appeared; a further review of his field notes had revealed to Castaneda that all along, don Juan had really been committed to teaching him a process, till now unsuspected, that would lead to a

sorcerer's capacity to "stop the world." Consequently, much material that had hitherto been left out as irrelevant was now available as the basis for the new book. Furthermore, the discovery had been made that the use of hallucinogenic plants was *not* a necessary part of the teaching—necessary, perhaps, for Carlos himself because of his particularly stubborn difficulties, but certainly not for everyone. Becoming a man of knowledge, however, is no longer spoken of; the art of the sorcerer, till now only a step on the way, has become the goal. No further promises, or threats, are made that this is the final volume.

1974 produced *Tales of Power*, which set forth the teaching of the *tonal* and the *nagual*: "The *tonal* is the social person . . . the organizer of the world . . . The *tonal* is everything we are, . . . everything we know." The *nagual*, on the other hand, is outside "the island of the *tonal*," "there where power hovers" (Castaneda was still writing pretty well); it is "the part of us that can create."

Tales of Power ends with a farewell to don Juan and his associate, don Genaro, who made his appearance in the second book, but who now turns out to be Carlos' benefactor—a role that is not the same as that of the teacher, as up to now we had been given to believe. Carlos and Pablito, who is don Genaro's apprentice, are bidden to jump together into the unknown. "A strange urge, a force, made me run with him to the northern edge of the mesa. I felt his arm holding me as we jumped and then I was alone."*

But why should a mere jump off a cliff into the unknown be the end of the story? And of course, it isn't. In *The Second Ring of Power* (1977), the question has to be raised: did they really jump? Carlos can't be sure, because "in my jump, my perception went through seventeen elastic bounces between the *tonal* and the *nagual*" which must indeed have been unsettling. Don Juan and don Genaro are "no longer available"; they have gone through a crack between the worlds. But now, "Enter the Sorceress!" as the paperback back cover joyfully proclaims: it is doña Soledad, the suddenly rejuvenated and transformed mother (or perhaps not?) of Pablito, who returns to the scene with a whole group of other hitherto unmentioned apprentices of both don Juan and don Genaro. Half of them are women, and sex rears its ugly—or not-so-ugly—head. This group informs Carlos that don Juan—whom, he now happens to remember, has always been called by them "the Nagual" (to the reader, a new and puzzling use of the term)—has given them instructions to wait for Carlos, who is to be their new Nagual or leader. This naturally puts poor Carlos in a difficult position, as he has no more idea than we have as to what his qualifications are, nor where, how or for what purpose he is to lead them. To make matters worse, most of the time they seem not only to dislike him intensely but to know much more than he does. After an interminable amount of savage quarreling and unsuccessful attempts on each others' lives—odd among candidates for impeccable warriors— and equally interminable talk about *seeing, dreaming, gazing, stalking*, and other esoteric techniques, they all get ready for a journey, destination unknown. Fortunately—as in a bad dream, when the situations seems to have no possible outcome, you wake up—the book ends at this point, and when the next one begins, the fact that they were about to go elsewhere seems to have been comfortably forgotten.

The latest and most completely unforgivable volume in the saga, *The Eagle's Gift*, came out this year. It is hard to see where Castaneda will go next, because now everything is explained. There are two separate realms of consciousness, the ordinary "right side awareness" of the *tonal*, and the quite

**Tales of Power*, p. 295. But in *The Second Ring of Power* it appears that Carlos was holding on to Pablito and that this was a mistake. See pp. 210 and 309.

different "left side awareness" of the *nagual*; and all this time, don Juan and don Genaro have been popping their apprentices in and out of their left sides and into the world of the *nagual*. This has been achieved mostly by means of a sudden blow between the shoulder blades. (Doubly beware, now, of choking on a fishbone, for who knows where the well-intentioned back-thumper may land you?) On returning to the ordinary or right side awareness, of course, one remembers nothing about what has happened in the other state; so Castaneda has written all his other books in perfectly good faith. But now, he and another apprentice called la Gorda begin, by means of *dreaming*, together and separately, and of questioning their luminous bodies, to remember all that has happened in the past. "The task of remembering was properly the task of joining our right and left sides," of "consolidating the totality of oneself by rearranging *intensity* into a linear sequence." History is consequently also rearranged, and the result is reminiscent of Ursula Le Guin's *The Lathe of Heaven*, only vastly less amusing, and more confusing; and, one must add, much less well written. It might also be added that Le Guin's book is something deeper disguised as science fiction, and Castaneda's is the reverse.

It seems now that don Juan, from the very beginning, had been imperceptibly propelling Carlos into his left side awareness at every single meeting, and teaching him altogether different things from those we were told about. The most important was "the rule of the Nagual" which comes from the Eagle: "The Eagle is the power that governs the destiny of all living things" and which "created the Nagual," now defined as "a double being to whom the rule has been revealed." The Nagual "comes in pairs, male and female," and has to have a sort of team of warriors and couriers with specific regulations as to number, sex, and matching functions. A whole new cast of characters who were waiting in the wings now come on the stage, among them a figure named Silvio Manuel, who is represented in varying forms as being a "devil," or Carlos' teacher, or the power behind don Juan, or the leader of his party of warriors. What is more important is that Carlos and his companions are supposed to make up another "Nagual pair" and their team, to match the group that has been invisibly accompanying don Juan all this weary time, so that they can pass all together through the crack between the worlds.

But alas, there is a strange anomaly somewhere; something is not working right, and it is discovered that the hitch in the proceedings is Carlos himself, whose luminous body, instead of having the normal four compartments, has only three. He is a "three-pronged Nagual" and so his presence doesn't fit the pattern. He and his friends must wait for a new "rule" for the three-pronged, and don Juan's four-pronged party must go on without them. And so we see them at the end as "only a line of exquisite lights in the sky . . . There was a massive glow on one end of the line of lights where don Juan was. I thought of the plumed serpent of the Toltec legend. And then the lights were gone."

My quarrel with Castaneda is not that all this is balderdash, but that *all* of it is not; and that by mixing balderdash with something important and true, he has spoiled the lot. *The Teachings of Don Juan* and *A Separate Reality*, whatever the sprinklings of absurdity, were real and important books. I do not believe that Castaneda invented don Juan. I do not believe he is capable of it, nor even, as some critics think, of making a more or less coherent whole, in the first books, out of bits and pieces of various esoteric teachings. He seems to have tried something of the sort, certainly, in the last books, but the patches show. Don Genaro, from his beginning in *A Separate Reality*, was never convincing; I would guess him to be a composite of several people, including the late Huichol shaman Ramón Medina

Silva [see PARABOLA, Vol. I, No. 1: "The Huichol and the Quest for Paradise," by Barbara Myerhoff], and with the addition of some classic clown and trickster characteristics. But I believe that the fragments of verbal teaching—for instance, the four enemies; the warrior, the hunter, and the seer as steps on the path of knowledge—can have come only from a genuine source. I don't believe in Castaneda's capacity to invent the don Juan of the first two books: the marvelous double talk, the masterly deftness of being, that are the marks of a real man of knowledge. My quarrel with Castaneda—and it is a serious one—is born of my conviction that he did indeed once know a teacher, and that he perverted, knowingly as well as unknowingly, what he learned from him for his own very considerable personal profit. And this, I think, is real sin—in the strongest sense of the word, *demonic*. I shall attempt to show why.

The popularity of the first book, in 1968, which set off a sort of vogue for the whole series, was due in large part to its appeal to the then "counter-culture," the younger generation interested in the "mind-expansion" of psychedelic drugs and genuinely hungry for a new way of *seeing*. The authentic quality of don Juan himself, the ringing prose of the first two books, the presentation of the use of drugs as a dangerous but carefully supervised teaching technique (as well as the fascinatingly fantastic experiences connected with them) combined to give the account a singular attraction. And how it sold! Castaneda could not resist the temptation of being a writer of best sellers. It is noteworthy that the date of publication of the third book, *Journey to Ixtlan*, which bade farewell to the hallucinogens as a necessary means to spiritual experience, coincided neatly with the moment in which LSD, having plainly shown its hideous side, was losing its appeal and its bid to be a guide to higher worlds. The younger generation, not so young any more, was becoming disillusioned both with drugs as a Way, and with their search for other dimensions of being.

Don Juan's public was changing; don Juan and his teaching also changed. The hard way of the man of knowledge was diluted and fantasized into the way of the sorcerer. Magic was "in" and drug states were no longer idealized. There are other shifts of values, and of meaning; and the shift is always downwards, toward the unreal, the physical, and the sensational. The *nagual*, for example, certainly an interesting concept if a bit over-complicated as it is set forth in *Tales of Power* (other teachers, or their disciples, have expressed it better), goes through half-a-dozen sea changes thereafter. From being the human being's essential self, it becomes a title for both don Juan and, amazingly, Carlos; and in the last book it is defined as "a double being, male and female"! The "ally," explained in *Teachings* in a way consonant with all esoteric tradition as a force which has to be conquered, but which then becomes one's friend and helper, already in the second book becomes a "spirit," and by the time Carlos is able to come in contact with his own "ally," it is simply a scary monster which seems to have lost all positive possibility, and is of use only to terrify people out of their wits.

Perhaps this is as true a definition as any of what a *demon* is: a force that must be conquered in order that it can become one's *ally*, but which, if it is not conquered, becomes a scary monster. And this is the culminating reason for my quarrel with Castaneda: he has chosen, not the ally, but the scary monster. By failing to make a help for himself, as a man on the path to knowledge, out of the power offered him by his teacher, failing to conquer it with a different understanding, accept it, and make it his, he has turned it into something demonic, even if only a sort of cartoon demon. He has added not to the world's fantasies, but to its lies.

In the last books, even Castaneda's writing has changed. Compare the more than

flesh and blood don Juan of *Teachings* with the paper doll of *The Eagle's Gift*, or with the phantom "Silvio Manuel"; the excitement of the first two books, and at least a part of the third, with the boredom of *Second Ring* and the truly appalling tedium of *The Eagle's Gift*. Consider passages like this from *A Separate Reality*, when Carlos had "suddenly noticed the lights of a car that seemed to be gaining on us all the time," and don Juan "asked me if I really thought that it was a car."

"Those are the lights on the head of death," he said softly. "Death puts them on like a hat and then shoots off on a gallop. Those are the lights of death on the gallop gaining on us, getting closer and closer."

A chill ran up my back. After a while I looked in the rear-view mirror again, but the lights were not there any more.

I told don Juan that the car must have stopped or turned off the road. He did not look back; he just stretched his arms and yawned.

"No," he said. "Death never stops. Sometimes it turns off its lights, that's all."

Or this:

"I have learned that the countless paths one traverses in one's life are all equal. Oppressors and oppressed meet at the end, and the only thing that prevails is that life was altogether too short for both. Today I feel sad not because my mother and father died the way they did; I feel sad because they were Indians. They lived like Indians and died like Indians and never knew that they were, before anything else, men."

This is wonderful stuff, as is the famous "path that has heart": "There I travel, and the only worthwhile challenge is to travel its full length. And there I travel, looking, looking, breathlessly." Compare these with the turgid "rule of the Eagle" in *The Eagle's Gift*, or the following gems from the same book:

Josefina winced and frowned as if she were under a heavy weight that was pushing her down. She actually looked like a rag doll that was being compressed. I watched in true fascination . . . She stuck her tongue out, shook her head from side to side, and screamed at the same time.

Try that and see what it takes to become a sorcerer. Or this:

La Gorda made an unusual gesture of lowering her head, opening her mouth on both sides, shrugging her shoulders and lifting her arms above her head.

Did the same man write all this? Or is Castaneda using a ghost writer?

Teachings and *A Separate Reality*, granting some admixture of fantasy, are beautiful and significant books, and there are some things not to be sneezed at in *Journey to Ixtlan* also. The last three are not only increasingly silly but increasingly dull. It is hard to believe after plowing through *The Eagle's Gift* that 140,000 copies have already been sold; and hard to imagine that much of Castaneda's public will have the stamina to stay with him after this. One gets the impression—and hopes it is a true one—that Castaneda himself is now pretty bored with the whole thing.

The questions will probably continue: is this a work of fact, fiction, an allegory, or a joke? The last seems the most likely. But it is not really very funny; and if it is not meant to amuse, it must be meant as a joke on the reader and at his expense: a hoax. If it is an allegory, it becomes meaningless with Castaneda's own insistence on the literal—"Did I really . . . ?" as well as with the pointlessness, much more than the improbability, of the events. And it is a little too much to ask us to believe that it is a factual account, in spite of Castaneda's plea in the Introduction to the latest book: "I must first of all reiterate that this is not a work of fiction."

But it is also a little too much, for some of us, to be asked to believe that it is all invention. What it comes down to, finally, is that it is enough. Don Juan is dead, Castaneda is rich, and not too many of us, now, are fooled. ◇

D.M. Dooling is the publisher of PARABOLA.

Too Many Sides to Count

by Lynda Sexson



Outside Over There
By Maurice Sendak. New York: Harper & Row, 1981. Unpaged. $12.95.

Because people have two hands, they can say, "on the other hand," and sometimes think they're done with it; if they were octopuses, perhaps they would not be so inclined towards dualism—towards thinking things have readily distinguishable and merely "two" sides. Because this planet is presided over by one bright sun, rather than, say, three, people cast a single shadow and think they can be divided into a mere two—flesh and form, or light and dark, or even earth and other.

Because it seems to "complete" by counting to "two," how can we be taught to hop on to three? For that—for something so "radical" (in the sense of returning to the source and being carried to the farthest limit)—we may need a remarkable text, which may come in the guise of a children's book. Children's literature is not, of course, those charming, didactic, even artistically sound creations that we comfortably pass out to kids; children's literature is made up of those books which turn "us" into kids (that is, take us back to the source or send us to the farthest limit—that radicalize us).

Those books that nudge us into that multi-faceted reality beyond dualism are rare in any genre—but for some reason, we're not surprised that when they do appear, they are likely as not to be called "children's books." One of those transcendent talents is at work today—Maurice Sendak—a maker of children's literature who knows that although we have two hands, and that the sun casts one shadow, we must look warily at our ordinary turf and discover how to count to three—to move beyond dualism into the complexity of imagination.

Sendak's new book, *Outside Over There* (Harper & Row), develops themes from his earlier works and radically transplants the

viewer/reader to a planet more familiar, more strange than the ordinary one in which people blithely and blandly say, "on the other hand . . . ," ignore their shadows, or think that children and adults cannot share the same picture book (or aesthetic elegance and psychological eloquence).

With words cumbersome, yet poetically scored, Maurice Sendak tells the story of Ida, a girl who forgets to watch and so must journey foolishly and courageously to recover what is lost. His words explode those capsule expressions and visions that have elusive significance. The story is so rich, compact, and lush, it must be eaten like a berry—all at once.

The exquisitely evocative pictures are of life made to hold still, like the staged photographs from which Sendak sometimes works, setting up a fake scene which illuminates an image of something interior—hard to capture, hard to expose. Resonant with the centuries of religious art behind her, Ida whirls in the air with her toy horn and in her Mama's yellow rain cloak; she is a child made to act a mother, an image we know we've seen before, of a delicate, disrupted madonna. The pictures must be consumed—almost like a holy feast.

Sendak is hardly the first to suggest that all the world's a stage—or even that it's edible; he is, nevertheless, original, with an originality that is at once quirky and profound.

In spite of his extraordinary popularity, too many people have remarked recently, "Oh, I don't like Sendak," and then add with not a little self-righteousness, "he would *frighten* my children." Or, I hear, "I haven't bought that new book *yet*; I can't allow myself to be frightened right now." Are these whimsies of Sendak's really terrifying? They often make you laugh out loud, they are graphically splendid, and they are textually (the books he has authored as well as illustrated) surprising—often profound. They celebrate the presence, the humor, the depth of children. Is this perhaps what is so—as the detractors insist—frightening?

The flirtation with fright in Sendak is mingled with an affirmation of the human spirit. Perhaps the people who have painted diapers on his naked children, or those who have rejected *Some Swell Pup* because the cartoon puppy all too naturalistically urinates and defecates, or those who think that the Grimm characters of grotesque visages in *The Juniper Tree* crowd up too close for our readerly comfort, might dare to look again. The frightening or repellent is also beautiful or funny, clever or charming; and Sendak's work holds it all in tension and does not permit us to take sides. The shadow-realm in the artist's view is not in opposition to the light. It is not to be eradicated by the light, but it is a part of the totality of vision.

Shadows, as all children know, are made visible only by means of some part of ourselves thrust into and posed in the path of a light. Shadow, unfortunately by some other standards, looms, not as the dramatic extension of ourselves, but as something alien or demonic. Dualistic visions of reality demand that the shadow, the other, the dark side must be conquered, overcome, overthrown. Sendak, though he plays at conquering, subverts our dualistic assumptions about the shadow.

The dualistic world-view of our culture has spawned two-dimensional imaginations which project on to images female, sexual, intellectual, or aesthetic, an evil which is named. But in Sendak, to the dualist's dismay, goblins and babies are almost indistinguishable, lions are great gobblers as well as pleasant weekend guests, outrageous willfulness may cause one's dinner to be withheld or may tame monsters. It's a complex world in which monstrousness may be a dimension of love and also the means to make and un-make monsters—not a mere two-sided world of good and evil, or ordinary reality and fantasy. Fantasy and palpable reality are so unified in Sendak's art, we cannot help but discover there that *other* and *mother* are closer than a rhyme.



"Fantasy is the core of all writing for children, as I think it is for the writing of any book—perhaps even for the art of living," the author has said.

This complexity, a construction of many sides and more mirrors, is a world exemplified by an interplay of artist and writer; each aspect of Sendak's imagination and skill enhances and enlarges upon the other. The eloquence of that interpretive interplay, story enlarging image, the visual extending the verbal, is like human experience, the shadow interpreting the light, daytime revealing the night, the dark. As Sendak has expressed it,

> You must never illustrate exactly what is written. You must find a space in the text so that pictures can do the work. Then you must let the words take over where words do it best. It's a funny kind of juggling act, which takes a lot of technique and experience to keep the rhythm going.

As it is with story and image in the work of Maurice Sendak, so it is with the interweaving of light and shadow—each fills up the spaces left by the other.

The latest book, *Outside Over There*, is the most triumphant of Sendak's ever-enlarged talent. All of us have experienced the purgatory of being left with baby. We empathize with Ida, who means well, playing "her wonder horn to rock the baby still, but never watched." So goblins snatch the baby, leaving a changeling made of ice in her place.

