

PARABOLA

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MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING



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PARABOLA**SLEEP MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING**

- 6 **“Why Sleepest Thou, O Lord?”** by Henri Tracol. *States of being and stages of awakening.*
- 10 **EPICYCLE: Launcelot at the Grail Chapel**
- 13 **EPICYCLE: The Keys of the Temple**
- 14 **Mythologies of Sleep and Forgetting** by Mircea Eliade. *The mortal “sleep” of the fallen soul.*
- 20 **Life’s a Dream.** *An excerpt from Kathleen Raine’s translation of Calderón’s play.*
- 23 **EPICYCLE: Humming Home Your Shadow**
- 24 **Sleep and the Inner Landscape.** *An interview with Dr. Yeshi Dhonden by William and Marielle Segal.*
- 39 **EPICYCLE: The One You Don’t See Coming**
- 42 **ARCS:** *A portfolio of sleep quotations.*
- 52 **Krishna and King Mucukunda: The Sleeper Awakened** by Heinrich Zimmer. *King Mucukunda’s cosmic sleep, newly translated into English.*
- 56 **Lines to a Granny** by A.K. Ramanujan. *A poem.*
- 57 **The Study of the Torah as Awakening** by Jonathan Omer-Man. *Levels of reality and spiritual growth.*
- 62 **EPICYCLE: The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus**
- 64 **Time out of Time** by Paul Jordan-Smith. *Time in myth and fairy tale.*
- 74 **EPICYCLE: The Two Rivers**
- 76 **The Life of Sleeping Men** by P.D. Ouspensky. *Gurdjieff’s view.*
- 79 **On Waking Up** *An interview with Joseph Campbell by Douglas Auchincloss.*
- 85 **EPICYCLE: The Concealed Deer**
- 86 **The Seventh Day** by P.L. Travers. *On the seventh day God rested.*
- 2 **FOCUS**
- 4 **FULL CIRCLE: A Readers’ Forum**
- TANGENTS**
- 90 **The Unblinking Eye: Passages to India, and Beyond** by Rob Baker. *The camera never sleeps.*
- 94 **Traveling Temple Treasures** by Frederick Franck. *Sacred statues from Buddhist Japan.*
- 99 **Cheyenne Culture Ledgers** by Joseph Epes Brown. *A review with pictures of Peter Powell’s People of the Sacred Mountain.*
- 102 **Currents & Comments**
- 106 **Book Reviews**
- 124 **CREDITS**
- 127 **PROFILES**

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Cover Reclining Buddha. Polonnaruwa, Sri Lanka. Photograph © 1968 Thomas Merton. Reprinted by permission of the Merton Legacy Trust.

Inside Cover The Seven Sleepers. Ms. Hazine 2160, p.83a, Topkapu Saray Museum, Istanbul.

FOCUS

The Buddha's disciples asked him,
"Are you a god?"

"No," said the Buddha.

"Are you an angel?"

"No," said the Buddha.

"Then what are you?" they asked.

"I am awake," said the Buddha.

The hidden knowledge that man is asleep, quite literally asleep, has always been with us in one guise or another. Fairy tale princes who awaken sleeping beauties, the sacred texts of East and West, the prophets and teachers who appear at certain times have all said that man sleeps. But man, "the image of God's eternity," continues not to hear, continues to "forget" that the slumbering consciousness in which he dreams his life is only an enchanted sleep from which he can awaken.

Awakening, it seems, is an organic process; now asleep, now more awake—a movement between states of disconnectedness and then, suddenly, moments of being unified and part of a silence that brings a new sense of oneself. But remaining in this new state of presence is almost impossible; we fall back into sleep, as if there were a lawful reason, larger than ourselves, for keeping man's eyes closed. Gilgamesh falls asleep at the very moment that he is prepared to receive eternal life. Half waking, half sleeping, Launcelot is too earthbound to move when the Grail reveals itself.

How can a man know he is asleep? By waking up, of course. How can a man wake up? Only by knowing he is asleep. In "The Study of the Torah as Awakening," Jonathan Omer-Man says that the sleep of the

man who knows he is asleep implies that change is possible; by change he means the gradual evolution and transformation of being.

Henri Tracol, consultant for this issue, speaks of the Vedic four states of consciousness as particular stages in the development of higher states of being, drawing attention to the third state, *suṣupta*, deep sleep, which is not the “fast asleep” of ordinary understanding, but a casting away of everything external so that sleep in itself is “the deepest possible source of cognition.” In knowing that there are different stages and levels of sleep, we may come to realize that there are different degrees of awakening that offer themselves to us: a ladder to climb, from rung to rung, to real life.

The sleep prescribed in this issue of *PARABOLA* is the sleep that may lead to awakening, and not the sleep of fatigue. Published medical findings from sleep-study laboratories can readily be found elsewhere. In these laboratories, ever growing in number, sleep scientists monitoring the sleep habits of volunteers have discovered that rapid eye movements (REM) signify that the sleeper is having a dream, but no one as yet has mentioned that when the sleeper awakens he is still dreaming.

Sleep replenishes the energy necessary for ordinary life—we must sleep well in order



to wake well—but unless some of the energy is contained, and reserved for another current of life, we might always live in sleep and never awaken. We are called to awaken, writes Mircea Eliade. He quotes from the *Ginza*, “Let him who hears wake from heavy sleep.” And from a Mandaean text, “Slumber not nor sleep, and forget not that which thy Lord hath charged thee.”

Jean Sulzberger
Guest Editor

This issue is made possible, in part, with public funds from the New York Council on the Arts.



FULL CIRCLE/A Readers' Forum

We were deeply saddened to learn of the death of Thelma Sullivan on August 8, 1981. (A letter from her appeared in this section in the previous issue.) Although we came to know Dr. Sullivan only recently, her generosity and scholarship and her warm response to our efforts made the experience very meaningful. We are fortunate that in what was a typically enthusiastic response to questions, she contributed some information on Aztec dream interpretation based on her extensive translations from the Nahuatl language, which we hope to publish in our upcoming issue on dreams. We can hope that more work by this exceptional scholar and vital woman will become available in the future.

—Susan Bergholz
PARABOLA

A comment on Peter Nabokov's review of Leslie Marmon Silko's *Storyteller* (Mask and Metaphor, Vol. VI, No. 3):

As someone, like Silko, who has some experience of being Pueblo and a storyteller, I wanted to suggest to Nabokov that his interpretation of Silko's work may be misleading to the PARABOLA audience.

According to Nabokov, "Silko's short fiction becomes uncompromisingly harsh when it portrays the white man; as in her novel, *Ceremony*, he looms as a spirit gone to evil . . . perhaps her anger has blunted her care in building believable characters, or perhaps she is providing reportage on the heritage of oppression and poverty of her people."

In responding to this, I quote from an ar-

ticle Silko wrote several years ago in *Shantih* (Vol. 4, No. 2, 1979, p. 3):

Since white ethnologists like Boas and Swanton first intruded into Native American communities to "collect" prayers, songs, and stories, a number of implicit racist assumptions about Native American culture and literature have flourished. The first is the assumption that the white man, through some innate cultural or racial superiority, has the ability to perceive and master the essential beliefs, values and emotions of persons from Native American communities . . . Ask any older tribal person to attempt to recreate the thoughts and feelings of a white person, and they will tell you that they can't; they will tell you that they can describe *their* observations of whites, even probable responses in whites, but they will tell you they certainly will not pretend to know or understand what is going on *inside* those white people.

I would suggest that Silko's work has indeed described *her* "observations of whites, even probable responses in whites," accurately. There is a strong need in American literature for non-White observations of White behavior. These observations will not always portray whites in ways that are complimentary . . . and in doing so the interpretation is not "blunted . . . in building believable characters."

—Terry Tafoya
Seattle, Washington

Kathleen Raine (in the Dream of Progress issue, Vol. VI, No. 2) seems to have an extremely gnostic horror of matter. Man is "spiritual" to her, and in her definition of man, I am somewhat mystified as to what she can possibly have in mind. I know of nothing to which I can relate her opinion in the world about me or in my inner self when she says, "I have suggested that man is, in truth, not a mortal worm but a spiritual being, immaterial, immeasurable,

who is never born and never dies, because spirit is not bounded or contained within the categories of the material world of time and space, of duration and extension. In this sense we are immortal, eternal, boundless within our own universe . . .”

Obviously Raine sees the spirit as *opposed* to matter rather than finding man as being a composite of body, soul, and spirit (in the Hebrew sense). This interpretation of hers is a very dated belief, and I do not think it true. Since her diatribe against matter and materialism can be seen as an outgrowth of the Biblical doctrine that man has “dominion” over all that God created, she has erred in not realizing that Western materialism is inherent in taking too seriously that little scripture about “dominion” which very well could be a source of our loss of respect for the natural world. The charge of putting nature in man’s care shows only how centuries of man’s “dominion” have resulted in cultural disaster.

—Frank Shelby Smith
Baytown, Texas

In “Focus” (Mask and Metaphor, Vol. VI, No. 3), your editor’s approach seems superficial. Why stress some distinction between “the actor” and “the real self” unless the real self is the one who knows that time-and-place are a mere mask? If so, then “meaning” is an idea implicit with the idea of “masks.” For without masks there is no meaning, and beyond masks there is only the ineffable. To act, then, is to accept masks, and to accept meanings—whether consciously or unconsciously. Furthermore, how “terrible” can our tendency to believe

in appearances be? Appearances are fascinating, but not necessarily unequivocal *deceptions*.

But in the same issue, the dragon mask on page 20 caused a complex and wondrous reaction: teeming with vitality, sophistication and even delicacy, it was horrible, yet not crude. The lead picture for “The Glorious Adjective” was much in the same vein: the floor, the panels—but against this environment, the three players: Black, White, and Black/White! Peter Brook’s comments were concise and especially replete with gyrating resonances. Ann Himler’s version of one of my favorite fairy tales had me going back to it again and again, reading parts of it out loud. I’ll probably memorize it before I’m done with it.

“Concerning the Puppet Theatre” was also a satisfying piece. Grace, through either simplicity or extensive knowledge (an illusion of grace?), paraphrases the idea of the Sufi mirror/mask. Kabir says, “The spiritual master arrives and bows down to the beginning student. Try to live to see this!”

And thanks for bringing George MacDonald to my attention. It joys me to be introduced to another devotee of the goddess.

—Ralph Palasek
Denver, Colorado

I am a member of the Baha’i Faith, which teaches the oneness of mankind and the basic spiritual unity of all religions. I have already found that by reading many of the articles in PARABOLA and pondering them I have grown to understand many of the Baha’i spiritual teachings much better. Your magazine gives me a deeper appreciation of the beauty of the diverse traditions and beliefs we find in our world and also provides an avenue for learning from them.

—Patrick J. Arndt II
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

“Why Sleepest Thou, O Lord?”

by Henri Tracol



Praful C. Patel

*Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord?
Arise, cast us not off for ever.
(Psalms 44:23)*

Indeed, why does He sleep? If the Almighty cannot help sleeping, we may wonder whether it is not for some utterly binding reason—if only for the sake of conforming to the laws of His own Creation. For since the very first day, when He divided the light from the darkness, sleep has been imperative.

Without sleep, no awakening: such is the universal law of alternation which, according to ancient traditions, applies to Creation itself. In going back as far as Vedic India, we find in the Laws of Manu: “When that

divine one wakes, then this world stirs; when he slumbers tranquilly, then the Universe sinks to sleep.” “The Manvantaras (creation and destruction of the world) are numberless; in sport, as it were, the Creator repeats this again and again.” Every time the world is suspended, or resorbed, Vishnu peacefully reclines on the cosmic serpent, Ananta, which means “endless.”

Why sleepest thou, O Vishnu? A fascinating vision, and so unfathomable that it leaves no room for speculation, for any at-

tempt to reduce it to our scale. And yet endlessly in the secret heart of our own mystery, how can we not wonder?

And if all this was but a dream? When asked by a pupil, "If it is true that the world is God's dream, then what happens when God wakes up?" a Sufi master in the Near East replied: "The world is not God's dream. It is man's dream. And when man wakes, he finds there is only God. Nothing else is real truth (*haq*). The whole world is merely ripples in the Ocean of Truth. Surface stuff. *Look deeper*. Ripples arise; but it is all water, the same water, only water. To awaken is to *see* that."

Am I able to look deeper? And if not, doesn't the question become: Why do I sleep? And do I even know what sleep is?

* * *

According to the Upanishads, there are four states of being: the waking state "common to all men" (*jāgarita-sthāna*) comes first; then the dreaming state (*svapna-sthāna*); followed by the deep sleep state (*susupta-sthāna*); and eventually the fourth (superconscious) state (*turīya*), "with which there can be no dealing," the very Self (*Ātman*).

Deep sleep: what is this third state, this unknowable "deep sleep"? Is it the one God caused to fall upon Adam in order to create out of one of his ribs "an helpmeet for him"? The Māndukya Upanishad says: "If one asleep desires no desire whatsoever, sees no dream whatsoever, that is deep sleep (*susupta*)." The Brihad-Āranyaka Upanishad says: "As a falcon or an eagle, having flown around here in space, becomes weary, folds its wings, and is borne down to its nest, just so does this person hasten to that state where, asleep, he desires no desires and sees no dream."

Dreamless sleep appears to be far beyond any definable concept; in the Chāndogya Upanishad it is said to be "the ultimate," the "cognitional," and to consist of bliss, eternal Bliss. "Now when one is thus sound asleep, composed, serene, and knows no dream, that is the Self (*Ātman*), that is the immortal, the fearless, that is Brahma."

So that, "having enjoyed himself in that

state of deep sleep, having moved about and seen good and evil, he hastens back again as he came to the place of origin, back to sleep" (Brihad-Āranyaka).

Back to sleep as the deepest possible source of full cognition and bliss. No wonder, therefore, that so many Western as well as Eastern "seekers of truth" give it so much value as a propitious ground for their search.

Chuang Tzu wrote: "Everything is one; during sleep the soul, undistracted, is absorbed into this unity; when awake, distracted, it sees the different beings." Some fourteen centuries later, Bernard of Clairvaux praises the "*vitalis vigilque sopor*," a "sleep alive and watchful," which enlightens the inward senses. And Al-Ghazzālī considered sleep the most appropriate, though remote, reflection of what is known as prophetic vision: "A blind man can understand nothing of colors save what he has learned by narration and hearsay. Yet God has brought prophetism near to men in giving them all a state analogous to it in its principal characters. This state is sleep."

We may find an echo of this in the "dark contemplation" of John of the Cross, or in the "innate spirits in man" Paracelsus speaks of ("for it is the Light of Nature which is at work during sleep") or again in Avicenna's dove (soul), which "spies such things as cannot be witnessed by waking eyes."

But here we must be on guard. For is our sleep this deep sleep of vision, and is our waking really waking?

It must be remembered, as the great masters have warned, that there are always traps and false paths in the quest for the unknown. The yearning of the mystics of all religions for another state of being—whether it is called ecstasy, enlightenment, or liberation—must be rigorously examined. These lines from Fray Francisco de Osuna (however enraptured Teresa of Avila may have been when she first read them) require a closer look:

Blessed are they who pray before going to sleep and who, on awakening, return promptly to prayer. Like Elias they eat a little, sleep, eat again a little and nestle in the arms of the Lord like children who fall asleep at their mother's breast, having drunk her milk, wake again, suckle and fall asleep again. Thus, with these glorious intervals, their time asleep counts as prayer more than as sleep . . . And although they have slept, they realize on awakening that their soul has slept in the arms of the Beloved.

These words unavoidably call to mind the *regressus ad uterum*, the yearning to return to the sleep of the maternal womb. This natural reaction has been studied by Professor A. Tomatis in his *Libération d'Oedipe*:

The new-born baby suddenly finds himself flooded in light. Confronted by this sudden and intense brightness, which accompanies the entry into the world of the big people, of the giants, he chooses to escape into sleep as the only way for him to take refuge, forgetting his present condition and remembering the past in which he lived in his previous existence, his foetal existence.

Very few men afterwards ever know how to disengage themselves from this grip of sleep, this very first refusal to face life as it is. The physiological limits of the state of sleep are often largely exceeded by an intention, archaically anchored, to flee the present to the point of not being.

This thoughtful evaluation of sleep requires further pondering, but let us once again scan the four states of being as defined in the Upanishads.

The last and highest one, the superconscious *turiya*, we shall of course keep in sight as our deeply attractive but inaccessible

horizon. Closest to it is the deep and dreamless state (*susupta*) which we have been trying to explore. As for the dreaming state (*svapna*), we could be promptly lost in its utterly polyvalent network of lures, and so we are compelled first of all to consider the lowest one (*jāgarita*), the so-called "waking state."

Awakening gives the appearance of being a sort of victory over sleep, but what if this were only a semblance, another lure, another dream? "Life is a dream; when we sleep we are awake, and when we awake we sleep," says Montaigne. We are familiar with such notions as daydreaming and absentmindedness, but while we notice these propensities in our fellow men, we hardly ever acknowledge them in ourselves; or when we do, we take it as the exception rather than the rule.

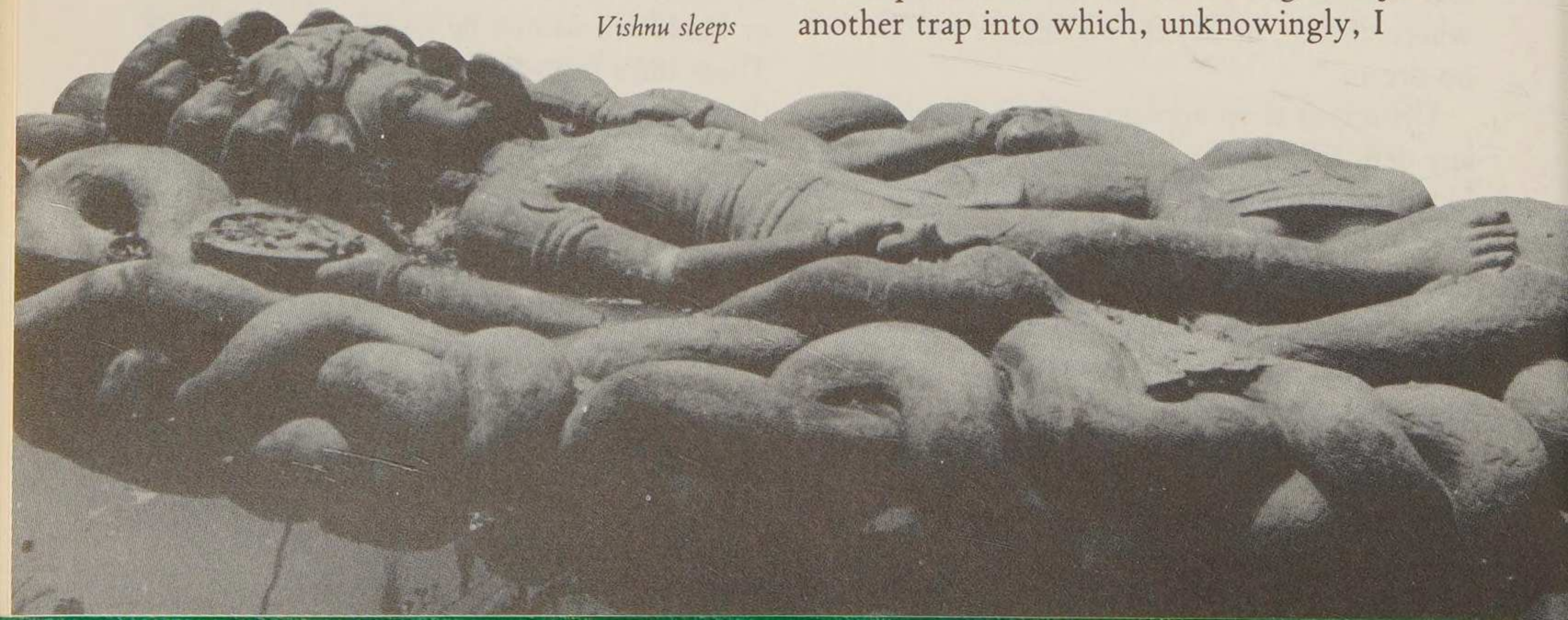
* * *

At times, in the course of the day, I come to. As it were, I awake in a flash: "Here I am," more or less intensely. Then, without realizing it, I quickly sink back into that ambiguous state—"paradoxical waking state" we could call it (in contrast with the overused "paradoxical sleep")—in which I am neither fully awake nor fast asleep.

Unavoidably, I mistake these fleeting experiences for my normal state, as if they were going to last, whereas in fact an automatism promptly takes over and deals in a more or less acceptable way with the functional requirements of my day-to-day existence.

If I become partly aware of this bewildering situation, I may acknowledge—with a smile—that it is so and, knowingly, pretend to accept it. But of course this might be just another trap into which, unknowingly, I

Vishnu sleeps



fall unless, prompted by an enigmatic sense of urgency, I try to stay there and look deeper.

Striving to stay there, aware of my own presence, while everything moves inside me as well as outside, my power of attention, however well trained it may be for other tasks, is at once helplessly swept away from this intimate perception by tidal waves of associations. Over and over again, I may try to take up the challenge and resume this private search for authenticity, which nobody on earth can ever undertake for me. And yet by dint of trying, failing, and trying again, I come to the point where I realize how much I am in need of help.

And help is there. Am I so blind and so deaf as to ignore it? It offers itself in many guises—testimonies of all kinds, sacred books, spiritual ways.

Take, for instance, Buddhist asceticism, the way of the Buddha toward awakening. For “Buddha,” from the root *budh*, to awaken, means the “Awakened One.” It is thus a designation applied to one who attains spiritual realization, likened to an “arousing” or to an “awakening.” He reaches the path, as stated in the Majjhimanikaya, “by the intensity, the constancy and the concentration of the will,” then “of the energy,” then “of the spirit,” then “of investigation,” and last “of a heroic spirit.” “And thus attaining these heroic qualities, he is able, O disciples, to achieve liberation, to achieve awakening.”

In my own effort towards concentration, help is also offered by nature itself, life itself—whenever I can remain permeable to the deeply revealing impressions that it never ceases to provide. Therefore, my only concern should be to try and stay attentive to the wordless call from that which is always there, waiting for recognition.

Re-cognition. This might prove to be the key, not to try to “reach for,” but just to come back to what is. “To remember myself,” in Gurdjieff’s language, means to come back to my *real* self: “Life is real only then, when *I* am.” Which implies that what we call “life” is totally unreal—as well as what we call “I.”

The so-called “waking state” is in the

way. “A modern man lives in sleep, in sleep he is born and in sleep he dies,” writes Ouspensky quoting Gurdjieff. To awake from this sleep will be the first step toward real being and real life, for “the sleep and waking states are equally subjective. Only by beginning to remember himself does a man really awaken.”

How far is it given a man to remember himself? “Theoretically he can, but practically it is almost impossible because as soon as a man awakens for a moment, all the (hypnotic) forces that caused him to fall asleep begin to act upon him with tenfold energy and he immediately falls asleep again, very often *dreaming* that he is awake, or is awakening.”

This might help us find a sounder approach to the old perplexing aphorism: “A man may be born, but in order to be born he must first die, and in order to die he must first awake.”

“To awake, to die, to be born,” which reads now: *to awake* from this so-called “waking state”; *to die* to the misleading reactions that we usually mistake for “life”; and to be *born* again to the higher potentialities of being, evidence of the real intention behind our presence on earth.

If a man proves able to conquer his expectation of reward for his achievements, he might even come to wonder whether life has not been granted him for this very challenge: to accept and play his part in the mystery with his eyes wide open, as man alone can do, through a lifetime of “conscious labors and intentional sufferings.”

Hope is there, objective hope; dormant potentialities never vanish. Hidden as they are, they bear witness to the sacred presence, the sleeping god within. And although I forget, over and over again,—why sleepest thou, O Lord?—there is a way out of this maze. A very long one indeed. . . . It may take a lifetime (and perhaps even more), but it starts here and now. ◇

Launcelot at the Grail Chapel



Launcelot half asleep, half awake

Fast and far rode Sir Launcelot on his quest, seeking to find his way back to the Castle of Carbonek where once already he had seen the Holy Grail passing dimly through the hall in the hands of the Grail Maiden. After many days' journey he came to the Waste Lands which had lain desolate ever since Balyn struck the Dolorous Stroke in the first year of King Arthur's reign; but though he rode hither and thither through the desolation he could not find any trace of the mysterious castle.

One night as he rode wearily along he came to a stone cross at the parting of two ways and saw by the cross a slab of white marble. But it was so dark that Sir Launcelot could not clearly see what it was. Not far from the cross there stood an old chapel, its battered walls half hidden in dense folds of ivy. A light shone through the windows, and, thinking to find people there of whom he could ask the way, Launcelot dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and leaving his shield beside it, went to the chapel and tried the door. But it was firmly locked and no one came when he hammered at it. At last he climbed up the ivy and looked in through the window, and inside he saw an altar covered in shining silk on which stood a great silver candlestick with seven branches, each holding a tall candle which lit up all the chapel. Then Launcelot desired greatly to enter, but he could neither open the door nor climb in through any window, so at length he gave up sadly. Returning to his horse he unsaddled it, and taking off his

sword and helmet, lay down to sleep near the stone cross.

And so he fell asleep; and, half waking and half sleeping, he saw drawing near two white horses bearing a litter in which lay a sick knight; and when he was near the cross the horses stopped.

Then Launcelot, half waking and half sleeping, heard the sick man say:

“Ah, sweet Lord! When shall this pain leave me? When shall Thy holy vessel draw near to me and heal this pain which I have endured so long?”

Then Launcelot saw the door of the chapel open and the ancient hermit, Naciens, who had brought Galahad to Camelot, came out carrying the silver candlestick, which he set upon the marble block which now seemed like an altar in front of the cross.

Then, as Naciens stood beside the altar in prayer, suddenly the Holy Grail, covered in a fair white cloth, came gliding on a pure moonbeam and rested awhile near the candles—and their light seemed as dim as if the sun shone, and dim also was the light of the full moon in the glorious brightness of the Light within the covered Grail.

The sick knight, crawling painfully on his hands and knees, drew near to the altar, and then, reaching out his hands he touched the Holy Grail, and straightway he was cured of his sickness.

Then, as he knelt in prayer, the Holy Grail rose from the altar and passed on its way like the brightest star of Heaven, and was lost to view.

The knight rose slowly to his feet and bowed reverently to Naciens the hermit.



The sick knight and the hermit

“Indeed I am well once more!” he cried joyfully. “Thanks be to God who has cured me by means of His holy vessel! But I am amazed to see this sleeping knight who did not wake even when the Holy Grail drew so near to him!”

“He is held to the earth by his sins,” answered Naciens. “This is Sir Launcelot of the Lake, a noble Knight of the Round Table.”

“Heavy indeed must his sin be,” said the knight, “for surely he is in quest of the Holy Grail.”

When he had said this he took Sir Launcelot’s helmet and sword which Naciens held out to him, mounted upon Launcelot’s horse, and rode away. Then Naciens took up the silver candlestick and went once more into the chapel, closing the door behind him.

All this while Launcelot had lain unable to move, half sleeping and half waking. But presently, when the moon shone out again, he woke completely, and, wondering whether he had dreamed or not, he went towards the stone cross. When he found that his sword, helmet, and horse had all disappeared, he knew that it had been no dream, and he said sadly:

“My sin and my wickedness have brought me into great dishonor. When I sought only after worldly adventures there was no quest too hard for me to accomplish; but now that I seek for holy things, my great sin comes between me and them, and I had no power to stir or speak when the Holy Grail drew near me.”

From Roger Lancelyn Green: *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*, London, Puffin Books, 1953, pp. 229–231. Copyright © Roger Lancelyn Green, 1953.