> Poor Ida, never knowing, hugged the changeling and she murmured: "How I love you."
>
> The ice thing only dripped and stared, and Ida mad knew goblins had been there.

And was left with what seemed like "a n'ice baby" which was really an ice baby—something lumpish that continually liquifies.

Clever Ida "made a serious mistake" and "climbed backwards out her window into outside over there." Those serious mistakes take us into a realm—variously called in Sendak's trilogy, "Where the Wild Things Are," "The Night Kitchen," and "Outside Over There," the place where the big things happen, where the stories come from, and which may be geographically charted, as the

artist has claimed, "from the direct middle of me."

When Ida finally turns herself around, she's "smack in the middle of a wedding." The goblin thieves, when unveiled, are babies, identical to her baby sister. But they are celebrating an uncanny wedding—an event that resembles a collection of squally babies. Sometimes it takes a special charm to distinguish between a goblin and a real baby. Ida plays her horn so fiercely the goblins are "churned into a dancing stream," enabling her to discover the real baby cooing in an eggshell. She packs her back home. A letter from her distant sailor father, and the look of her even more remote mother who sits by in the arbor, prompts Ida to resolve to watch the baby, "which is just what Ida did."

A traditional Grimm tale, "The Goblins," stunningly illustrated by Sendak several years ago, seems to lurk beneath some of the imagery and humor of Ida's story. The folk story tells of a mother's dilemma, when she realizes that goblins have stolen her child and left her a changeling "with thick head and staring eyes who did nothing but eat and drink." A neighbor woman prescribes the remedy: set the changeling before the fire and begin to boil water in egg shells; when the changeling sees it, he will laugh and be returned. The changeling baby laughs, "and as he laughed there suddenly came a lot of little goblins who brought the right child and set it on the hearth and took their friend away with them." The illustration depicts an enormous baby carried by little goblins—but which is it? The real baby or the changeling? That is the business of Sendak.

Sendakian characters, in book after book, eat, act, and float. The first book he ever owned, he says, he tried to bite; characters swallow one another over and over, 'til the reader can only say, "I'm in the book and the book's in me." The creatures act up and act out until we realize that what's pretended is what's real. The figures levitate, not so much to represent the power of flying, as the faith of floating.

No sissy bunnies bump around in Sendak pages, but erotic, sauntering rabbits advising girls on the mystery of color. Old worn photographs of relatives lost to the Holocaust, or of the author's own childhood lost to the past, act as models for the characters of his fantasies. The bodies formed by Sendak are large, stocky, yet page after page, they're moving through the air. His art is the inner feeling made manifest—why else would his characters and objects look so saturated with substantiality, were it not conferred on them by the imagination rather than by mere physicality?

Yes, I suppose Sendak is scary. His humor, his heavy grace, have the power to levitate our own shadows.

An earlier book (and still my favorite), *Higglety Pigglety Pop*, tells us of Jennie, the dog who knew there must be more to life than having everything. She goes off to gain experience (out-thinking a large baby unwilling to eat and a larger lion very willing to do so) so that she can join the World Mother Goose Theatre and act every day in a salami-propped, atrocious nursery-rhyme drama and live at Castle Yonder. Jennie derived her wit, her courage, and her appetite from a real dog, transformed by Sendak into fiction—she becomes something that becomes part of all of us.

There are few things which can fall wholly onto one side of experience—the horrible or the beautiful. Experience is mingled, and the more beauty in a vision, the more likely terror is to be there too. Indeed, once one gains enough experience to join the World Mother Goose Theatre, or to transgress into the milk of the Night Kitchen, or fall and float into Outside Over There, I suspect the sides are too many to count. After all, Ida doesn't seem to notice (but baby does) that Mozart plays on the opposite shore. ◇

Lynda Sexson teaches in the Religious Studies Department at Montana State University. She is an editor of the interdisciplinary journal, Corona.

Maria Sabina and the Saint Children

by Barbara G. Myerhoff

Maria Sabina: Her Life and Chants
By Alvaro Estrada, translated to English and notated by Henry Munn, retrospective essay by R. Gordon Wasson, preface by Jerome Rothenberg. (The New Wilderness Poetics Series, edited by Jerome Rothenberg.)
Santa Barbara: Ross-Erikson, 1981. Pp. 242. $16.95, paper $8.95.

This is an oral autobiography of an eighty-year-old Mazatec Indian shaman, Maria Sabina, derived from interviews between Alvaro Estrada and Maria Sabina in their native village of Huatla de Jimenez in Mexico. She is a "Wise Woman," who is a practitioner of an indigenous religious tradition dating back to pre-Columbian times, which works with the sacred psilocybin mushrooms. The book represents her vision of her religion, her personal life history, her struggle with the growing fame of her work, and the use, misuse, and misunderstanding of the hallucinogenic plants. The woman, the mushrooms, and her work with them were first described by the famed mycologist R. Gordon Wasson in his book *Maria Sabina and her Mazatec Mushroom Velada*, published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in 1974; the music of the chants accompanied the text in cassettes and disc. Photographs and translations along with detailed notes were provided. Wasson and his wife, Valentina Pavlovna, felt that they had recorded the Velada (all night chant) fully and worthily, but regretted that Maria Sabina was for us locked behind an "impenetrable, and unsuperable linguistic barrier." Alvaro Estrada, a Mazatec Indian who has undertaken an oral autobiography of Maria Sabina, a man from her village and a speaker of her native tongue, makes it possible to reveal the woman as well as her work. Estrada was a fortunate choice; not only is his native knowledge deep and his sensitivity to language fine, but his motives are impeccable: he wanted Maria Sabina to be more fully understood and appreciated, to give the general public a better idea of native customs, and "to encourage young people in particular to treat the elements of the native religion with more respect." He concludes, "It is my hope, too, that this work may stimulate young writers—above all Indians—to study such native customs in order to rescue them from their approaching definitive extinction."

Maria Sabina is "unlettered," a nice distinction made by Wasson who points out that she should not be called illiterate. Written words are not part of the world in which she grew up, hence she is no more illiterate than the poets who composed the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Vedic Hymns. But she is indeed a woman of words, a poet whose language functions as her tutelary spirit in the practice of her profession—curing, mediating between the gods and suffering souls, defending the lost or wandering

spirits of the sick, often in trance with the help of the mushrooms variously called "little one who springs forth," "little things," "saint children" or "children." These are the respectful, affectionate terms she uses for the sacred mushrooms, which she eats and gives to her clients in all-night chanting-curing sessions known as Veladas. In all this her work is that of a classical shaman, the soul guide or psychopomp, a role which comes to us from an origin in the Paleolithic past. Her complete dedication to alleviating suffering, her function as mediator for powers that come through her, originating outside herself, her worldly poverty, and spiritual wealth are stable features found in true shamans. And no less characteristic is her exquisite shamanic equilibrium, allowing her to move between the seen and unseen worlds, between the living and the dead, defending her people, taking the utmost care of her power but essentially viewing it with humility as a gift, not as a personal attribute—something beyond her originating self, bestowed almost as a loan. The extent to which she respects its requirements and limits is impressive: she must be clean and perfect in all things; sexual activity would impair the gift as would any abuse of power for her own private ends. Like all true shamans, she suffers *with* her patients. Her cures are addressed to their whole beings, spirit and body, by her whole being. None of the Western philosophical and medical schisms are here: there are no body-mind, patient-doctor, subject-object splits.

What makes this record so remarkable is not only the clarity and depth with which shamanic practice is manifested but also the fullness of the picture of Maria Sabina as a mortal woman, who deals with the problems of this world. We see the woman who works, desperately, achingly hard, suffers, loses husbands and children, knows poverty and hunger, injustice and personal tragedy. But autobiographical specificities concerning her life do not de-mythify the woman as one might expect. That she is grounded in the familiar human struggles, *and* is a visionary poet of the highest order, *and* a protohistorical healer-singer, arouses wonder, suggests a complexity and depth in the human, natural, and supernatural realm that is heightened rather than dissolved by scrutiny. One is left finally with awe rather than understanding. How little we know! Careful observation in such cases leaves us not with answers but with questions so deep that they can barely be put into words. I am reminded of Einstein's remark: "Perhaps our insistence on answers is our ultimate refuge from wonder."

Maria Sabina's religious attitude permeates her entire life and worldview. Westerners living in a fragmented world, premised on conflict and deception, find the attitude awesome, heroic. But in other unlettered societies I have seen such integrity; the people's worldview is pervasive, interpenetrating all relations and activities. Attitudes matter as much as behavior; inner states have consequences as profound as outer conduct. It is for this total viewpoint that modern people grow nostalgic and envious. John Collier begins his book on Native American Indians with a yearning plaint, referring to such wholeness and integrity—"They have what we once had, what we have lost." The same loss and grief is present in this book, for Maria Sabina knows that this is soon to be lost even to her. The publicity brought to her work by Westerners, foreigners, outsiders of every kind, helped destroy it. Wasson is largely responsible for bringing Maria Sabina's work and the uses of magic mushrooms to the attention of the world. He suffers considerable anguish when he hears Maria Sabina's remark:

> Before Wasson, I felt that the saint children elevated me. I don't feel like that anymore. The force has diminished. If [the strangers had not come] the saint children would have kept their power . . . From the moment the foreigners arrived, the saint children lost their purity. They

lost their force; the foreigners spoiled them. From now on they won't be any good. There's no remedy for it.

These words strike dread into the heart of anyone who reads them. We want to cry out that this part of our human heritage—this capacity for vision, dedication, this protohistoric comprehension of the unity of all that exists, cannot be lost. Something critical will die in our species just as surely and as gravely as that which we lose with the destruction of an endangered animal species.

Wasson's response is worth quoting at length, lest he be charged with having lightly helped or hastened this destruction.

> These (Maria Sabina's) words make me wince. I, Gordon Wasson, am held responsible for the end of a religious practice in Mesoamerica that goes back far, for a millennium. I fear she spoke the truth, exemplifying her wisdom. A practice carried on in secret for centuries has now been aerated and aeration spells the end.
>
> At the time of my velada with Maria Sabina in 1955 I had to make a choice: suppress my experience or resolve to present it worthily to the world. There was never a doubt in my mind. The sacred mushrooms and the religious feeling concentrated in them through the Sierras of Southern Mexico had to be made known to the world, and worthily so, at whatever cost to me personally. If I did not do this, "consulting the mushroom" would go on for a few years longer, but its extinction was and is inevitable. The world would know vaguely that such a thing had existed but not the importance of its role. On the other hand, worthily presented, its prestige, Maria Sabina's prestige, would endure.

Many people have worked to enhance the prestige and knowledge of the tradition: Wasson of course, and Alvaro Estrada who took down the oral history of Maria Sabina in Mazatec with the utmost care, Henry Munn who translated the Mazatec from Spanish to English, and Jerome Rothenberg who wrote the preface, gave an ethnopoetic commentary, and placed the text as the first in his series to be published by Ross-Erikson as part of his New Wilderness Poetics Series. The exquisite attention, responsibility, and appreciation of all concerned give the work the proper tone—gratitude and affection, at times approaching reverence, not merely for the woman but for the work she does, which in some remote way belongs to a part of our whole human possibility, now so far from our daily, secular, materialistic, unconscious lives. It is a religious piece, religiously presented.

I would like to note some of my personal responses to the book. First, I am fascinated with the stability of shamanism; in its true manifestation, it is unmistakable. Ramón Medina Silva, the Huichol Indian shaman with whom I worked some years ago, was in many ways strikingly like Maria Sabina—the personal balance, courage, keen intelligence, uncanny wisdom, the constancy of the actual techniques, sources, and uses of their power, are replicated in both practitioners. And there are many others about whom we have been told. It must be said that the don Juan described by Carlos Castaneda does not fit into this category. His shadowy presence, his eclecticism and ambiguity, mark him as trickster or sorcerer, or, as some have suggested, a romantic archetypal portrayal of a yearning in the Western consciousness for "The American Indian." It is critical to see him as of a different order from Maria Sabina. Not only must we respect her concrete humanity, but we see the significance of her culture in making her what she is. "Culture" and the "spirits" can be regarded as genuinely different categories or as variations on the same theme: the human imagination personified and concretized into "beings" or "forces." Maria Sabina would not call "the little children" cultural forces, and perhaps mycologists or ethnopharmacologists would call them physiological or biochemical processes. As an anthropologist, I find the collective wisdom of the Mazatec as impressive as the other ingredients involved; culture is one of the heroes in this drama. Castaneda's don Juan is not drawing

on any single cultural tradition. Indigenous traditions deserve accurate and respectful preservation, and these records must be distinguished from imaginative works, however good or bad the latter may be. It is the obligation of the lettered to make written records of the lore of the unlettered simply a record—not a mirror of ourselves or our needs and fantasies. We have no right to annex and use all that we encounter as if it were our property. To do so is something between plagiarism, co-option, and cultural clear-cutting.

Finally, one of the heroes in this piece is language itself. Oddly, the unlettered Sabina often refers to a "Book of Language," a written text that gives her the chants. But "book" is not used in the ordinary sense; here it seems to be an authoritative text that comes from someone other than the chanter. Sabina is a great oral poet; her "book" is the Mazatec Zeitgeist, somewhat mixed with Catholicism. Language has its own spirit here, that wanders on its own and is divine. "The saint children" speak, and Maria Sabina has the power to translate. In these linguistic acts of invention, says Rothenberg, quoting David Antin, we see "the structure of those linguistic acts of invention and discovery through which the mind explores the transformational power of language and discovers and invents the world and itself. . . . Language is directed at that sparagmos—that classic split in consciousness—that tears us all asunder. The wounds are deep and probably irremediable, but the dream, while we're alive, is that of wholeness. Here is language as a medicine, its ancient function: 'with words we live and grow. . . . I cured them with the Language of the children.' "

This is Logos, creation being accomplished by the Word. The text must be said aloud. The Thai call this oral tradition "The Sounding of the Text": a word is struck like



a metallophone, and something new is brought into being. This is poesis, self-making and world-making, belonging not only to the lettered, the life-work of each languaged person, as Rothenberg puts it elsewhere. Visionary story-telling alters things; something happens to the world when this takes place. This knowledge has been found and vaunted in other traditions as well. On finishing this book I was reminded of the words of another great oral poet from an entirely different time and place who likewise practiced poesis in this sense. Here are the words of the 19th century Hasidic teacher Reb Nachman of Bratzlav (great grandson of the Baal Shem Tov) who said "The word moves a bit of air and this the next until it reaches the ear of the one who hears it and is therein awakened and receives their soul therein."

In reading the chants of Maria Sabina, we too receive this bit of air and find our souls awakened therein. ◇

Barbara Myerhoff is Chairperson and Professor of Anthropology at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles. She is the author of Peyote Hunt, Life's Career: Aging and Cross-Cultural Studies in Growing Old *and* Number Our Days. *Her film of the same name won an Academy Award for Best Short Documentary in 1977. She is a Consulting Editor to* PARABOLA.

Currents & Comments

When a small group of Australian Aboriginal artists came to the United States under the auspices of the Los Angeles Dance Festival-Orinoco Dance Foundation in July, they brought with them something more than their public performances and demonstrations. They carried a quality of being—ancient and self-contained—gained from lives in direct and open connection to each other and to their sacred world.

The Aborigines toured five cities in the U.S., performing selections of their public-sacred rituals (secret-sacred rituals are still kept private). They dance with bodies painted, singing with deep-throated chants underscored by distant strains of the *didjeridu*, an instrument made from a hollowed-out log. Their movements are quick, tight, minimal; they tell a story. Through these timeless rituals comes a definition and an understanding of their world that lent intensity to the performance. Their elemental presence in our over-developed, technological cities could have been disorienting, but their sense of "wholeness" established a deep connection between the New York City skyline and Central Park and the stone-age world from which they come.



A CALL TO CELEBRATE



What better way to herald the HOLIDAY SEASON than with a subscription to PARABOLA? Each unique issue resounds with myth and story and takes you on an odyssey through the riches of the world's great traditions. You will be giving a gift that can enrich the lives of family and friends.

Order now and we will send a personalized greeting card in time for the Holidays. And don't forget to treat yourself to PARABOLA.

Future issues will explore *Sleep, Dreams, Ceremonies,* and the *Warrior.*

Celebrate with us—give a gift of the ages.

PARABOLA

The Quarterly Magazine of Myth and Tradition

Choir of Angels by Simon Marmion, National Gallery, London

"The Gathering," a collective effort devoted to cultural revitalization, took place in St. Peter, Minnesota, August 9–16. Storytellers, anthropologists, poets, musicians, and theater people joined together with the organizers, the Cherry Creek Theater in St. Peter, to promote an understanding of the importance of performance and celebration in the deepening of human values. Among the participants were Barbara Myerhoff, Carol Bly, Louise and Severyn Bruyn, Meridel Le Sueur, The Boston Theater Group, Common Ground Theater Ensemble, Ann Arbor; National Black Theater, New York; The Play Group, Knoxville; A Traveling Jewish Theater, Los Angeles.

In this issue on "demons," we felt we should offer a brief tour through some of the more interesting, recent publications that touch on the realm of possession and the possessed. The most attractive and perhaps the most accessible is Lawrence Di Stasi's study of the evil eye, *Mal Occhio, The Underside of Vision*, North Point Press, a book built on personal memory and reaching a significant sense of the "other" through careful investigation. Recently published in paperback, Margot Adler's original and interesting study of witches, druids, and other pagans, *Drawing Down the Moon*, Beacon Press, brings a new perspective to the resurgence of these groups today. *Medusa's Hair* by Gananath Obeyesekere, University of Chicago Press, examines an ecstatic cult in Sri Lanka and provides an analysis of the symbolism of guilt. *Deadly Words* by Jeanne Favret-Saada, Cambridge University Press, is a fascinating study of the experience of being bewitched in the Bocage, a rural area of Western France. Jeffrey Burton Russell has written a compelling study of the Devil, *Satan: The Early Christian Tradition*, for Cornell University Press. John A. Sanford brings a Jungian perspective to his study of the dark side, *Evil: The Shadow Side of Reality*, The Crossroad Publishing Company. E. J. Brill in Leiden has published a supplement to their Iconography of Religions series, *Drawings of Balinese Sorcery* by C. Hooykaas, a scholarly effort that deals with image and magic. In a different vein, *Manlike Monsters on Trial: Early Records and Modern Evidence*, edited by Marjorie Halpin and Michael M. Ames, University of British Columbia Press, presents some delightful and informative essays on the probability of some amazing creatures, Sasquatch, Yeti, and Bigfoot among them. Finally there are Sarah C. Blaffer's exhaustive study of a Central American Legend, *The Blackman of Zinacantan*, University of Texas Press, and *The Daykeeper: The Life and Discourse of an Ixil Diviner* by Benjamin N. Colby and Lore M. Colby, Harvard University Press—a rich and rewarding view of the daily life of a Maya holy man—a deeply thoughtful book. The breadth and variety of this small selection indicates the many faces of the "demonic."

It is a pleasure to note that The Crossroad Publishing Company will be publishing a series, The Illustrated Library of Sacred Imagination, in ten volumes over the next several months. Although some of the volumes are reprints (John Sharkey's *Celtic Mysteries, Dreams* by David Coxhead and Susan Hiller, and Anne Bancroft's *Zen*), there are some important and valuable additions to this colorful and readable series: *The Grail* by John Matthews, Lucie Lamy's *Egyptian Mysteries, The Earth Spirit* by John Michel, and Peter Payne's *Martial Arts*. Early in 1982 other volumes will be added: *The Androgyne* by Elemire Zolla, *Sacred Geometry* by Robert Lawlor, and Joan Halifax's *Shamanism*. Available in cloth and paper editions, these thoughtful selections of art and text immediately engage the reader and provide an excellent introduction to important aspects of spiritual life.

"It is probable we meet only the persons in this world we deserve to meet, or are supposed to meet, or are drawn to meet, like certain water drops down a stream gliding over certain stones on their way to the sea."

Paul Rep's newest book *Letters to a Friend* is an extraordinary record of one special relationship between poet and friend Bill that has lasted 30 years, spanned several continents, and has been intersected by other exceptional people such as D.T. Suzuki, Buckminster Fuller, Nyogen Senzaki (collaborator with Reps on the well-known *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*). Exuberant in its display of calligraphy and short word poems, *Letters* refuses to be merely a collection of correspondence. Reps' impromptu adventurings in ink and paper fairly burst with energy and feeling; his Zen stories and letters (including some material reprinted from previous editions) emanates a special grace. Taken as a whole, *Letters* offers the reader some rich artifacts of a life fully lived. Much credit for this beautiful book must go to Stillgate Publishers (South Acworth, New Hampshire) who have produced an elegant edition with color reproductions and drawings printed on Japanese paper made from mulberry bark.

Perhaps it is possible to pay too much attention to William Blake, but we never seem to reach that limit. Of a number of special books published recently about him (see George Quasha's article in PARABOLA, Vol. VI, No. 1), certainly *The Paintings and Drawings of William Blake* (two volumes, plates and text) by Martin Butlin, Yale University Press, 1981, is one of the most noteworthy. Butlin, who is keeper of the British Collection at the Tate Gallery in London, spent over twenty years assembling the books which reproduce every traceable work by Blake, many in color. The volume of plates is meticulously made, and the cumulative effect of viewing this enormous artistic output in one volume is staggering. One of the great pleasures derived from it lies in coming upon the less-known or even unknown pieces by the artist—for example, the many pencil sketches and studies. Martin Butlin and Yale University Press have done a remarkable job in publishing these two important volumes that add a great deal to the library of books on William Blake.

". . . we wish to affirm or, rather, to reaffirm the age-old alliance between the arts and gnosis," states Philip Sherrard, one of the four editors of *Temenos*, a new review from England devoted to the arts of the imagination. And in a series of penetrating and provocative articles, poems, images, and reviews by such important "artists" as Henry Corbin, Kathleen Raine, Cecil Collins, Robert Duncan, Elémire Zolla, Toya Izutsu, George Seferis, Keith Critchlow, and many others, this new journal does indeed engage the imagination. "Temenos" refers to the sacred area around a temple, and it is the avowed purpose of this attractive and substantial (265 pages) magazine to renew our understanding of, and connection with, those sacred elements. This first issue covers such ground as the importance of the imaginal, the poet's audience, music as a key to freedom, Gothic church architecture, and "haiku" events, with depth and sensitivity. *Temenos* shares many of PARABOLA's aims and interests and is a welcome addition to the pursuit of spiritual values in contemporary society. Copies are available at bookstores or from The Lindisfarne Press, R.D. 2, West Stockbridge, MA 01266.

American students under the direction of Tarthang Tulku at Dharma Publishing in Berkeley, California have recently completed their work on the one hundred and twenty volume Nyimgma Edition of *The Tibetan Buddhist Canon.* The volumes consist of the Sanskrit texts of the Kanjur, the word of Buddha, and the Tanjur, commentaries by later masters, as well as thangkas, maps, drawings, and charts. The enormous effort will preserve these precious texts which contain basic teachings of a great tradition. Because the cost will prohibit most individuals from purchasing the set, it is hoped that many libraries and institutions will see fit to make these books available to interested students and scholars.

Song of Heyoehkah
By Hyemeyohsts Storm. San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1981. Pp. 302. $17.95.

Reviewed by Raymond J. DeMallie

Hyemeyohsts Storm's first novel, *Seven Arrows* (1972)—the lead volume in Harper's Native American Publishing Program—became a kind of American Indian bible for youth of the 1970s searching for self, place, and meaning in a world they could not control. The deep personal appeal of the "Medicine Wheel" structure of the book, a search for native mandalas in the natural and cultural worlds of the plains Indians, provided both comfort and inspiration and promised access to the wonderful secret realm of the religious inner life of the oldest inhabitants of our continent.

As an American Indian himself, Storm appeared to be in a unique position to fuse traditional story-telling forms with the Western novel in order to generalize tribal traditions, and give them global significance. Censored by the religious leaders of his own tribe, the Northern Cheyennes, for distorting their traditional Sun Dance religion, Storm found little support among Indian people for his literary innovation. Most Indian readers looked past the novel form to search for ethnographic authenticity; their disappointment turned to outrage.

Song of Heyoehkah, Storm's second novel, continues the tradition of his earlier work. There has been little development in his writing, and what was new a decade ago is now outdated. Saturated with metaphors, each slow-moving page must be wrung for its meaning. The effort is greater than the reward. The book is designed to be a medicine wheel, a teaching device, but it offers far more structure than wisdom. The illustrations, many in garish colors, are non-Indian in conception and design and do nothing to enhance the text.

In all fairness, the theme of Storm's new novel is a difficult one to handle elegantly—without giving offense. The author has cast himself as well as his characters in the role of "Heyoehkah" (*heyoka*, the Sioux Indian word for a sacred clown, one who by command of a vision of Thunder must speak and act in ways contrary to everyday life). Storm writes:

> "The contrary is vital to all Peoples. . . . Contraries are the Backwards Teacher People. They make the laws of the camp pertinent to the People," South Wind explained. "The contraries dress themselves up in the laws, they act out the laws. It is humorous, and yet it is the most serious dance in the world! Nothing is sacred to the contrary! No tradition, no way, dance, or teaching. Contraries tease, cajole, laugh, and turn the law into mockery! They also examine the law, test the law, rebuild the law, and demand reason within the law."

The task is great, no less than a full-scale examination of society's values—and in Storm's case, by contrasting his perceptions of White civilization with traditional Indian culture.

The vehicle for his teaching is a two-part novel—each part printed in a distinctive typeface, each presented in four alternating chapters so the reader follows both simultaneously. The story that begins the book deals with a nameless orphaned girl found on the prairie by an old shaman; he names her Estchimah (from the Sioux word *ishtima*), "Sleep," and sends her on a sacred journey, a vision quest, a "medicine walk"

NOVELS BY

Jean Giono

BLUE BOY · TRANSLATED BY KATHERINE ALLEN CLARKE

"A novel of great charm and imaginative force. Giono is a great prose poet of nature, as pagan as a faun." — *Saturday Review*
256 Pages, 5 × 7½
Paper, $8.50

THE SONG OF THE WORLD · TRANSLATED BY HENRI FLUCHÈRE AND GEOFFREY MYERS

"Giono writes with an earthly smack and tang that urban readers will find especially appetizing." — *Saturday Review*
320 Pages, 5 × 7½
Paper, $8.50

JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING · TRANSLATED BY KATHERINE ALLEN CLARKE

"This haunting 1935 work of Jean Giono, whom André Malraux and Henry Miller hailed as one of the greatest writers of his generation, is faithfully, poetically rendered in this translation." — *The New York Times*
472 Pages, 5 × 7½
Paper, $9.50

NORTH POINT PRESS · P.O. Box 6275 · Berkeley, California 94706

that leads her to self-understanding as a shamaness. The four chapters of this narrative are entitled "Lodges"—Red, Black, White, and Yellow. They represent the directions (South, West, North, East), the stages of life, and the progression of the individual from innocence to introspection to wisdom to illumination. Estchima herself is evidently a Cheyenne, though she seems to exist outside society—perhaps she exists in a future time for she wanders in the ruins of what might be our civilization. She meets fabulous beings and has many experiences that lead her onward towards self-realization. Her world is a reversible one, the world of Heyoehkah, where even Sweet Medicine—the Cheyennes' culture hero—is a woman rather than a man. When the heroine is given a dream ring early on in her travels she dreams of Little Wolf, a young Cheyenne man. His story and that of his people during the late nineteenth century is the subject of the alternating chapters of the book, which make up more than two-thirds of the novel.

Little Wolf's story begins as he drags himself away from the scene of a massacre; his people have been wiped out by the White pony soldiers. Later he joins with other survivors, including his uncle, Crazy Dog (whose name, Storm tells us, is the Cheyenne equivalent of Heyoehkah). In time they discover and adopt three young lost Whites who are searching for gold. The girl, Pearlie, eventually marries a Cheyenne man and forgets her White heritage; she is fated to die in a later massacre of the People by White soldiers. Evan rejects his Cheyenne hosts and continues his search for gold; he reappears years later, totally depraved, the victim of his own all-consuming greed.

Calvin accepts the Cheyenne way and becomes Dancing Tree, the hunter. Slowly he rejects his White culture. He is the focus of this portion of the book which is for him a spiritual journey from the violence and avarice of his former life to enlightenment in the peaceful, natural way of his adopted Cheyenne family. In the end his Indian wife bears him a baby girl whom he names Estchimah, bringing the reader in an intriguing circle back to the beginning of the book.

The plot itself reflects little of the substance of the novel. There are no real characters, only stereotypes. Personalities are not drawn convincingly, dialogue is stilted, and the sense that there is a heavy burden of wisdom and ultimate meaning which is supposed to be drawn from the novel makes it slow and painful reading. The greed of White civilization is contrasted starkly with the goodness of the Cheyenne way. Although we are reminded again and again that the duality of good and evil exists in all humankind, the basic message is that civilization is out of touch with fundamental human and natural values. But this is no revelation, no unveiling of Indian wisdom. Rather, Estchimah is Alice and Dancing Tree is Luke Skywalker; the locale is neither Wonderland nor outer space but a mystical, metaphorical world in the tradition of Carlos Castaneda's don Juan. It is far removed from the world of the Cheyennes, whose culture the book will inevitably be taken to represent.

Storm has imagined a mythical native American past in which, three thousand years ago, the People realized that their sacred way of life, based on the introspection and oneness of the circle, had been undermined by the pyramid People. These, the civilized nations of Mesoamerica, lived in buildings of blocks and no longer depended on the thought of individuals to guide their way of life. One thousand canoes of refugees escaped and fled north; after an eighteen-year voyage only forty canoes survived. The People divided up, going different directions, and became groups as diverse as the Cheyennes, Mandans, Hopis, and Haidas. On the plains, the Cheyennes founded a Brotherhood of the Shields, a great peaceful alliance that lasted until sometime before the arrival of the whites. After that wars broke out and the native peoples began to dwindle in numbers and power.

The underlying message of this saga is that each generation must reevaluate its own values and customs, constantly changing them to new circumstances. Any tradition ultimately becomes oppressive. The antidote is the rational power of the individual. "Organized myth-beliefs mirror only the founder," Storm writes; this organization "prevents individuals from ever seeing themselves. It crushes their true spirit." Surely this is a European sentiment, not an American Indian one, and it focuses the dispute between Storm and his Cheyenne tribesmen, whose religious leaders believe implicitly in the sacredness of revelation and tradition, stability, and conformance to tribal custom.

Song of Heyoehkah presents us once again with noble savages; they kill only out of necessity and speak only in metaphors and parables. It is a world populated by Chief Dan Georges, each with profound messages of accumulated wisdom weighting every word. Why do even Indian writers continue to depict stereotypical Indians instead of exploring the vast diversity of native American worlds? Pretentious pseudo-philosophy will never create empathetic understanding of alternate cultural realities.

Storm has played the role of contrary, but he has not been effective. Instead of satori, his novel produces only ennui.

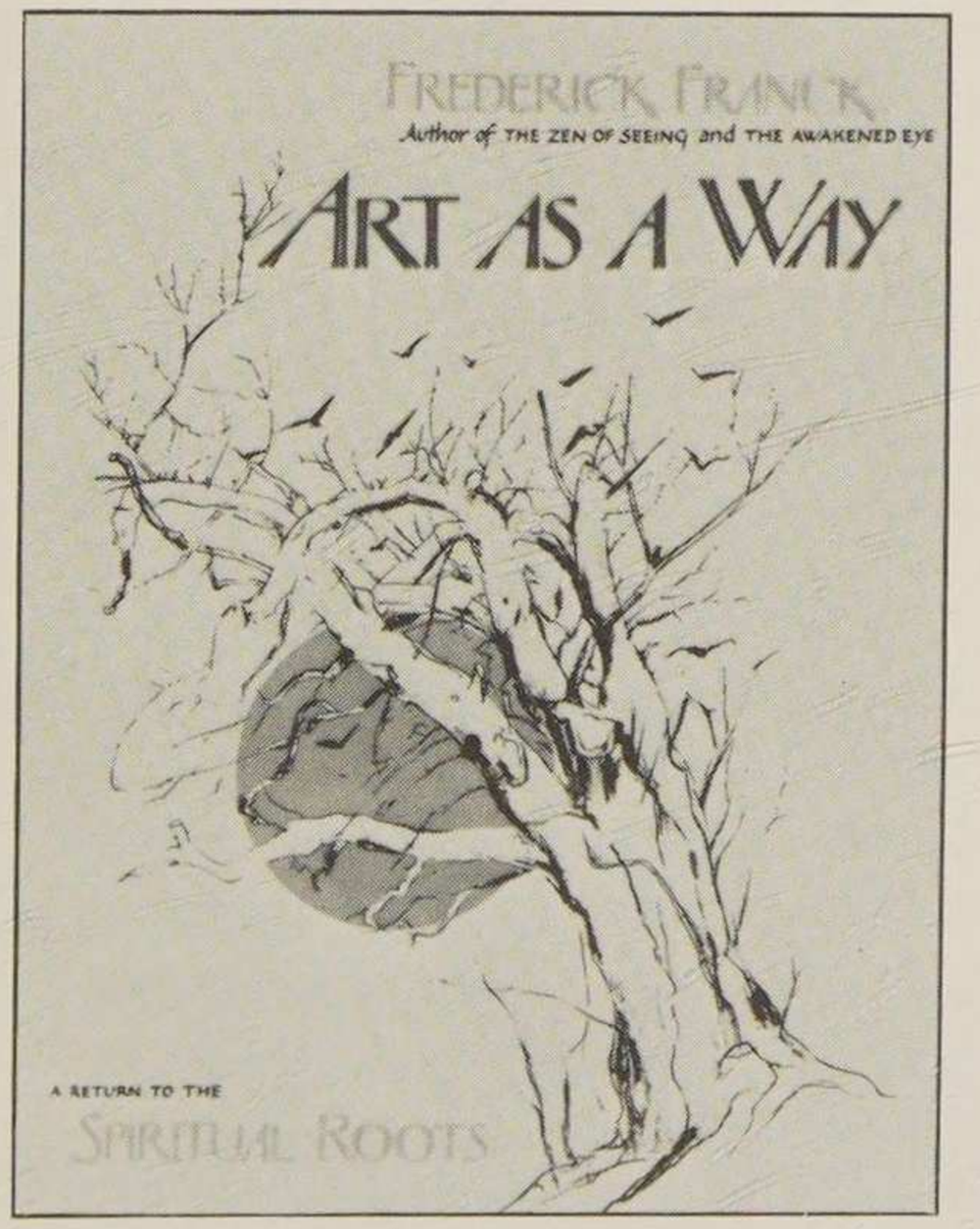
Raymond J. DeMallie teaches anthropology at Indiana University. He is the coeditor, with Elaine A. Jahner, of Lakota Belief and Ritual *by James R. Walker (University of Nebraska Press, 1980) and editor of Walker's* Lakota Society *(forthcoming).*

CROSSROAD
CROSSROAD
CROSSROAD

SPIRITUAL ROOTS

Frederick Franck
ART AS A WAY
A Return to the Spiritual Roots
Art As a Way, as a "spiritual discipline," will take the serious seeker beyond mere self-expression and absorption with ego identity to a new—yet age-old—Way of Seeing, leading to a sense of one's place in the fabric of the whole to be in touch with the innermost workings of life.

Hand written by the author and illuminated by one hundred of his exquisite pen-and-wash drawings, this inspired book expresses a radical faith in the meaning of life and art, a faith that celebrates the arts as a spiritual force not mere ornamentation.
Paperback $9.95



Jill Purce, Editor
THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF SACRED IMAGINATION
In this series the images and symbols of the spiritual journey are explored in word and picture, color and form. Ancient knowledge, eternal myth and lost traditions become a new resource for the human venture. Some of today's most important religious authors undertake vision quests and discover authentic sources of enlightenment and wholeness in oft forgotten ways. This series constantly and directly points the spiritually thirsty seeker to the sacred well of the soul. For there in the heart dwells the creative imagination. These volumes are profusely illustrated in full color throughout.
Each volume $19.95; Paperback $9.95

John Sharkey
CELTIC MYSTERIES
The Ancient Religion

John Matthews
THE GRAIL
Quest for the Eternal

John Michel
THE EARTH SPIRIT
Its Ways, Shrines and Mysteries

Lucie Lamy
EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES
New Light on Ancient Spiritual Knowledge

Peter Payne
MARTIAL ARTS
The Spiritual Dimension

Write for a free copy of *The New Crossroad Review*
THE CROSSROAD PUBLISHING COMPANY
575 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10022

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri: Inferno
Translated by Allen Mandelbaum, drawings by Barry Moser. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1980. Pp. xxiv + 307. $24.95.