The Keys of the Temple

Rabbi Ishmael said: The night Solomon finished building the Temple, he took Batiah, Pharaoh's daughter, to wife. And there were two celebrations, one in honor of the Temple, and one in honor of Pharaoh's daughter.

Then said the Holy One, blessed be He: "Which shall I accept, this or that?"

Then it was that He resolved in His heart to destroy Jerusalem.

Rabbi Hunia said: On that night, Pharaoh's daughter danced eighty different dances.

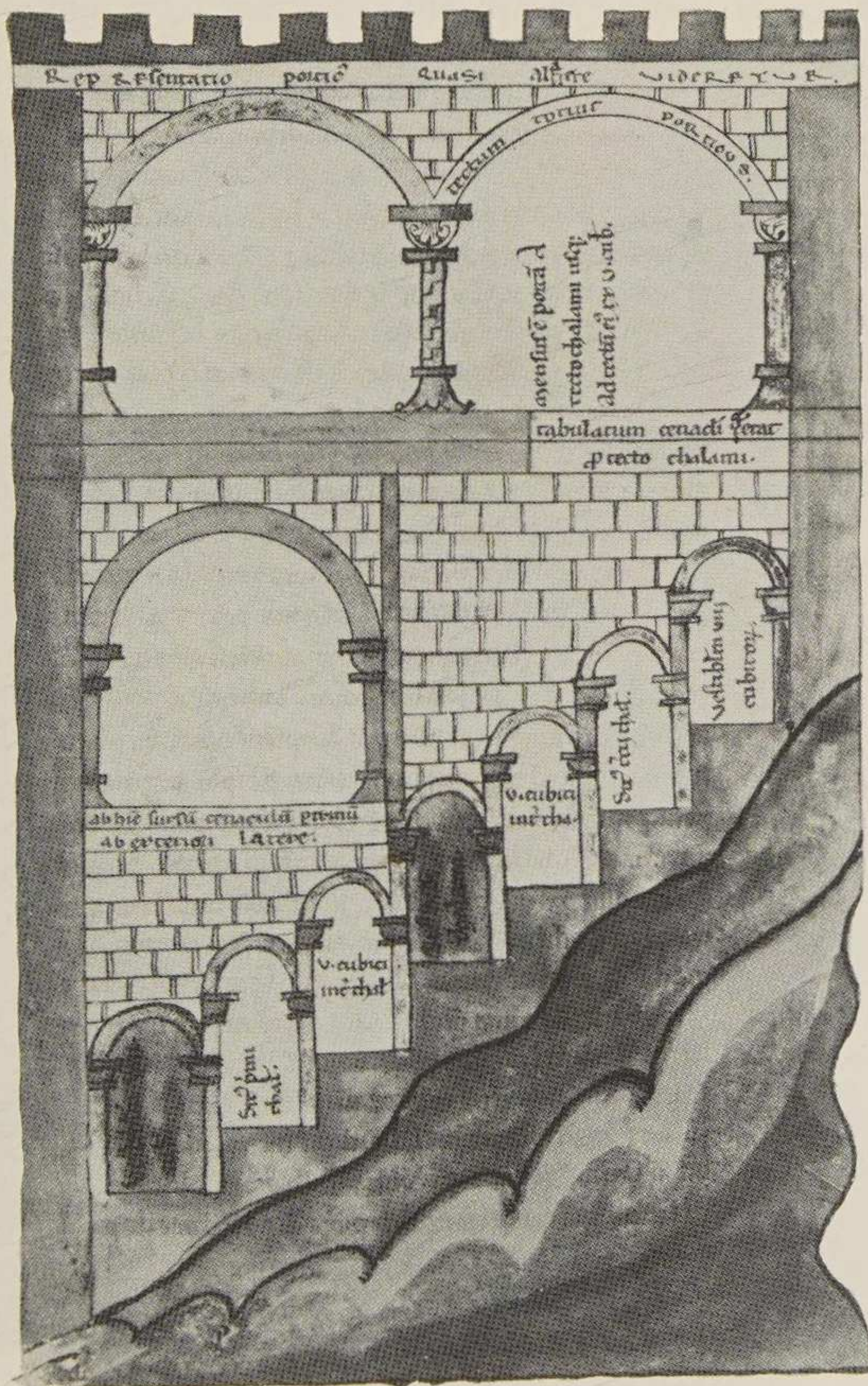
The masters said: Pharaoh's daughter ordered a thousand musical instruments to be played before him on that night. She said to him: "That is the way they play for this idol, and this is the way for that."

Solomon slept until the fourth hour of the following day. The keys of the Temple lay under the king's pillow.

But the people were sad on this day of the dedication of the Temple, for the morning offering could not be made, since no one dared to wake the king.

— the Midrash

Reprinted from *A Jewish Reader*, Nahum N. Glatzer, ed., Schocken Books, New York, 1961.



The Temple in Ezekiel's vision

Mythologies of Sleep and Forgetting

by *Mircea Eliade*

translated by *Willard R. Trask*

In Greek mythology, Sleep and Death, Hypnos and Thanatos, are twin brothers. We may note that, for the Jews too, at least from post-exilic times on, death was comparable to sleep. Sleep in the grave (Job 3:13–15, 17), in Sheol (Eccles. 9:3, 10), or in both at once (Ps. 88 [87]). The Christians accepted and elaborated the homology of death and sleep: *in pace bene dormit, dormit in somno pacis, in pace somni, in pace Domini dormias* are among the most frequent formulas.¹

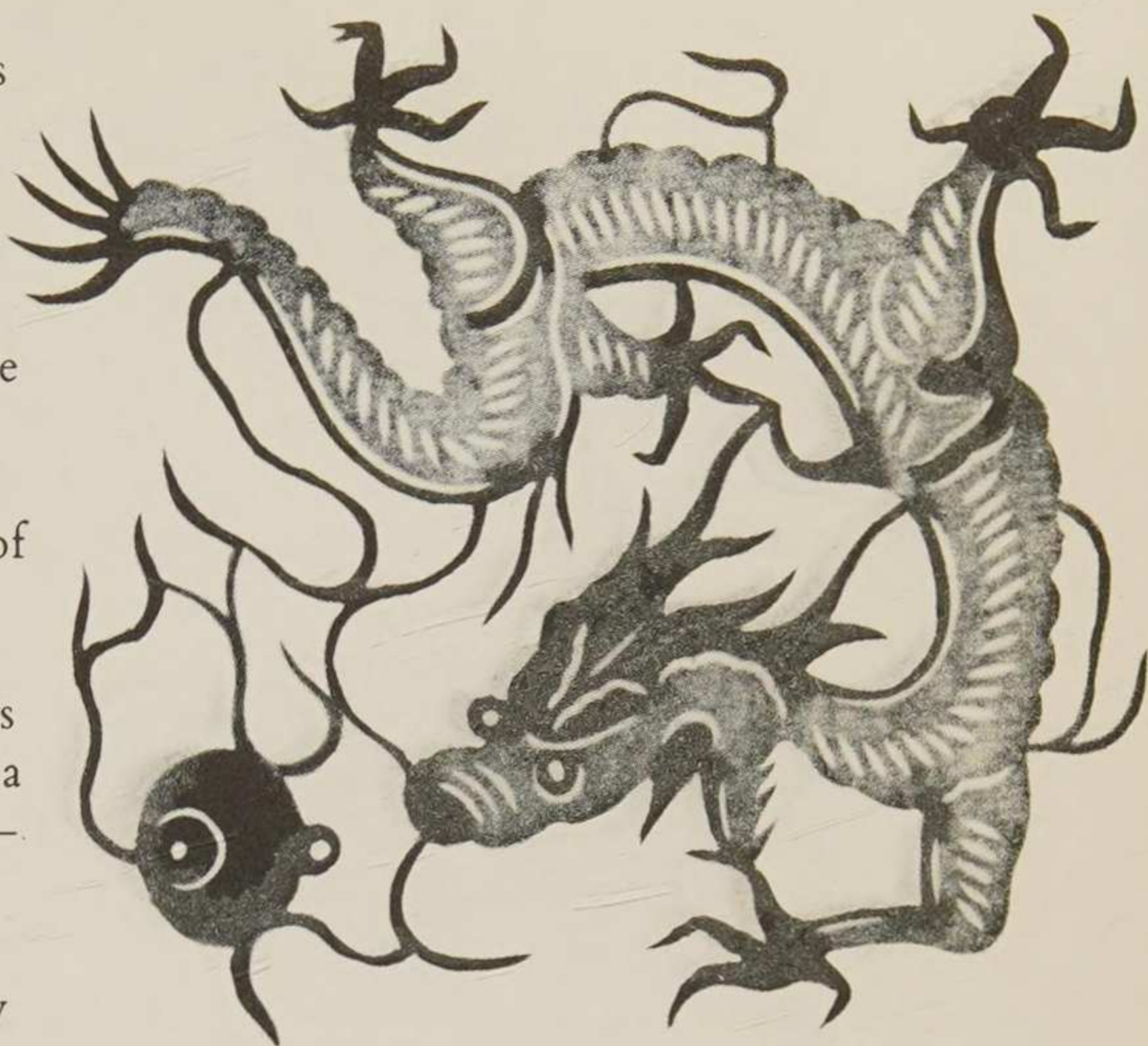
Since Hypnos is brother to Thanatos, we see why, in Greece as in India and in Gnosticism, the act of “awakening” had a “soteriological” meaning (in the broadest sense of the word). Socrates awakens those who talk with him, even though against their will. “How tyrannical you are, Socrates!” Callicles exclaims (*Gorgias*, 505 d). But Socrates is perfectly conscious that his mission to wake people is divine. He is constantly

Sleep and Death carrying off a body



repeating that he is “obedient” to God (*Apology*, 23 c; cf. also 30 e; 31 a; 33 c). “As you will not easily find another like me, I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel irritated at being suddenly awakened when you are caught napping; and you may think that if you were to strike me dead as Anytus advises, which you easily might, then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you gives you another gadfly” (*Apol.* 30 e; trans. Jowett).

We should take note of this idea that it is God who, for the love of men, sends them a Master to “awaken” them from their sleep—a sleep that is at once ignorance, forgetfulness, and “death.” The motif reappears in Gnosticism, though, of course, considerably elaborated and reinterpreted. The central Gnostic myth, as we find it in the *Hymn of the Pearl*, preserved in the *Acts of Thomas*, is constructed around the theme of amnesia and *anamnesis*. A prince comes to Egypt from the East, seeking “the one pearl, which is in the midst of the sea around the loud-breathing serpent.” In Egypt he was made prisoner by the men of the country. He was given their food to eat and forgot his identity. “I forgot that I was a son of kings; and I served their king; and I forgot the pearl, for which my parents had sent me, and because of the burden of their oppressions I lay in a deep sleep.” But his parents learned what had befallen him and sent him a letter. “‘From thy father, the king of kings, and thy mother, the mistress of the East, and from thy brother, our second (in authority), to thee our son. Call to mind that thou art a son of kings! See the slavery, — whom thou servest! Remember the pearl, for which thou wast sent to Egypt!’” The letter flew in the likeness of an eagle, alighted beside him, and became all speech. “At its voice and the sound of its rustling, I started and rose from my sleep. I took it up and kissed it, and I began and read it; and according to what was traced on my heart were the words of my letter written. I remembered that I was a son of royal parents, and my noble birth asserted its nature. I remembered the pearl, for which I had been sent to Egypt, and I began to



charm him, the terrible loud-breathing serpent. I hushed him to sleep and lulled him into slumber, for my father’s name I named over him, and I snatched away the pearl, and turned to go back to my father’s house.”²

According to the Gnostics men not only sleep but love to sleep. “Why will ye love the sleep, and stumble with them that stumble?” asks the *Ginza*.³ In the *Apocryphon of John* it is written: “Let him who hears wake from heavy sleep.”⁴ The same motif recurs in Manichaean cosmogony, as transmitted to us by Theodore bar Konai: “Jesus the Luminous went down to the innocent Adam and waked him from a sleep of death that he might be delivered.”⁵ Ignorance and sleep are alike expressed in terms of “intoxication.” The *Gospel of Truth* compares one who possesses Gnosis to “a person who, having been intoxicated, becomes sober and having come to himself reaffirms that which is essentially his own.”⁶ And the *Ginza* tells how Adam “awoke from his slumber and lifted his eyes to the place of light.”⁷

Hans Jonas has rightly remarked that,

on the one hand, earthly life is defined as "abandonment," "fear," "homesickness," and, on the other, is described as "sleep," "drunkenness," and "forgetfulness": "that is to say, it has assumed (if we except drunkenness) all the characteristics which a former time ascribed to the dead in the underworld."⁸ The "messenger" who "wakes" man from his sleep brings him both "life" and "salvation." "I am the call of awakening from sleep in the Aeon of the night," is the beginning of a Gnostic fragment preserved by Hippolytus (*Refut.* V, 14, 1). "Waking" implies *anamnesis*, recognition of the soul's true identity, that is, re-cognition of its celestial origin. It is only after waking the man to whom he has come that the "messenger" reveals to him the promise of redemption and finally teaches him how to act in this world.⁹ "Shake off the drunkenness in which thou hast slumbered, awake and behold me!" says a Manichaean text from Turfan.¹⁰ And in another we find: "Awake, soul of splendor, from the slumber of drunkenness into which thou hast fallen, . . . follow me to the place of the exalted earth where thou dwelledst from the beginning."¹¹ A Mandaean text tells of the celestial Messenger's waking Adam and continues: "I have come and will instruct thee, Adam, and release thee out of this world. Hearken and hear and be instructed, and rise up victorious to the place of light."¹² The instruction also includes the injunction not to succumb again to sleep. "Slumber not nor sleep, and forget not that which thy Lord hath charged thee."¹³

Of course, these formulas are not used only by the Gnostics. The Epistle to the Ephesians (5:14) contains this anonymous quotation: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The motif of sleep and waking recurs in Hermetic literature. We find in the *Poimandres*: "O ye people, earthborn men, who have abandoned yourselves to drunken-

ness and sleep and to ignorance of God—become sober! cease from your intoxication, from the enchantment of irrational sleep!"¹⁴

It is significant here that overcoming sleep and remaining awake for a long period is a typical initiatory ordeal. It is already found on the archaic levels of culture. Among some Australian tribes novices undergoing initiation are not allowed to sleep for three days or are forbidden to go to bed before dawn.¹⁵ Setting off on his quest for immortality, the Mesopotamian hero Gilgamesh comes to the island of the mythical ancestor Utnaphishtim. There he must stay awake for six days and six nights; but he does not succeed in this initiatory ordeal and so loses his chance for immortality. In a North American myth of the Orpheus-and-Eurydice type, a man whose wife had just died managed to make his way down to the Underworld and find her. The Lord of the Underworld promises him that he may take his wife back to earth if he can stay awake all night. But the man falls asleep just before dawn. The Lord of the Underworld gives him another chance; and in order not to be tired the following night, the man sleeps all day. Nevertheless he does not succeed in staying awake until dawn, and he has to return to earth alone.¹⁶

We see, then, that not sleeping is not merely conquering physical fatigue but is above all a proof of spiritual strength. Remaining "awake" means being fully conscious, being present in the world of the spirit. Jesus never tired of exhorting his disciples to watch (cf., e.g., Matt. 24:42). And the Night of Gethsemane is made particularly tragic by the disciples' inability to watch with Jesus. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me" (Matt. 26:38). But when he came back he found them sleeping. He said to Peter: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" (26:40). "Watch and pray," he bids them once more. But in vain, for when he comes back he finds them "asleep again: for their eyes were heavy" (26:41-43; cf. Mark 14:34 ff.; Luke 22:46).

This time, too, the "initiatory watch" proved to be too difficult, beyond human capacity.





INDIAN SYMBOLISM OF FORGETTING AND RECOLLECTION

The *Dighanikāya* (I, 19–22) affirms that the gods fall from heaven when their “memory fails and they are of confused memory”; on the contrary, those gods who do not forget are immutable, eternal, of a nature that knows no change. “Forgetting” is equivalent, on the one hand, to “sleep” and, on the other, to loss of the self, that is, to disorientation, blindness (having the eyes blindfolded). The *Chāndogya Upanishad* (VI, 14, 1–2) tells of a man whom bandits carried far from his city, blindfolded, and abandoned in a lonely place. The man begins to cry: “I have been led here with my eyes bandaged, I have been left here with my eyes bandaged!” Someone removes the blindfold and points

out the direction of his city. Asking his way from village to village, the man manages to reach home. In the same way, the text adds, he who has a competent Master becomes able to free himself from the blindfolds of ignorance and inevitably attains perfection.

Śankara’s commentary on this passage is famous. It is the same, he explains, with the man carried by thieves far from Being (that is, from the *ātman-Brahman*) and caught in this body. The thieves are the false ideas of “merit, demerit,” and the like. His eyes are blindfolded with the blindfold of illusion, and he is hobbled by his desire for his wife,

his son, his friends, his cattle, and so on. "I am the son of so-and-so, I am happy, or unhappy, I am intelligent, or stupid, I am pious, etc. How shall I live? where is there a way of escape? where is my salvation?" So he cries out, caught in a monstrous net—until the moment when he meets one who is conscious of true Being (*Brahm-ātman*), who is freed from slavery, happy, and, in addition, full of sympathy for others. From him he learns the way of knowledge and the vanity of the world. Thus the man who was the prisoner of his own illusions is freed from dependence on worldly things. Then he recognizes his true being and understands that he is not the lost wanderer he had thought himself to be. On the contrary, he understands that what Being is, is the very same thing that he too is. Thus his eyes are freed from the bandage of illusion created by ignorance (*avidyā*), and he is like the man from Gandhāra returning home, that is, rediscovering the *ātman*, full of joy and serenity.¹⁷

We recognize the clichés through which Indian speculation attempts to make the paradoxical situation of the Self comprehensible: entangled in the illusions created and fed by its temporal existence, the Self (*ātman*) suffers the consequences of this "ignorance" until the day it discovers that it was only *seemingly* involved in the World. Sāmkhya and Yoga take a similar position: the Self (*purusha*) is only apparently enslaved, and deliverance (*mukti*) is simply its *becoming conscious* of its eternal freedom. I think that I suffer, I think that I am enslaved, I desire deliverance. At the moment when—having "awakened"—I understand that the "I" is a product of Matter (*prakṛti*), I likewise understand that all existence has been merely a chain of painful moments and that the true spirit was "impassively contemplating" the drama of "personality."¹⁸

It is of importance to note that for Sāmkhya-Yoga, as well as for Vedānta, deliverance can be compared to an "awakening" or to a new consciousness of a situation that existed from the beginning but that one was unable to *realize*. From a certain point of view "ignorance"—which, in the last analysis, is an *ignorance of oneself*—can be thought

of as a "forgetting" of the true Self (*ātman*, *purusha*). "Wisdom" (*jñāna*, *vidyā*, etc.), which by tearing the veil of *māyā* or overcoming ignorance makes deliverance possible, is an "awakening." The Awakened One par excellence, the Buddha, possesses absolute omniscience. Buddha, like other sages and yogis, remembered his former lives. But, the Buddhist texts insist, while the sages and yogis were able to remember a certain number of existences, even a considerable number, only the Buddha was able to know them *all*. This is a way of saying that only the Buddha was omniscient.

NOTES:

¹ Cf. F. Cumont, *Lux perpetua* (Paris, 1949), p. 450.

² H. Leisegang, *La Gnose*, (trans. Jean Gouillard [Paris, 1951]), pp. 247-48; Robert M. Grant, *Gnosticism: A Source Book of Heretical Writings from the Early Christian Period* (New York, 1961), pp. 116 ff. G. Widengren, "Der iranische Hintergrund der Gnosis," *Zeitschrift für Religions und Geistesgeschichte*, IV (1952), 111 ff., argues for the Iranian, probably Parthian, origin of this myth.

³ Quoted in Hans Jonas, *The Gnostic Religion* (Boston, 1958), p. 70.

⁴ Jean Doresse, *Les Livres secrets des Gnostiques d'Égypte*, I (Paris, 1958), p. 227.

⁵ Cumont, *Recherches sur le manichéisme*, Vol. I: *La cosmogonie manichéenne d'après Théodore bar Khôni* (Brussels, 1908), pp. 46 ff.; Doresse, *op. cit.*, I, pp. 235 ff.

⁶ Jonas, *op. cit.*, p. 71

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 83.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 74.

¹¹ *Ibid.*

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 68.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 84.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 23.

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ *Corpus Hermeticum*, I, 27 f.; Jonas, *op. cit.*, p. 86.

¹⁵ Cf. my *Birth and Rebirth* (New York, 1958), pp. 14 ff.

¹⁶ Cf. my *Le Chamanisme et les techniques archaïques de l'extase* (Paris, 1951), pp. 281 ff.

¹⁷ Śankara, commentary on the *Chândogya Upanishad*, VI, 14, 1-2.

¹⁸ M. Eliade, *Yoga, Immortality and Freedom* (New York, 1958), p. 31.

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Life's a Dream

*Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600–1681) was the last of the great authors of the so-called Golden Age of Spain. Within the past year, in New York City alone there have been three productions of his classic *La Vida es Sueño* (Life's a Dream), and curiosity about his works has been spreading in England, Europe and Latin America. Priest, poet, dramatist, soldier, he was the author of a number of Mystery plays, and *La Vida es Sueño* is based upon two earlier Mystery plays written by him on the same theme. The Neo-Platonic tradition, so evident in this play, was still at that time alive within the Catholic Church in Spain. The following scene is from an English translation by Kathleen Raine.*

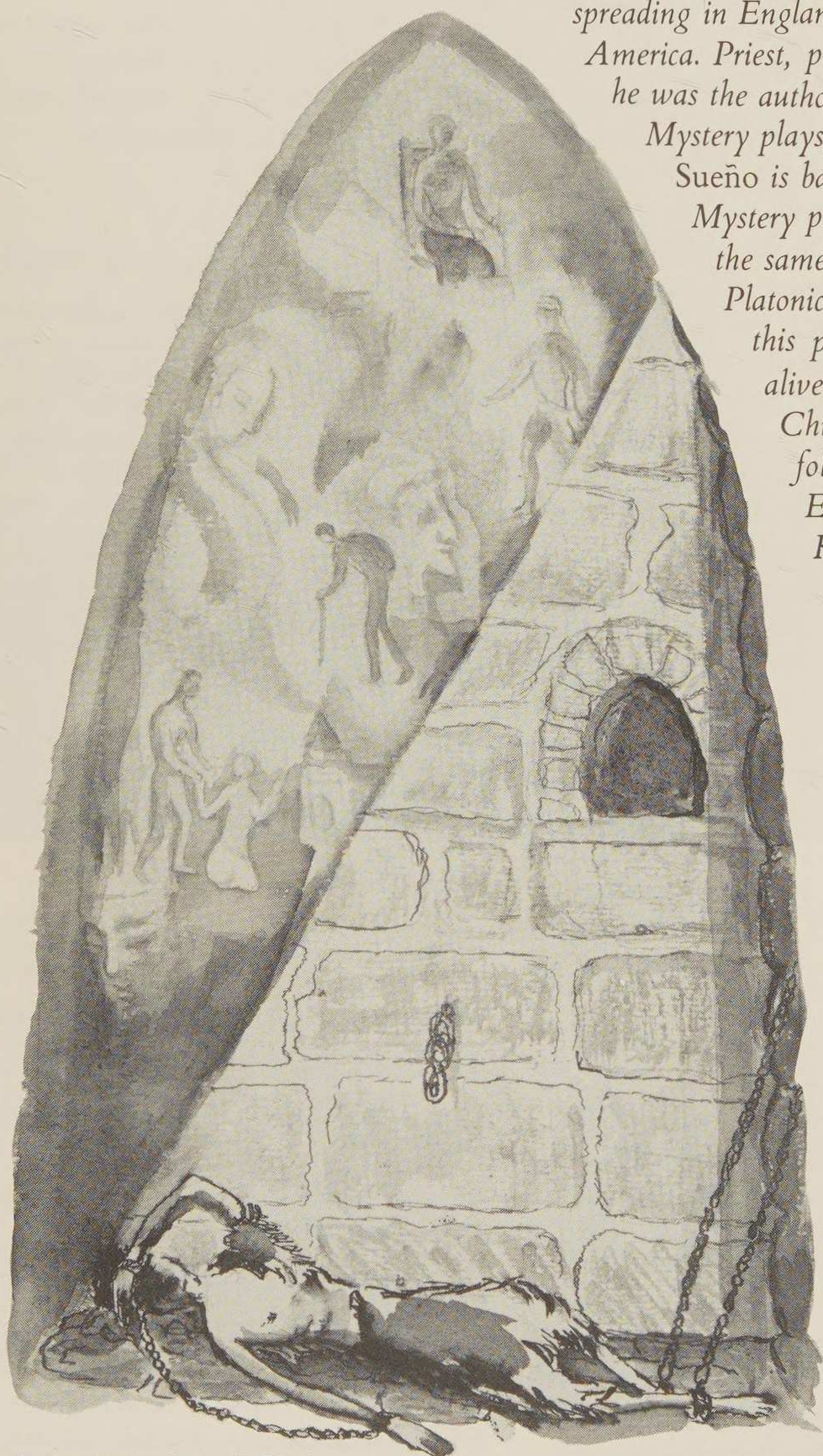


Illustration by Sanie Holland

The PRINCE's prison, in the Tower. SEGISMUNDO, as at the beginning of the play, dressed in skins, shackled, lying on the floor. CLOTALDO and two SERVANTS, PIPER.

CLOTALDO: *Here you must leave him,
All his pride ending
Where it began.*

1ST SERVANT: *His fetters are just as they were.*

PIPER: *Sleep on, Segismundo!
Troubles can't hurt
A sleeping man.
So your splendors are all
Faded and gone!
Life is a shadow,
And death holds the candle. . . .*

(SEGISMUNDO wakes)

SEGISMUNDO: *But—what has happened? Where am I? . . .
Can this be myself?
Imprisoned, and in fetters?
Surely this is my tower, my sepulchre!
God knows what things I have been dreaming!*

CLOTALDO: *Now I must play the disenchanter.
It is time to wake! (to Segismundo)*

SEGISMUNDO: *It is indeed time to wake!*

CLOTALDO: *Are you going to sleep all day?
I left you watching an eagle that flew by,
Soaring idly. Have you not woken
Since I left you?*

SEGISMUNDO: *No. Even now
I am not awake! To the best of my understanding
I am still asleep. For if what seems palpable and certain
Proves to be a dream,
What I now see is no less unsure—
No wonder if I am overcome,
When I sleep, I see that I dream when I am waking. . . .
We live in a world so strange,
That to live is only to dream.
He who lives, dreams his life
Until he wakes. This much
Experience has taught me.
The king dreams he is a king,
And, under that delusion,
He orders, rules, disposes,*

Until all the applause
That is only lent to him
Is scattered on the winds,
And death turns him to ashes.
What an unkind fate!
Who would wish to be king,
Knowing that he must wake
From his dream in the sleep of death?
The rich man dreams of wealth to his heart's content,
The poor man dreams he suffers hardship and poverty,
The prosperous dreams his prosperity,
The laborer his toils and hopes;
Injured and injurer dream of wrongs,
And everyone in the world
Dreams that he is what he is!
This, no-one understands!
I dream that I am here,
Loaded with chains, or dream
That I see myself in some other,
More illustrious, part.
What is life? a delirium!
What is life? illusion,
A shadow, a fiction,
Whose greatest good is nothing,
Because life is a dream!
And even dreams are only dreams.