Reviewed by Peter Heinegg

After reading Mandelbaum's Introduction, with its unappealing mix of literary pronunciamientos (in a sort of wacky Carlylese) and disquisitions on the microcircuitry of Dante's verse ("homeopodic" and "antipodic" symmetry, etc.), one braces oneself for the worst. What can we expect from a translator who thinks the hallmark of the *Inferno* is verbal violence? "For Dante," says Mandelbaum, "is an Aeolus-the-Brusque, a Lord-of-*Furibundus*-Fuss, the Ur-Imam-of-Impetus." *Davvero?* And what of Dante's own description of his style, in the letter to Can Grande della Scala, as "humble"? Then, too, listening to Mandelbaum celebrate his versions both of the *Aeneid* and the *Divine Comedy,* one fears the most Dantean quality of the translator may be his egoism. ("Only in the later drafts did I find a music that lay far beyond what I had first been seeking . . .")

So much for the bad news. The good news is that despite everything Mandelbaum has produced what may prove to be—judging from the first canticle—*the* English Dante for our time. Reading the *Commedia* in translation will always be a frustrating, not to say futile, experience, but Mandelbaum's achievement is nonetheless a very considerable one. It has, at its best, clarity, vigor, restraint, and a simplicity that belies the mannered Introduction. Here is Canto II, 1-6:

The day was now departing; the dark air
released the living beings of the earth
from work and weariness; and I myself
alone prepared to undergo the battle
both of the journeying and of the pity,
which memory, mistaking not, shall show.

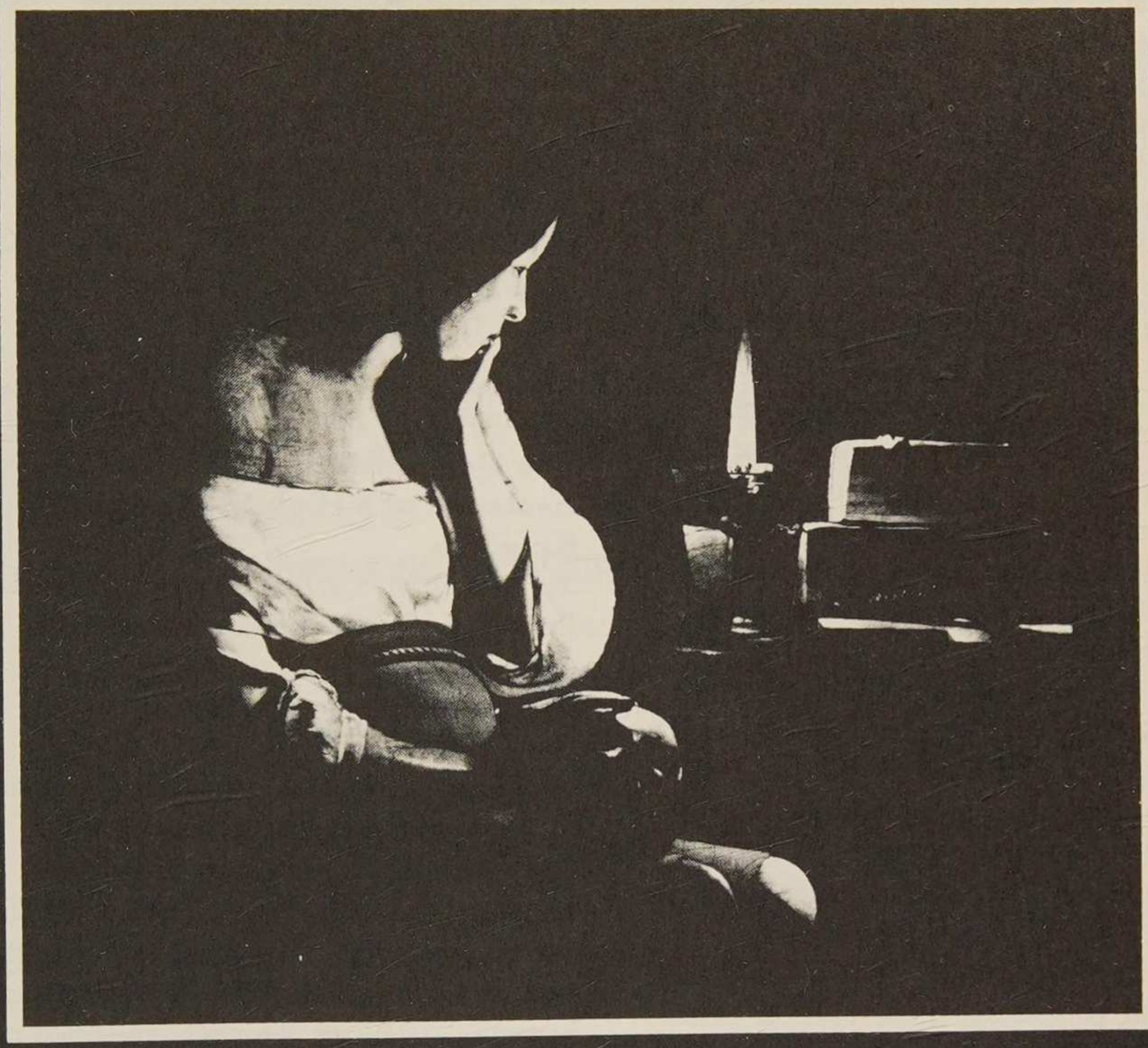
Or again, choosing more or less at random, here is Dante in the Judecca (XXXIV, 22-7):

O reader, do not ask of me how I
grew faint and frozen then—I cannot write it:
all words would fall far short of what it was.
I did not die, and I was not alive;
think for yourself, if you have any wit,
what I became, deprived of life and death.

As if determined not to take Dante's mastery of terza rima lying down, Mandelbaum has occasional and irregular recourse to "pure rhymes, pararhymes, assonances, alliterations," etc., but these are sometimes more distracting than effective. Mandelbaum is usually better off when he sticks to pure blank verse: the lines don't quite sing, not often, anyhow, but they make an agreeable recitative. And when compared with Charles Singleton's widely respected prose *Comedy,* this *Inferno* generally comes out ahead. (We shall see, though we may doubt in advance, whether the forthcoming commentary, edited by Mandelbaum, will equal Singleton's. In any case the 5" x 7" format of the Bollingen edition is much handier than California's bulky 7" x 11".)

Mandelbaum's strength lies in his literalness and colloquial energy. His most serious mistake is his repeated use of contractions. It may make sense theoretically (Dante uses them), but it just won't do, not in English. When Ugolino says, *"e se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?"*, Mandelbaum turns this into, "and if you don't weep now, when would you weep?"—and the poetry flies out the window. There are other lapses, mostly minor, into flatness ("so much schism" for *"tanta discordia"*), into cuteness ("connoisseur of sin" for *"conoscitor de le peccata"*), into eccentricity ("a reboantic fracas—horrid sound" for *"un fracasso d 'un suon, pien di spavento"*). But such blemishes aren't enough to disfigure the work, and Mandelbaum has a way of quickly repairing the damage, as when he concludes Ugolino's speech with "then fasting had more force than grief" (for *"Poscia, più che 'l dolor, poté 'l digiuno."*)

Mandelbaum's translation is enhanced by forty-two fine pen and wash drawings by Barry Moser. Like the translator, the illustrator takes a boldly literal approach to



THE HERESY OF SELF-LOVE

A Study of Subversive Individualism

PAUL ZWEIG

"Paul Zweig first published 'The Heresy of Self-Love' in 1968, when all the babble—on peace marches and at rock concerts—was about new forms of community. Now, in 1980, when all the babble is about our dangerous and perhaps psychotic inwardness, 'Heresy' reappears in a handsome paperback from Princeton, and it is as if a gust of wit had blown in through the black window and scattered the gloomy axioms. . . . [Zweig] is entertaining on the subjects of mirrors and alchemy. He has original things to say on . . . love poetry. . . . His essay on Rousseau is a masterly miniature. . . . Mr. Zweig, in his brilliant book, seduces."—*John Leonard, The New York Times Book Review*

$4.95 (Cloth, $17.50)

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

the material. He makes no attempt to create some kind of lurid Doré-ish/Dantesque "atmosphere," but sketches his full-bodied figures of torment with clean, unobtrusive realism. Like Mandelbaum, Moser toots his own aesthetic horn, noting that "The drawings dance as the language dances; they are expedient as Dante is expedient;" (??) "they are quick and terse; and they are deeply rooted in tradition." Could be. There are, at any rate, not enough of them, and one looks in vain for the leopard, lion, and wolf of Canto I, for Brunetto Latini, Capaneus, the city of Dis, Geryon, etc. Above all the reader would like more demonic creatures, so splendidly and horrifically does Moser evoke Cerberus, Barbariccia, Scarmiglione, and Satan himself.

With only one volume of the projected six-volume California Lectura Dantis (as it is grandly called) before us, it's obviously too soon to judge the whole enterprise. But it might have been wiser to start off more modestly and allow time for correcting the many little infelicities in the text—by now Mandelbaum might well wish to blot such lines as the pedestrian, quasi-Yiddish "That I've yet to see" (for the stark "*io nol vidi*"). Still, the essential vitality of Mandelbaum's narrative can't be denied. For one last sample consider Canto III, 22-30:

Here sighs and lamentations and loud cries
were echoing across the starless air,
so that, as soon as I set out, I wept.

Strange utterances, horrible pronouncements,
accents of anger, words of suffering,
and voices shrill and faint, and beating hands—

all went to make a tumult that will whirl
forever through that turbid, timeless air,
like sand that eddies when a whirlwind swirls.

Mandelbaum's crisp, nimble translation inevitably raises the old (and unanswerable) question about Dante's modernity: does he belong with the ancients or with us? While the scholars fight it out, the reader with no Italian can enjoy this handsome book, which gives broad access to the *Commedia*—whatever the exact whereabouts of its author.

Peter Heinegg is the translator of Israelis, Jews, and Jesus; The Last Christian; *and* How the Pope Became Infallible *for Doubleday & Company. He teaches Comparative Literature at Union College, Schenectady.*

The Quiché Mayas of Utatlán: The Evolution of a Highland Guatemala Kingdom
By Robert M. Carmack. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1981. Pp. xviii + 435. $24.95.

Reviewed by Michael D. Coe

When the terrible Pedro de Alvarado and his Spanish and Indian forces overthrew the Quiché Maya of Utatlán in 1523, they destroyed the mightiest political and military power in the Maya highlands and guaranteed the subjugation of most of what was to become Guatemala. This was the opening act of a tragedy involving the native peoples and their cultures; the final act is being played right now, as recent events make only too clear.

Robert Carmack has been studying the Quiché Maya for fourteen years, and this absorbingly interesting book is the distillation of archival, ethnographic, and archaeological research undertaken by himself and his colleagues in the Department of Anthropology of the State University of New York at Albany.

While the Quiché state, as it was described by the conquistadors, by native chroniclers, and by colonial historians, was hardly the equal in cultural level of the much earlier lowland Maya civilization of the Classic period, it has its own claim to fame in the marvelously poetic Popol Vuh. Since the rediscovery in the last century of this remarkable mythic and historical epic, which is surely the greatest piece of aboriginal literature in this hemisphere, the Quiché Maya have drawn the attention of scholars.

THE ALIEN CHRIST

by Roy DeLamotte

276 pp 0-8191-1305-0 (paper) $10.50. 0-8191-1304-2 (cloth) $21.00. LC 80-5902 November '80

THE ALIEN CHRIST explores the possibility that the common characteristics of unitive mysticism appear in the teachings of Jesus found in the synoptic gospels and in *The Gospel of Thomas*. Illustrated with a wealth of memorable quotations from the Upanishads, Plotinus, Sufism, Zen, and western mystics like Augustine, Eckhart, and Theresa. An exciting new departure in the renewed quest for the historical Jesus.

Also by Roy DeLamotte:

JALALUDDIN RUMI: SONGBIRD OF SUFISM

187 pp 0-8191-1287-9 (paper) $8.75. 0-8191-1286-0 (cloth) $16.75. LC 80-5884 October '80.

An analysis of metaphor and symbol in the masterwork of Iranian mysticism. "For the first time makes the vast literary production of Rumi practically available [for those] studying the language of religious experience."—Norvin Hein, Yale University.

Order from:
UNIVERSITY PRESS OF AMERICA
4720 Boston Way, Lanham, Md. 20801

After tracing the history of this scholarship, Carmack deals with the problem of Quiché origins, largely basing his conclusions on native traditions (some of which are in the Popol Vuh); his thorough grounding in the language has enabled him to use the original texts. The Quiché "Forefathers" who were said to have founded the Quiché Maya state were by their own admission intruders into the Guatemalan highlands. Carmack traces them to the Gulf Coast of southeastern Mexico, where they seem to have been one of several warrior and merchant groups of Maya tongue (probably Chontal Maya), under heavy influence from highland Mexico. By A.D. 1200 the great Toltec capital of Tula in the Mexican highlands had been abandoned and the empire of which it was the center had collapsed, but Toltec traditions remained strong. The "Forefathers" and their descendants—the ruling caste of the Quiché Maya—claimed Toltec origins, and much of their power was derived from their probably fictitious pretensions to Toltec legitimacy. The Toltec had spoken some form of Nahua (a language group that includes Nahuatl, the Aztec language), and Nahua words and even personal names were extensively used by the Quiché Maya elite.

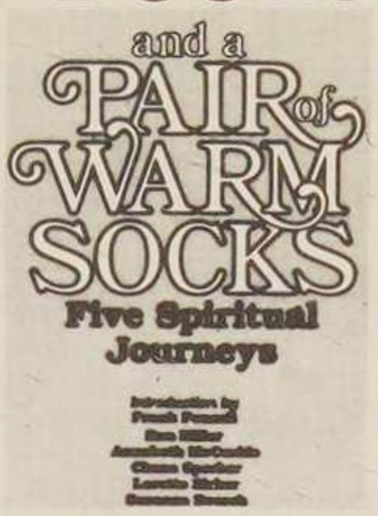
Like some band of Samurai swashbucklers, the "Forefathers" had fought their way up into the Guatemalan highlands a few centuries before the Spanish Conquest and there subjugated the native Maya of the region, making them their vassals and creating a conquest state among the mountains and fertile plains of west-central Guatemala.

Utatlán eventually became the Quiché Maya capital, uniting the three divisions of the people against outside enemies. Quiché Maya society was divided into two castes:

NEW **Threshold Books**

AND A PAIR OF WARM SOCKS: Five Spiritual Journeys

Ron Miller, Annabeth McCorkle, Phyllis-Chana, Lorette Zirker, Susanna Boesch. Introduction by Frank Fennell



The remarkable contributions to this unique volume of spiritual journeys represent all of us in our struggles on the winding spiritual path. The writers vary in their choice of trails to the summit—Orthodox Judaism, Christianity, Zen Buddhism, the Gurdjieff Way—but the similarities of scenery are striking.

From your bookseller or write:

Iroquois House Publishers / **Threshold Books**
Sunspot, New Mexico 88349

Please send And A Pair Of Warm Socks
___Hardcover $12.00; ___Quality Paper $6.50

Please send TRIBUTARIES, A newsletter to encourage clearsighted religious study.
☐6 issues $8.00 ☐12 issues $15. ☐ sample issue

My check is enclosed for my POST PAID ORDER.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

the warlords, who lived in the capital, and the vassals, who dwelt in the countryside. Added to this were serfs and slaves, the latter usually war captives. The elite group was segmented into lineages with descent in the male line from one or another "Forefather"; each lordly lineage had its own "big house," a long, masonry building in which lineage affairs were celebrated.

The Quiché elite paid principal homage to the sky god Tojil, associated with rain, mountains, and the sun. Tojil's celestial counterpart and probable consort was the moon goddess Awilix. Other supernaturals worshipped by the elite were the Toltec deity K'ucumatz (Quetzalcoatl, the Feathered Serpent) who symbolized the wind, and another mountain god, Jakawitz. Carmack shows how this supernatural world has integrated with the "real" one through an elaborate cosmology which united these concepts in a capital laid out to the four directions. So detailed is our knowledge of Quiché religion and of Utatlán itself that archaeologists have been able to join with ethnohistorians in identifying the ruins of Utatlán's temples with specific deities, and the remains of long structures at the site with the "big houses" of the leading lineages. Anthropologists can only wish that they could do this with the more ancient Maya cities of the Classic civilization.

Following the cataclysm of defeat at the hands of the Spaniards, Quiché Maya culture did not entirely disappear; extensive syncretism between native and Catholic practices enabled some degree of survival, and the warlord caste managed to retain control of the native religious hierarchies right down to our own day. But the Conquest is not an event in history; rather it is a continuing process. For centuries the Quiché Maya have been oppressed by the hated and ever-growing Ladino class—hispanicized and culturally intolerant shopkeepers and small businessmen in the native towns. Today they are caught between the Scylla of a right-wing, military government intent on destroying whatever political and social rights have been gained in the last few decades and the Charybdis of a liberal, well-meaning Catholic Action movement intent on extirpating indigenous Maya religious practices. Quiché Maya culture and society are surely doomed. Perhaps the final curtain will be rung down in the name of Marxist-Leninism.

The Quiché Mayas of Utalán is probably the best account we will ever have of these descendants of the "Forefathers." It would be wrong to raise objections to minor faults, such as the author's weak control of Nahua (or Nahuatl) linguistics. These can be ignored, for this is a major work on a once-great people by a true authority on the subject.

Michael Coe is Professor of Anthropology at Yale University and Curator in the Peabody

***Projection*— An unconscious, that is, unperceived and unintentional, transfer of subjective elements onto an outer object. —C. G. Jung**

Projection and Re-Collection in Jungian Psychology: Reflections of the Soul
by Marie-Louise vonFranz.
Volume 1, "Reality of the Psyche" Series.

"Projection and Re-Collection in Jungian Psychology: Reflections of the Soul, by Marie-Louise von Franz, is a brilliant delineation of the objective psyche and how it has been experienced through the ages—from primitive religion to nuclear physics and synchronicity. It is Jungian psychology at its finest."

—Edward F. Edinger, M.D.,
author of *Ego and Archetype*

ISBN 0-87548-357-7; x+254 pages, cloth. $15.00

Jungian Analysis
edited by Murray Stein.
Volume 2, "Reality of the Psyche" Series.

A comprehensive discussion of the practice of Jungian analysis, including papers by such well-known analyst-authors as James Hall, Joseph Henderson, Donald Sandner, June Singer, Ann Ulanov, Joseph Wheelwright, Edward Whitmont, and Harry Wilmer.
Spring, 1982.

ISBN 0-87548-350-X; cloth. About $19.95.

The Reality of the Psyche Series is devoted to presenting illuminating books in depth psychology and related fields, of interest to both the professional and the lay reader.

From your bookstore, or prepaid from

Open Court Publishing Company
Box 599, La Salle, IL 61301

Visa, MasterCard, American Express orders welcome by telephone: call, toll free, 800/435-6850 (in Illinois, call 800/892-6831)

Museum of Natural History. He is the author of The Maya *(Thames and Hudson),* Lords of the Underworld: Masterpieces of Classic Maya Ceramics *(Princeton University Press), and* Olmec Man and Olmec Land *with Richard A. Diehl (University of Texas Press).*

The New Polytheism
By David L. Miller. Dallas: Spring Publications, 1981. Pp. 148. Paper $8.50.

Reviewed by Norman Weinstein

The title is as puzzling and provoking as a Zen koan. How can that most prehistoric religious form, polytheism, be dubbed as "new"? Or do I ruminate over the title simply because, having received my own religious education at the hands of conservative Jewish scholars, I am incapable of emotionally dealing with what I was taught to label heresy? A particularly soul-stirring punctuation in any temple's Sabbath service is the sung declaration: "Hear, o Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one!" And our churches resound with praises for the mysterious Lord who embodies, without apparent contradiction, Son and Holy Spirit within his singular divinity. The devout believers in the mainstream American religious traditions certainly don't espouse worshipping a pantheon of different deities.

Or do they?

David L. Miller's definition of polytheism can fit conservative church supporters as easily as hip worshippers of Shiva and Shakti. His concern in *The New Polytheism* is with the psychological dimensions of spiritual experience, the *felt* realities of the human encounter with a numinous reality. What Miller defines as the "new" poly-

theism is not a change in religious content, but a shift in vision:

> The death of God was in fact the demise of a monotheistic way of thinking and speaking about God and a monotheistic way of thinking and speaking about human meaning....When released from the tyrannical imperialism of monotheism by the death of God, man has the opportunity of discovering new dimensions hidden in the depths of reality's history. He may discover a new freedom to acknowledge variousness and many-sidedness.

The new polytheism is, in Miller's terms, less a theological stance than a psychological frame of reference, a lattice/grid work through which we can more meaningfully interpret ourselves and our universe. An alternative title for this book could have been: "Monotheistic Distortions of Creative Thinking." Let there be no mistaking the fact that Miller is out to disclose every hindrance to the complete unfolding of the psychological self, and Miller views all monotheistic theology as an obstacle to be overcome. His polemic heats up in the second chapter as he demolishes H. Richard Niebuhr's *Radical Monotheism and Western Culture* and claims that the social reality of this century demands a new view of divinity:

> It (Polytheism) is that reality experienced by men and women when Truth with a capital "T" cannot be articulated reflectively according to a single grammar . . . or a single symbol-system. It is a situation that exists when metaphors, stories, anecdotes, aphorisms, puns, dramas, and movies, with all their mysterious ambiguity, seem more compelling than the rhetoric of political, religious, and philosophical systems.

The new polytheism answers the psychological and spiritual void felt when "the center cannot hold. . . ." And thoughts of the poet Yeats brings to mind the lament of his poet-friend Pound: "It cannot cohere." In the midst of a century racked by such extremities of social, psychological, and spiritual chaos, Miller suggests that the old Greek myths of the gods and goddesses can explore and explicate our wonder and terror more adequately than any viewpoint that is monotheistic. The old mythologies represent a densely layered imagistic shorthand to explain our modern situation. As Miller writes:

> Polytheistic perspective, I should like to imagine, makes mythos out of ethos, not morality out of ancient myth. Each myth has many behavioral manifestations, and every behavior is susceptible of being felt and known in plural perspectives. We do not behave the Gods; rather, their behaviors are our senses, our meanings.

In "Fifty-One Theses and Some Notes" (a wry title for his final chapter) Miller effectively sketches some contemporary social phenomena (like the Military-Industrial Complex) and suggests how the old myths can enlighten our comprehension. Note that

MYTHS, STORIES AND FOLKTALES ON TAPE



Healing Earth Tape Library offers you the following cassette:

THE TALES OF BIDPAI: Bidpai is chosen by oracle to counsel his king, Dabschelim, in the arts of government, and, as well, in the vaster realms of relationships. He masterfully accomplishes this by telling him stories about two clever jackals, Dimna and Kahlil, who in turn illustrate their dialogue with further tales, and tales within tales. These charming stories were first printed in Sanskrit 1700 years ago and the telling is as warm and witty as they must have been then. In these tales are to be found the origin of many of the world's fables and myths.

MONKEY: The absurd and outrageous adventures of Monkey. Written 400 years ago in China by Wu Chien-en, these tales have delighted thousands of people around the world.

These tales are delightfully read and enacted — a fresh and wonderful form of entertainment. The cost is $10, which includes mailing.

Healing Earth Tape Library
Suite 116, 535 Cordova Road
Santa Fe, NM 87501

Miller's polytheism curiously utilizes *only* the divinities of ancient Greece. Given the recent proliferation of Eastern religious cults in America over the last two decades, such an omission appears curious indeed. Does Miller simply see every imaginable perspective on human behavior in the Greek myths and thus, finds no need to explore further? Or does he follow the lead of poet Robert Bly in asserting that the Greek tales of the gods are our unique psycho-cultural heritage and should be worked with *first* before intellectually vagabonding to other exotic climes? "One world at a time," said Thoreau on his deathbed. The ground that Miller does cover in a little more than a hundred pages is nothing short of miraculous.

And the book is a delight to read. Miller is deep without being abstruse, sardonic without being overdrawn, iconoclastic without being irreverent. His scholarship is impeccable while his writing style is direct, simple, dramatic, stirring. This is a book infused with an intellectual fire, a glow kept alive by a writer who desires that his ideas enhance the quality of our daily living. In short: *humane* scholarship at its best. Not even Henry Corbin (whose letter to Miller prefaces this edition) or James Hillman (whose essay concludes this edition) ever explained polytheistic psychology in clearer terms than these:

> Polytheism is not a historical or academic matter. It is a feeling for the deep, abiding, urgent, and exciting tension that arises when . . . a single story, a monovalent logic, a rigid theology, and a confining morality, are not adequate to help in understanding the nature of real meaning.

Norman Weinstein is a poet, critic, and therapist. His essay on the surrealist Dorothea Tanning appears in the current Spring *and his* Nigredo *(Selected Poems 1970–1980) will be forthcoming from Station Hill Press.*

IT'S SPRING AGAIN!



Images of the Untouched Gail Thomas & Joanne Stroud, eds.

Free, brilliant, wild, remote, full of promise and stark terror, endlessly seductive, ever receptive, and always self-enclosed — such is the Virgin. Essays by Lopez-Pedraza, Sardello, Miller, Louise Cowan, Patricia Berry, Moore, Hillman and Carroll develop the imagery of the Virgin in pathology and culture, myth, religion and dream, and its implications for interior consistency, self-respect and renewal. A compelling, lunatic and salty book, as far-fetched as the Unicorn, as respectable as the Church. With John Layard's "The Virgin Archetype." Index.

158 pages $11.00 **VIRGIN**

Soul and Money M.H. Gray & R. Severson, eds.

Money is as Protean as the seagod himself. We try to hold this fluid, shifting reality with accounts, economists' forecasts, bankbooks and safes, forgetting that money has, or is, psychic life with a soul of its own. Jungian analysts —Guggenbuhl-Craig, Perry, Vasavada, Lockhart, Covitz and Hillman — speculate with the money complex in the pathologies of practice, as a religious dilemma, in the fantasies of energy and power, showing the soul buried in literal treasure. A mint of new ideas and classical ones.

80 pages $7.50 **MONEY**

Sulfur Clayton Eshleman, ed.

Archetypal in nature and poetic in effect, SULFUR is a new journal of the art of the imagination. The first issue contains the complete correspondence between Edward Dahlberg and Charles Olson, a 121 line section from Canto 84 suppressed by Pound, poetry by Clayton Eshleman, Robert Kelly, John Ashberry, a new chapter from Hillman's "Silver and White Earth," book reviews, translations ...

256 pages $5.00 SULFUR

SPRING PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 222069
Dallas, TX 75222

human relations center, inc
upcoming events

For details write: Conference Coordinator
5200 Hollister Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93111
or telephone (805) 967-4557

James Hillman
February 1-5, 1982
Revisioning Psychology: Anima Mundi
A Residential Clinical Training Symposium to be held at Casa de Maria, Santa Barbara, CA

Joseph Campbell
April 14-16, 1982
Mythology and Psychology
A Residential Symposium to be held at Casa de Maria, Santa Barbara, CA

Sacred Words: A Study of Navajo Religion and Prayer
By Sam D. Gill. Westport, Connecticut and London: Greenwood Press, Contributions in Intercultural Studies, No. 4: 1981. Pp. xxv + 257. $29.95.

Reviewed by David P. McAllester

There are, in the inner circle of Americanists, witty sayings on the subject of how much studied (the implication is *over*-studied) the Navajo Indians are. We do not question the thousands of books on our own culture, or, say, French culture, since these are "civilizations," but there is a feeling, even among anthropologists who should know better, that a tribal community can be "done" by one scholar on a sufficiently extended field trip.

The fact is that every human culture is the infinitely complex result of the interaction of infinitely complex human intelligences. We outsiders can wonder at, and admire, the endless layers of responses to the human condition in cultures other than our own. Their study is a source of enlightenment and delight. But we would do well to avoid the hubris of assuming we will ever fully understand the other as we struggle hopelessly with the enigma we are to ourselves.

Few books have thrown such a clear light on how little we know the Navajos as Gill's *Sacred Words,* a study of their religion and prayers. As the author points out, prayers, either among the Navajos or anywhere else, have received little attention from social scientists. Yet, in the case of the Navajos, a large percentage of their waking lives is spent in religious activities, and these include many different kinds of prayers ranging in length from a few moments to an hour or more. Prayer and song are the vehicles of Navajo poetry. The quantity is immense: there are probably between 20,000 and 30,000 lines of Navajo prayer published or in the tapes and field notes of scholars. Very likely an equal amount that is never heard by outsiders is created anew every year.

Almost forty years ago, one small stylistic study of Navajo prayer was published: Gladys A. Reichard's *Prayer, the Compulsive Word.* No general work on Navajo song has yet been published though in a ceremony requiring sixty hours in performance, fifty might include song while only four or five might be devoted to prayer. Reichard opened the way, but it is Gill's book that provides the first full-scale introduction to Navajo prayer. We can be grateful for the thoroughness and the sensitivity with which he approaches the subject.

Gill studied 15,000 lines of the prayers, large and small, which have been published, usually incidentally and with little comment, in some 300 works. He found a formal organization in this vast material as clear as that of Indonesian *wayang*. Yet within the formality there is freedom in which the ceremonial practitioner ("singer" in Navajo) can, like the *dalang*, or the

THE POSSIBLE HUMAN

A New Paradigm for Personal and Social Transformation

A Workshop with

Jean Houston, Ph.D.

November 27-December 3, 1981 Washington, D.C.
January 15-21, 1982 Dallas, Texas
January 22-28, 1982 New York City

These are a few of the areas in which participants will be working:

- myth and ritual as sources of renewed energy and vision
- neurological re-education for eliciting the latent capacities of the brain and nervous system
- the psychohistorical recovery of the self - a therapeutic journey through time, history, and one's own personal development
- alternative, cognitive modes including thinking in images, patterned thinking, and the utilization of movement and rhythm to facilitate learning

"Jean's humor and sense of drama make her workshops enormously entertaining, but the simple movements she gets people into can awaken them to unknown powers that transform their lives." *Joseph Campbell*

"A great producer, a creator of significant events . . . as she orchestrates the myriad new voices expressing alternatives of consciousness." *Margaret Mead*

JEAN HOUSTON, Ph.D., is a widely acclaimed pioneer in the behavioral sciences emphasizing latent human capacities. She is the author or co-author of a number of books: *Life Force: The Psychohistorical Recovery of the Self, Listening to the Body, Mind Games, The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience,* and *Psychedelic Art.* She is editor of the Dromenon Journal and has taught at Columbia University, Hunter College, The New School for Social Research, Marymount College and the University of California.

To register or for further information, write or call:
QUEST, 4933 Auburn Ave., Bethesda, MD 20814

(301) 652-0697
TOLL FREE 800-638-8073.

Yugoslav epic singer, create endless variety to suit particular occasions.

As one might expect, Gill found a limited number of constituent parts (a total of twenty) in all this prayer material. They include: place designation; identification of deities addressed and persons offering the prayer; descriptions of prayer offerings; pleas for assistance; descriptions of threats of danger, foreign or native; journeys of deities; assumptions of reciprocity between Holy Persons and Earth Surface Persons; restorations of harmonious conditions; statements of blessing. Combinations of the above and other constituents are used in eight different classes of prayers and these in turn relate to the Navajos' own classification of their ceremonials. Gill devotes a chapter to the description and interpretation of each of these classes of prayer including one,

Remaking Prayers, that has not appeared in earlier classifications of Navajo ceremonies.

Gill's sensitivity to the larger context of Navajo religion and the fact that its reality is in the act of performance, leads to a general discussion that is of unusual interest. His sketch of the mythology and ritual processes (Chapter 4) is one of the most satisfying I have read. The profoundly literary quality of Navajo thought comes across here as it does in Witherspoon's *Language and Thought in the Navajo Universe.* Witherspoon shows the importance of the word in the Navajo concept of reality; Gill brings out how the creation story is an account of the creation of ceremony, i.e. of songs and prayers, and how these define the Navajo way of life.

It is a reflection of Anglo preoccupations that Navajo literature appears to the scholarly world to be contained in the interlocking web of stories explaining ceremonials that have been told over the years to anthropologists and folklorists. Gill, seeking rightly for the performance contexts of these "myths," could not find them, though

there are descriptions of how the witty and moral folktales, such as Coyote stories, are told. My suspicion is that the "myths" do not exist as such but only as explanations for the poetry in song and prayer that constitutes classical Navajo literature. The Anglo mind, unable to cope with repetitious and ambiguous oral material, has fastened on the explanations and assumed them to be the substance. We are doubly fortunate, then, that a scholar of Gill's intuition has been able to confront this material and provide us with an introduction to the practice of Navajo "prayer acts," Gill's phrase for the prayer and its many ceremonial concomitants. It is made clear that it is in its performance context that these prayers have their real art and meaning.

Comprehensive as the book is, it is a pity that it could not have contained a hundred pages or so more of the actual prayers. The examples included do give the reader a sense of the rare beauty and power of this literature. Most importantly, Gill has given the interested reader the context from which to go to the published sources, or far better, of course, to the Navajos themselves. One can now have a starting notion of what this material is and of its deep religious, philosophical, and literary value. However, as Gill recognizes at the beginning of Chapter 4, one should be prepared to find many of the Navajo singers living in a mythopoeic reality and conscious of an actual danger in discussing this material with strangers.

David P. McAllester is Professor of Anthropology and Music and the Director of Graduate Studies in Music at Wesleyan University. He is the author of Hogans *(Wesleyan University Press).*

The Sacred Science
By R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz, translated by Andre Vandenbroeck. Pp. 310. $14.95.
The Opening of the Way
By Isha Schwaller de Lubicz, translated by Rupert Gleadow. Pp. 208. Paper $8.95.
Both volumes published New York: Inner Traditions International, 1981.

Reviewed by John Anthony West

One by one, the works of R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz and his wife, Isha, find their way into English translations. But the mighty, three-volume *Temple of Man*, the masterwork that provides the light that all these other ancillary books reflect, refract, analyze or amplify, remains inaccessible—painstakingly translated, ready to go in manuscript, but waiting for the necessary finance.

For readers without French, and the required number of francs and commensurate determination to wrestle with the original, the situation is tantalizing: like gaining access, one by one, to the rare and strange planets of an unknown solar system while being denied its sun.

Schwaller's grand synthesis reveals, once and for all, the full extent and significance of the knowledge of ancient Egypt (and by inference, other ancient civilizations as well). While other men of vision have delved into the past and produced invaluable work on the sacred sciences, none have set it out with this kind of irreproachable documentation, leaving so little to "faith." None have shown, step by step, the manner in which these ancient sciences correlate with (actually, both supersede and anticipate) the most sophisticated findings of our own, headlong and most *un*-sacred science.

In our skeptical age, all of us are trained to think rationally; indeed, *only* to think rationally. There is a shortage of St. Francises. Most of us, whatever our convictions, even our experiences, need some sort of "proof" before we accept the mystical in the face of an entire society devoted to the contrary belief. And Schwaller's prodigious reinterpretation of Egypt provides just that proof. Yet, for all its complexity and difficulty—its strange blend of philosophy, mathematics, science, and mysticism—it comes



INNER TRADITIONS

Publishers of Isha and R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz
Announces Two New Works



THE OPENING OF THE WAY
Isha Schwaller de Lubicz

QUALITY PAPERBACK $8.95

A practical exposition of Pharaonic spiritual wisdom. Redefining such terms as "soul," "consciousness," and "self-knowledge" from the perspective of ancient Egypt, the author helps us to recognize the immortal elements which enable us to rise above the "animal man." She guides and exhorts the reader to discover a simple and pure method of meditation which will directly open the way to the source of Pharaonic wisdom: the intelligence of the heart.

SACRED SCIENCE: THE KING OF PHARAONIC THEOCRACY
by R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz

CLOTH $14.95

The author demonstrates how the thought of the Egyptian sages was altered by the Greek philosophers, resulting in the beginning of the great deviation toward materialism from the spiritual aims of ancient times. The mentality of our age is oriented toward the acquisition of technological data and its utilitarian application. Opposed in the extreme is the pharaonic mentality based on a knowledge of causes and their genesis. The Royal principle in humanity as well as in nature is capable of transforming all the kingdoms; thus mineral becomes gold and man becomes pharaoh, or King. This process of transformation is a science, held sacred by the sages of ancient Egypt.