Josée Reynard

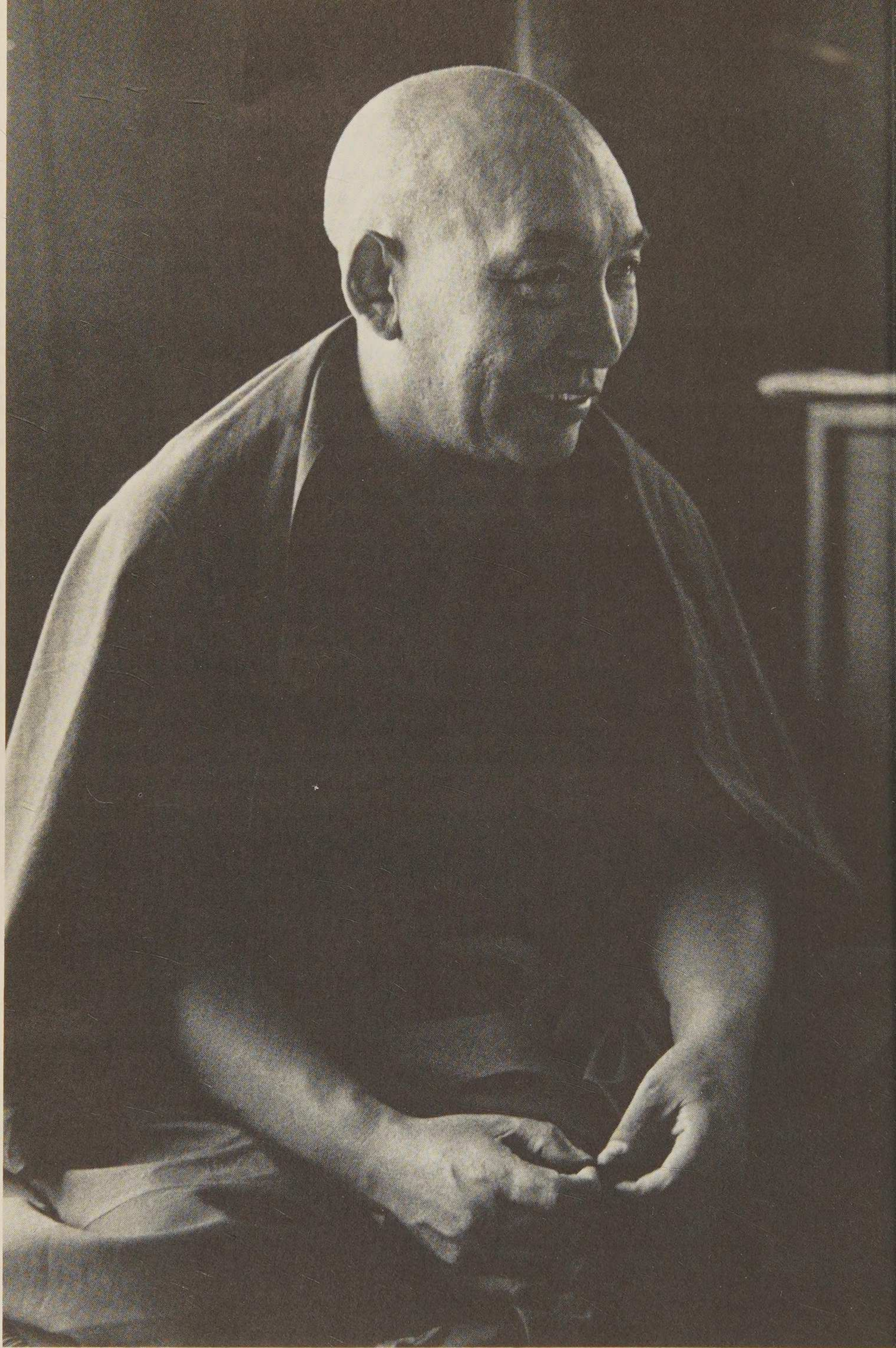
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Humming Home Your Shadow

When you get up in the morning, Hoopa Indian children are told, it is very important for you to wait until you get your shadow home. When you go to sleep at night, part of you—your shadow—takes off. The part that you've held down all day, the part that you wouldn't let live. When you go to bed, your shadow says, "Now is my chance. I will go out and explore the world that you won't let me touch all day." And off it goes. The shadow has the freedom to go as far away as it wants to, but it has one tie: You have a hum that only *your* shadow knows. And it can never disobey you. So when you get up in the morning, if you remember to hum, your shadow will come back home. Even though it doesn't want to. So when you get up, before you go out, give your own little hum, and your shadow will say, "Oh! I have to go home," and it will come home. And you are never ready for the day until you have taken time to sing the song of your own shadow. Some people say, "I must have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed—I think I'll go back and start over." They've forgotten to hum! Or some people get up at seven, and at ten o'clock they're still saying, "Don't mind me, I'm not all here." They've forgotten to hum! So there is a land of wisdom in remembering to get yourself all here every day. This is taught to the Hoopa tribal children not by saying, "When you get up in the morning you must do this!" but by saying, "Hum your song, so your heart and your spirit come together."

—Retold by Sister Maria José Hobday*

*From the oral tradition of the Hoopa Indians of the West coast.



SLEEP AND THE INNER LANDSCAPE

An interview with the Tibetan physician, Dr. Yeshi Dhonden

by William and Marielle Segal

Dr. Yeshi Dhonden is personal physician to the Dalai Lama and has traveled widely in Europe and the United States lecturing on the Tibetan science of healing, including recent seminars at Amherst and Harvard. The following interview was conducted at the Woodstock, New York, home of Dr. Robert Thurman, Associate Professor of Religion at Amherst College and President of the American Institute of Buddhist Studies. Dr. Thurman, himself a student of His Holiness the Dalai Lama, served as translator during the interview, which was conducted by William Segal, assisted by Marielle Bancou-Segal and PARABOLA's Lee B. Ewing.

Dr. Dhonden was born in Lhasa; he took his novice vows as a Buddhist monk there at the age of eight. At fourteen, he was admitted to the Astro-Medical Institute in Lhasa; he studied there for five years under the master physician Khyenrab Norbu. He then served as an intern for four years, and at the age of twenty-two began traveling throughout Tibet healing the ill. In 1959, he fled from Tibet to India, where he settled in Dharamsala, in the Himalayan foothills. He founded the Tibetan Medical Institute there in 1962.

When the first American spaceship landed on the moon, a lama is said to have remarked that while Westerners finally had been able to reach outer space, Tibetans were continuing their age-old exploration into the inner landscape. In this interview, Dr. Dhonden discusses his feelings about the psyche of man as it relates to sleep, dreams and the potential for Buddhahood.

William Segal: Shakespeare wrote that sleep "knits up the ravell'd sleave of care." How do you see sleep in a physiological sense?

Yeshi Dhonden: Because it is strenuous for consciousness to be constantly distracted among the gross objects of experience, the return to the subtle level experienced in sleep is extremely bene-

Opposite page: Dr. Yeshi Dhonden, personal physician to the Dalai Lama.

Photographs by Lee B. Ewing

“In the Buddhist view the sleep and death state are similar.”

ficial to the consciousness and its relationship to the physical body. Tibetans have certain views of the sleep process which are very complicated, relating to such subjects as death, mantra practices, etc. We analyze and understand the physical body in terms of five elements: the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water; the fifth element is sometimes space, sometimes consciousness, depending on different systems. In that context, when one is awake, the four elements are extremely active and consciousness is very much mixed among the four elements, and throughout the five external sense powers. Consciousness is distracted by the coarse objects of experience. Therefore when one falls asleep, it is very similar to the death process. That is to say, the six-fold aggregate consciousness, which in its rest stage resides in the heart, withdraws from its sensory activity, and returns into the subtle plane. It is similar to the death experience.

W.S. *Can you go into the problem of insomnia and the question of “body-mind complex”?*

Dr.D. Because of the mind’s need to retain its contact with its own subtle levels, it also has the ability through the vehicle of sleep to withdraw from constant involvement and gross-level activity. People who are unable to sleep well and who constantly have insomnia are usually under the influence of desire, attachment, and karma, and are constantly involved in their possessions. If they are frustrated, and cannot get what they want, all this takes their mind out of their *prana*, their wind energy, their neural energy, and it keeps it haunting around the coarse objects looking for fulfillment of the frustrated desire. They never sleep well because the mind is constantly seeking some object of desire and is never content simply to withdraw from involvement with the coarse and return to the subtle. Through jealousy, pride, anger, the mind will also be disturbed and so would be prevented from withdrawing into the subtle level.

W.S. *Sometimes in the waking state one has a clear cognition of one’s existence. What happens to the sense of self in sleep, behind all this turmoil and activity which you describe?*

Dr.D. The sense of self that we tend to have in the waking state of consciousness is a distorted one. It is a false identification with the coarse objects and elements of experience and the sense realms. When we fall asleep the erroneous delusory sense of self dissolves into what we call the extremely subtle wind-mind, or neural energy mind (although it literally means wind, breeze, it is a subtle energy). This distorted sense of self dissolves into this extremely subtle energy-wind-mind.

W.S. *What is to be learned in sleep? Is there anything which speaks to the unfulfilled needs of the inner psyche which can carry over from the sleep to the waking state?*

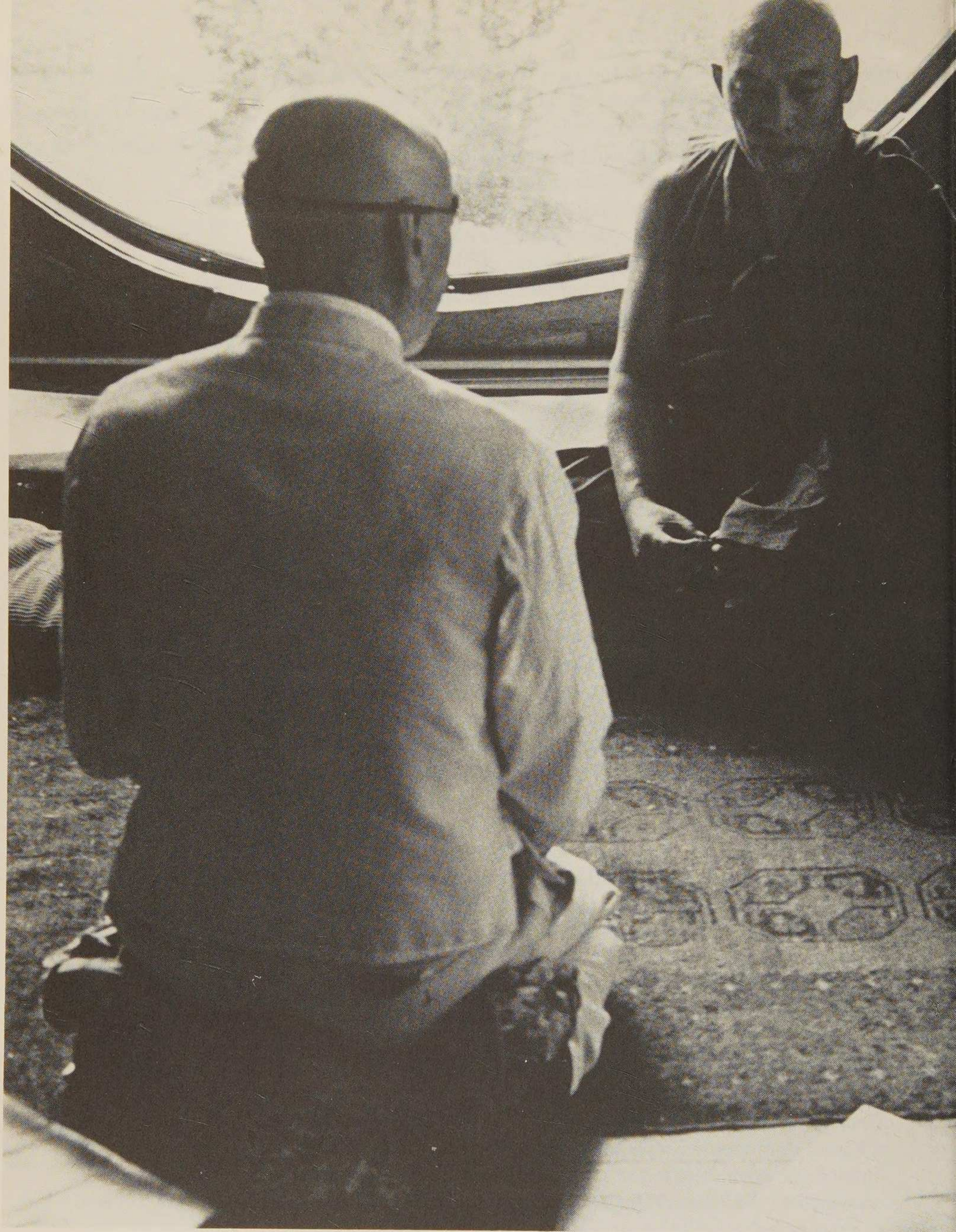
Dr.D. It is a difficult subject because of the usual traditional

barriers of secrecy and can only be explained by the doctrine of esoteric *Mantrayana* (or *Tantrayana*) which is normally given to initiates in full detail as, for example, in the yoga of sleep. In general, I can say that in the Buddhist view the sleep and death states are similar. The dream state and the between state [between death and rebirth] are similar, and the waking state and the birth state or the rebirth state are similar. So the entire life cycle is encapsulated in the cycle of sleep, dream, and waking. Therefore, since the death state and the sleep state are the same, that is the time when one automatically enters into what the Tibetans call the Clear Light. The Clear Light is the experiential description of Ultimate Reality. In death one passes through the Clear Light in a certain way, usually failing to recognize that Clear Light, and thus immediately getting involved in the Forms of the next life. In the same way, in the sleep state one automatically enters the Clear Light, as experienced by a very subtle wind-mind. But the sleeping person usually cannot recognize where he is because the connection of the coarse mind and the subtle mind is not consciously traced by the individual. This Clear Light experience which everyone has in sleep, even though it may or may not be recognized, is called the Clear Light experience of the Ground Reality, or the Basis.

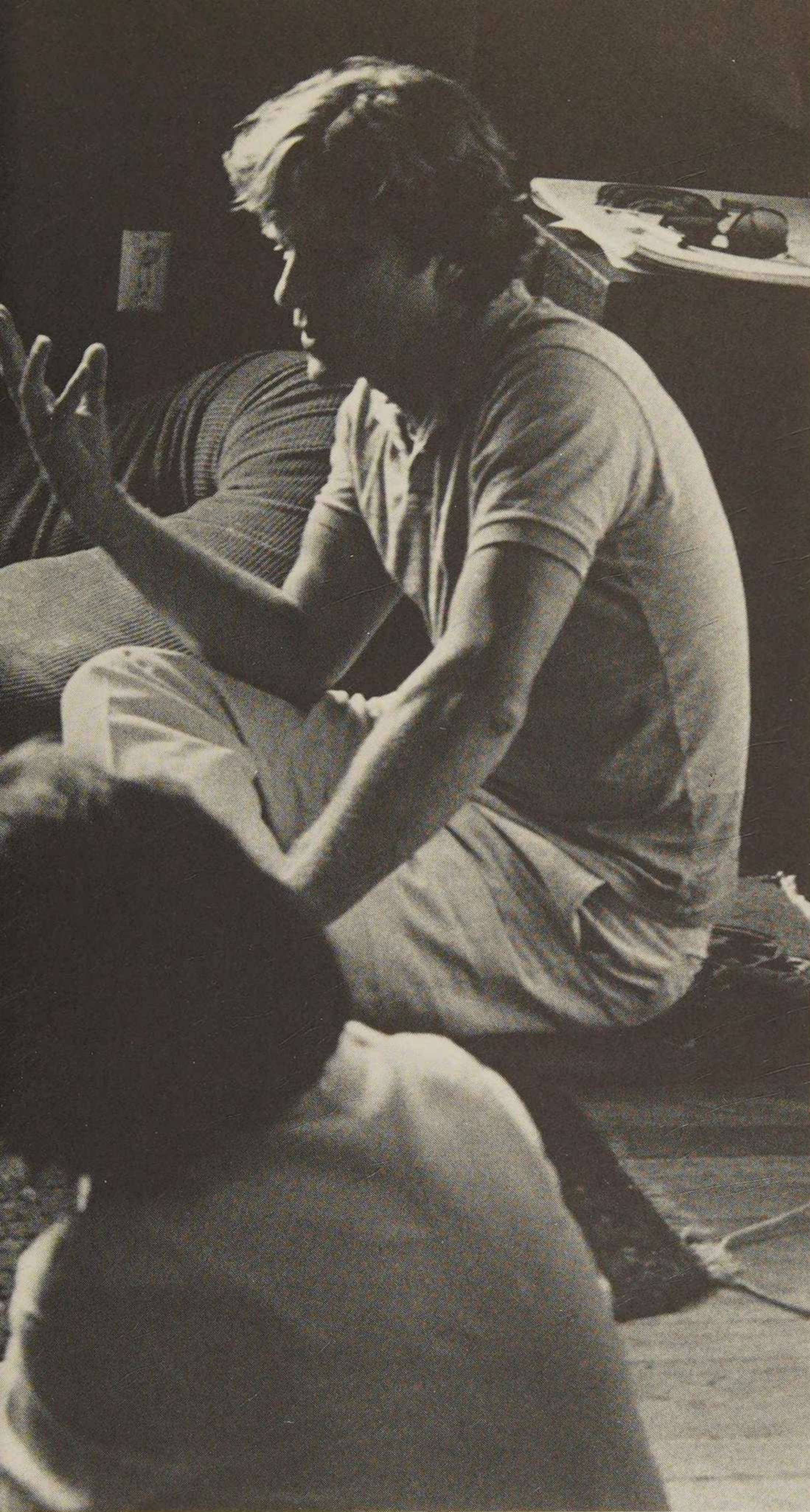
It is not a question of saying sleep is this or that, or does this or that. In order to understand sleep, one has to understand the whole arrangement of what is called the Ground, the Path, and the Fruit, as well as the transmutation of the three Bodies into the Path. The three Bodies of Buddhahood are the *Dharmakāya*, Body of Truth; the *Sambhōgakāya*, Body of Beatitude; and the *Nirmānakāya*, Body of Incarnation. The Body of Truth is assimilated with death and sleep; the Body of Beatitude with dreams and with the between state; and the Body of Incarnation is assimilated with birth and with waking state. When one understands these different arrangements, and how the coarse and subtle minds fluctuate, how one's sense of self moves between the coarse and subtle minds, then one can understand sleep. But you cannot isolate the sleep without understanding the framework.

W.S. *Why do many people feel reluctant to interrupt the state of deep, restful sleep?*

Dr.D. It is not an invariable thing that people will always like the sleep state. Some people will particularly like the sleep state. Others will be more into the state of being awake. It depends on which of the "three poisons," the three major mental addictions or habits, called desire, hatred, and delusion, are predominant. The person who is lethargic, who is prone to strong delusion-predominance, will particularly like sleep. Desire-type people and anger-type people will not necessarily be interested in sleep. It depends on their particular tendency. All this has to do with the cycle of the elements. Perhaps the fundamental reason is connected with the stabilizing element which is called the



earth element and the liquid flowing element which is the water element. These two are essential to the universe. That is, they are part of its balance. Fire and wind by themselves will just burn up or fly away. So the normal balance of earth and water is essential to normal existence as we know it. In the context of their normal balance, there is a cycle of the increase and decrease



“In order to understand sleep, one has to understand the whole arrangement of what is called the Ground, the Path, and the Fruit, as well as the transmutation of the three Bodies into the Path.”

Participating in the interview were William Segal and Marielle Bancou-Segal (backs to the camera), speaking to Dr. Dhonden (center), with Dr. Robert Thurman translating.



of the respective elements and what we simply call sleep is that time when earth and water elements are on the increase and heaviness and stability are increased, as opposed to mobility and energy. So it is an equilibrating phenomenon in relation to the cycle of the elements.

Different living beings have different sleeping habits. Some

sleep in the daytime and some sleep at night. Some for short and others for long hours. This has to do with the different arrangement of elements of the different beings. Particularly in human beings, the elements manifest in regard to what is known as the three humors. These are the wind, the bile, and the phlegm. When the phlegmatic humor, which relates to earth and water, increases, then heaviness and stability increase. And that happens at night.

If, in fact, this balance is not observed, and we do not allow this time for the increase of the earth and water elements and do not sleep for long periods of time, then those elements become out of balance and we feel the effects. We feel very heavy if we do not sleep for a long time because the earth and water are having an undue imbalancing effect upon our system, inasmuch as they have not had their own free time to increase. Therefore, it is essential that one sleep to keep things in equilibrium.

W.S. *How does one prepare oneself for a more beneficial, effective sleep?*

Dr.D. In general terms, since sleep is caused by a preponderance of the heavy earth and water elements, strong food with some oil in the evening, bringing heaviness and stability to the system, grounds the winds in circulating and absorbing the food and ties up the bile in digestion. But it is essential to realize that one particular mode of behavior or preparation will not necessarily help all persons. There are different kinds of sleep and types of insomnia depending on the constitution and the balance of elements in the individual. Obviously too much tea and black coffee are bad in the evening—especially tea without milk.

W.S. *Do you place any emphasis on the time of meditation practice—before sleep or upon awakening?*

Dr.D. There are various levels of meditation. If one is in a stage of intensive meditation practice, the morning is the best time. When one's energies are fresh and when one concentrates on a particular point, meditation is most effective in the early morning. Of course those who are highly accomplished in meditation, meditate "without day and night." They never really do sleep or in another sense they always are asleep, because of what I mentioned before where the sleep and the *Dharmakāya*, that is to say the Ultimate Reality, the Body of Buddhahood or Ultimate Reality, are completely inseparable. The dream and *Sambhōgakāya*, the Body of Beatitude, are inseparable. Waking and *Nirmānakāya*, the Body of Incarnation are inseparable. And these three Bodies of the Buddha, *Trikāya*, are inseparable. So that being in a state of dream, being in a state of waking, and being sound asleep are three inseparable states of experience for such a yogi, and that is how one is able, without harming oneself in any way, to practice meditation "without day and night." All three states of consciousness can be focused simultaneously as the merger of those three bodies. In our days it is very hard to find

such a thing or even to talk about such a thing.

Returning to the question, usually it is in the morning that we obtain the best results from meditation, although it is also true that if we meditate at the time of falling asleep, we can keep the continuity of our meditation going better and sleep more refreshed. We can even have auspicious or educative dreams by having a certain concentration near the time of falling asleep. However, for us ordinary people, if we're trying to meditate before falling asleep we may go to sleep while meditating.

W.S. *In relation to what you just said about educative dreams, who or what can remember the dreams and the experiences of sleep? When I wake up, I go back to my mind for memory or recall. What level of mind remembers? Who observes all this show? Who remembers the different states?*

Dr.D. That again is explained in terms of the different types of consciousness, the subtle and the coarse consciousnesses. In other words the person who remembers, that entity which remembers, is the subtle consciousness which is people's real consciousness. And this subtle consciousness is the one that is present as a continuum throughout all of these states and maintains the continuation among these states, as indeed, according to the Tibetan view, it links the different lifetimes of sentient beings. Therefore, this subtle consciousness carries the impressions of these previous experiences: the different thickness and coarseness of sleep, the deepness and lightness of sleep. There are various kinds of mental turbulences that can interrupt this memory. Otherwise we would remember.

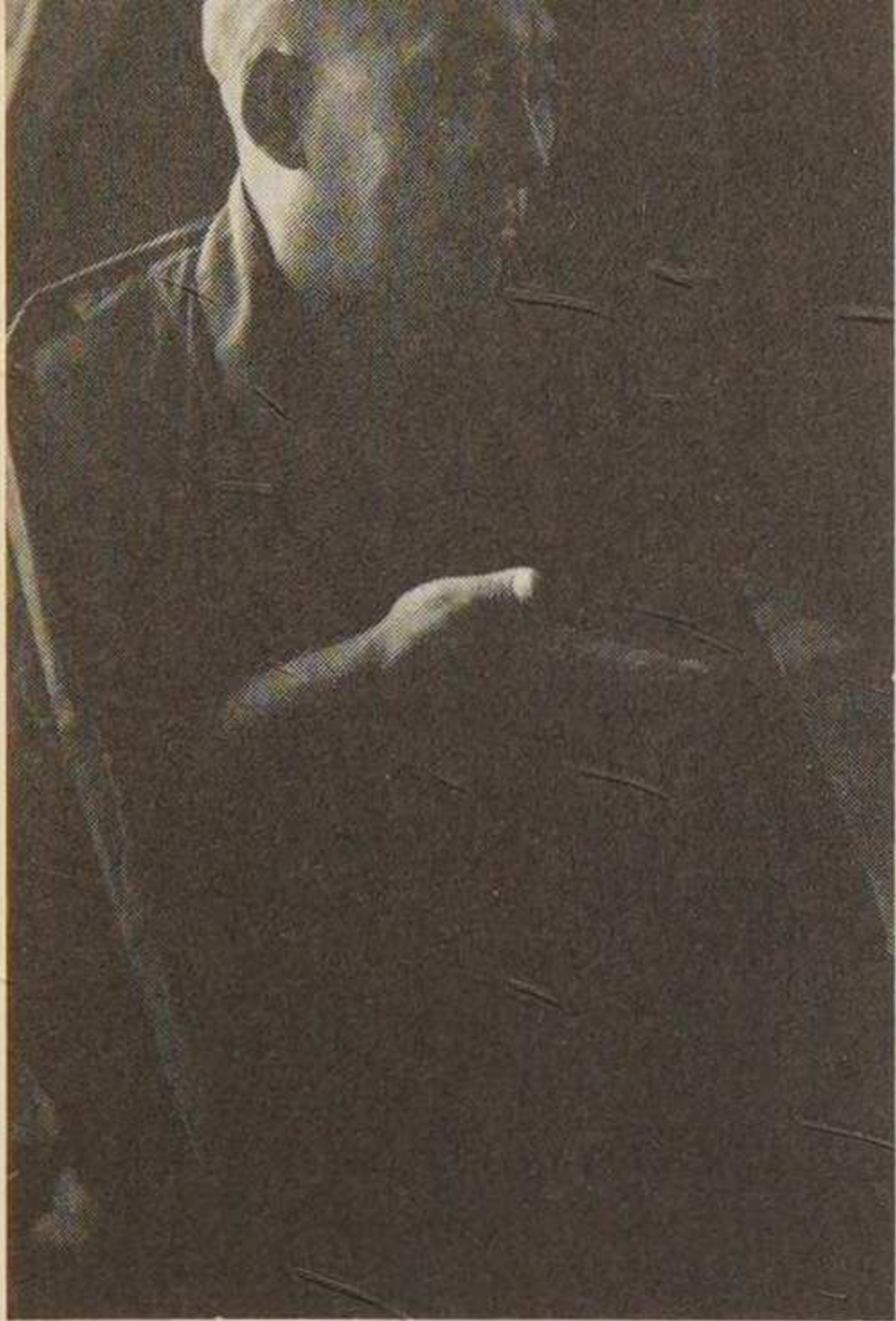
The analysis of different types of consciousness in our scientific texts is very precise and elaborate. The rememberer is one's subtle consciousness, which is oneself. In other words, one's coarse self identified with the body is not one's real self.

W.S. *Some people remember their dreams. Others do not. Why?*

Dr.D. This subject is complex and difficult. Of course sometimes an ordinary person remembers the dream and sometimes even a developed person has difficulty. The really developed man can be perfectly aware of all his dreams. He has full mobility between the subtle and the coarse states. His memory is infallible. He can remember every kind of experience, even former lives. But that's another question. However, the reason that sometimes ordinary people do not remember is that although they have the same subtle consciousness, the same Clear Light connection, they do not pay attention to it. They have no context with which to understand what is taking place.