Also Available by the de Lubiczes

HERBAK: THE LIVING FACE OF ANCIENT EGYPT Quality Paper $8.95
HERBAK: EGYPTIAN INITIATE Quality Paper $8.95
THE TEMPLE IN MAN Quality Paper $6.95
SYMBOL AND THE SYMBOLIC Quality Paper $5.95

Catalogue available upon request. Order books from your local bookstore or send price of book plus $1.25 for postage and handling to:
INNER TRADITIONS, 377 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10016. (212) 889-8350

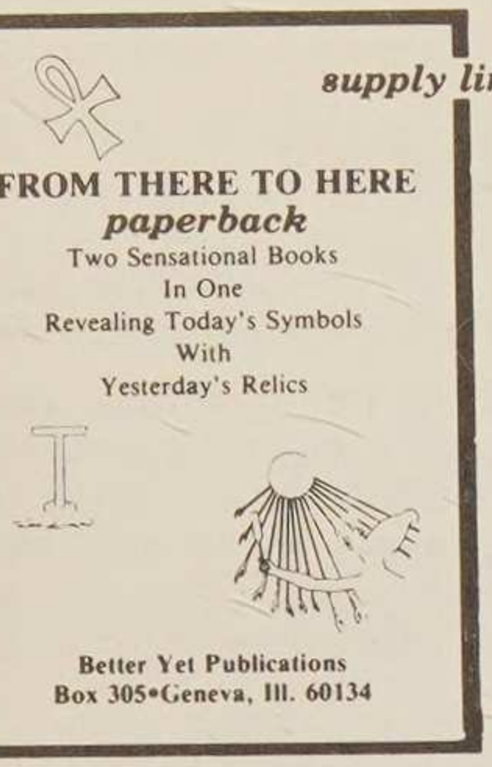
from the heart; there is no mistaking that. And Schwaller's own passion and scholarship are infectious—and exhilarating.

Even without the vast *Temple of Man* to refer to, something of the whole reflects in each of its parts. *The Sacred Science* (in French, *Le Roi de la Theocratie Pharoanique*) is a series of essays, whose common theme is Egypt, but whose subject matter ranges wide: into the hard-nosed sciences of geology, paleontology, and astronomy in search of the Egyptian origins; into philosophy (a splendid, lucid, concise résumé of the various contradictory Greek "schools"); into the esotericism of Egyptian myths and symbols (clarifying much that was formerly hopelessly obscure).

Schwaller's wife, Isha, was instrumental in the development of his theories, specializing in the study of the hieroglyphs, the myths, and the symbolism. She also set herself the difficult task of making these ideas accessible to a wider audience than could be expected from pure scholarship. Her novel, *Her-Bak*, was the first of their works to appear in English and over the course of years it has attracted many people to the "symbolist" view of Egypt.

Nevertheless, *The Opening of the Way* shares with *Her-Bak* an irritating stylistic quality, managing to be at once patronizing and apocalyptic. That said, it is worth emphasizing that the journey is well worth taking; there is much to be learned that cannot be found elsewhere. Just be prepared to put up with a scruple in the emotional shoe the whole length of the road.

The sections dealing with the specifics of the Egyptian sacred sciences are invaluable. Concepts that in the West have become misty, subjective, and diffuse (Ego, Personality, Soul, Spirit) were, in Egypt, sharply



Egyptian and World Mythologies

refreshingly examined and analyzed. Traces threads of sun worship and sex worship.
—Delightful gifts — Delightful Reading —

From There To Here

Check or money order to Better Yet-Box 305, Geneva, IL 60134
$4.98 ea. Postage Paid

[ ] COPIES [$] ENCLOSED

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY,STATE,ZIP _____

defined and delineated. Though the symbolism is complex and foreign to us, and the concepts often difficult for us to grasp (since we have no precise parallels), they become admirably clear in Isha's exegesis, and she supports her interpretation with examples drawn from the mystical religions of the Far East as well as from esoteric Christianity (in itself almost wholly derived from Egypt).

Equally important is her explanation of the spiritual science as the science of transformations, the process whereby the gross is made fine and subtle. This is, in turn, analogous to the physical processes of the body in which gross food is turned into energy. (Readers familiar with Gurdjieff's work will find the parallels between Egypt and his theory of "hydrogens" and his independently developed cosmology and psychology nothing less than astonishing.) It is this science, no less precise for its being spiritual, that represents the heart of the wisdom of Egypt, and it is this science and its various stages that is symbolized in all the Egyptian funeral texts and paintings—not some primitive, simple-minded notion of an "afterlife."

Finally, there is a brilliant discussion of the distinctions between Karma and Destiny, and between the paths of Reincarnation and Resurrection as they were understood in Egypt.

I do not pretend to know if these, finally, are the "answers" to these eternally baffling questions, but the author makes a great deal of sense in very few pages. Perhaps most important, the interpretations can always be related to the symbols and the texts of the oldest man-inscribed stones we know of. Unlike other, no-doubt-equally-enlightened ancient civilizations, Egypt does not come down to us distorted by legend or hearsay. It is all there, written into the stones. Therefore, if the interpretations developed by R.A. and Isha Schwaller de Lubicz are correct, then we may feel certain within ourselves that we have access to the pure source of the only truly important science there is. With our endlessly questing, restless, and skeptical intellects satisfied it then becomes much easier to try to put these ancient but eternal principles into practice.

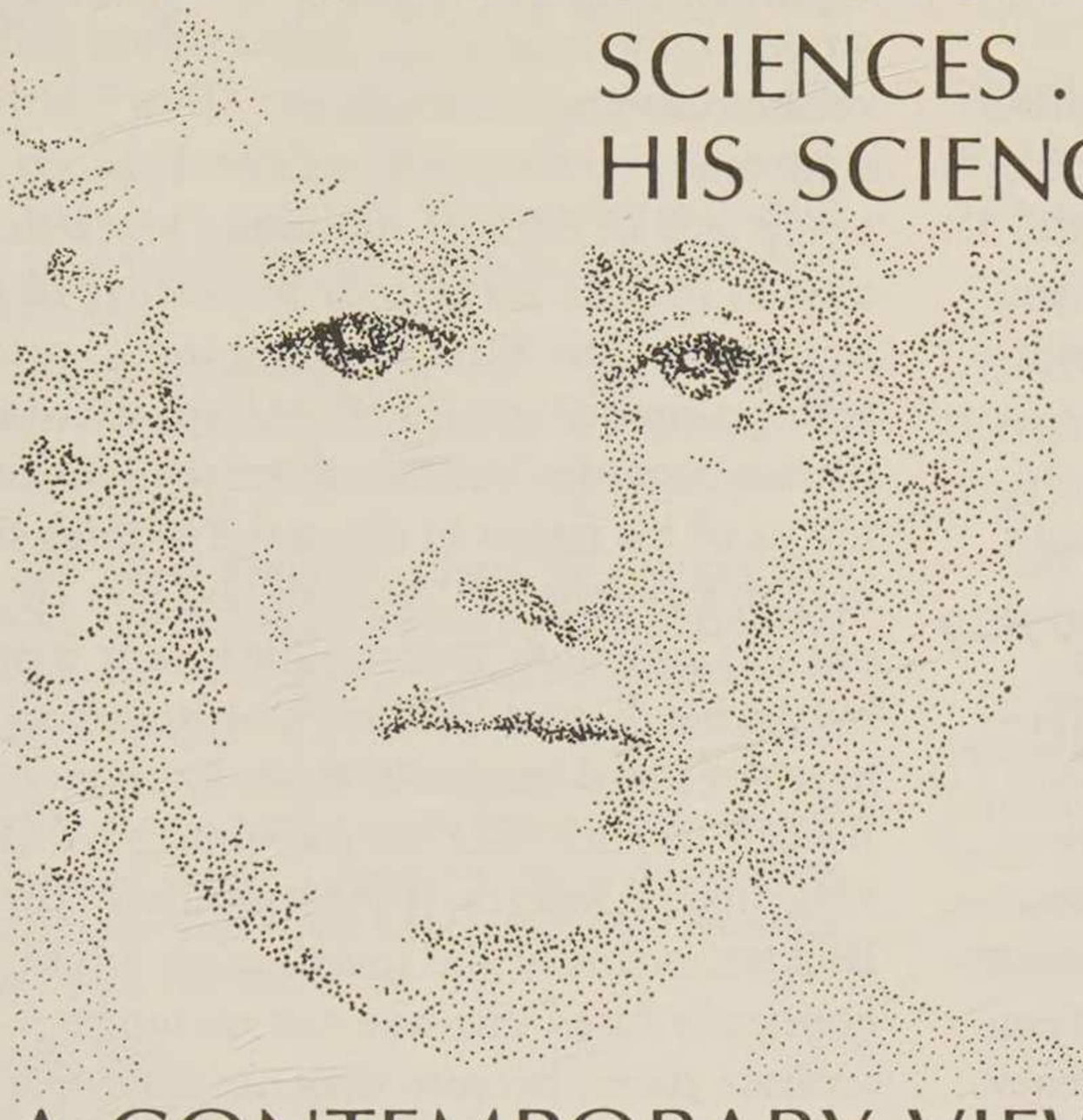
John Anthony West is the author of a detailed examination of the works of R.A. Schwaller de Lubicz, Serpent in the Sky *(Harper & Row). In addition he has written novels, short stories, and plays. He is currently at work on a series of traveler's keys which will serve as guidebooks to the world's sacred art and architecture, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf.*

Company
By Samuel Beckett. New York: Grove Press, 1980. Pp. 64. $8.95.

Reviewed by Richard Burgin

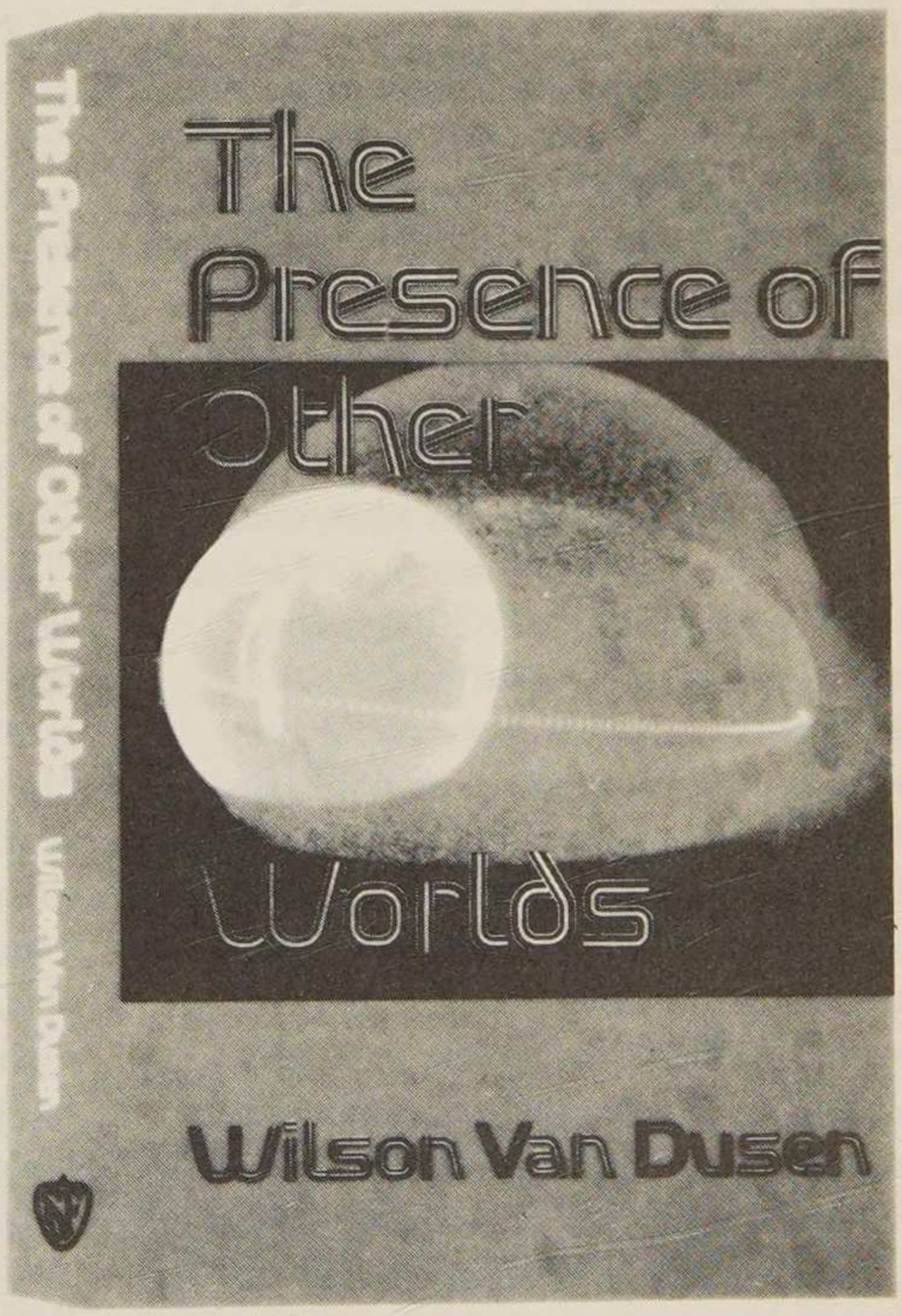
In Beckett's currently published novella, *Company*, he dramatizes, through the sparest of artistic means, the mind's obsessive need for company. In this case, company is a voice through which a fragmentary kind of

SWEDENBORG MASTERED THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES . . . THEN TURNED HIS SCIENCE INWARD . . .



By 1744 Emanuel Swedenborg had designed an aircraft, and made breakthroughs in astronomy, physics, engineering and anatomy. Then, while researching the brain, he launched a twenty year exploration of *inner space*. His visionary insights have inspired the works of Blake, Coleridge, Emerson, Goethe, Suzuki and Helen Keller.

A CONTEMPORARY VIEW OF SWEDENBORG'S FINDINGS



$3.25
POSTPAID

THE PRESENCE OF OTHER WORLDS
Dr. Wilson Van Dusen

A clinical psychologist's provoking account of Swedenborg's daring journey within.

A 256 page paperback, only $3.25 postpaid. Also included: a catalog of related books and free-loan films. Please send check to:

SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION
DEPT. A-1
139 EAST 23rd STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

dialogue can be achieved with the "protagonist" (who remains on his back in the darkness throughout the book) and the voice or voices that can recognize him as both existing and having existed.

Since *Murphy* and *Watt*, Beckett has abandoned the attempt to describe character in any conventional or even modernist way. His work has now also abandoned plot and any attempt to render the modus operandi of the "real world" as well. *Company* is especially interesting for in it Beckett is making a partial return to scenes and characters from a recognizable universe.

It is important to emphasize that it is only a partial return. There is still no plot—no linear, chronological sequence of events aimed towards either a climax or dénouement. Finally, all characters—and the places and events associated with them—take place in a sketchily formed past. They are remembered by the man lying on his back, or they are told to him by one or more of the voices—his "company." If there is a protagonist in this work, then it is memory. Never has Beckett explored so poignantly, or precisely (with the possible exception of his play *Krapp's Last Tape*) his thesis that your memory is your novel. By this I mean Beckett's concept that man is a "fiction" trying simultaneously to announce himself and be recognized; that he invents his life in order that it might recognize him, or keep him company; and finally that time, which possesses him and denies him, is, as Beckett wrote in *Proust*, "that double-headed monster of damnation and salvation."

It is time, then, and memory which is doomed to be its detective, invariably trying to retrieve a pattern from it, that are ultimately the demons Beckett wrestles with, not only in *Company*, but in his entire life's work. *Company* is both a need and a curse, or perhaps for Beckett the two categories are really one—all human needs also being curses. Each image of a past life appears with compressed clarity only to vanish into "the silence of which the universe is made."

What is the purpose, then, of these searing, lucid, but evanescent images the protagonist is told by the voice, and that he then, in some sense, experiences? Part of the answer may lie in a line Sartre wrote in his celebrated essay on Faulkner: "Every writer's style refers to his metaphysics." It is certainly true of Beckett. *Company* proceeds in a series of brief paragraphs somewhat reminiscent of *How It Is*, although more various and less rigidly structured and ritualized in its language. In fact, the short sentences that tell us of his father in the water smiling at his son's delight or "A small boy you come out of Connolly's store holding your mother by the hand" pass like quick scenes in a movie, or like images in dreams, or as Beckett implies, like the half-imagined, half-remembered images of consciousness. For Beckett, memory and imagination are so hopelessly fused that one can no longer separate them, because they never *were* separate. What one *must* "exorcise" is the desire to possess the past, the exact opposite of Proust's metaphysics with its overriding emphasis on personal salvation through recapturing past experience. Beckett's passive hero in *Company* is spiritually akin to Murphy, the protagonist of his first novel, in that both are seeking to exorcise the demonic (which is understood as desire) and trying to embrace a kind of Nirvana through experiencing the supreme relief of Nothingness.

In *Company* Beckett returns to his lifelong obsession with time, memory, identity, the multiplicity of narrative voices, and the deterioration or displacement of self-awareness. He returns as well to memories of a real world located in exterior space as opposed to the radical interiorized "space" of, say, *The Unnameable*. His achievement is that he is able to wrestle with such matters while maintaining his superb sense of comedy and fashion it all into an elegantly wrought fiction.

Richard Burgin is the author of Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges *(Holt, Rinehart, and Winston/Avon) and the forthcoming* Conversations with Isaac Bashevis Singer *(Doubleday). He is the founding editor of* New York Arts Journal.

Ancient Mayan myths penetrate our skin with the warm sun of the Yucatan. The cool stillness of the Black Forest enchants us into fairy-tale realms of the Brothers Grimm. Music of Tir-na-nOg, the Celtic Other World, drifts to misty shores on Ireland's Connemara coast. Pinon logs burn fragrantly in New Mexico's crisp night air, aromatic with secrets from ancient Hopi & Zuni teachings.

Our inward journeys into story, myth & dreams find completion in outward Travel, Pilgrimage & Quest. We fulfill our quests in journeying to sacred places, far & near.

StoryFest Travel's unique & unforgettable seminars celebrate our Inward/Outward Journeys through myth & storytelling. Each is limited to 18 people seeking good company and memorable experience. Carefully chosen accommodations enhance dramatic scenic settings with pleasurable meals & comfortable lodgings. (Besides exotic destinations, weekend seminars closer to home provide relaxation conveniently nearby.)

Feb. 21-27
1982

Mardi Gras in Mexico

Gentle laughter. Festive lights. Musicians & dancers. Tropical nights. Carnival in the colonial city of Merida.

Journey into Yucatan. Uxmal. Chichen Itza. Jungle pyramids & temples. Storytelling with masks, myths & legends.

An authentic Mardi Gras. Come celebrate your story with us.

Dr. Robert Bela Wilhelm, director of Mythos Institute for research in mythology & storytelling, leads many of these seminars. He is a master storyteller, steeped in lore & legends of sacred lands, and skilled in the creative process of ritualizing and celebrating myths.

STORYFEST TRAVEL
4912-P California Street
San Francisco, CA 94118

The Presence of Śiva.
By Stella Kramrisch, photographs by Praful C. Patel. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981. Pp. xi + 514. Pl. 32. $37.50; paper $16.50 (limited edition).

Reviewed by Carol Bolon

Published concurrently with the opening of Dr. Kramrisch's magnificent exhibition "Manifestations of Shiva" at the Philadelphia Museum of Art this past summer, this volume is devoted to the study of the mythology of Shiva, primarily from Sanskrit literary sources: the Vedas, Brahmanas, Puranas, epics, and classical literature. In addition artistic representations of Shiva are discussed in relation to textual material. Shiva is presented in his many forms along with members of his family and the demons and incidental characters who populate the myths about him.

The myths are presented thematically; each story is told in translation, juxtaposing details drawn from various versions, which are then examined to discover the significance of changes over thousands of years.

The mythology of Shiva, the god whose essence transcends opposites, cannot be reduced to a single dimension. Rather it exists as a maze of "overlapping situations and conceptual levels." In order to appreciate this god, whose complexity rivals that of consciousness itself, the mythic hymns are told and retold in the book with an interpretation of recurring themes and apparent contradictions. The author notes that as in the technique of unilocal narration in Indian art, wherein consecutive events of a story are grouped in shared space, the paradoxical nature of Shiva has simultaneous existence also. This complexity cannot be captured in a single artistic image, but is a cumulative result of the multiple depictions of Shaiva themes. Even then each myth, artistically depicted, must necessarily be limited to an isolated moment in the ongoing tale recorded in ancient texts. For example, the long Oedipal myth of Andhaka, the blind,

rejected son of Shiva and Parvati who becomes a demon king, is illustrated only at the moment of dramatic resolution when Shiva impales the demon (pl. 19,20); but this moment evokes the entire story for those familiar with it.

Beyond the kaleidoscopic view of the Shiva myths, Kramrisch provides an explanation of the intent of the language, its imagery, the meaning and metaphysics inherent in the myths, and some analysis of their psychological implications. Another of the author's concerns is the relation of the myths of Shiva to astronomy as recorded in the *Rig Veda, Satapatha Brahmana, Taittiriya Samhita,* and other texts. Rudra, for example, is identified with Mrigavyadha, the star Sirius, who as the hound of heaven chases the antelope (Mriga), who is Prajapati, across the sky. The configuration and action of the stars ultimately underlie the mythology. The composers of myths projected their characters into the heavens.

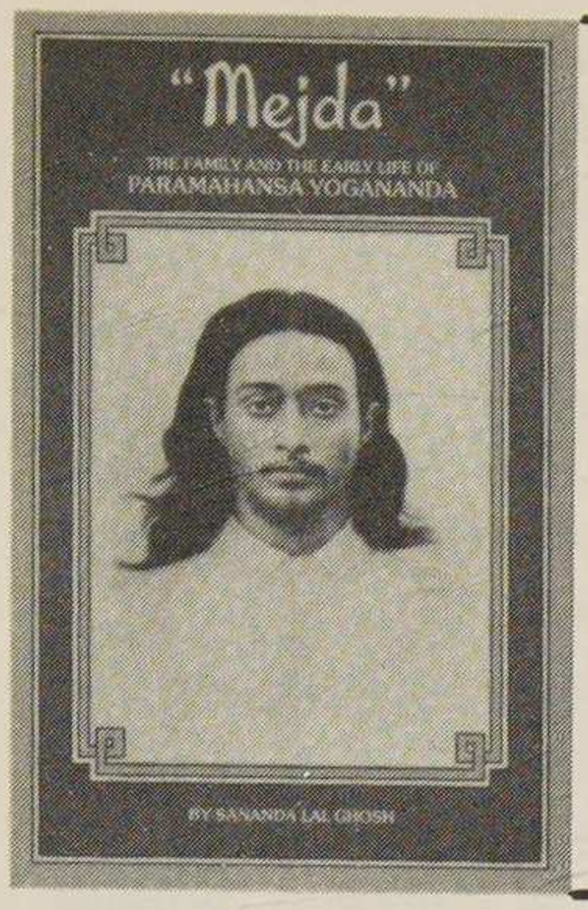
Frequently the terse poetic language of myth requires enlightened intuition to interpret the behavior of the gods. A particular instance of Dr. Kramrisch's perceptive explanation regards the myth of creation. This vivid evocation of the mystery of the creation runs throughout the text: Just before the dawn of time, Prajapati, Father of Heaven and Lord of Generation, united with his daughter, Dawn, both in antelope form. Rudra, Shiva who is Agni (fire) the wild hunter, came upon the scene at that moment and shot a flaming arrow at the pair, startling them. The seed which spilled upon the earth gave birth to time, mankind, and consciousness. The primal wholeness was thus ruptured. Rudra, which is Shiva's most ancient name, precipitated creation while defending the metaphysical wholeness. Interest in this myth has focused on the implication of incest, but, as Kramrisch points out, in the language of this myth and many others, family and sexual terms are used as metaphors. The description of Father Heaven and Dawn, his daughter, as two animals is also symbolic. The language suggests that the creation had the spontaneity of nature and the innocence of two animals. It was ultimately caused by a celestial intelligence beyond human understanding.

Another chapter gives a thorough explanation of the meaning of Shiva's linga form and how it came to be worshipped in the sanctum of Hindu temples dedicated to him. The linga is a stark, columnar shape, rounded on top, carved of stone, set into the yoni (lap) of the goddess in the garbhagriha (womb chamber) of the temple. It is Shiva's abstract, or aniconic, form, but it is simultaneously to be understood as his iconic, phallic representation as progenitor. The linga, the "sign" of Shiva, is discussed as both a symbol of desire and of liberation from desire. Creative energy is stirred but contained, represented for worship in a form like that of a motionless pillar.

The linga's shaft is sometimes carved with a protruding face. This combination suggests the movement of the creative substance from its source to the mind, again like unilocal narrative representing simultaneously the origin and end of action. This visual juxtaposition is "an artistically potent symbol of the ascent and transmutation of sexual into mental power . . . ," the aim of yoga. Shiva as Supreme Yogi is master of passions.

The appendix and photographs present the artistic realization of the Shiva myths in the carved panels of the great cave temple at Elephanta, with comparisons to related images at Ellora. Shiva, the unknowable source of creation, is sublimely visualized at Elephanta, carved of the living stone—the essence of the enduring life of earth.

This study of the mythology of Shiva is a work of meticulous and exhaustive scholarship, a product of the author's long involvement with the verbal and visual existence of Shiva. Evocation of the presence of Shiva in the mind of her reader, beyond analysis of the aspects of the god, is achieved by gradually delving deeper into the myths, weaving their many strands together until



NEW

"MEJDA"

The Family and Early Life of PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA

The millions who have read Paramahansa Yogananda's *Autobiography of a Yogi* will be eager to explore these stories of his remarkable early years in India, many published here for the first time. *"Mejda"* is a delightful and informative account written from the author's unique perspective as a younger brother of Paramahansa Yogananda. This engrossing narrative provides a new portrait of the renowned yogi and world teacher.

Cloth, 330 pages, 73 photos, $8.50

Available at your local bookstore or directly from the publisher:

SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP
3880 San Rafael Avenue, Dept. N, Los Angeles, California 90065
Please include $1.45 for postage & handling. In California add 6% sales tax.

the reader experiences the unparallelled richness of this deity.

Carol Bolon is Assistant Professor of Indian Art at the University of Chicago and is the author of numerous articles on Indian art and architecture.

Cuchama and Sacred Mountains
By W. Y. Evans-Wentz, edited by Frank Waters and Charles L. Adams. Athens, Ohio: Swallow/Ohio University Press, 1981. Pp. xxxi + 196. $22.95.
Mountain Dialogues
By Frank Waters. Athens, Ohio: Sage-Swallow/Ohio University Press, 1981. Pp. 237. $15.95.

Reviewed by Michael Loudon

Retrieved from his papers at Stanford University, the last book by Evans-Wentz that's likely to see publication might well have been an insult to the eminent scholar if not for the careful editing, annotating, and arranging of the rough text. That crucial task accomplished, the book still has flaws: it is "suggestive rather than exhaustive" in considering sacred mountains, American Indian religion, and parallels between psychic experience in the East and West. Evans-Wentz sometimes annoys me with his post-Romantic echo of the "noble Red Man," his ungrounded optimism, and his thinly interpreted catalogues of data. Research using more recent and accurate sources is available on both Indians and mountains—in the work of Frank Waters, for example. But my annoyance is, finally, superficial.

For *Cuchama* emerges as a passionate exploration of the psychic unity of East and West. Unlike the sometimes tedious prose in his Tibetan studies, Evans-Wentz offers here a personal narrative that intertwines his erudite attention to esoteric lore with his own quest for psychic illumination. Cuchama (Mt. Tecate) rises from the Baja border, just south of San Diego, on an inherited ranch where he lived out his last years. After a lifetime pursuing the mysterious secrets of Ireland and Asia, he discovers the same mystery in his own backyard and among his own neighbors, the Yuman tribes. His investigation of Cuchama lore, however, takes him back through his previous research and his travels in an ambitious effort to integrate not only the traditions of Hinduism, Tibetan Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, and Native American religions, but his own psychic experience as well. In doing so, he provides a significant contribution in a neglected area: the comparative study of the "cult of sacred mountains." Yet his search here is for the spiritual presence that lies beyond any geophysical mountain.

The diversity of subjects that Evans-Wentz unravels is fascinating, if speculative, and provides numerous topics that deserve

more intensive examination than he completed. He suggests that Indian spirits gave rise to indigenous white American spiritualists: the Mormons, Shakers, Christian Scientists, and Theosophists. He notes the manifestation of Shining Beings on sacred mountains who are spiritual teachers, drawing on Buddhist texts, the experience of A. E. and Yeats in Ireland, the creation myths and vision quests of Native Americans, and his own experiences in Sikkim and on Cuchama.

Although Evans-Wentz too frequently lacks literal facts (which Waters sometimes does supply) to convince some readers, I suspect PARABOLA readers will find themselves agreeing, as I do, with his affirmation of the spiritual unity of all peoples. In his quest, at least, he succeeds in renewing a sense of urgency for us to excavate "the arcane knowledge of these terrestial sources of divine wisdom."

Perhaps no one else could have brought *Cuchama* to life as well as Evans-Wentz's friend Frank Waters, himself deeply rooted in the ancient cultural traditions of the Southwest. Waters, too, comes home to his own yard in *Mountain Dialogues* after a writing career that spans twenty books, including the novel *Pike's Peak* which penetrates the essence of his metaphysical mountain. *Mountain Dialogues* perfectly complements *Cuchama.*

He boldly asserts the "transcendent unity" of the cosmos. The eighteen brief essays which order the book are a series of meditations in delightfully clear prose. Centered in a "dialogue" between the two peaks on either side of his home, Waters unifies the essays by revealing an "invisible, creative unity" that provides a continuous harmony in the interdependent growth of Man, Nature, and Spirit. In the dialectics of masculine and feminine, mountain and plain, Indian ceremonialism and Catholic theology, Spanish and Pueblo neighbors, and even in the two river channels—old and new—that make an island of his ranch, he explicates gracefully the principle of cosmic duality, from Mayan civilization to his visit to China in 1976.

But the essential voice here is not from the benign Pueblo Peak nor from the malign El Cuchillo del Medio, but that of Waters himself. Although he eventually concludes that "evolutionary transition" may be "ultimately beyond human control," he ascribes human necessity to "the spiritual ecology of one universal pattern." The "continuous transformation of opposites through movement" into each other establishes the harmony that Waters both describes and exhibits as the pattern of his essays unfolds one into the other. He refuses a choice between either simplistic quietism or unfettered movement into unknown terrain: he will have them both, knowing each will become the other. He records personal anecdotes and analyzes esoteric research with disarming clarity and common sense. By the end of the essays, I felt that I had been on an exotic spiritual journey, yet I had never left the spirit of a place and a man—very much of each other—in a small ranch in northern New Mexico.

Waters convincingly argues that humanity replicates the structure and functions of the universe, is susceptible to cosmic laws that govern rhythms of nature and movements of universe (however unaware we may be of them), and reflects the harmonic unity of the universal whole (however poorly). He finds evidence—or indications—of an "Absolute, Irreducible Real" that fuses psyche and matter in a process that unites the known, the knowing, and the unknown. The essays plumb the depths of such topics as silence, air, water, spirits, Indian numerology, Hopi prophecy, and the fourfold structure of mind and matter. In "Jung and Maharshi" he examines the parallels and conflicts between depth psychology and mystical revelation, yet in another essay he retraces the loss of Hopi land that culminates in the infamous Black Mesa mining project. The range of his considerations is remarkable.

Although he clearly favors nonlinear consciousness, Waters fortunately, avoids a nostalgic rant for a Golden Age that we can

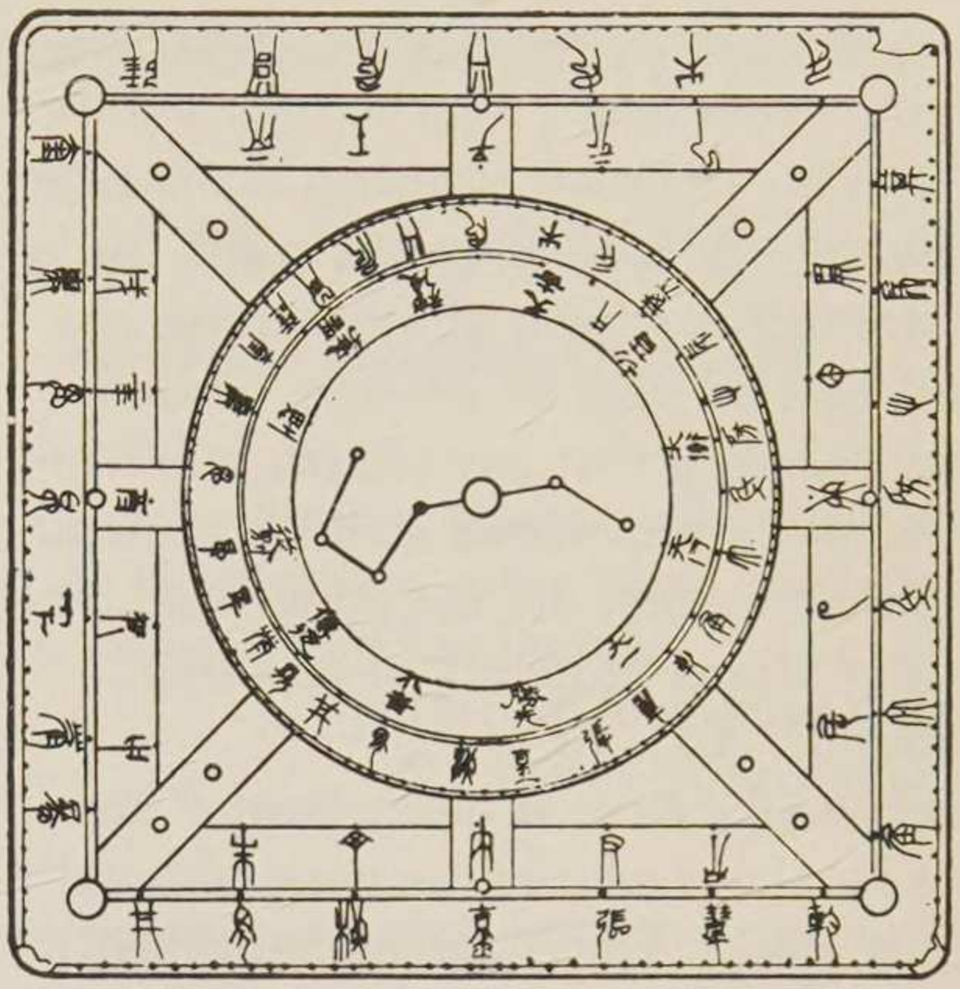
HOW the SWANS CAME to the LAKE

A Narrative History of Buddhism in America

RICK FIELDS

This fresh and perceptive history documents the convergence of Buddhist traditions in America and provides a lively and intimate account of their influence on contemporary thought and culture. Beginning with a brief history of Buddhism in India, HOW THE SWANS CAME TO THE LAKE comes quickly to the point of how Buddhist thought and practice came to the West, at first haphazardly through Christian missionaries and explorers, and later through the deliberate efforts of scholars and religious teachers. But the main thrust of the work and its most fascinating chapters deal with the drama of Buddhism in America, the varied routes by which it arrived, how it was rejected or accepted as the cultural atmosphere changed over the decades, how it adapted to new circumstances to become a major influence especially in modern psychology and creative arts. Throughout the story the various practices and teachings of Buddhism are explained in a way that will be meaningful to those with a personal interest in meditative traditions as well as to readers with a more objective interest in cultural or religious history.

480 pages, 51 halftones
$12.95 paper



ORACLES and DIVINATION

Edited by MICHAEL LOEWE and CARMEN BLACKER

The divination practices of nine different cultures are described by specialists in early European and Asian history for the growing audience of readers interested in psychology, self-exploration, and the tradition of oracles. Ranging from Tibet and China to Europe and the Middle East, and in time from earliest oracles to contemporary practices, these studies show how an appeal to the so-called irrational can affect the decisions of statesmen or prophets, and how such appeals stimulate inquiries into the cycles of nature. They also reveal the traditional methods of putting a question to an oracle and how the answers are transmitted and interpreted.

256 pages
12 halftones, 11 figures
$9.95 paper

NEW BOOKS FROM SHAMBHALA



Shambhala titles are available at quality bookstores throughout the world or direct from the Publisher (add $1.00 for postage). If you wish to receive a copy of the latest Shambhala Publications catalogue of books and to be placed on our mailing list, please write **Shambhala Publications, Box 271, Boulder CO 80306.**

no longer reach by returning to the old ways. He looks ahead. He does not merely dismiss Western rationality and materialism, though he does firmly oppose their dominance, in his futuristic scenario. Rather, he argues, they must be included in the "transformative rebirth of our current limited beliefs." But he strongly cautions against believing that any rebirth will happen without a responsible attitude of mind and spirit—for they are the body. And he notes the Mayan prophecy of apocalyptic transition in 2011 A.D.

These books serve as quintessential summaries for those who know both authors' previous works. For those unfamiliar with them, they will serve as intensely personal introductions. They are like old friends that you meet for the first time.

Michael Loudon teaches Native American literature and modern American poetry at the University of Oklahoma.