The subtle consciousness is something like an atomic consciousness. It is very, very subtle. And extremely subtle means extremely subtle. It is almost like a sub-atomic consciousness. Its experience is within the vast landscape of the central inner nervous system. In the landscape of this nervous system, in the heart area, for example, there are three central channels: the cen-

"The analysis of different types of consciousness in our scientific texts is very precise and elaborate. The rememberer is one's subtle consciousness, which is oneself."



Above: Dr. Dhonden. Opposite page: William Segal and his wife Marielle.

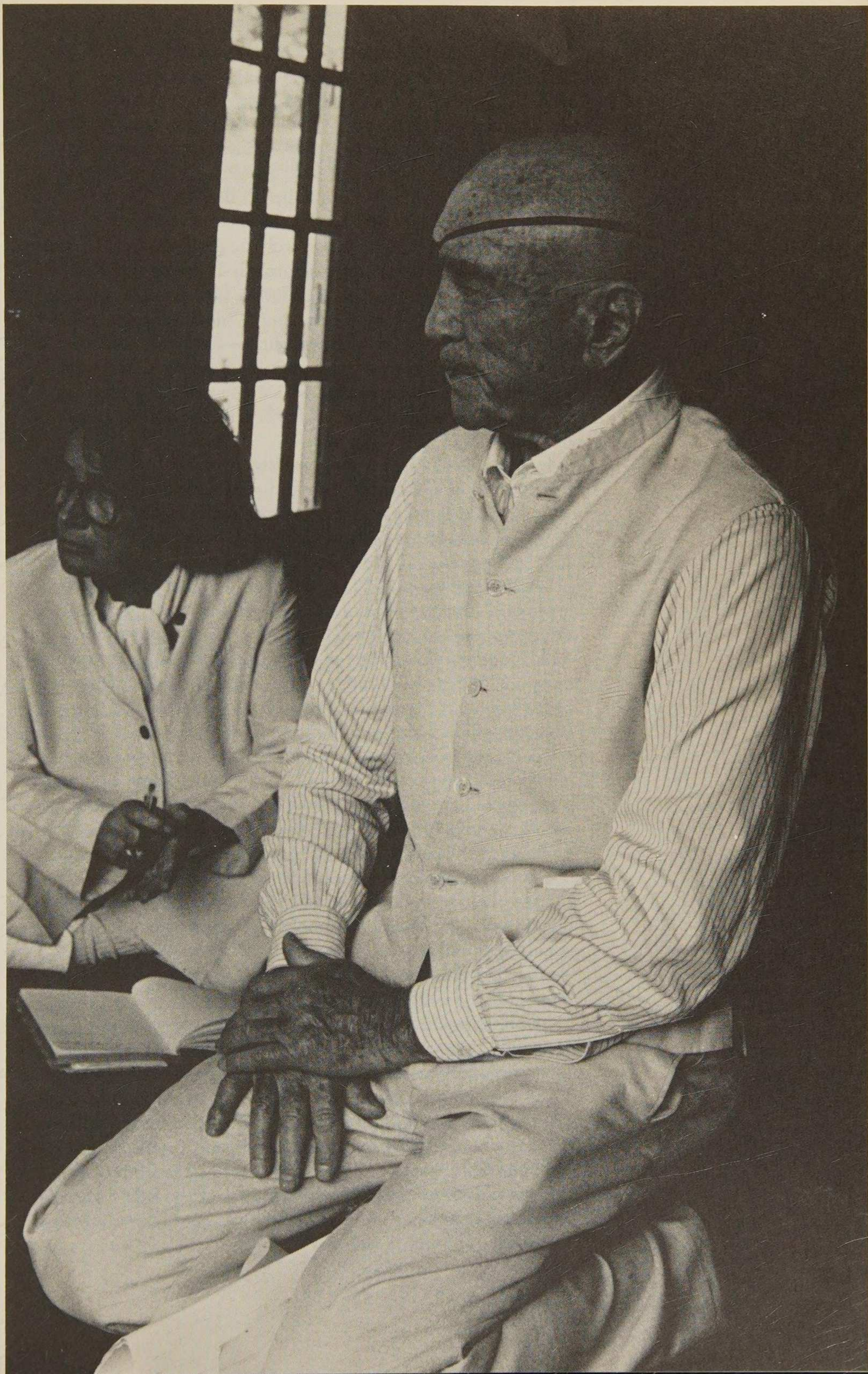
tral channel is known as the *avadhuti*, the right channel is known as *rasana*, and the left channel is known as *lalana*. They are connected to the 72,000 other channels. The heart itself has eight major channels. Within the heart itself, for example, there are eight major openings outside those three central channels; these form the petals of the heart *chakra*, which is known as the heart wheel or the heart lotus. If the subtle consciousness which resides there moves from the central area (and normally the most central channel is not open to the movement of the subtle energy which can go only into the two other central ones) and goes toward the front, individuals may have a dream of themselves traveling to the east. If it goes to the back, they may have a sense of themselves traveling to the west. If it goes to the left side of the body, they may have the sense of themselves traveling to the north; if it goes to the right side, to the south. This would be experienced as having a coarse type of ordinary dream. It is the passage of subtle energy consciousness within the inner landscape. When it goes into the throat area, into the brain area, or into the navel area, there will be other types of experience.

Dreams occurring right after falling asleep reflect the process of digestion, and would be highly irrelevant as far as spiritual growth goes. But dreams at the early predawn time, for example, where the system is mostly clear of the evening's food and the channels are more receptive to the passage of the subtle energies, can be very illuminating. Sometimes they reveal the future and other things. Training the mobility of the subtle consciousness, and developing a relative mastery of it in its different states, is the way to develop special powers. Again, it is a difficult subject. But it is very precise and sophisticated. It is technically explained in our texts.

W.S. *Is there a way of measuring or categorizing dreams? Or is there a way which we can have an influence on the powers of dreaming?*

Dr.D. It is not a question of measurement since these are qualitative types of experiences. However, one can mention the directions again. Since there are the eight channels in the central heart complex, the way in which the winds dissolve and surge through the different interconnecting passages has to do with posture in sleeping. For example [*Dr. Dhonden pantomimes*], if you sleep crouched up in certain ways, certain sides will be closed off. If it is on the left side, you'll have a northern-going dream or southern-going dream. The ideal position for sleep, in the sense that it keeps the eight channels balanced and does not cramp one exclusively, is to lie on the right side in what is known as the "lion posture." It is better not to put pressure on the heart. There is a definite connection between posture and the type of inner landscape travel happening in sleep.

W.S. *If there is a different time-space continuum in sleep and if transformation of energy is continually going on in our lives, how are these*



Dr.D. First, subtle energy-wind-mind never dies, ever. It continues always. What is really meant is that all beings have a Buddha nature or that a Buddha essence is in every being. It never disappears. If one body dies, the Buddha essence simply takes up residence in another body. Continuity is maintained through death. However, for ordinary beings, this realization slips by without being noticed either in sleep or in death. It takes up another "between state" and another rebirth. One just shoots right by the realization, hardly noticing the time of complete subtleness when one is really totally in contact with it. Therefore, a definition of a subtle level of obtaining actual conscious Buddhahood—not only having a Buddha essence, but actual conscious flowering of Buddhahood—is the realization that the subtle mind is completely indivisible from the Clear Light Reality, a conscious experience which you could call timeless, infinite, or spaceless. Certainly it is beyond the ordinary sense of relativity and of time and space.

In the coarse forms and time-subjected realities, we have different senses of space and time which vary according to individuals. According to how stressful our existence is, time will seem slower. If our time is unstressful, relaxed as in a godly realm, time will go quickly. Space similarly. If we have a certain type of vision, large space will seem small to us; if we have another type, small spaces will seem huge. These senses of space and time are always related to the type of conditions and circumstances of the involvements of our Clear Light subtle conscious energy with any coarse reality. Then there is another interesting point: how do our ordinary human bodies on this earth plane with our physical size and a time sense of a life span of fifty, sixty, or hundred years—how do we relate the subtle conscious energy to our reality? In the back of the heart *chakra*, heart complex, there is a space inside the central channel, a kind of chamber that is usually sealed off in the ordinary person by certain knots in the channels. It is only a Buddha who has it opened. The subtle consciousness energy can go in and out of that chamber and there is no difference between that chamber and the rest of his being. For us, it is a closed-off chamber where there exists something similar to a treasure box. In this resides a drop, another little treasure box, inside of which the jewel is the extremely subtle consciousness.

When an ordinary person dies, these knots unravel and that jewel will travel until it finds another storehouse, another place of residing. For example, in rebirth it enters the drops of the father and mother in the womb of the mother. This little drop carrying this gem of indestructible subtle consciousness will enter the two drops of the father and mother (in the womb) from the between state. Birth is expressed in the form of the union of the three drops—the white drop of the father, the red drop of the mother, and the blue drop of energy consciousness.

The three will combine and that will be rebirth. Around the combination of those three drops the whole body and whole being will evolve. That central point where that rebirth took place will be at the very center of the heart. It is an esoteric explanation of birth.

W.S. *How to open this inner chamber during one's lifetime? Is it a question of discipline and practice? Can we approach it from a physiological point of view?*

Dr.D. This consciousness sits in its seat like a jewel within a kind of mandala palace, or mansion. It has in itself no obstruction. It can travel anywhere. There is no need to open any doorway—it is completely open. It is there. It is perfect in itself. It is home in a way. There is no question of opening it up.

W.S. *At the same time, mankind is afflicted with suffering and pain. If it is as you say, why isn't the path more readily apparent, more readily available?*

Dr.D. This consciousness in the ordinary person is unrecognized. Everyone has it, but no one recognizes that he has it. People identify themselves with their coarse-level consciousness. Even though this subtle level of consciousness is enshrined there, people do not notice it. They can even go through death, where in fact the coarse level of consciousness is dissolved along with the sense organs, along with the coarse elements, and still they don't know because they are drawn into creating a new coarse-level involvement in the between state and then in the future birth state. That's why in our science of dying—in *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*—the essential issue is to bring the dying person face to face with the Clear Light Reality which is to dwell in their subtle reality . . . to appropriate their own subtle reality as their reality, rather than simply jump off into another coarse reality. Now the way of doing that is not effective for someone who identifies with the gross reality and with his possessions. Therefore there is something known as the Path-level Reality. The Path-level Clear Light is the Clear Light where they begin to build up the bridges between the Ground-level coarse reality and the death state Ultimate Reality. They begin to get used to it and merge into it. One can talk about this in an esoteric way and as a physiological process. However, it is more usual to talk about it in terms of a mental process, which is in fact the mind-realization of the nature of Ultimate Reality. We call it direct intuitive wisdom which directly understands emptiness and directly experiences emptiness, which is the ultimate nature of reality.

In this direct experience of emptiness, the critical wisdom penetrates, drilling through the apparent solidity of the coarse-level reality, seeing it for its insubstantiality, and ceases therefore to find anything with which to identify. In the process of coming to that true intuitive wisdom, one joins with one's own subtle level consciousness until finally one uses it to know directly

“This sort of consciousness can easily without obstruction penetrate walls, planets, galaxies, other people's minds, and see and experience other people's dreams.”

the emptiness which is the nature of Ultimate Reality, beyond any coarse intellectual or conceptual consciousness. When the subtle consciousness, directly from the heart, experiences this emptiness of intrinsic substantiality, then one has achieved one's own Buddhahood. At that time this subtle consciousness, without any interference, can know everything at no matter what distance. One has abilities such as reading other people's minds. Since everything is a transparent, empty, holographic kind of reality, this sort of consciousness can easily without obstruction penetrate walls, planets, galaxies, other people's minds, and see and experience other people's dreams and so forth. That is why it is said that there is no obstruction at all to Buddha's omniscience. Buddha's mind is omniscient because it is the subtle consciousness that can be anywhere without obstruction. And that never dies, that never dies.

W.S. *Would awareness of emptiness in the waking state, carry on in the dream state?*

Dr.D. Yes, for someone who has a profound realization of emptiness, the nonconceptual experience it brings on. If one were to have that, then one would be in a state where the Clear Light would be manifested either waking or dreaming or sleeping with no separation among the three. There would be no ordinary delusion-dominated waking state coarse-level appearance which one would take as substantial reality. Nor would there be any delusion-dominated dream state experience.

However, it is necessary to make clear that the realization of emptiness is ultimately not differentiated. It should not be taught that emptiness is a dualistic state, a sort of nothingness that is the opposite of the manifest appearance. You are not cut off from experiencing. This is important since Westerners tend to feel that emptiness means a sort of nothingness—experience which is beyond beyond. In other words nothing is as empty as something to emptiness. So there is no division between them ultimately.

W.S. *Perhaps all this depends on a sort of continuous awareness and capacity to hold one's attention on what one could say is one's subtle nature. In other words, if one is distracted by body, mind, feelings, one fails to remember this subtle consciousness. Could you verify this?*

Dr.D. In general what you say is correct. Basically, the essence of Buddhism is not trying to find something one doesn't have, but simply to recover what one does have but doesn't know it. This is the Goal Vehicle procedure, that is to say, traveling on the vehicle of having the goal in one's grasp. However, one should be clear. What is involved is a difficult process because of the intensity and the type of the distractions. When you say distractions, you are saying a great deal.

There is a very powerful, fully elaborated path which pacifies distraction. For example, the understanding of emptiness . . . the only way to radically pacify distraction on the gross level is



not simply to suppress awareness of the gross-level reality. By fully confronting the gross-level reality and looking at it with critical, penetrating wisdom, one sees its true nature. It is the wisdom that seeks to understand emptiness and to have it dissolve under critical analysis. This is not at all a *quieting* of the mind, but an *intensifying* of the mind's analytic, penetrating functioning—like a scientific analysis. It is actually an intensifying of the investigating process.

On the other hand, in our more esoteric line, there are what are called the six yogas of Naropa, which include the yoga of dream state, the yoga of the between state, the yoga of the death state, the yoga of the rainbow body, etc. Each one of these is a complex and sophisticated technology of meditation and subtle physiology. We can only mention the titles and the topics and can scarcely get into the details. But we have the methods. Awareness of the deepest nature is much more involved than a simple suppression of obvious mental manifestations which we would think of as distractions.

W.S. *Is it true that all human beings are close to Buddhahood?*

Dr.D. I certainly think that from the Buddhist point of view the human being is incredibly close to evolutionary perfection, which is called Buddhahood. It is so in the sense that in a single life, if a human being practices assiduously and has the teachings, he can actually transform himself from an ordinary human

Dr. Dhonden replies to a question in Tibetan as Dr. Thurman listens in preparation for the English translation. The interview took place beneath the moongate window of Dr. Thurman's Woodstock, New York home.

being into a perfectly enlightened being.

There are many forms of life within the ocean of evolution which have undeveloped brain systems, such as the different types of lower animals. There are also semi-divine beings, and sub-human types such as *pretas*, and hell-dwellers. There are types that are invisible to us that are much less suited than human beings to the pursuit of this perfection of enlightenment. That is why Tibetan Buddhism stresses that people use this precious human life to the very fullest to achieve evolutionary perfection, or Buddhahood. To waste this pinnacle of human life and to fall back to the lower orders rather than to obtain Buddhahood is a tremendous waste. We accept the nearness of the human being to Buddhahood. Any system which says that humans cannot understand, that only God or other super-beings can understand, is repressive of the full potential of the human being and does not agree with the Tibetan Buddhist view.

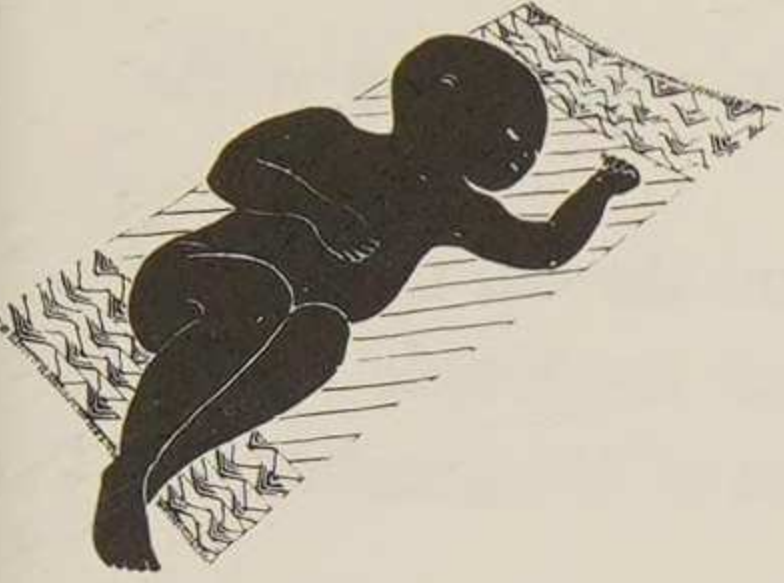
W.S. *But the fact of the matter is that the human being faces almost insurmountable odds to achieve the Buddhahood you are speaking of. How would you answer this?*

Dr.D. There is no big problem, in fact, to the human being, such as people think. If any one individual really decides that this is what he really has to do, he can do it. The obstacle is one of easiness, in a way. For instance, if people are too happy on a superficial level, and if things are too easy for them, indeed there is an obstacle. If they have suffered, and experienced the nature of life and death and pain, usually they realize they must do something to develop themselves, and once they have that resolution, no obstacle can withstand their resolve.

W.S. *What do you think of the recent Western experiments and investigations into sleep and dreams? What would be a right path to pursue?*

Dr.D. EEG, charting waves, measurements of dreams, all this can only give superficial information. One only learns about the currents which move in the body. It is a vague and unreliable approach which is not particularly exciting. There is no need at all to wear out machinery and brains. There is an existing record of thousands of years of experiment that is already there that needs to be studied. To spend money on big machines merely to start experiments and not to fully study Tibetan texts—this is unfortunate. There are thousands of pages cataloguing the different states of sleep and types of dreams; this study would be fruitful for scientists and researchers. There are plenty of these texts in American university libraries. I know these books and where they are. You only need people who can read them. There is nothing in Tibet you don't now have in America. Everything is here. ◇

The One You Don't See Coming



The people who lived near the edge of the rain forest, in the country along the banks of the Cavally River, often talked about an animal of the forest called the One You Don't See Coming.

They said that all day long he lurked among the shadows of the great trees, waiting for night to fall. Then, when darkness came, he crept forward as silent as a leopard into the villages.

"Our best hunters have tried to capture this animal," they said. "We have set traps on the trails and at the water holes, but it is no use—he is the stealthiest of all the creatures of the forest. Each night he comes prowling among our houses. He is never heard and never seen."

"What does this animal do that we should be afraid of him?" the young people asked.

"The One You Don't See Coming is a thief," the older people said. "He steals everyone's brains and leaves them forgetful of everything until morning comes. One minute people are the way they are here now, talking back and forth. The next minute the One You Don't See Coming creeps upon them and steals their minds. They no longer talk or think, they simply lie motionless and stupid until the sun rises."

"What good are the dogs if they don't hear him and bark?" the children asked.

"They neither hear him nor smell him. When he comes he takes their brains too. The One You Don't See Coming has another name. Some people call him Sleep."

The young hunters talked about this curious animal among themselves, and one day a man named Biafu said:

"What kind of hunters are we if we can't kill the One You Don't See Coming?"

"That's easy enough to say," a hunter named Gunde said. "But where will you find him? Our grandfathers were good hunters and they never caught him."

"I've heard that he leaves no footprints on the trail," a hunter named Deeba said. "What will you follow?"

"If he really lives in the forest, as the old people say, then we'll find him. We'll get rid of this nuisance once and for all!" Biafu said.

"I'm not afraid," Gunde said.

"I'll go too," Deeba said. "We'll catch this thing called Sleep, the One You Don't See Coming, and put an end to him. Then the old people will praise us and give us gifts."

So Gunde, Deeba, and Biafu took their hunting knives and spears

and went deep into the shadows of the forest.

They listened, but they didn't hear Sleep. They searched the ground for footprints, but Sleep had left no footprints. All day they stalked Sleep. They came to a part of the forest where the villagers hardly ever went.

"He must lurk here among the tall ferns," Biafu said.

"I don't see him," Deeba said.

"I don't hear him," Gunde said.

"If there really is such an animal we shall certainly catch him at the water hole," Biafu said.

So they went down through the dense brush and the tall ferns until they came to where the river made its way through the jungle. The banks of the river were marked with the footprints of the gazelle, the antelope, the buffalo, and the leopard.

"We'll wait for him here, and when he comes to drink we shall kill him," Biafu said.

He found a tall tree by the edge of the water. It sloped outward over the river, so that any animal that came to drink would be under its branches

He went up into the branches of the tree overhanging the water and hid among the leaves. Gunde and Deeba crawled into the dense brush and waited.

Time passed. Antelope came down to the water and drank and went away. Night came, and owls called back and forth. Leopards came silently to drink, and went away. Biafu clung to his tree and watched, his knife held tightly in his hand. Gunde and Deeba crouched in the brush and waited for Biafu to shout.

The misty night grew old, and the moon moved across the sky.

Biafu kept thinking about how pleased the old people would be when they had caught the One You Don't See Coming. But he was very tired. He began to nod. His eyes closed once, just for a short moment. They closed again, just a little longer. Then he was aware that his mind was slipping away into the night. He jerked himself awake, and his heart beat fast, for he knew that the animal was there.

He waved his knife and shouted:

"I see you! I see you!"

Deeba and Gunde ran as fast as they could to the edge of the water.

"Where is he!" they shouted. "Where is he!"

"Ah, he came and then he fled!" Biafu said. "Go back to your hiding place and wait."

Deeba and Gunde went back and crouched in the brush again. Biafu sat up very straight, waiting for the One You Don't See Coming to return. He peered through the darkness at the river. He heard nothing except the owls and the frogs in the distance. The moon moved across the sky.

A great heaviness came over Biafu's mind. No matter how hard he tried to keep them open, his eyes kept closing. For a moment he forgot everything. He seemed to be floating away. The tree swayed in the wind. Biafu clutched at the branches and opened his eyes. He



waved his knife in the air and shouted:

"I see you! I see you!"

Again Deeba and Gunde came running, with their spears ready.

"Where is he! Where is he!" they shouted, trying to see in the darkness.

"He is near, he came up in the tree!" Biafu said. "He seized me, but I shook him off! Go back and hide again. Next time we will surely get him. But don't go so far, and run faster when you hear me shout!"

So Deeba and Gunde went back in the brush and waited.

Biafu talked to himself and rubbed his eyes to keep awake. He thought about the big celebration the village would have when he returned from the hunt. A cloud moved slowly across the sky and covered the moon. Things were very dark. There was no wind, and the leaves stopped rustling. The owls in the distance grew silent. The frogs stopped croaking.

And slowly, slowly, Biafu's eyes closed. His memory slipped away into the night. This time Sleep crept slowly upon him. Slowly, slowly, Sleep loosened Biafu's hold on the branches. Slowly Sleep pushed Biafu's head down on his chest. Biafu's knife slipped from his hand and fell into the water below. And slowly, slowly, Sleep pushed him, harder and harder, until he was leaning sideways. And suddenly Sleep seized Biafu and flung him down into the river below.

"Deeba! Gunde! He has me! He has me!" Biafu shouted.

They came running, ready for a great struggle, but they were too late, they only saw Biafu. Sleep was not there.

"Where is he! Where is he!" they shouted as Biafu came dripping out of the water.

"He climbed into the tree, and he threw me into the water!" Biafu said.

He sat down unhappily by the edge of the river and began to think. He was silent a long time, and then he said to Deeba and Gunde:

"It's no use hunting Sleep. The old people are right. And anyway, he's not like the leopard, who steals our goats and doesn't bring them back. What Sleep steals he steals just for a few hours, and when morning comes you are whole again."

So the hunters took their weapons and hunted an antelope, and they carried it back to the village for a feast. The old people were glad, but they asked about Sleep.

"We almost saw him," Deeba said.

"I wrestled with him in a tree," Biafu said, "but I couldn't hold him."

"He threw Biafu into the river," Gunde said.

"It's the way I've always said," Biafu said with dignity. "You can't see the coming of Sleep. You almost see him but you never do."

ARCS
A
PORTFOLIO
OF
SLEEP



Once upon a time,
 I, Chuang Tzu,
 dreamt I was a butterfly,
 fluttering hither and thither,

to all intents and purposes a butterfly.
 I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly,
 and was unconscious
 of my individuality as a man.

Suddenly
 I awakened,
 and there I lay,
 myself again.

Now
 I do not know
 whether I was then a
 man
 dreaming I was a butterfly,
 or whether I am now
 a butterfly dreaming
 I am
 a
 man.

— Chuang Tzu

II

Question: *What is sleep?*

Maharshi: *How can you know sleep when you are awake? The answer is to go to sleep and find out what it is.*

Question: *But I cannot know it in this way.*

Maharshi: *This question must be raised in sleep.*

Question: *But I cannot raise the question then.*

Maharshi: *So that is sleep.*

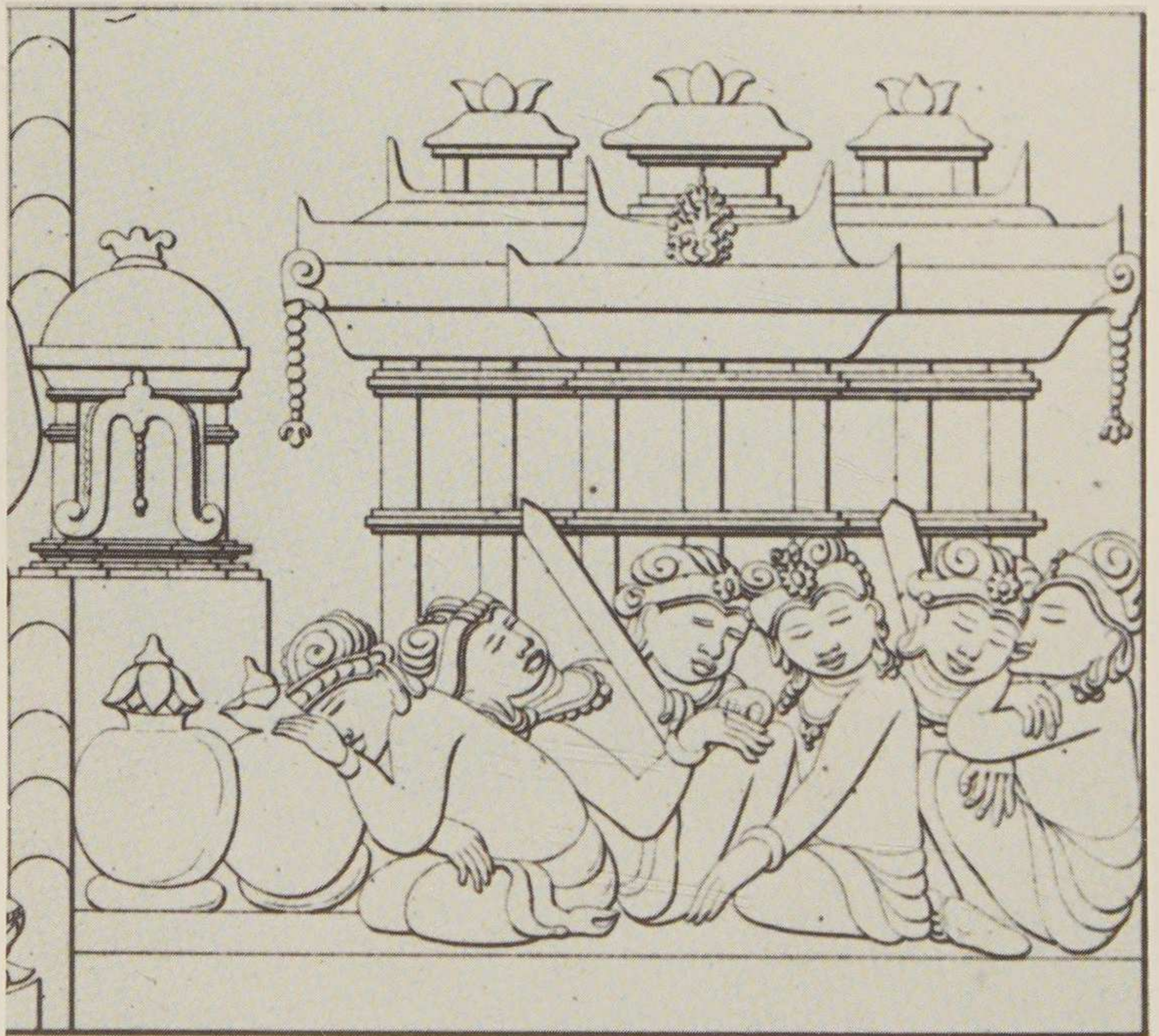
—Sri Ramana Maharshi

III

May we not imagine that possibly this earthly life of ours is to the other life what sleep is to waking? May not all our life be a dream and death an awakening? But an awakening to what? And supposing that everything is but the dream of God and that God one day will awake? Will he remember his dream?