The Temptation of Saint Anthony
By Gustave Flaubert, translated with introduction and notes by Kitty Mrosovsky. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1981. Pp. 293. $19.50

Reviewed by Lawrence S. Cunningham

There are certain saints in the Christian tradition who have been a source of inspiration for poets, artists, and critics in ways which go beyond ecclesiastical significance. Saint Joan of Arc is one such figure, Francis of Assisi another. The desert hermit Saint Anthony also qualifies for this select company. In Christian antiquity Anthony was admired as the paradigmatic *homo spiritualis.* Readers of Augustine's *Confessions* will recall the tremendous impressions Anthony's life made on the patrician circle of Augustine's friends when they first encountered Athanasius's biography of the saint. An iconographical tradition, rendered with varying degrees of extravagance, ranging from the artists of the late middle ages to Salvador Dali in the 1930s, depicts Anthony's struggles with demonic temptation while he passed his life in hermetic isolation. In addition, Anthony is regarded as the father of monasticism in Christianity. His solitary life still serves as a model for those who live on the Orthodox peninsula of Mount Athos or in the caves above Saint Catherine's monastery in the Sinai desert.

Saint Anthony lived as a hermit in the desert wastes of Upper Egypt for over thirty years until he emerged from his solitude in 305 to preside over a colony of ascetics at Fayum. For the rest of his life (he died in 356 at the age of a hundred and five) he was engaged in the great doctrinal controversies of his day. His life, as recorded by the great theologian and champion of orthodoxy, Saint Athanasius, has become a classic of Christian ascetic spirituality.

The austere life of a fourth-century hermit would seem to be an unlikely topic of interest for Gustave Flaubert but, in fact, the novelist was fascinated by Anthony and worked on his novel for over twenty-five years. In that quarter of a century Flaubert rewrote the novel three times. The final version, published six years before his death in 1874, is the one upon which the present translation is based.

Kitty Mrosovsky advances a triple hypothesis to account for Flaubert's choice of subject: ". . . because he knew about psychic disturbances, because he was interested in religions and religious feelings, and because the desert saint's demonic illuminations could figure the arid tedium of life and the dangerously empty power of words." Flaubert himself characterized his intentions more succinctly. The novel was, he once wrote a friend, "metaphysical howl."

The Temptation of Saint Anthony is divided into seven chapters, each describing a particular temptation through the medium of various apparitions or visits from "friends." Structurally the novel bears a slight resem-

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK



ITALIAN FOLKTALES

selected and retold by

ITALO CALVINO

One of *The New York Times*'s 10 best books of 1980

"Calvino's collection stands with the best folktale collections anywhere...Impossible to recommend too highly."

—JOHN GARDNER, front page, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

"A fascinating and rich addition to folk literature...The tales represent the full range of Italian dialect and narrative types." —*Library Journal*

800 pages. $9.95

A new addition to Pantheon's Fairy Tale and Folklore Library—write for our descriptive brochure.

Now at your bookstore **PANTHEON** 201 East 50th Street, NY 10022

blance to works like *The Book of Job*, *Prometheus Bound*, or *Samson Agonistes*. The protagonist views, from a rather fixed point, a procession of tempters who parade before him under one guise or another. Such a literary structure always runs the risk of becoming a tedious set of tableaux. To avoid this kind of stasis (and it is what makes Aeschylus, Milton, and the author of Job so powerfully evocative), an intensely passionate language which provides its own internal dynamic is required. Flaubert reaches for such language in two ways. Either he relies on an extremely lush prose to highlight the sensuous nature of the world outside the sandy confines of Anthony's hermitage, or he assaults Anthony with staccato outbursts (in the style of classical stichomythia) from cohorts of invading specters representing figures like pagan deities or heretics. To this energetic language Flaubert adds his own obsessions with mythology, comparative religion, artistic iconography, and philosophical dispute. The very lushness of the language may well explain why the novel made a greater impression on artists (Cezanne, Ensor, and, above all, Odilon Redon) than on the literary critics when it was first published.

Flaubert's novel is a vehicle for the novelist's own preoccupations, which are rooted in the great nineteenth-century debate among intellectuals about existence, aesthetics, and the ultimate sanctions of life. The novel is energized by a dialectical struggle, the components of which are reason and imagination, sexuality and creativity, body and spirit, asceticism and license, intellectuality and passion.

The Temptation of Saint Anthony is ably translated, and the introductory essay is a

model of clarity and research. Kitty Mrosovsky has arresting things to say about the novel in its own time, and sensible critical judgments on the assessments of contemporary critics. She is respectful of the late Jean Paul Sartre's reading of the novel but is not convinced by it. Similarly, she draws on the studies of Praz, Culler, Foucault, and Levi-Strauss without boxing herself into their particular points of view. For anyone interested in the intersection of myth, literature, and aesthetics this book cannot be too highly recommended. Kitty Mrosovsky has brought to this neglected classic the intelligent sensitivity that it richly deserves.

Lawrence Cunningham is professor of religion at Florida State University. The first volume of his Culture and Values: A Survey of Western Humanities, *coauthored with John Reich, will appear this fall from Holt, Rinehart, and Winston.*

CREDITS

Cover Detail from The Temptation of St. Anthony by Grünewald, Isenheimer Altar, Museum Unterlinder, Colmar.
Inside Cover Tibetan Demon, traditional.
Page 3 Massacre in Korea by Pablo Picasso, 1951. Oil, 42⅞" x 78⅞".
Page 5 Sorcerer by Helen Kalvak, 1967, Holman Island Eskimo Cooperative, Holman Island, stonecut, 46.4" x 60.9".
Page 6 Border design, reprinted from *Japanese Border Designs,* selected and edited by Theodore Menten (New York: Dover Publications, 1975).
Pages 7–11 Photographs copyright © 1981 J. Stephen Lansing.
Pages 12–17 Original illustrations copyright © 1981 Jody Wheeler.
Pages 19–26 Illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., John Tenniel, Harrison Weir, Walter Crane, and others from *Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes* (Chicago, New York: M.A. Donohue & Company, copyright 1886 by John D. Williams).
Page 27 Courtesy American Embassy.
Page 29 Photography by Dr. Mary Ann MacDougall, The University of Virginia.
Page 33 Photograph by Duong Hai, Ly Lan Photo Service, Tan Binh, Saigon.
Page 35 Head of a ghost by Hokusai, Victoria and Albert Museum, London.
Pages 37–43 Photographs copyright © 1975 Arthur Tress. Originally published in *Shadow* by Arthur Tress (New York: Avon Books, 1975).
Page 45 A female Garden or Diaden Spider (*Araneus diadematus*) from *The Pictoral Encyclopedia of the Animal Kingdom* by V.J. Stanek (London: Hamlyn, 1962).
Pages 48–51 Sioux shield and cover, painted hide, 52 cm., from *The Ancestors: Native Artisans of the Americas,* edited by Anna Curtenius Roosevelt and James G.E. Smith (New York: Museum of the American Indian, 1979). Reprinted by permission of the Museum of the American Indian.
Pages 52- 54 Original illustrations copyright © 1981 June Atkin.
Page 57 Vajrabhairava, a form of Yamantaka, Conqueror of the Lord of Death, Tibetan painting. Asian Art Museum of San Francisco, The Avery Brundage Collection.
Page 59 The Hidden Kingdom of Shambhala, Tibetan painting, courtesy of the author.
Page 61 Wheel of Existence, thangka, 17th c., paint on cotton, 43" x 34", The Newark Museum Collection.
Page 63 Pencil drawing copyright © 1981 Stanley Sherr.
Pages 64–67 Cover art of *Le Notti Difficili,* author/artist Dino Buzzati, © 1971 by Arnaldo Mondadori Editore, Milan.
Pages 68–73 Photograph copyright © 1975 Abraham Menashe.
Pages 75–77 Illustration copyright © 1981 Mark Podwal.
Pages 79–81 Hermaphroditic figure from 17th c., alchemical manuscript, Leyden University Library.
Pages 88–90 Details from illustrations from *Outside Over There* by Maurice Sendak (New York: Harper & Row, 1981).
Page 95 Photograph Lisa Law © 1980 from *Maria Sabina: Her Life and Chants* by Alvaro Estrada (Santa Barbara: Ross-Erikson, Inc., 1981).
Page 96 Photographs copyright © 1981 Donna Gold.

PROFILES

Chinua Achebe was born in 1930 in eastern Nigeria. He received his B.A. from University College, Ibadan. In 1961 he was appointed first Director of External Broadcasting in Nigeria, and after the war between Nigeria and Biafra, he joined the Biafran Ministry of Information. He is the author of *Things Fall Apart, No Longer at Ease, Arrow of God* (for which he won the New Statesman Award in 1965), and *A Man of the People*, as well as many short stories and poetry.

Edwin Bernbaum, author of *The Way to Shambhala*, spent several years in Nepal and India, teaching in the Peace Corps, working on a project to preserve Tibetan texts, and doing research on the myth of Shambhala and other hidden sanctuaries of Tibetan legend. He has written and lectured on mountaineering in Nepal and in various aspects of Tibetan religion, mythology, and art. He is currently doing doctoral work in Asian Studies at the University of California at Berkeley in the area of comparative religion and mythology.

Francelia Butler teaches in the English Department at the University of Connecticut, Storrs. In her effort to bring critical respect to the field of children's literature, she has established a course that now includes an enrollment of 700, one of the largest voluntary enrollments in any subject in an American university. She is the author of *Sharing Literature with Children* (Longman's), *The Strange Critical Fortunes of Shakespeare's Timon of Athens* (Iowa State University Press), and many articles in the English Renaissance. She is the founder and editor-in-chief of the annual, *Children's Literature* (Yale University Press), and founder of the first seminar and forum in children's literature for the Modern Language Association.

Dino Buzzati (1906–1972), Italian novelist, playwright, and painter, spent much of his life in Milan. For over forty years he was a journalist for the *Corriere della Sera* and also authored over two hundred short stories. Several of his novels have been published in the United States: *A Love Affair, Larger Than Life*, and *The Tartar Steppe*, now available in a paperback edition from Avon Books.
Lawrence Venuti, a translator of contemporary Italian poetry and prose, won the Renato Poggioli Award for Translation from the Italian in 1980. He teaches in the English Department of Temple University. He is currently at work on a book of Buzzati's stories as well as undertaking a scholarly study of Buzzati's fiction. His translation of *A Scientific Autobiography* by Aldo Rossi will be available this fall from MIT Press.

Robert Carter is a graduate of Florida State University. He has been teaching in colleges for the last twelve years and is now an Associate Professor at Jamestown College in North Dakota. In 1980 he was named a Danforth Associate in recognition of undergraduate teaching ability. He has also received regional and national awards for his drawing and painting. He rediscovered Mother Goose with his sons, now aged four, eight, and eleven.

Maria Dermoût (1888–1962) was born in Java of Dutch heritage where her great-great-great-grandfather sailed for the East India Company. She wrote many short stories, and her *Collected Works* are available, in Dutch, in several volumes from Em. Querido, Amsterdam. Her most acclaimed writing was a novel, *The Ten Thousand Things*, which was translated into English and published in the United States in 1958. **Claske and Frederick Franck** have translated Dermoût for PARABOLA previously in an issue on storytelling (Vol. IV, No. 4). They feel she compares favorably with another well-known storyteller, Isak Dinesen. The Francks live at "Pacem in Terris" in Warwick, New York.

J. Stephen Lansing is Assistant Professor of Anthropology at the University of Southern California, and the author of "Evil in the Morning of the World: Phenomenological Approaches to a Balinese Village" (Michigan Papers on SE Asia #6, 1974) and the forthcoming *The Three Worlds of Bali.* His documentary film on Bali "The Three Worlds of Bali" will be shown on the "Odyssey" series on public television on November 15.

Susan Robbins Stern has degrees in Literature from Barnard College and Columbia University. She lives in New York and is working at present on a novel.

Marie-Louise von Franz was born in Munich of Austrian parents but has spent most of her life in Zurich. She received a doctorate in classical languages from the University of Zurich in 1940 and for thirty-one years worked directly with Carl Jung. She was one of the founders of Jung Institute in Kusnächt, near Zurich, and is currently a training analyst there. She is the author of *Number and Time, The Grail Legend* (in collaboration with Emma Jung), *C.G. Jung: His Myth in Our Time*, and *Time, Rhythm, and Repose.* In addition, a number of her lectures have been published by Spring Publications in Dallas, Texas. They include: *An Introduction to the Interpretation of Fairy Tales, The Problem of the Puer Aeternus, A Psychological Interpretation of The Golden Ass of Apuleius, Lectures on Jung's Typology: The Inferior Function, Problems of the Feminine in Fairy Tales, Patterns of Creativity Mirrored in Creation Myths*, and *Shadow and Evil in Fairy Tales.*

Back Issues Available from PARABOLA

There is a limited number of back issues available at $7.00 per copy. For those who wish to complete their set, orders of twelve issues or more are offered at a special price of $6.00 per copy. Please order by title, volume, and number (payment must accompany your order). Send to: PARABOLA MAGAZINE, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

__Volume I, No. 1 **The Hero**
Mircea Eliade, Barbara G. Myerhoff, Barre Toelken, P.L. Travers, Jacob Needleman, Edward Edinger, Minor White, Huston Smith interview. *(Reprint)*

__Volume I, No. 2 **Magic**
Barbara G. Myerhoff, Daniel Noel, Robert Ellwood, Jacob Needleman, Victor Turner, Thomas Moore, Christmas Humphreys, Joseph Campbell interview.

__Volume I, No. 3 **Initiation**
Sam Gill, Janwillem van de Wetering, Arthur Amiotte, Evelyn Eaton, Fernando Llosa Porras Mircea Eliade interview.

__Volume I, No. 4 **Rites of Passage**
Frederick Franck, James Wolfe, Ursula K. Le Guin, D.M. Dooling, Robert E. Meagher, William Irwin Thompson interview. *(Reprint)*

__Volume II, No. 1 **Death**
P.L. Travers, Conrad Hyers, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Brother David Steindl-Rast, William Doty, William Burke Jr., interview with Tibetan Lamas. *(Reprint)*

__Volume II, No. 2 **Creation**
Sam Gill, P.L. Travers, David Rosenberg, David Johnson, Jane Yolen, John Fentress Gardner, Daniel Whitman, Kenneth Phillips, Zalman Schachter interview. *(Reprint)*

__Volume II, No. 3 **Cosmology**
Brother David Steindl-Rast, Ursula K. Le Guin, Schwaller de Lubicz, Lorel Desjardins, Elaine Jahner, Jean Toomer, Anne Bevan, Harry Remde, Lloyd Motz interview. *(Reprint)*

__Volume II, No. 4 **Relationships**
Frederick Franck, Robert E. Meagher, Shems Friedlander, Lizelle Reymond, Jean Toomer, Barre Toelken, Jane Yolen, Diane Wolkstein interview.

__Volume III, No. 1 **Sacred Space**
Ananada K. Coomaraswamy, Barbara Stoler Miller, Robert Lawlor, Irving Friedman, Richard Smithies, Andrew L. March, Thomas Bridges, Pablo Neruda, Hélène Fleury, P.L. Travers and Michael Dames interview.

__Volume III, No. 2 **Sacrifice and Transformation**
Annemarie Schimmel, Joseph Epes Brown, Ivan Morris, Father Alexander Schmemann, Christopher Fremantle, Robert A.F. Thurman, photographic sequence with Minor White and others, Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz interview.

__Volume III, No. 3 **Inner Alchemy**
Mircea Eliade, D.M. Dooling, Harry Remde, Jacob Needleman, Elémire Zolla.

__Volume III, No. 4 **Androgyny**
Elaine H. Pagels, Titus Burckhardt, Keith Critchlow, P.L. Travers, Barbara G. Myerhoff, Lobsang Lhalungpa interview.

__Volume IV, No. 1 **The Trickster**
Emory Sekaquaptewa, Michel Waldberg, Lynda Sexson, Barbara Tedlock, P.L. Travers, David Leeming, Joseph Epes Brown interview.

__Volume IV, No. 2 **Sacred Dance**
Elaine H. Pagels, Rosemary Jeanes, David P. McAllester, Anita Daniel, Fritjof Capra, William L. Prensky, Annemarie Schimmel, Peter Brook interview.

__Volume IV, No. 3 **The Child**
Don Talayesva, Richard Lewis, Frederick Franck, Lynda Sexson, Lobsang Lhalungpa, art and stories by children.

__Volume IV, No. 4 **Storytelling and Education**
Sr. Maria José Hobday, Richard Lewis, Abraham Menashe, Thomas Buckley, James Hillman, Maria Dermoût, Robin Ridington, Sam Gill, Wilbur and Paul Jordan-Smith, interviews with Anne Charles, Richard Lewis, Nancy Rambusch; I Wayan Wija and Diane Wolkstein.

__Volume V, No. 1 **The Old Ones**
Keith Critchlow, Agnes Vanderburg, Frederick Franck, J. Stephen Lansing, Joy Elvey Bannerman, Megan Biesele, Lobsang Lhalungpa, Jonathan Chaves, Barbara G. Myerhoff, Robert Bly, Rolf Jacobsen, Gary Snyder; interviews with Deshung Rinpoche and Joseph Campbell.

__Volume V, No. 2 **Music Sound Silence**
Herbert Whone, Thomas Tranströmer, David A. Lavery, Peyton Houston, Tom Moore, David P. McAllester, Howard Schwartz, Robert Lawlor, Steve Reich interview.

__Volume V, No. 3 **Obstacles**
Al Young, David Malouf, Jacques Lusseyran, Abraham Menashe, Brother David Steindl-Rast, Jonathan Omer-Man, Italo Calvino; interviews with Mohawk Chiefs at Akwesasne and H.H. the Dalai Lama.

__Volume V, No. 4 **Woman**
P.L. Travers, Helen M. Luke, Seonaid Robertson, Heinrich Zimmer, Ursula K. Le Guin, Barbara Rohde, Joseph Campbell, Diane Wolkstein, Samuel Noah Kramer, Judy Swamp interview.

__Volume VI, No. 1 **Earth and Spirit**
Peter Matthiessen, David Guss, Victor Perera, Peter Nabokov, Robert Bly, Paul Caponigro, P.L. Travers, John Kastan, D.M. Dooling, Peter Heinegg, Thomas Buckley, Oren Lyons, Dr. Firoze M. Kotwal interview.

__Volume VI, No. 2 **The Dream of Progress**
Kathleen Raine, David Price, David Malouf, Dino Buzzati, Seyyed Hossein Nasr, David Leeming, Paolo Soleri, Scott Eastman, interviews with Chinua Achebe and Jonathan Cott; Jacob Needleman and John Loudon.

__Volume VI, No. 3 **Mask and Metaphor**
Terry Tafoya, Ron Jenkins, Ray Zone, Peyton Houston, Demorest Davenport, Adin Steinsaltz, Henrich von Kleist, Stephen and Robin Larsen, interview with Peter Brook.

Plus Epicyles and Reviews in every issue.