—Miguel de Unamuno

IV



*But is there such a thing as sleep in heaven?
Surely not! In heaven there is no sleep,
nor is there sitting.*

—Midrash on Psalm 121:4

V One who has lived many years in a city, so soon as he goes to sleep,
Beholds another city full of good and evil, and his own city vanishes
from his mind.
He does not say to himself, "This is a new city: I am a stranger here";
Nay, he thinks he has always lived in this city and was born and bred
in it.
What wonder, then, if the soul does not remember her ancient abode
and birth-place,
Since she is wrapt in the slumber of this world, like a star covered by
clouds?

—Jalālu'l-Dīn Rūmī

VI Cheng of Hwating asked to see an influential person of the locality.
But before the other entered the room he fell asleep, and snored in his
seat. The other came in, but, finding the visitor sleeping, had not the
heart to wake him, and slept too in the seat in front of him. A little
later Cheng woke, and, seeing the other asleep, went to sleep again.
Then the other woke up, and seeing Cheng still asleep, he went to
sleep again too.

—Chinese story, Ch'ing Period.

VII I looked about me and could see that what we then were doing was like
a shadow cast upon the earth from yonder vision in the heavens, so
bright it was and clear. I knew the real was yonder and the darkened
dream of it was here.

—Black Elk



VIII

The waking have one common world,
but the sleeping turn aside
each into a world of his own.

—Heraclitus



IX

Another time the master again remained silent for a while and then said, "I have been thoroughly kind to you, but do you understand?"

A monk asked, "What is the sense of remaining quiet without uttering a word?"

The master said, "How you talk in your sleep!"

"I wish you to tell me the truth about Zen."

"What is the use of snoring?"

—D.T. Suzuki

X *When God created Adam, the angels mistook him for a deity. . . . But when God put him to sleep, they knew he was a mortal.*

—Talmud

XI *The recollected mind is awake
In the knowledge of the Atman
Which is dark night to the ignorant:
The ignorant are awake in their sense-life
Which they think is daylight:
To the seer it is darkness.*

—Bhagavad-Gita

XII

*You thumb there, wake up!
The kayak-rowers are about to leave you!
Forefinger there, wake up!
The umiak-rowers are about to leave you!
Middle finger there, wake up!
The wood-gatherers are about to leave you!
Ring-finger there, wake up!
The berry-gatherers are about to leave you!
Little finger there, wake up!
The crake-heather-gatherers are about to leave you!*

— Eskimo children's song

XIII



The awakening to the mystery of life is a revolutionary event; in it an old world is destroyed so that a new and better one may take its place, and all things are affected by the change. We ourselves have become mysterious strangers in our own eyes and tremblingly we ask ourselves who we are, whence we came, whither we are bound. Are we the being who is called by our name, whom we thought we knew so well in the past? Are we the form we see in the mirror, our body, offspring of our parents? Who, then, is it that feels and thinks within us, that wills and struggles, plans and dreams, that can oppose and control this physical body which we thought to be ourselves? We wake up to realize that we have never known ourselves, that we have lived as in a blind dream of ceaseless activity in which there was never a moment of self recollection.

—J. J. van der Leeuw

XIV

*A term of delay in which to awaken
is accorded the soul.
If only it wakes an instant
before the expiration of this delay,
recognizes God, and chooses Him,
then the soul is saved.*

— Simone Weil



XV

In the Book of the Elixir it is said: The hen can hatch her eggs because her heart is always listening. That is an important magic spell. The reason the hen can hatch the eggs is because of the power to heat. But the power of the heat can only warm the shells; it cannot penetrate into the interior. Therefore with her heart she conducts this power inward. This she does with her hearing. In this way she concentrates her whole heart. When the heat penetrates, the power penetrates, and the chick receives the power of the heat and begins to live. Therefore a hen, even when she has left her eggs, always has the attitude of listening with bent ear. Thus the concentration of the spirit is not interrupted. Because the concentration of the spirit suffers no interruption, neither does the power of heat suffer interruption day or night, and the spirit wakes to life. The awakening of the spirit is accomplished because the heart has first died. When a man can let his heart die, then the primordial spirit wakes to life. To kill the heart does not mean to let it dry and wither away, but it means that it is undivided and gathered into one.

— The Secret of the Golden Flower

XVI

Take heed, watch, for you do not know when the time will come. It is like a man going on a journey, when he leaves home and puts his servants in charge, each with his work, and commands the doorkeeper to be on the watch. Watch therefore—for you do not know when the master of the house will come, in the evening, or at midnight, or at cock-crow, or in the morning—lest he come suddenly and find you asleep. And what I say to you I say to all: Watch.

—Mark 13:33–37

XVII

It happened at times that voices out of the depths called to the Baal-Shem at night, and his ear became awake and attentive though sleep still encompassed his senses. He distinguished then with great clarity how out of the distances the cry from the mouth of many ancient things was on its way to him, and a single murmur of terrible woe visited his bed. The voices reached his heart and awakened it.

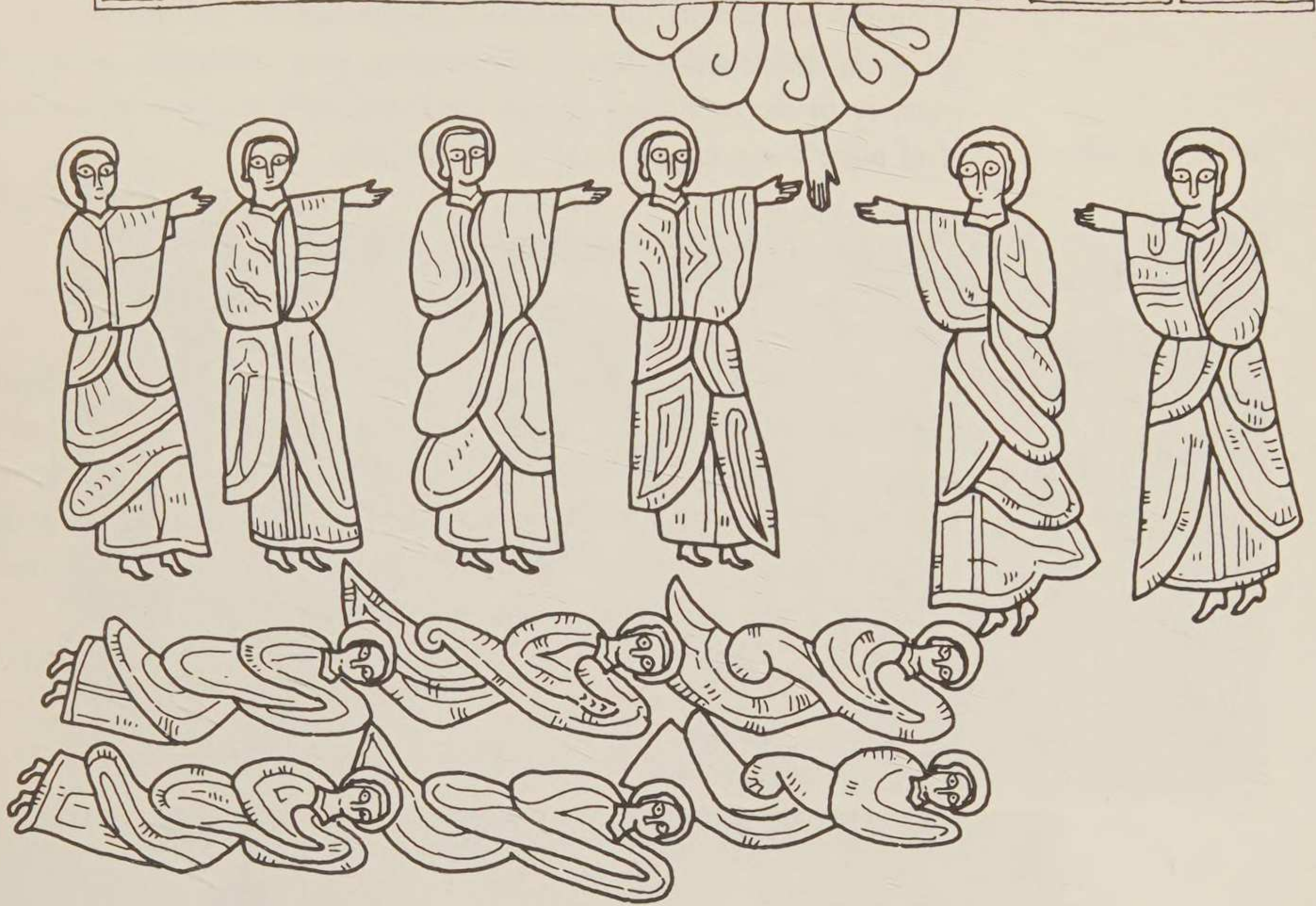
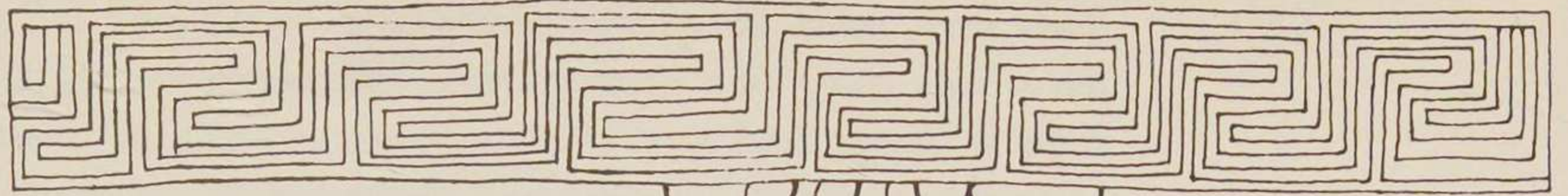
—Martin Buber



XVIII

And this is the great delight of this awakening: to know the creatures through God and not God through the creatures; to know the effect through their cause and not the cause through the effects.

—St. John of the Cross



XIX *Sleep is the similitude of death and waking of the resurrection.*

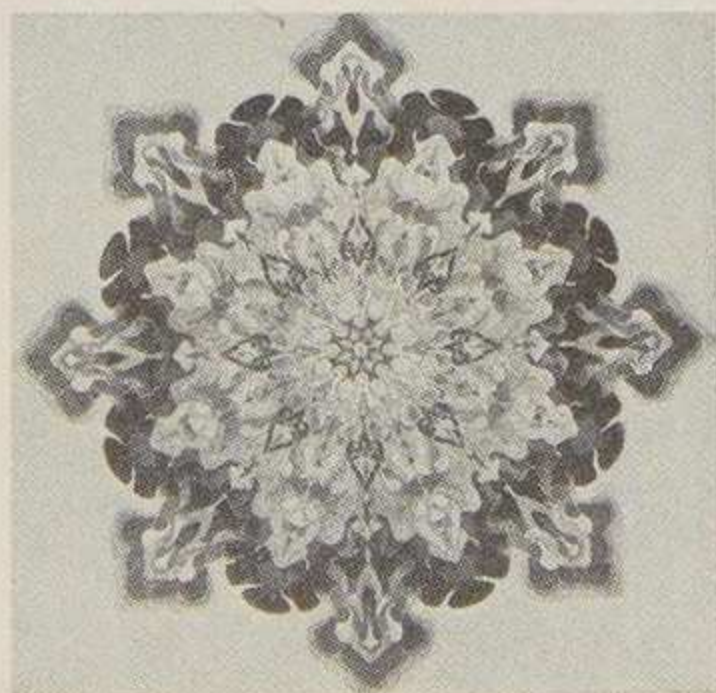
— al-Ghazālī

XX *Having awakened to the Formless Self
Dying without death, born without birth
I disport myself through
the triple world.*

— Hisamatsu Shin'ichi

XXI *The suddenness of the Awakening contrasts with the length of the
Way . . . much as the sudden release of the arrow contrasts with the
archer's long training.*

— Ananda Coomaraswamy



XXII

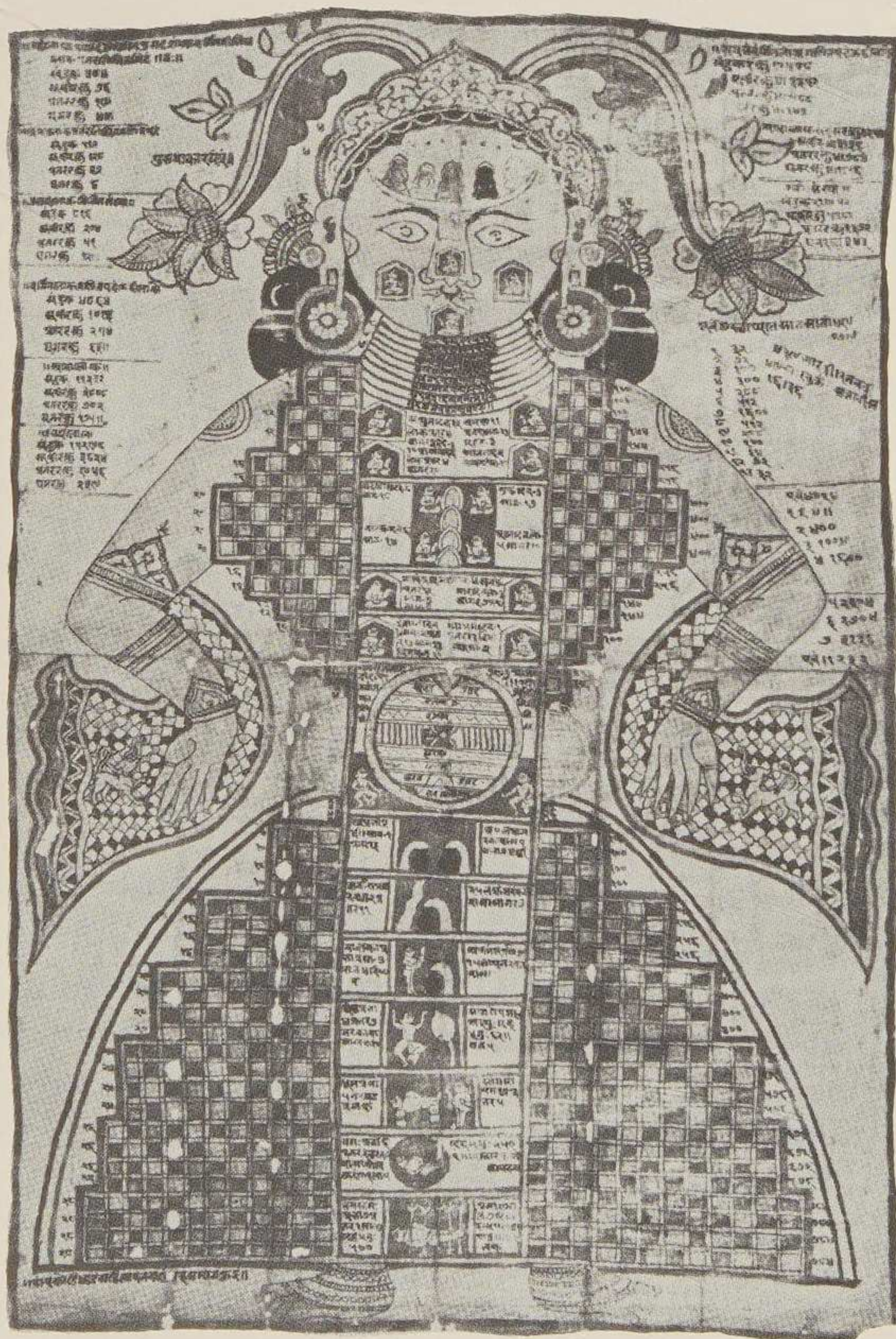
*He, the highest Person,
who is awake in us while we are asleep,
shaping one lovely sight after another,
that alone is called the Immortal.*

— The Upanishads

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Krishna and King Mucukunda: the Sleeper Awakened

by Heinrich Zimmer



The Cosmic Being of the Jainas . . . The slumbering God, "bearing the world like a fruit in his belly," is portrayed by the Jainas whose cosmological frame most accurately reflects the old, pre-Aryan, Indian world picture

translated by Gerald Chapple and
James B. Lawson,

with the assistance of J. Michael McKnight

The story of King Mucukunda's cosmic sleep is familiar to readers of Joseph Campbell's book, The Hero with a Thousand Faces. The source that Professor Campbell used for his rendering of the myth, Heinrich Zimmer's untranslated opus Maya: Der indische Mythos (1936), is here ably translated by Professors Gerald Chapple and James Lawson of McMaster University. This rendering of Mucukunda's story first appeared in the Eranos Jahrbuch, 1934, as part of a longer Zimmer article which compared the Indian king with Shakespeare's Prince Hamlet.

King Mucukunda is not a king in the historical Western understanding of the term. He is a mythological antecedent of human monarchs, a titanic warrior who fought bravely with the gods (devā) at an early stage in the Hindu cycles of

time called yugas. His "sleep" can be likened to a cosmic coma which takes a hero out of action for aeons. His awakening occurs in an age which is substantially different from the one he left through his self-induced slumber.

From a Hindu perspective, King Mucukunda's sleep was merely a rest-stop in the soul's long journey through existence. It is not the goal of life, for this deep sleep is not the same as the highest realization known as mokṣa. Sleep prevents the king from achieving the stage of sannyāsin, the final crucial stage (aśrama) which all twice-born individuals should pass through prior to death. In his playful manner, Krishna spurs the ancient king onward toward total conscious absorption in God.

Professor Campbell used the story of King Mucukunda as an example of "refusal of the return." Instead of following the full round of the monomyth, which brings the hero back into the familiar world with his prize, Mucukunda elects to retreat still farther into the mountains. Many signs, such as the diminutive size of men, reveal to Mucukunda that the final time cycle (kali-yuga) has dawned. The ancient warrior, his deep sleep abated, leaves to pursue a higher awakening in the solitude of the mountains. As Campbell concludes, "And who shall say that his decision was altogether without reason?"

—J. Michael McKnight

A king is slumbering inside a mountain, sleeping his long sleep in the dark of his cave—a motif we find in the myths and legends of many peoples. But what induced so profound a sleep? What bade him seek rest instead of the vigilance for kingly deeds? What compels his sleep and what wakens him once more? What is to happen, what will he do when he awakes?

Myths and legends yield an array of answers to these questions. India recounts the

myth of King Mucukunda, the hero of pre-history who slept away countless ages in a cave. Mandhātr, his father, had come into the world by a miracle and been nourished by the divine finger of the King of the Gods, Indra himself. Destined to be the only king among men to attain Indra's size, he grew larger by suckling the god's index finger; for since he was not of woman born, no mother could nurture him. His father had been pregnant with him a hundred autumns long until the child could burst forth from his father's left side (the childless Indra had accidentally drunk of the magic potion prepared by the priests to make his wife fertile).

In those days when the world was young, gods and men still intermingled freely and physically. Wise seers gazed into the secret powers to discover potent spells and powerful new rites; and there were also priests, filled with the fire of asceticism, who could perform magical acts. These two groups helped the gods come to power. Now, the dawn of the world is turbulent and shrouded in mystery: the gods are not yet the true rulers of the world—"immortals" and "dwellers in heaven." They are competing for divine rank with the titans, their half-brothers by the same father, the "Lord of All Progeny" (Prajāpati), the primordial Tortoise-Man (Kaśyapa); humans give help to both sides. In the end it is the gods who have the good fortune to ascend to power and order the world: they surmount the back of heaven; they gain the sun, the seat of everlasting life; they drink the potion of immortality (*amṛta*, "ambrosia"). In the same way that Zeus defeats the titans, and the gods of the Eddas conquer the giants, these gods master their rivals; by their cunning and resourcefulness they lay low the brute but superior force opposing them, reducing it to mere demonic strength, effec-

tive only in the form of anti-gods.

But in their battles with these demonic anti-gods, the gods need assistance from humans and their sacerdotal magic arts. Side by side with Indra and the gods stand the mighty archer-kings on their chariots. Now Mucukunda was one of those heroes who helped the gods of old to victory. The battle won, the gods allowed him to make a wish: he could wish for anything within their power to give him. Whereupon he wished to be able to sleep forever—so tired was he from fighting, or so the story has it. And anyone who might disturb his sleep was to be burned to ashes by the first gleam from the eyes of the awakening king.

His wish was granted. He slept in a cave through three of the world's ages. Then, at the dawn of the fourth and final one, Vishnu, the God of the Universe, came down to earth in the form of Krishna, the Savior-Hero, to do battle with the world's demonic forces (who were in the guise of human fiends and tormenting monsters) and to announce to the fourth age, in the *Bhagavadgītā*, his way of salvation. And not until that moment was Mucukunda roused from his sleep.

By conquering the demons in all kinds of shapes, Krishna, from his obscure beginnings, had risen to become the foremost hero of the tribe which Vishnu, the God of the Universe, had honored with his incarnation. Soon he saw his people being threatened by barbarians from the northwest. As if it were mere child's play, he vanquished them in a manner befitting his divine nature: with a crafty ploy. He crowned himself with lotuses and, like the new, waxing, crescent moon, he walked unarmed out of his fortified city to lure the king of the enemy army into trying to catch him. Fleeing from him, he enticed him into a cave. There the king found someone lying asleep and thought: "Has he lured me all this way so that he can play the harmless sleeper?" He gave the person lying there a kick. And then did Mucukunda arise from his age-old sleep and slowly open his eyes. His gaze took measure of the cave until it fell upon

the man standing there — who then burst into flames and was reduced to ashes.

Then Mucukunda's gaze fell upon the God of the Universe in his human shape who had playfully hidden himself from his pursuer and, mindful of the ancient prophecy, the hero recognized Krishna by his shining splendor. Now fully conscious, Mucukunda found himself reluctantly abandoned once again to the aimless play of successive incarnations, to the senseless alternation of longing and loss, to the deceptive pleasures of the self-conscious ego and its despair, from which the god's eternally glittering *māyā* is woven. At this moment the true meaning behind his wish for unceasing sleep becomes clear: it was not exhaustion from the cosmic struggles and victories he had taken part in that compelled him to disdain god-like splendor and delight in the world. He realized what human life was: he was achieving a sense of its endless flux and aimless alternation of delight and pain; this led to the revelation of the reason why he wanted to turn to ashes anyone who dared waken him. He speaks these words to Krishna:

“For eternities I have been wandering around in the ring of this *samsāra*; the fire of great suffering has been overwhelming, and nowhere have I found peace and rest. Pain I thought pleasure. Mirages on the desert sands I took for refreshing waters. I reached out for joys; they brought me torment. Royal power and dominion over the earth, might and wealth, friends, children, a spouse and a royal retinue and all things of the senses — I embraced them all because they seemed to me joy, yet all was transformed and its essence turned into tormenting fire. I managed to ascend into the company of the gods who wanted me as their companion — but where was here the peace of eternal rest? Deluded by your *māyā*, Lord, all creatures stumble into birth, old

age, death, and every manner of misery. They behold amongst all these the god of the dead and find, in their individual hells, unmitigated suffering in every conceivable shape — all comes from you. Dazzled by your *māyā*, I have fallen completely into the clutches of the world and am wandering aimlessly in the depths of the bottomless pitfall of the self. And so I seek my refuge in you, the Unbounded One, the Venerable One. I yearn for release from all of this.”

Mucukunda's pious plea for salvation finds an ear to hear. In a state of grace through the promise of salvation, the ancient hero falls at the feet of the Lord of the Worlds. Then he comes out of the cave, which had been sheltering him dreamless like a thing unborn; he emerges from the earth's maternal womb born anew, destined for transitory reincarnations in divine glory and the world of men, as was prophesied by the mouth of Krishna. And these rebirths will make him forget the infinite number of his previous incarnations and will raise him toward the state of dissolution in the highest god — the god who gives birth in play to the whole world and all the creatures therein, who then reabsorbs them into himself, and who transcends all things.

He emerges from the jaws of his cave — into a world transformed! How tiny have men become since the dawn of the world's beginning when last he saw them! Suddenly it strikes him: The world's final age is now dawning, and he sets forth into the solitude of the mountains where as a fervent ascetic he undergoes constant purifications in the approach to his god.

What had been happening while he slept? We recall that, at the beginning of the world, the gods had come forth from its seething surge of energy and gained power in victorious struggle, whereupon Mucukunda had fallen into his timeless sleep. Now since then, the divine order which Brahma initially imposed on the world has become feeble and obscured. Stunted and stale, the world is standing at the threshold of its ultimate age, when it will waste completely away. ◇

*Lines to a Granny**

by A.K. Ramanujan

Granny,
tell me again in the dark
about the wandering prince;
and his steed, with a neem-leaf mark
upon his brow, will prance
again to splash his noonday image
in the sleep of these pools. He will break
with sesame words
known only to the birds,
the cobweb curtained door; and wake
the sentinel, the bawdy cook;
the parrot in the cage
will shout his name
to the gossip of the kitchen's blowzy flame.

Let him, dear granny,
shape the darkness
and take again
the princess
whose breath would hardly strain
the spider's design.

But tell me now: was it for some irony
you have waited in death
to let me learn again what once you learnt in youth,
that this is no tale, but truth?

*Who told me the story of "The Sleeping Beauty"

From *The Striders and Other Poems* by A. K. Ramanujan, © Oxford University Press 1966. Reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press and the author.

THE STUDY OF THE TORAH AS AWAKENING



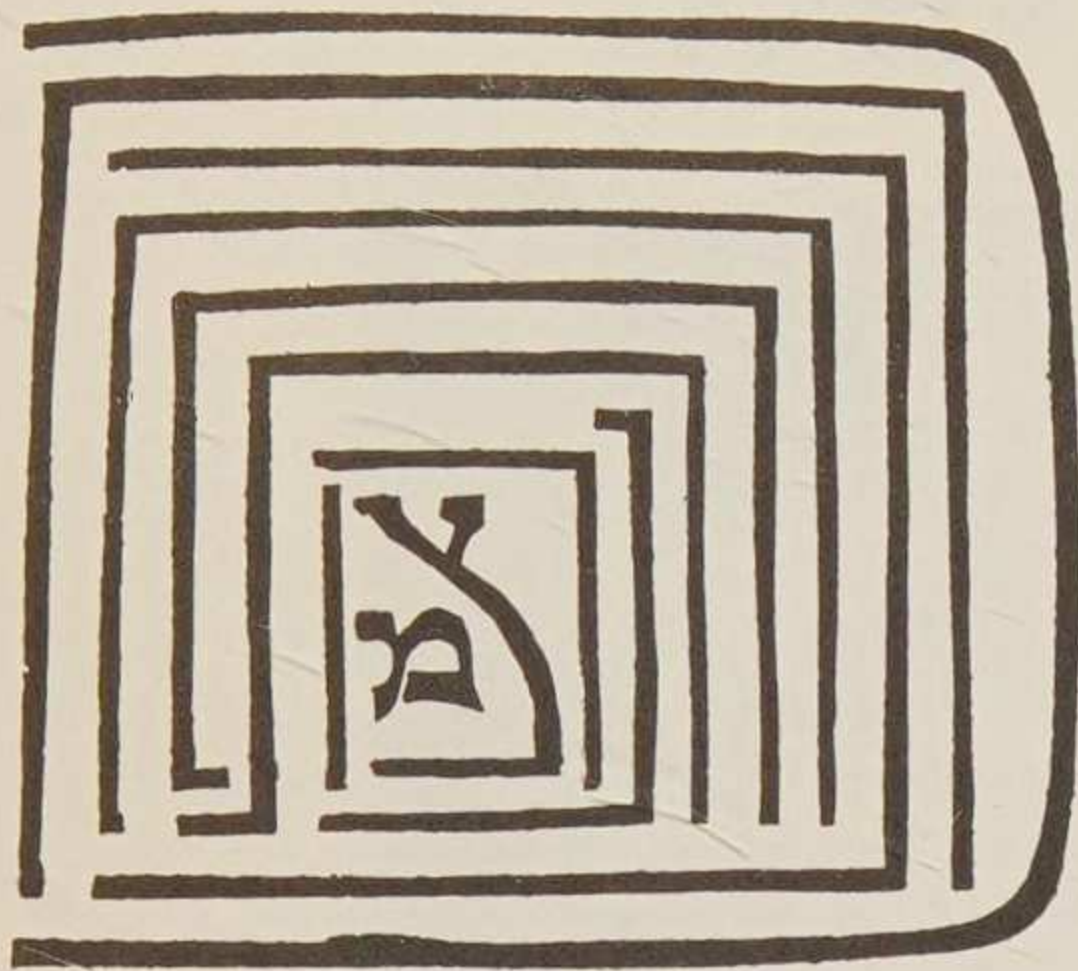
Moses receiving and transmitting the Torah

by Jonathan Omer-Man

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

—Genesis 28:16

According to Jewish tradition, the Torah is the repository of all wisdom. Within its stories, its laws, embedded even within the structure of the Hebrew language in which it is written, can be found all that a person needs to know on his or her path on this earth. On the simplest, outermost level, as one reads the Torah, one encounters an account of the creation of the world, the story of the first generations of men, the lives of the Patriarchs and the beginnings of the Jewish people, the Exodus from Egypt and



the Giving of the Law, the Covenant, life in the Wilderness, and a detailed set of rules according to which the individual and the community should live. At deeper levels of understanding, the Torah is revealed to be a detailed map of the cosmos, of the Divine plan, of every facet of creation, even of the personality of the Creator. However, from the perspective of the superficial level one has no way of deducing what lies below. There is no clear logical or contextual connection from the outer to the inner, from the plain meaning of a passage to its allegorical or symbolic significance. In the reverse direction, however, the relationship is clear, for esoteric wisdom cannot exist without knowledge of the exoteric. The Torah can thus be compared to those semi-transparent anatomical charts which, as the pages are turned over, reveal deeper and deeper structures and organs of the human body: first the skin, then the muscles, then the blood-circulatory system, and so on.

The study of the Torah is thus a process in which one learns of the different levels of reality, as one progresses from meaning to meaning, probing deeper and deeper into the nature of existence. At the same time, however, the study of the Torah is a process in which one learns how to study the Torah; it is a teaching, or a series of teachings, that provides access to the levels of consciousness, of awareness, that are parallel to the various levels of reality, and without which no understanding is complete or balanced.

These two parallel processes are unending, for the direction in which one moves, the inaccessible model that one emulates according to one's level of development, is none other than the mind of God. The parallel lines meet in infinity, in God, who is the knower, the knowing, and the known, in undivided timeless unity.

Although these two processes or modes of studying the Torah are parallel, they proceed at different rates and in different fashions. In the first, which is largely but not exclusively cognitive, progress takes place as the result of the gradual accumulation of knowledge through study, and also in "quantum" leaps, when the student is introduced to new levels of meaning, to new modes of interpretation, to deeper and more complex pictures of the cosmos and its causalities. In this first process, regression, when it does occur, is generally a function of forgetting, of not remembering certain details; it is very rare that a complete level of understanding is lost, even if one stops studying for years. In the second of the two parallel processes, which is predominantly the evolution of consciousness, the path is more tortuous, being affected by the various cyclicities of the human soul and by numerous external factors. In this process, each transition to a new level of understanding of the Torah is a stage of awakening. It is an emerging from a state of sleep, or, rather, relative sleep, into a higher degree of knowledge and consciousness. There is, however, no guarantee that one remains awake, and, indeed, fall is an integral part of inner growth. Having attained a high level, one is always in danger of regressing, perhaps permanently, to a lower state. Jewish wisdom provides us with a number of models, or typologies, related to the concept of sleep and awakening, that can illuminate the inner dynamics of this process.

Here we shall limit the discussion to five

typological stations, or levels, in spiritual growth contained in the Torah. We shall number them, from higher to lower, 0 to 4. The first is numbered zero because, paradoxically, though called sleep, it is the highest form of being awake.

State 0: Direct communion with the world of the divine; prophecy.

Archetype: Abraham (Genesis 15).

Prooftext: As the sun was setting, Abraham fell into a deep sleep, and a thick and dreadful darkness fell over him. Then the Lord said to him, "Know for certain that your descendents will be strangers in a land not their own, and they will be enslaved and afflicted four hundred years. But I will punish the nation they serve as slaves, and afterwards they will come out with great substance. You, however, will go down to your fathers in peace and be buried at a good old age. In the fourth generation your descendents will return here." . . . On that day the Lord made a covenant with Abraham.

Typology: As we have noted, this is a stage of sleep that is characterized by total awakening. Although Abraham is apparently in a deep coma, he is in fact in a state in which he has withdrawn his attention from the ambient world and has concentrated it on the other reality. He is in a state of consciousness in which time and space are transcended; he is able to perceive details of the divine plan that extend far beyond the limits of his own life experience. This is prophecy. It is important to note that such a state can come about only as a result of divine grace. Nothing an individual does can induce it, though it is assumed that if one spends one's entire life in preparation, the chances of attaining it are greater.

State 1: Temporary fall before leap to higher state.

Archetype: Elijah (I Kings 19).

Prooftext: Elijah was afraid and ran for his life. When he came to Beersheba in Judah, he left his servant there, while he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness. He came to a broom tree, sat down under it and prayed that he might die. "It is

"Total sleep is an absence of knowledge: of oneself and of one's position in the hierarchy of being."



God's call to Abraham

"Go out and stand on the mountain in the presence of the Lord."



Elijah hearing the word of the Lord

enough, Lord," he said. "Take my life; I am no better than my ancestors." Then he lay down under the tree and fell asleep. All at once an angel touched him and said, "Get up and eat." He looked around and there by his head was a cake of bread baked over hot coals, and a jar of water. He ate and drank and then lay down again. The angel of the Lord came back a second time and touched him and said, "Get up and eat, for the journey is too much for you." So he got up and ate and drank. Strengthened by that food, he traveled for forty days and forty nights until he reached Horeb, the mountain of God. There he went into a cave and spent the night

The Lord said, "What are you doing here, Elijah? . . . Go out and stand on the mountain in the presence of the Lord." And the presence of the Lord passed by. Then a great and powerful wind tore the mountains apart and shattered the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind. After the wind there was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake came a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. After the fire came a gentle whisper. When Elijah heard it, he pulled his cloak over his face and went out and stood at the mouth of the cave.

Typology: Elijah's sleep here is the descent that so frequently precedes an ascent. It is a period of reduced spiritual awareness in which, as it were, one has to consolidate one's position at lower levels. Self pity must be transformed to self compassion; lessons of prudence, and a planned economy of energy, must be relearned. This is the stage in which one is prepared to relinquish yesterday's victories or defeats. Thus Elijah, having outdone the prophets of Baal with a dramatic display of pyrotechnics, and then most imprudently killing them all, is in flight from the not unexpectedly angry Ahab and Jezebel. He falls into sleep, and when he awakens he is able to receive one of his most

remarkable perceptions of the nature of the divine, which is, at the same time, a profound teaching on the inner life. This passage was understood in Jewish mystical sources as an initiation into meditation. The wind is the rushing of thoughts, of powerful ideas, that at first fill the mind; the earthquake is the tremor and shaking of awe that accompanies the realization that one is in the presence of a higher being, and that one's entire cognitive ground is untenable; the fire is the consuming, but still excessively emotional and zealous, passion to be one with God; and the gentle whisper is the discovery of the divine within.

State 2: Spiritual regression.

Archetype: Jonah (Jonah 1:1-6).

Prooftext: The word of the Lord came to Jonah son of Amittai: "Arise, go to the great city of Nineveh and preach against it, for its wickedness has come up before me." But Jonah ran away from the Lord and headed for Tarshish. He went down to Jaffa, where he found a ship bound for that port. After paying the fare, he went aboard and sailed for Tarshish to flee from the Lord. Then the Lord sent a great wind on the sea, and such a violent storm arose that the ship threatened to break up. All the sailors were afraid and each cried out to his own god. And they threw the cargo into the sea to lighten the ship. But Jonah had gone below deck, and had fallen into a deep sleep. The shipmaster came and said to him, "Why are you sleeping? Get up and call upon your God!"

Typology: Jonah's sleep is that of an individual who, having attained a certain spiritual level, is incapable of either maintaining it or of progressing further. Jonah's sleep, which is here described in almost humorous terms, is a willing, conscious descent into a lower spiritual level. Having received a direct communication from God, he feels inadequate to perform the task given him, and refuses. This kind of fall is generally not so clearly a conscious decision, as in the case of Jonah. For Jonah, furthermore, the descent is temporary, for he eventually does rise to fulfill his mission; frequently, such falls cannot be corrected.

State 3: Awareness that one is asleep.

Archetype: The Psalmist (Psalms 13:4).

Prooftext: Look on me and answer, O Lord my God. Give light to my eyes, or I will sleep in death.

Typology: This is the sleep of the individual who knows that he is asleep, that he is spiritually blind. It is, of course, not the sleep of death, for the awareness implies that change is possible. The anguish of the Psalmist's call to God raises a question to which one finds different answers in Jewish sources: Can awakening come about only as a consequence of divine grace, as seems to be implicit in the wording of the verse, or is the awareness, the bitterness of the separation from God, itself the springboard for the work of awakening?

State 4: No awareness that one is asleep: total sleep.

Archetype: None.

Prooftext: None, though the concept is discussed in Jewish literature.

Typology: In classical Jewish sources, it is assumed that there is no Jew who does not at some level relate to the Torah, no human being who is not aware of the existence of higher realities. Even the utterly wicked are considered to be people—not infrequently at a high spiritual level—who are aware of the divine will and consciously rebel against it. Total sleep, then, is not atheism or denying the holiness of the Bible; indeed, the contrary is often true, for the armies of those that sleep include many who are pious and well-versed in whichever Scripture they acknowledge as holy. Total sleep is an absence of knowledge: of oneself and of one's position in the hierarchy of being. The Jewish way to acquire such wisdom, awareness, is in the study of Torah as a key to both the outer and inner realities. For those who tread such a path, the study of Torah can be an awakening. ◇

The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus



In the reign of the emperor Decius, long before Christianity became acceptable to the state, there lived in the apostolic city of Ephesus seven noble youths of the Christian faith. These seven were, like so many others, constantly under the threat of persecution, and to escape martyrdom they fled to the mountains near the city and hid themselves in one of the caves. There they remained for many days, praying and grieving together, and at last falling together into a deep sleep.

While they slept, their hiding place was discovered, and by the order of Decius, a heavy stone was placed against the mouth of the cave. They did not wake, so deep was their sleep, and so knew nothing of their entombment.

Years passed. The emperor Decius died, and the seven sleepers were forgotten. The persecution of Christians gave way to that of heretics, as the Empire bestowed upon Christianity its seal. Meanwhile, the seven youths slept on.

It was in the reign of the emperor Theodosius, two hundred years later, that some shepherds came across the cave and rolled away the stone. When the sleepers heard the voices of the shepherds, they awoke.



They stretched themselves, they felt reborn. "We are hungry," said Achilletes, the leader, to Diometes, the youngest. "Why not take some silver and go to the city and buy us loaves of bread. And try to learn what Decius the king commands concerning us." For they were unaware of the deepness of their sleep. They thought they had awakened after falling asleep the night before.

Diometes went to the city and, behold, there were emblems of the cross fixed on its gates. He was astonished, and looked this way and that in bewilderment. The city was different, its buildings were changed, and he heard people invoking Christ's name, and he marveled exceedingly, "Can this be a dream?"

With a multitude of questions arising in him, Diometes went into the marketplace to buy loaves of bread. When the merchants saw the outdated silver he offered for loaves, they whispered to each other, "This youth has found a king's treasure which was hidden for many years." And Diometes was afraid; he thought he had been recognized.

Word spread through Ephesus that a youth had been caught who had found a king's treasure, and Diometes was summoned by Maris, the bishop, who tested him with questions: "Who are you? Where are you from? Whose son are you? Why do you pay for bread with silver coins from the time of a king called Decius?"

"Help me, my lord, to understand," replied Diometes. "Come with me and let me bring you to my companions in a cave where we fled last night from Decius."

Then Maris, the bishop, thought within himself, "God wishes through this youth to manifest to us a wondrous thing this day."

Led by their bishop, the Ephesians went up the nearby mountain, and there they found an inscription, outside the entrance to the cave, from the time of Decius: "By command of Decius, the lawless king, the mouth of this cave was sealed on seven holy youths, Achilletes, Diometes, Probatios, Sabbatios, Eugenios, Kuriakos, and Stephanos." They marveled and entered the cave, and found the waiting youths.

Achilletes, the oldest, then said many things in a message to the Ephesians, but all that has come down to us is this: "We were cast into the abode of darkness, until God raised us up. We have died and we have lived again."

And then, as if waiting for this moment, the seven young men fell to the ground and died before their witnesses.

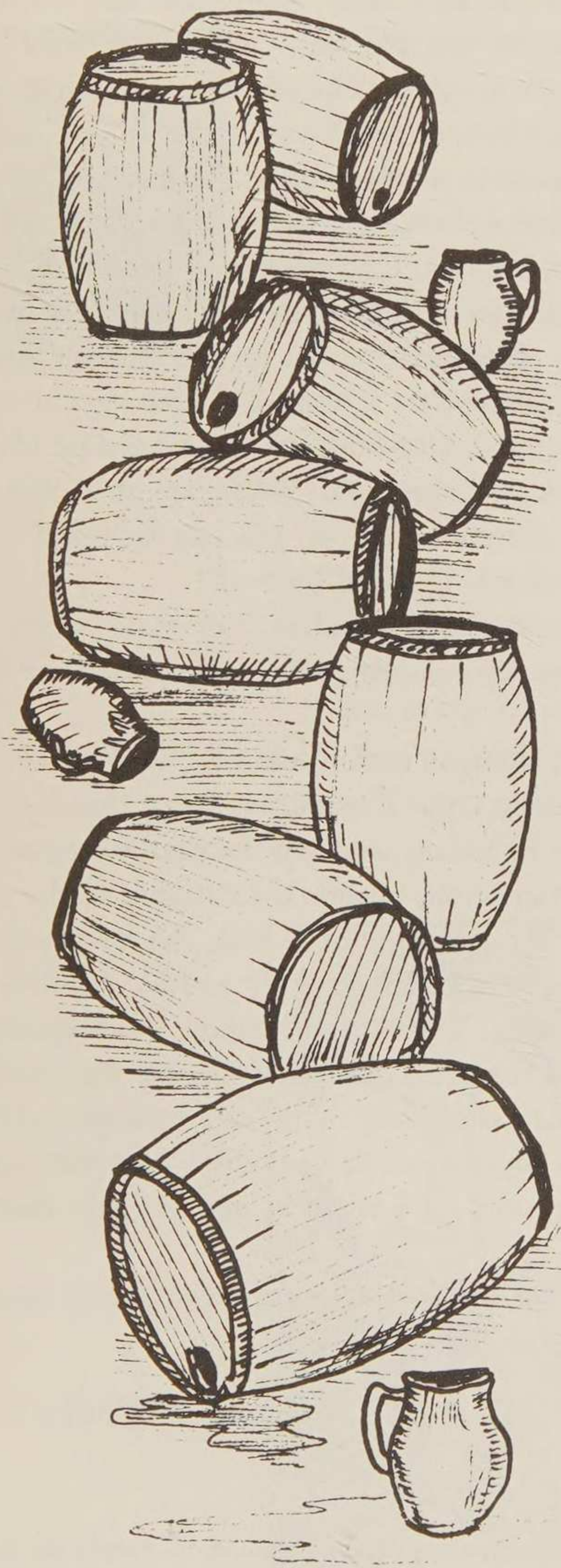
—Retold by Whitley Strieber

Based on an 11th century Sahidic text, translated by Derescher in *Annales du Service des Antiquities de l'Egypt*, Cahiers #4, 1947.

Time Out of Time

by Paul Jordan-Smith

illustrations by the author



Once upon a time, "while the country was yet a province of Great Britain," there lived in a little village, at the foot of the Catskill Mountains, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. Washington Irving—or perhaps one should say, Diedrich Knickerbocker (his pseudonym for this and other early tales)—tells us that Rip was "a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband." To escape the endless haranguing of his termagant wife, who even broke in upon the reveries of Rip and his fellow idlers in front of the tavern, Rip one afternoon took to the mountains, with dog and gun, and there, as the story tells us, he met with a strange adventure.

It was late in the day when Rip met a fellow sojourner in those mysterious hills, a man in dress and manner not of Rip's time. Rip and his companion joined other men of even stranger appearance, playing at ninepins, the sound of which rolled through the valleys like thunder. Rip drank of their flagons and watched their game, and little by little fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke the following morning, his dog had disappeared, and in place of the well-oiled fowling piece he had carried with him there was nothing but an old rusty firelock. Rip returned to his village, only to find himself a stranger in a strange land. He had gone to the mountains a loyal subject of King George; he now finds himself branded a Tory spy. Those he knew of old are now dead or gone away. In desperation he cries, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and

whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"¹

Following this, Rip encounters his daughter, and old neighbors confirm the identity of the man who went into the mountains and slept for twenty years, and awakened to a new generation.

Rip Van Winkle was not the only sojourner to stumble upon a timeless sanctuary: he belongs to a company of far-flung wanderers that include Oisín, the son of Fionn mac Cumhail, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, King Mucukunda, the Valkyrie Brünnhilde, and the Sleeping Beauty. Each of these—and many others as well, as we shall see—stepped for a moment out of the ken of mortal men, and out of mortal time as well. When they returned, the world had aged—in the case of King Mucukunda, eons had passed—though to themselves it seemed that they had been gone for the briefest moment.

For some of these adventurers, sleep was little more than a refuge from the torments of the world: no call or affirmation led to their suspension in Time, but in each case a denial of the world. For Rip Van Winkle, the result was simply relief from his marital anguish, and perhaps a career in his dotage as the town philosopher. For the Seven Sleepers, sleep was a refuge from persecution, an escape from martyrdom, and a revelation, in their last moments, of the grace of God. After his long sleep, King Mucukunda still seeks release from the wheel of rebirth, and from the illusion that has been the torment of his life: he retires into the moun-

tains an ascetic, to await the end of the final age and the rebirth of the world. Like Utnapishtim, he goes beyond the mortal world, as the Master of Time, an exemplar of the all-but-unattainable virtue of detachment.

The sojourn out of mortal time may be something else than simply a refusal or flight, however, for "yes" can sometimes lead to the same place as "no." And perhaps there is an affirmation that lies underneath the most emphatic denial, one that emerges as the response to one's destiny.

Only twelve of the thirteen fairies in the land were invited to the christening of the Sleeping Beauty, or Briar-Rose as she is sometimes called. After eleven fairies had blessed the child with gifts of beauty and grace, the thirteenth fairy swept in, enraged at not having been invited (due to an oversight on the part of the king), and laid a curse on the child: at fifteen, when all the gifts of beauty and grace were at their moment of fulfillment, she would prick her finger upon a spindle and die. The palace was aghast, but fortunately, the twelfth fairy had not yet spoken. The curse was mitigated to a hundred-year sleep. In vain the king tried to protect his daughter by banning spindles from his kingdom: but a curse is a call, of a sort, which cannot be so easily escaped. Willy-nilly, the call must be obeyed; even the King and Queen conspire in its fulfillment: when the Princess has come of age, her parents neglect their vigil for one moment, a sliver of time that suffices to bring the Princess to the tower where the one remaining spindle is waiting to fulfill its destiny, and hers.

In an instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," everything is changed: the Princess falls asleep, and so does the whole palace, from the King and Queen themselves down to the cook and scullery boy, the dogs, the horses, the pigeons on the roof, and the flies on the wall. Even the wind itself died down, and around this suddenly silent microcosm a hawthorn hedge began to grow. So for a hundred years the Princess slept in the room at the top of the tower, and all around her slept as well. Beyond the protecting thicket the story of the Sleeping

Beauty passed from father to son and from mother to daughter, and though from time to time (that is, in our mortal time) young men tried to penetrate the hedge, still she slept on, and the hedge became “hung with the corpses of those who had tried to break through before the hundred years were up,” as P.L. Travers writes, “thus pointing an admonitory finger at the truth that to choose the moment when the time is ripe is essentially a hero deed.”² At last, of course, the day of awakening arrived, and the prince came, the one and only hero before whom the thicket would open of its own accord. Drawn to the tower by the inevitability of his quest, he found the Sleeping Beauty. “There she lay and was so beautiful that he couldn’t turn his eyes away and stooped down and kissed her.” Then, of course, she awoke, and so did the whole palace, right down to the scullery boy, the dogs, horses, pigeons, and the flies on the walls. For mortal time began to flow again, and when the prince and his lady love were married, “they lived happily until their death.”

Here the sojourn out of time is connected with what might be termed the “nuptial call.” For the joint action of the two forces of the twelfth and thirteenth fairies set into motion a destiny not only for the newborn princess, but also for a prince who would not be born for a hundred years. As inevitably as she is drawn to the room in the tower, so is he drawn to the hawthorn hedge, that sea of thorns surrounding the island in which the palace sleeps.

When the prince who is the son of the King of Erin and the Queen of the Lonesome Isle sets out on his quest for the fiery water from the well called Tubber Tintye, he is told that the Queen of Tubber Tintye

sleeps, with all her retinue, for seven years—and then all wake for seven years. At the moment he begins his quest, the Queen has just begun her sleep, but the journey is not an easy one. With the aid of a little shaggy horse, the prince must cross over a river of fire, so that

not one thread of his clothes should be scorched, and after that pass safely over a grove of poison trees, and in mid-flight leap from the horse’s back through a window in the palace of Tubber Tintye.

Through twelve chambers he makes his way toward the center of the palace, though each chamber holds a sleeping maiden each more beautiful than the one before. At last he enters the thirteenth chamber, and his eyes are dazzled by the flash of gold.

He stood awhile till the sight came back, and then entered. In the great bright chamber was a golden couch, resting on wheels of gold. The wheels turned continually; the couch went round and round, never stopping night or day. On the couch lay the Queen of Tubber Tintye; and if her twelve maidens were beautiful, they would not be beautiful if seen near her. At the foot of the couch was Tubber Tintye itself—the well of fire. There was a golden cover upon the well, and it went around continually with the couch of the Queen.³

The Prince of the Lonesome Isle spends six days and nights with the sleeping queen, and then leaves with three bottles of water from the flaming well. But their destinies are still to be fulfilled, for he leaves a letter behind identifying himself. And after her seven-year sleep, the queen awakes to find that she has given birth to a boy. Then begins her quest for her husband-to-be; at last they are united and the spell of sleep is lifted from the island and its eternal inhabitants.

The Lady of the House of Sleep, as Joseph Campbell calls her in *The Hero With A Thousand Faces*, “is the incarnation of the promise of perfection. . . . Time

sealed her away, yet she is dwelling still, like one who sleeps in timelessness, at the bottom of the timeless sea." Indeed, it is at the bottom of the sea that Urashima Taro finds his fairy princess in a well-known Japanese folk-tale. But the hapless fisherman does not fare so well as the Prince of the Lonesome Isle. After a few years, he grows homesick for his earthly village and wishes to return. His bride gives him a box to take with him, which, provided that he does not open it, will enable him to return to her in the kingdom beneath the sea. When he comes to his village, he learns that hundreds of years have passed, and that he himself is a centuries-old legend. He forgets the warning of his fairy wife in his bewilderment, and opens the box she had given him. At once, all his years escape from the box and descend upon him, and he vanishes into dust.

A similar fate befell Oisín, son of the Irish hero, Fionn mac Cumhail. After the disastrous battle of Gabhra, in which the Fianna were overcome, a woman came riding over the sea from the west. Niamh of the Golden Hair was her name, and she declared her love for Oisín, taking him away to Tir na n'Og, the Land of the Young. He spent a year in that happy place, "where the grass was always green and fruit and flowers could be picked together, where feasting, music, love, hunting and joyous fighting went on all day and death made no entry."⁴ After a year had passed, however, Oisín longed to visit his homeland, and made ready to do so when he was told that time in Tir na n'Og was not reckoned by mortal measure, and that not one year had passed in Eire, but a hundred, or perhaps a thousand. Nevertheless, he might visit his homeland and return, so long as he never let his foot touch the ground. So he journeyed back and saw that, indeed, all had changed, and the Fianna were no more. So sorrowed was he by all this that he forgot the warning of the fairies and alighted from his horse. At once

the weight of his mortal years fell upon his shoulders and he became an old, old man. His horse rushed back at once to Tir na n'Og, and Oisín spent his last days mourning the passing of Fianna and the loss of his eternal youth.

In a Tyrolean version of the story, cited by Katherine Briggs in her *Encyclopedia of Fairies*, a peasant "followed his herd under a stone and into a cave, where a lady met him, gave him food and offered him a post as a gardener." After several weeks, the peasant grew homesick and wished to return. He was allowed to go, but everything in his former world had changed, and no one recognized him except one ancient woman, who asked him "Where have you been? I have been looking for you for two hundred years." Then she took him by the hand and he fell dead, for she was Death.

The story of King Herla has a slightly different ending—or rather, no ending at all. Herla, king of the ancient Britons (that is, before the Saxon invasion), was once challenged by the king of the fairies each to be a guest at the other's wedding. Sure enough, at the marriage of King Herla with the King of France's daughter, the fairy king arrived, with all his retinue, and a feast was served out of fairy provisions, "of a quality beyond anyone's thoughts." A year later, the fairy king arrived and bid Herla to his own wedding, and Herla followed him into a cave in a high cliff. There the wedding was celebrated, and King Herla and his men were honored with gifts and offerings of "all things pertaining to hunting and falconry." Then they were given a hound, small enough to be carried, and were cautioned not to dismount when they arrived in their own world until the hound leapt from his carrier. When Herla and his men emerged from the cave, they found few who could understand their speech, for two hundred years had passed, and the Saxon tongue had replaced that of the Britons. "The king was astonished," the twelfth-century historian Walter Map tells us, "for he imagined that he had been away for three days only." Some of King Herla's men alighted from their horses, forgetting the warnings of the fair-

ies, and instantly they crumbled into dust. The king and the rest of the men vowed not to descend until the hound leapt down, and since he has not yet done so, it must be supposed that King Herla and his men ride still: and indeed, the sound of his eternal hunt may sometimes be heard to this day in the lonely valleys of Herefordshire.

The hero of an Italian variant of the Oisín tale pursued his Swan Maiden to the Isle of Happiness, and stayed with her there for two months—or so he thought. He wishes to visit his mother, and like Oisín, is given a beautiful black horse to carry him over the sea. He too is warned not to descend from the horse, but in this case his bride goes with him to make sure. They meet an old woman with a load of shoes which she has worn out looking for him, but when she slips and falls and he bends down to assist her, his fairy bride warns him, “Beware!



That is Death!” They next come to a great lord on a leg-weary horse, but before the hero comes to his aid again his bride warns him, “Beware! That is the Devil!” Finally, the hero is convinced that his mother is dead and forgotten: for two hundred years have passed in the time he has been away, and so the two return to the Isle of Happiness, where they have lived ever since.

Though the endings differ from tale to tale, the laws governing the return of the hero from time out of time are constant: one may visit the mortal world, but to tarry there and then to go again into merciless time, is to meet death at once. The price of immortality is eternal vigilance—or are they one and the same thing? To dine with the immortals—or drink with them, like Rip Van Winkle—bestows a partial immortality: but since that is a quality only the gods possess, it is plain that immortal man lives not by fairy bread alone. Something else is needed, which only the hero himself can supply, particularly if he is to return to the world from which he sprang. But what world is that? Or is man of another world as well as this one?—the “two worlds of life and death” that Shelley speaks of in *Prometheus Bound*, where one might meet, as did the Magus Zoroaster, “his own image, walking in the garden.”

Dug-From-Ground is the name of a truly autochthonous hero of the Hupa Indians of California. He came into being not by natural birth, but from the earth, as a forked root. After performing various deeds by which he was recognized and accepted by his earthly mother and grandmother, he decided to visit the home of the immortals, at the eastern edge of the world. In that world also he was accepted, and married the daughter of the sun. He played the game of shinny with his brothers-in-law, including Wildcat, whose face he smashed into its present shape; Fox, whose face he pinched; Earthquake, and Thunder. Eventually, he went home to his grandmother to find that “as many nights as it seemed to him he had spent, so many years he had really been away.” Both his mother and grandmother had worried about him, and kept a kind of vigil during his absence. Then Dug-From-

Ground repaired their house, picked it up with a stick and went away, with his earthly family, to the end of the world. They are all living there still.

In this tale the hero explicitly journeys to a sacred place, namely the home of the immortals, the dwelling-place of the sun and of various natural forces and clan totems. He succeeds not only in retaining immortality, but even in conveying it to his mortal family: the difference here is that he comes into the mortal world already marked as being of another nature. The idea of two natures, or two destinies, of man can be seen in stories of a kind usually referred to as "Friends in Life and Death," a fine example of which can be found in Italo Calvino's retelling of "One Night in Paradise," from his collection of *Italian Folktales*.

Once upon a time two friends made a pledge that the first to get married would call on the other to be his best man, even if he should be at the ends of the earth. One of the friends died, however, and when the surviving friend was to be married, the priest told him to visit the grave of his friend and invite him to be the best man. "It will then be up to him whether to come to your wedding or not." As soon as this was done, the earth opened and the dead friend came up at once to keep his word.

The wedding was held, and a marvelous banquet as well, but it was plain that the living friend wanted to know all about the afterlife. After the feast, the dead man rose and said, "Friend, since I've done you this favor, would you walk me back a part of the way?" The living friend agreed to do so, kissed his bride and told her that he would return immediately. But his curiosity got the better of him, and after asking numerous times about the hereafter, he agreed to go on a short visit beyond the grave. So the two friends set off for Paradise, where the living friend saw many marvels that mortal eyes have never (or seldom) beheld. After a



few hours of this delightful journey, the living friend remembered that it was his wedding night, and that he should return, though he wanted very much to stay and see more. Reluctantly, his dead friend conducted him back to the grave, and then vanished from sight, and he returned to the world from which he had come. But how changed everything was! The small village had become a great city, the parish church was now a cathedral, and everything was changed. When he went looking for his bride, he was told that no one had been married the day before. Then he told his story to the sacristan, and finally to the bishop, who recalled an old story of a similar nature that he had heard as a boy. The bishop took down the parish books and began looking through them, searching for the name of the bride and bridegroom.

Finally on a yellowed, crumbling page he put his finger on those very names. "It was three hundred years ago. The young man disappeared from the cemetery, and the bride died of a broken heart. Read right here if you don't believe it!"

"But I'm the bridegroom myself!"

"And you went to the next world? Tell me about it!"

But the young man turned deathly pale, sank to the ground, and died before he could tell one single thing he had seen.⁵

When his friend Enkidu dies, Gilgamesh sets out to find immortality, the elixir of life. Eventually, he encounters an old man: Utnapishtim, the Far-Away, the Sumerian Noah, who was saved from the Flood, and dwells forever in Dilmun, the garden of the gods, at the mouth of all rivers. The old



man puts the hero to the test of staying awake for six days and seven nights, but immediately, sleep, like a fog, blows around him and his eyes shut fast. After the time of his waking had passed in sleep, Utnapishtim awakens Gilgamesh, who insists that he had only just closed his eyes. But Utnapishtim's wife had baked a loaf of bread each day that the hero had slept, and the old man points them out:

"Count these loaves and learn how many days you slept, for your first is hard, your second like leather, your third is soggy, the crust of your fourth has mould, your fifth is mildewed, your sixth is fresh and your seventh was still over the glowing embers when I touched and woke you." Gilgamesh said, "What shall I do, O Utnapishtim, where shall I go? Already the thief in the night has hold of my limbs, death inhabits my room; wherever my foot rests, there I find death."⁶

So we come at last, by the elliptical method of fairytale and myth, to the heart of the matter: for what else is it that the hero seeks if not immortality? And what danger faces him when he attains the garden of the gods except precisely those mortal coils which he cannot shuffle off? After failing the test put to him by his ambiguous guru, Gilgamesh is given a boon that he might not go away emptyhanded after all that he has endured. He is told of a plant which, if he can pick it from the bottom of the sea, will confer eternal youth. He plunges into the sea and takes the plant in triumph. But on his return to Uruk, he stops to bathe, leaving the plant by the side of the pool. A serpent, smelling the plant, snatches the plant and immediately sheds its skin; through inattention, for a moment's earthly joy of a good bath, Gilgamesh loses everything. The story seems hardly a myth at all, but a parable of our lives, so direct and explicit is the search and the result.

Whence comes the call to such a search, when so much — all the world, even Nature herself, and even the gods — seem opposed to it? Is it an unattainable dream, born of insatiable thirst or persistent dissatisfaction? But then we are thrown back to the question again, for whence that thirst, that dis-

satisfaction? Is it the product of a confused mind, or what Mircea Eliade calls "nostalgia for Paradise"? There is a story by Sholem Aleichem, called "Elijah the Prophet," which touches on just this point. It is the time of the Passover, and the house is being made ready for the Seder. The narrator is a young boy whose father tells him to sleep, so that he will be able to sit up at the Seder and ask the Four Questions. "Remember," his father tells him, "you must not sleep at the Seder. If you do, Elijah the Prophet will come with a bag on his shoulders. On the first two nights of Passover, Elijah the Prophet goes about looking for those who have fallen asleep at the Seder and takes them away in his bag." This acts as a challenge to the young boy, who even drinks a full cup of wine, to the very dregs. And, of course, he falls asleep. He dreams that in fact Elijah does come, with his bag, and silently comes to the sleeping boy. "Now, little boy," says Elijah the Prophet, "get into my bag and come."

I asked him, "Where to?" and he replied, "You will see later." I did not want to go, and he said to me again, "Come." And I began to argue with him. "How can I go with you when I am a wealthy man's son?" Said he to me, "And as a wealthy man's son, of what great value are you?" Said I, "I am the only child of my father and mother." Said he, "To me, you are not an only child." Said I, "I am fretted over. If they find that I am gone, they will not get over it; they will die, especially my mother."

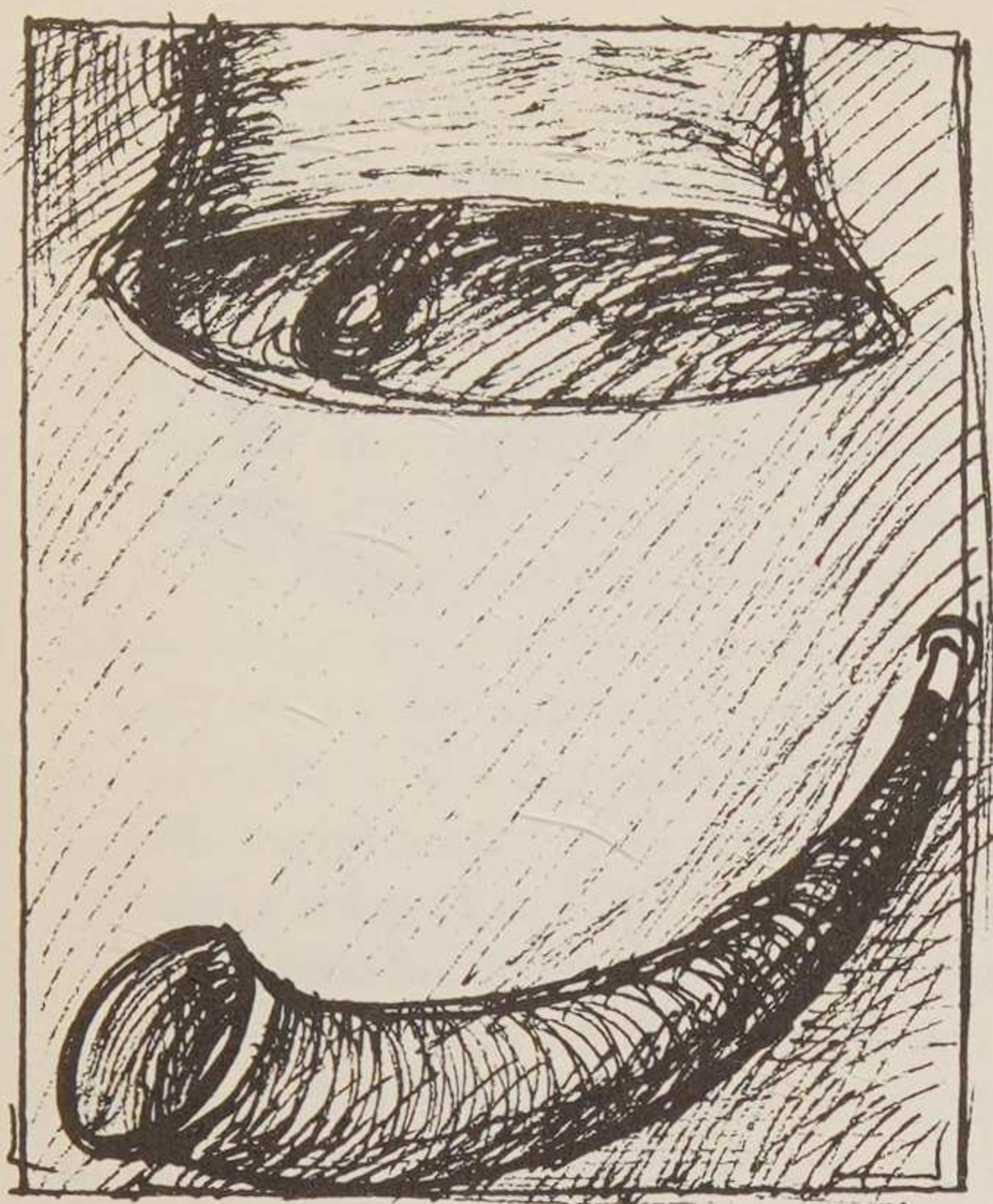
He looked at me, the old man did, very kindly and he said to me, softly and sweetly as before, "If you do not want to die, then come with me. Say goodbye to your father and mother, and come."⁷

But what, or who, in us will obey that call? Is it the world without that stands opposed to the quest for eternal life, or the world within? And who, or what, will wake us?

It is said that King Arthur, the Once and Future King, did not die of his wounds, but sleeps to this day in a cave on the Isle of Avalon. A shepherd once encountered a strange and mysterious man, who told him a hoard of treasure that lay beneath the tree from which the shepherd's crook was cut. Within the cave, he was warned, there hung a great bell, and he must not touch it, or else the Sleepers in the Cave would wake.

The stranger then vanished, so the shepherd took his encounter, and its information, for nothing more than a dream. But some time later, while seeking for a lost sheep, he came to a valley and recognized the tree from which his staff had been cut. There under the roots he found the entrance to a cave, and went in. It was dark, so he lit a candle which he happened to have in his pocket, and by its light he beheld warriors sleeping in a circle, each clad in armor, with a sword by his side. In their midst was a king who wore a golden crown and held in his hand a shining sword. The shepherd, dazzled by what he saw, stepped back, and as ill luck would have it, struck his head against the bell which hung over the doorway. As its deep chime sounded through the cavern, the king woke slowly and asked, "Is it time?" The poor shepherd had only just enough wit left to reply, "No, it is not yet time." "Well have you said," replied the king, "for only will I wake when Britain is at its hour of greatest need. Now take of the treasure which lies before you and be gone with God speed, lest my knights awaken and slay you." The shepherd did as he was bidden, and Arthur returned to his long rest.

Within the Smith's Rock on the Isle of Skye lie sleeping the Fenian Men, and Fionn mac Cumhail himself sleeps with them. By their side is a great "wooden crier," or horn, which if blown, will wake the Fianna to the Last Battle. A smith of the island once found them there, and tried to wake them, giving two blasts on the whistle before fleeing in mortal terror at their fearsome aspect. The heroes are still half awake, propped up on their elbows, awaiting the third blast of the horn to summon them forth.



It is a strange sort of sleep that we encounter in these tales: a sleep of readiness and attentiveness, a kind of vigil, not the sleep of oblivion that characterizes our lives. There is in that state an escape from the ravages of Time, like the third state of being, the *susupta-sthana* of the Māndukya Upanishad. It is spoken of as sleep, but it is as much like sleep as we know it as the wakefulness which it implies is like our waking state.

In each of the stories examined, there are certain consistencies which stand out. The first and most obvious is that the heroes in each story experience a kind of time which flows differently from that to which we are accustomed. As Niamh of the Golden Hair tells her beloved Oisín, “time is not reckoned by mortal measure.” The second is that this other order of time is connected in every instance with a specific place which can be termed sacred: mountains, caves, islands, towers, palaces—all these are places set apart from the ordinary run of life. To strengthen the image there is usually a barrier or difficulty to be surmounted in order to gain entrance: a hedge of thorns, river of

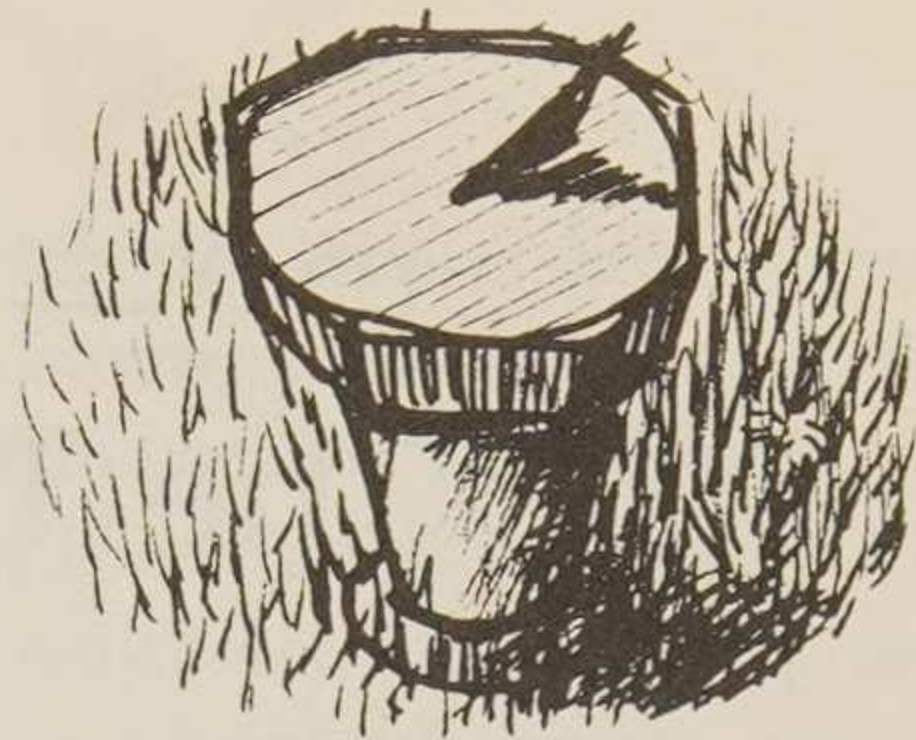
fire and poison trees, the grave, or simply the sundering sea. These are the architectonic emblems of the Center, the foot, as it were, of the Cosmic Tree, the *axis mundi*, the Sacred Mountain, where heaven and earth meet. At the Center, wherever that is, time is different, values are reversed, sleep is waking, and waking sleep. Here the hero encounters his destiny, that for which he is in quest, and the very element which serves to strengthen the image of Center—danger—serves also as a reminder that once the threshold is crossed between these two worlds (or perhaps they are the two natures of man) a new set of laws applies. Joseph Campbell writes that once the hero’s mortal parts are “brought into accord with the powers and forms of timelessness,” the least fluctuation of the heroic will, the briefest moment of forgetfulness places him in great peril, and that “all of him [stands] to be refuted, blasted, by the impact of the forms and powers of time.”⁸

The return of the hero is fraught with so much danger that the tales of failure seem to far outnumber those of successful return. A moment of forgetfulness—that is, of the waking sleep that characterizes our lives—suffices for all to be lost. The Living Friend and the Seven Sleepers begin to tell their tales to mortal ears and crumble away into dust, Urashima Taro opens the box of his years, Oisín slips to the earth and into mortal time. These are the heroes who lost everything through their own forgetfulness. The eternal vigils of King Arthur and the Fianna are disturbed, though not broken, by forgetful or thoughtless mortals. The deliberate (one might say, lawful) awakenings lead to less disastrous results: King Mucukunda is awakened through Krishna’s trickery to the last battle and ultimate retreat into the mountains to complete his victory over Time; the Sleeping Beauty and the Queen of Tubber Tintye, like the Valkyrie Brünnhilde, awake to an immortal hierogamy. Dug-From-Ground returns to mortal time only long enough to find his grandmother and bring her back to the land of the immortals. The return is not, therefore, impossible—only extremely difficult and dangerous, as is any crossing of the thresh-

old between the “two worlds of life and death.”

“Go I know not where, bring back I know not what” is the hero’s task in one Russian folktale. Could anything more precisely express the dilemma in which those in search find themselves? To fetch the apples of the Hesperides may seem explicit enough a task, but how will one recognize them? It is the dilemma of all heroes in all quests, however exactly the object of the quest may be described. Will they, like Tiltil and Mytil in Maeterlinck’s *The Blue Bird*, mistake a thousand mortal birds for that one and only which will endure for all time? How is the “sleep” of true consciousness to be distinguished from the other kinds of sleep in which we pass our lives? There is an ambiguous image in these references to sleep, a hint perhaps that our evaluations are topsy-turvy. What could be more pleasurable, more rewarding for the labors undergone, more refreshing for the labors to come, than sleep: yet Gilgamesh dozes off and loses everything at the exact moment that he could have become the master of sleep, and therefore the master of time. Rip Van Winkle may have slept for twenty years, or watched the mountain revellers for twenty years and slept but a single night: but what knowledge, what boon did he bring back? Only a curious story to titillate the curious. Perhaps the image of the Sleeping Beauty, the Queen of Tubber Tintye, the Lady of the House of Sleep, in those nuptial journeys of sleep signifies that to master time—that is, to master mortality—requires a marriage of our two natures: only first, one of them must be awakened.

Where is Tir na n’Og, the Land of the Young? At the Center, apparently. But where is that, and how will we recognize it? The myths call it the Sacred Mountain, and folktales call it Fairyland sometimes, but that doesn’t tell us much. Perhaps the clearest clue occurs in a story by George Mac-



Donald called “The Golden Key”: “Things that look real in this country look very thin indeed in Fairyland, while some of the things that here cannot stand still for a moment, will not move there.” Is Time one of those things?

There was a boy who used to sit in the twilight and listen to his great-aunt’s stories.

She told him that if he could reach the place where the end of the rainbow stands he would find there a golden key.

“And what is the key for?” the boy would ask. “What is it the key of? What will it open?”

“That nobody knows,” his aunt would reply. “He has to find that out.”⁹ ◇

NOTES

¹ Washington Irving, “Rip Van Winkle,” in *The Sketchbook of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* (New York: New American Library, 1961), p. 50.

² P.L. Travers, *About the Sleeping Beauty.* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1975), pp. 58–59.

³ Jeremiah Curtin, *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1890), pp. 101–106.

⁴ Katherine Briggs, *An Encyclopedia of Fairies* (New York: Pantheon, 1976), p. 400.

⁵ Italo Calvino, *Italian Folktales* (N.Y.: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980), p. 121.

⁶ N.K. Sandars, *The Epic of Gilgamesh* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1971), p. 112.

⁷ Sholem Aleichem, “Elijah the Prophet,” reprinted in *Jewish Affairs*, March, 1969, pp. 24–26.

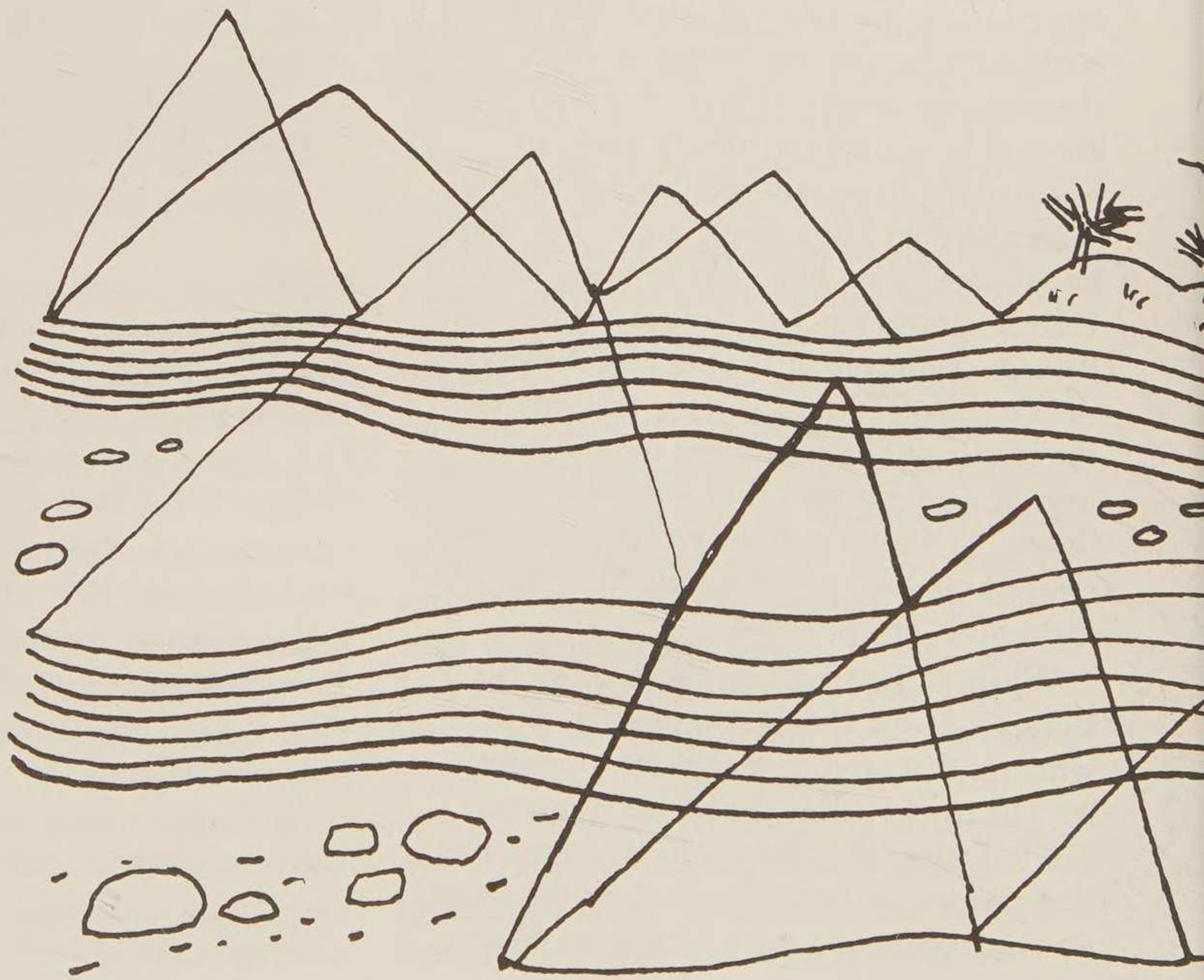
⁸ Joseph Campbell, *The Hero With a Thousand Faces* (Princeton University Press, 1973), p. 221.

⁹ George MacDonald, “The Golden Key,” in *The Complete Fairy Tales of George MacDonald* (New York: Schocken Books, 1977), p. 210.

EPICYCLE

The Two Rivers

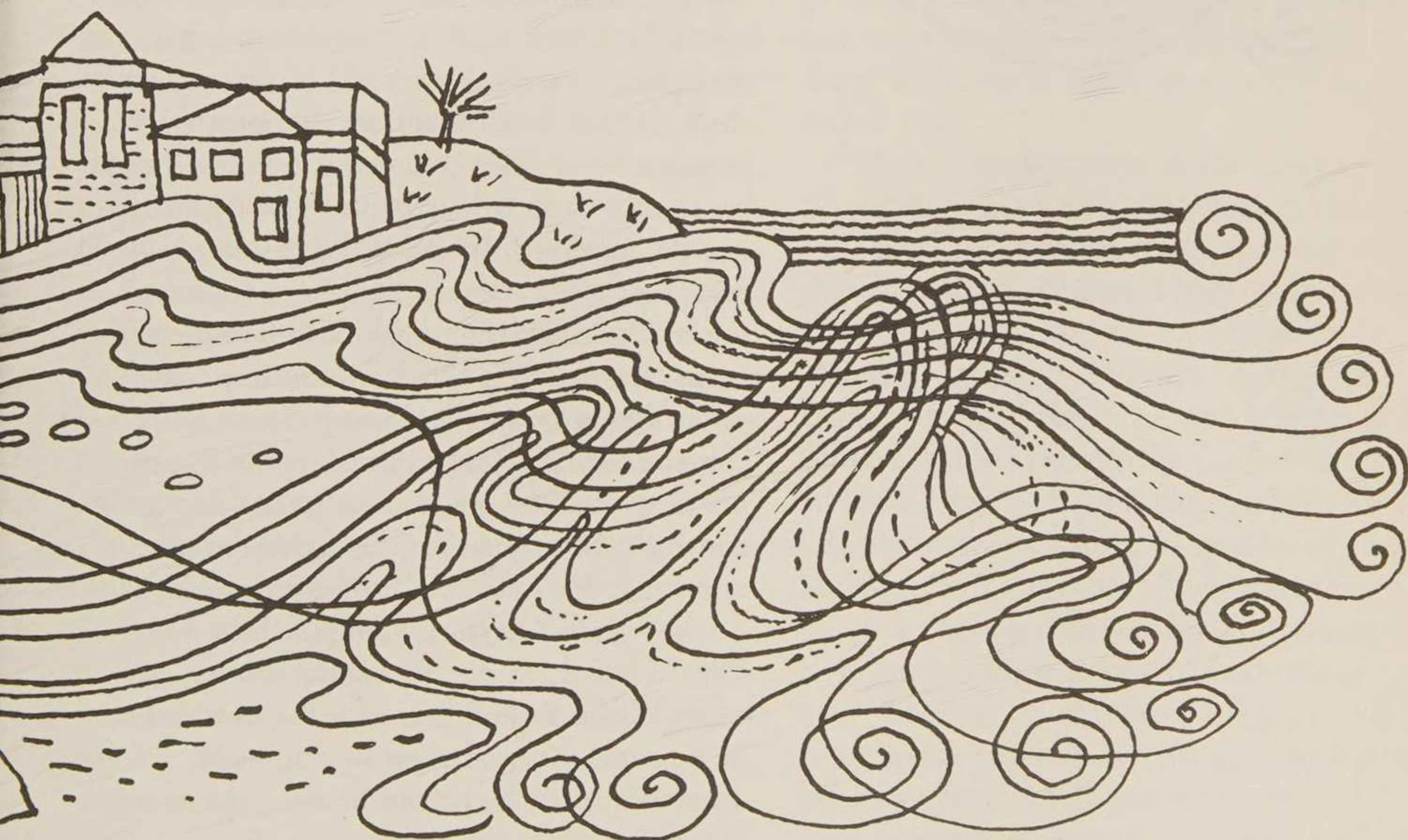
Illustrated by Rosemary Nott



For a long time the Volga River and the Vazuza River disputed as to which of them was the cleverer, stronger, and deserving of the greater honors. They argued and argued and neither would give in to the other. Finally they decided to settle the matter in this way. "Let us lie down to sleep," they said, "and whichever of us wakes up and reaches the Khvalinsky Sea first will be considered the cleverer, stronger, and deserving of the greater honors."

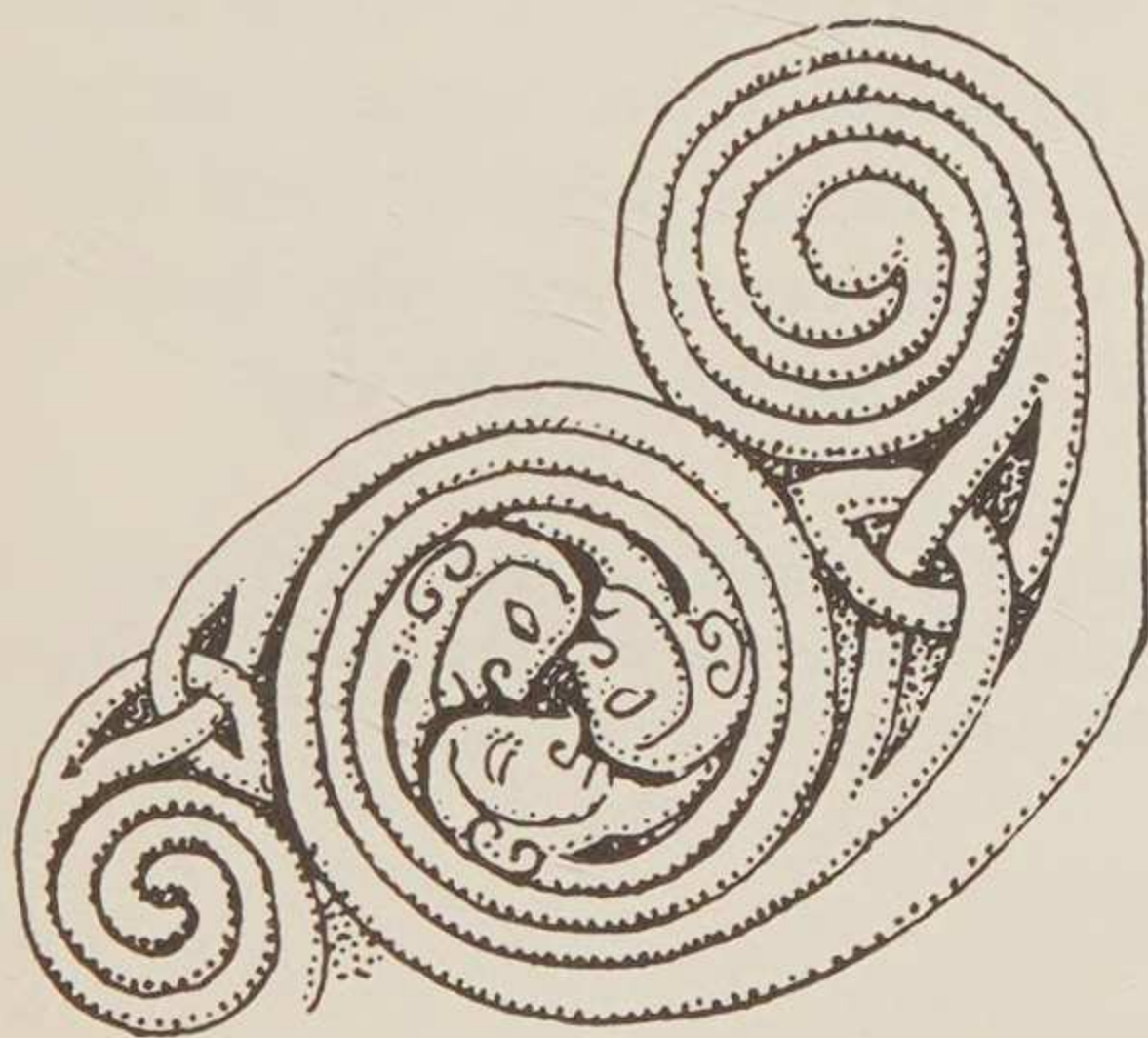
The Volga lay down to sleep and so did the Vazuza. In the middle of the night the Vazuza rose quietly, ran away from the Volga, chose a short, straight road to the sea, and started flowing. The Volga, upon awakening, flowed neither too slowly nor too fast, but just as a river should flow. At Zubtsov she overtook the Vazuza with such force that the Vazuza was frightened by her younger sister and begged her, the Volga, to take her, the Vazuza, in her arms and carry her to the sea. Nevertheless, it is still the Vazuza that wakes first in the spring and rouses the Volga from her long winter sleep.

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The Life of Sleeping Men

by P.D. Ouspensky



At one of the following lectures G.* returned to the question of consciousness. . . .

“In order to understand what the difference between states of consciousness is, let us return to the first state of consciousness which is sleep. This is an entirely subjective state of consciousness. A man is immersed in dreams, whether he remembers them or not does not matter. Even if some real impressions reach him, such as sounds, voices, warmth, cold, the sensation of his own body, they arouse in him only fantastic subjective images. Then a man wakes up. At first glance this is a quite different state of consciousness. He can move, he can talk with other people, he can make calculations ahead, he can see danger and avoid it, and so on. It stands to reason that he is in a better position than when he was asleep. But if we go a little more deeply into things, if we take a look into his inner world, into his thoughts, into the causes of his actions, we shall see that he is in almost the same state as when he is asleep. And it is even worse, because in sleep he is passive, that is, he cannot do anything. In the waking state, however, he can do something all the time and the results of all his actions will be reflected upon him or upon those around him. *And yet he does not remember himself.* He is a machine, everything with him *happens*. He cannot stop the flow of his thoughts, he cannot control his imagination, his emotions, his attention. He lives in a subjective world of ‘I love,’ ‘I do not love,’ ‘I like,’ ‘I do not like,’ ‘I want,’ ‘I do not want,’ that is, of what he thinks he likes, of what he thinks he does not like, of what he thinks he wants, of what he thinks he does not want. He does not see the real world. The real world is hidden from him by the wall of imagination. *He lives in sleep.* He is asleep. What is called ‘clear consciousness’ is sleep and a far more dangerous sleep than sleep at

*G.I. Gurdjieff

night in bed.

“Let us take some event in the life of humanity. For instance, war. There is a war going on at the present moment. What does it signify? It signifies that several millions of sleeping people are trying to destroy several millions of other sleeping people. They would not do this, of course, if they were to wake up. Everything that takes place is owing to this sleep.

“Both states of consciousness, sleep and the waking state, are equally subjective. Only by beginning to *remember himself* does a man really awaken. And then all surrounding life acquires for him a different aspect and a different meaning. He sees that it is *the life of sleeping people*, a life in sleep. All that men say, all that they do, they say and do in sleep. All this can have no value whatever. Only awakening and what leads to awakening has a value in reality.

“How many times have I been asked here whether wars can be stopped? Certainly they can. For this it is only necessary that people should awaken. It seems a small thing. It is, however, the most difficult thing there can be because this sleep is induced and maintained by the whole of surrounding life, by all surrounding conditions.

“How can one awaken? How can one escape this sleep? These questions are the most important, the most vital that can ever confront a man. But before this it is necessary to be convinced of the very fact of sleep. But it is possible to be convinced of this only by trying to awaken. When a man understands that he does not remember himself and that to remember himself means to awaken to some extent, and when at the same time he sees by experience how difficult it is to remember himself, he will understand that he cannot awaken simply by having the desire to do so. It can be said still more precisely that a man cannot awaken *by himself*. But if, let us say, twenty people make an agreement that whoever of them

awakens first shall wake the rest, they already have some chance. Even this, however, is insufficient because all the twenty can go to sleep at the same time and dream that they are waking up. Therefore more still is necessary. They must be looked after by a man who is not asleep or who does not fall asleep as easily as they do, or who goes to sleep consciously when this is possible, when it will do no harm either to himself or to others. They must find such a man *and hire him* to wake them and not allow them to fall asleep again. Without this it is impossible to awaken. This is what must be understood.

“It is possible to think for a thousand years; it is possible to write whole libraries of books, to create theories by the million, and all this in sleep, without any possibility of awakening. On the contrary, these books and these theories, written and created in sleep, will merely send other people to sleep, and so on.

“There is nothing new in the idea of sleep. People have been told almost since the creation of the world that they are asleep and that they must awaken. How many times is this said in the Gospels, for instance? ‘Awake,’ ‘watch,’ ‘sleep not.’ Christ’s disciples even slept when he was praying in the Garden of Gethsemane for the last time. It is all there. But do men understand it? Men take it simply as a form of speech, as an expression, as a metaphor. They completely fail to understand that it must be taken literally. And again it is easy to understand why. In order to understand this literally it is necessary to awaken a little, or at least to try to awaken. I tell you seriously that I have been asked several times why nothing is said about sleep in the Gospels. Although it is there spoken of almost on every page. This simply shows that people read the Gospels in sleep. So long as a man sleeps pro-

foundly and is wholly immersed in dreams he cannot even think about the fact that he is asleep. If he were to think that he was asleep, he would wake up. So everything goes on. And men have not the slightest idea what they are losing because of this sleep. As I have already said, as he is organized, that is, being such as nature has created him, man can be a self-conscious being. Such he is created and such he is born. But he is born among sleeping people, and, of course, he falls asleep among them just at the very time when he should have begun to be conscious of himself. Everything has a hand in this: the involuntary imitation of older people on the part of the child, voluntary and involuntary suggestion, and what is called 'education.' Every attempt to awaken on the child's part is instantly stopped. This is inevitable. And a great many efforts and a great deal of help are necessary in order to awaken later when thousands of sleep-compelling habits have been accumulated. And this very seldom happens. In most cases, a man when still a child already loses the possibility of awakening; he lives in sleep all his life and he dies in sleep. . . .

"There are a thousand things which prevent a man from awakening, which keep him in the power of his dreams. In order to act consciously with the intention of awakening, it is necessary to know the nature of the forces which keep man in a state of sleep.

"First of all it must be realized that the sleep in which man exists is not normal but hypnotic sleep. Man is hypnotized and this hypnotic state is continually maintained and strengthened in him. One would think that there are forces for whom it is useful and profitable to keep man in a hypnotic state and prevent him from seeing the truth and understanding his position.

"There is an Eastern tale which speaks about a very rich magician who had a great

many sheep. But at the same time this magician was very mean. He did not want to hire shepherds, nor did he want to erect a fence about the pasture where his sheep were grazing. The sheep consequently often wandered into the forest, fell into ravines, and so on, and above all they ran away, for they knew that the magician wanted their flesh and skins and this they did not like.

"At last the magician found a remedy. He *hypnotized* his sheep and suggested to them first of all that they were immortal and that no harm was being done to them when they were skinned, that, on the contrary, it would be very good for them and even pleasant; secondly he suggested that the magician was a *good master* who loved his flock so much that he was ready to do anything in the world for them; and in the third place he suggested to them that if anything at all were going to happen to them it was not going to happen just then, at any rate not that day, and *therefore* they had no need to think about it. Further the magician suggested to his sheep that they were not sheep at all; to some of them he suggested that they were *lions*, to others that they were *eagles*, to others that they were *men*, and to others that they were *magicians*.

"And after this all his cares and worries about the sheep came to an end. They never ran away again but quietly awaited the time when the magician would require their flesh and skins.

"This tale is a very good illustration of man's position." ◇

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On Waking Up

An interview with Joseph Campbell

by Douglas Auchincloss



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A longtime friend of *PARABOLA*, Joseph Campbell is an internationally known scholar, author and lecturer in the field of comparative mythology. In previous issues, he has shared with *PARABOLA* readers his views on a variety of subjects, most recently on "Elders and Guides" (in *The Old Ones*, Vol. V, No. 1) and "The Great Goddess" (in *Woman*, Vol. V, No. 4). Professor Emeritus at Sarah Lawrence College, Mr. Campbell is currently writing another epic study, *The Historical Atlas of World Mythology*, to be published in two volumes by McGraw-Hill. In this interview with Douglas Auchincloss, Campbell refers to the Rinzai saying, "Encountering a Buddha, kill the Buddha. Encountering a Patriarch, kill the Patriarch." This idea that even the image of God must be transcended before His creation, man, can reach liberation, is at the center of Campbell's thoughts on awakening.

Douglas Auchincloss. *On the presupposition that humans are capable of higher levels of consciousness than those in which they ordinarily exist, sleep is a metaphor for what we think of as our waking state—and from which it behooves us somehow to awake. The Buddha, as we know, means The Awakened. St. Paul urged his fellow Christians, "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch."*

It is this metaphorical aspect of sleep and awakening that I'd like to discuss.

Joseph Campbell. One of the classic texts on sleep is the *Māndukya Upanishad*, which speaks of four stages of consciousness: waking consciousness, dream consciousness, deep, dreamless sleep, and then the mystery of go-

ing into deep, dreamless sleep *awake*—which is when one breaks through the plane of darkness into undifferentiated consciousness.

The way in which the metaphor of sleep and waking is used relates to exactly that state. The Awakened One, the Buddha, has awakened to that undifferentiated consciousness. From that point of view, we who have not waked to that are asleep in our rational, normal, and even dreaming lives. That awakening is the great breakthrough.

Another image for this sleep-state that we are in is Water. Jesus said to his apostles, “I will make you fishers of men”—pulling the normal fish-men out of the water of their sleep and bringing them to their potential fully human consciousness. This is a motif from the Orphic tradition where Orpheus is the fisher who lifts us out of our fish-state and brings us to the light at the top of the water.

D.A. *The water standing for the unconscious state of ordinary life—“sleep.”*

J.C. Well, what we call consciousness is part of that unconsciousness—unconsciousness of the solar light. That’s the big pitch of these mythological metaphors.

D.A. *The miracle of Jesus walking on the water in the storm comes to mind—on one level a dramatic demonstration of control over the forces of nature, but on another level symbolic of dominion over the turbulent dream world in which we are being tossed around.*

J.C. Yes. The Buddha walked on the water, too, 500 years earlier. Walking on water and walking on fire are standard motifs.

D.A. *You mentioned that the Upanishads speak of going into this deep, dreamless sleep while awake.*

J.C. Yes. That’s the function of yoga.

D.A. *So that one is living in both worlds at the same time.*

J.C. Yes. There’s a saying in one of the Upanishads—something like: “We go every night to that Brahma world where the treasure is.” It also says that, as one can walk over a buried treasure day after day and night after night, so do we walk over that Brahma world in our sleep without knowing it. We come that close to illumination every night, but . . .

D.A. *So that the adept, the sage, works to perfect the ability to stay conscious in his sleep?*

J.C. Oh, in fact that’s one of the monastic disciplines, where you go to sleep pronouncing a mantra of waking knowledge—kind of a fishing line to carry you from waking to transcendent consciousness. But the fact that the Buddha means “the waked up” teaches the main lesson here.

D.A. *And the role of the Buddha—or the Savior—is to wake up other people?*

J.C. That’s right!

D.A. *Has American Indian mythology much of this imagery of sleep and waking? Black Elk had a vision in sleep.*

J.C. Black Elk had a tremendous vision—a revelation through sleep of the Great Truth. He says at one point: “I saw myself on the Central Mountain of the World. The Central Mountain of the World is Harney Peak in South Dakota.” Then he added: “But the Central Mountain of the World is everywhere.” *That* is the word of one who has waked up! He understands the function of the cult image—the cult-focus on a specific image or idea of sanctuary. But that is not the final reference. That is but the finger pointing to the moon—the metaphor intending the Transcendent. That’s something that has been lost, I would say, in the Judeo-Christian tradition. They tend to think Jerusalem is the Central Mountain of the World.

D.A. *That’s the problem of our tradition, that it’s historical and linear.*

J.C. It's a killer, that problem! The function of symbols is to be transparent to the transcendent, and the whole character of the Judeo-Christian tradition is opaque to the transcendent. Everybody else has got the hang of it except these people going around trying to convert the world to their concretization of the idea of God, who sits there as a kind of roadblock. It's really fantastic! There's a saying in Zen Buddhism: "If you see the Buddha coming down the road, *kill him!*" As long as you're stuck with the Buddha—haven't killed him on the road—you're in devotion; you haven't got past the pairs of opposites and the cult objects to realize *Tat Twam Asi*—That Art Thou. If you have concretized the image of the transcendent, get rid of your image. Meister Eckhart tells us: "The ultimate leave-taking is the leaving of God for GOD." We're stuck with Jesus, who physically died on the cross to return in unity to the Father. But we haven't taken that passage through the Cross seriously enough.

D.A. *The injunction to us to die in Christ isn't taken seriously either.*

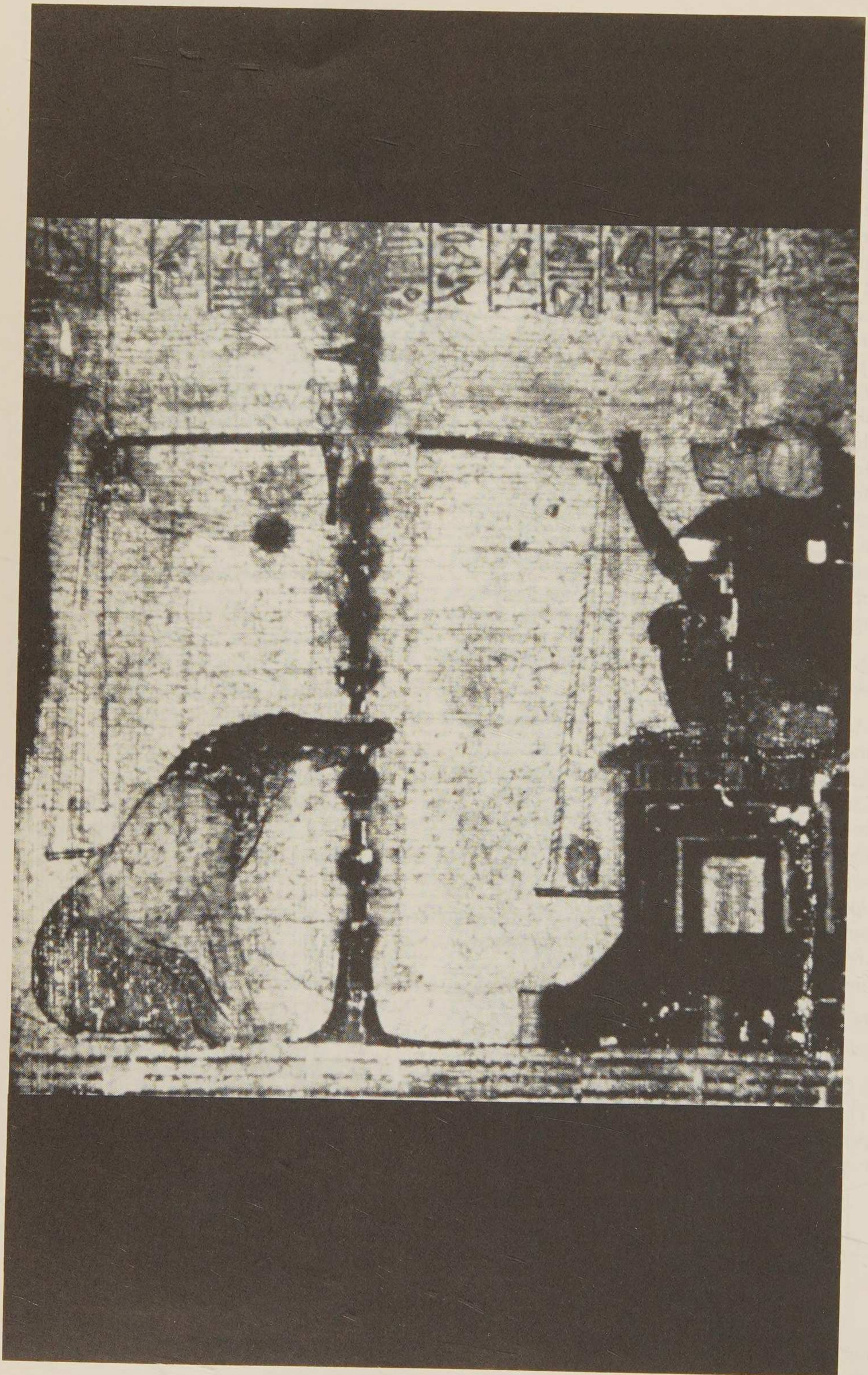
J.C. Of course not! We think it's dying into Jesus. But Christ isn't Jesus. Christ is the eternal Second Person of the Blessed Trinity—yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Jesus is an historical character. He has been identified with Christ, just as each of us ought to be. But so many people who think they're Christians have become fixed on a concrete reference. Even Yahweh is as concrete as can be. Remember, Hegel called him "the gaseous vertebrate."

D.A. *Western religion today tends to be ethically oriented.*

J.C. Yes, sin and the atonement of sin. That puts a screen before us, and we can't penetrate through to the metaphysical, beyond all the pairs of opposites—good and

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evil, male and female, action and inaction, man and God. We're stuck with God in his Heaven and Satan in Hell—the ultimate pair of opposites! Adam and Eve were thrown out of the Garden when they ate the fruit of the knowledge of the pairs of opposites.

D.A. *And the role of the Serpent—at least in the Gnostic tradition . . .*

J.C. Is to wake you. Absolutely! The Serpent did his best to turn them away from that god who was an ethical god, a righteous god, full of vengeance. That's why the Orphic cults—the Gnostic, snake-worshipping cults—saw Jesus as the Second Coming of the Serpent. Because with Jesus, the law of Yahweh, the Old Testament, was transcended—we finally got rid of it. But then the Christians went right back. Their tradition is the Old Testament tradition all over again! Good and evil, right and wrong, sin and atonement.

D.A. *It seems to me that the Egyptians may have known all about this.*

J.C. I know that the Egyptians knew all about this. There are enough clues in their art. And they had connections, too, with Indian ideas centuries before India had them. For example, I have a picture of that scene of the weighing of the heart against the feather that dates back to about 1400 B.C., in which the upright of the scale has exactly seven little swellings, corresponding to the seven *chakras*. And you know that hippopotamus-like animal that devours anyone whose heart is heavier than a feather? Well the nose of that monster is sticking right between the third and fourth *chakras*—between the animal-nature *chakras*, the first three, and the fourth, at the level of the heart, of spiritual transformation—and that nose is pointing to a platform on which is sitting the baboon, Thoth, the symbol of Hermes, the guide of souls into immortality.

D.A. *I didn't know the Egyptians had the chakras at all.*

J.C. No one did—but there it is. Another image which we have from India is the five sheaths that enwrap the *Ātman*. The outermost is the sheath of food, next the sheath of breath, which activates the food sheath, oxidizes it and brings life. The next is the sheath of mind, which is attached to these first two sheaths. Then there is a deep break, followed by the sheath of wisdom—this is the wisdom of the body, the wisdom of nature, protoplasm, the body and the cell, where the transcendent energy that shapes everything comes pouring into the world. And beneath that is the sheath of bliss. And then you look at the sarcophagus of Tutankhamun where there are three rectangular boxes enclosing the great sarcophagus, and the sarcophagus is of two sheaths: an outer one of wood inlaid with gold and lapis-lazuli and an inner one of pure gold—the sheath of bliss.

D.A. *I'd like to go back to the American Indians. How do they speak of the process of awakening?*

J.C. In initiation. As a matter of fact, in this book that I'm now writing—when you just now rang my doorbell, I was right in the middle of a sentence about an American Indian initiation: an initiation myth having to do with two boys—twin heroes—born of a virgin. Their father is the Sun. Monsters are troubling the land, and the boys—one a warrior and the other a medicine man—journey to their father the Sun to get weapons. The father puts them through a series of four terrible tests, and when they survive these tests, he initiates them, tells them what their true names are. That's it—the awakening to the inward self, to the knowledge of who you truly are.

And here's another kind of initiation. Back in the 1830s, a young painter from Harvard named George Catlin went out to the West when it was real Indian country. His full-face portraits, in which the eyes seemed to follow one around, gave him a tremendous reputation among the Indians as a magician, and as a magician they admitted

him to some of their hidden ceremonies. One of them was the one that we have all seen pictured, in which the young braves are hung up with skewers through their chest muscles and whirled around and around till they faint and are dropped to the ground. The point of that procedure, Catlin reported, was that "they should learn to rest well in God." No fear. Knud Rasmussen got a similar answer from an old shaman somewhere in the Arctic. A shaman, of course, is in a very anomalous position with his people. He is the one who has waked up, but he is in danger because people are afraid of him and tend to blame him for anything that goes wrong. So the shaman has to invent ways to hold the people off—ways that often involve a lot of make-believe and fakery. Rasmussen asked this old man up there in Alaska if there was anything he really believed in. "Oh yes," the old man said, "I believe in the soul of the universe. I hear it. It's a voice that you can't hear with people around. You can find it only in silence and solitude. And what it says is: 'Do not be afraid of the universe.' " That's big stuff! Some of those old boys really had it.

D.A. *It seems there are clues about the need to awaken in all the traditional teachings, and even in the fairy tales. How do you understand the Sleeping Beauty?*

J.C. That's psychological rather than metaphysical. This is the story of the little girl who balks on the threshold of womanhood. So she stops there and has to be kissed awake by the consort whom she has refused to face. The Frog Prince is another one like that. This time it's the boy who is afraid to grow up. An old witch has turned him into a frog and there he is, asleep at the bottom of the pool. A girl loses her golden ball, which is symbolic of her soul—gold is the incorruptible metal and the sphere is the perfect shape of the soul. The ball rolls into the pool and awakens him. He comes up to

the surface of the water and that little romance begins there between the unblocked boy and the unblocked girl.

D.A. *The girl was blocked too?*

J.C. She was blocked and that was why she lost the golden ball. She's melancholy, given to brooding. She likes to sit where else but at the edge of the forest—between the dark world of the unconscious and the real world of light.

D.A. *But don't both these stories perhaps also suggest the awakening of a new consciousness as well as the sexual thing? Isn't it possible that the Sleeping Beauty and the Prince and the frog and the girl represent parts of ourselves?*

J.C. I suppose you could say that. But that's not the way I read them. Take the three old women in the Sleeping Beauty story. They're obviously the Fates saying, "You have to grow up." It's a question of facing up to one's fate. It's the same thing that Paris had to face when he sat in judgment of the three great goddesses. Jane Harrison has shown this very well. In some of the earlier ceramic representations of the scene you see Hermes waking up the sleeping Paris to face those three goddesses. Each one represents a destiny. Each one offers a prize if he will choose her. Aphrodite's prize is to be a great lover, Hera's to be a great ruler, and Athene's to be an achieving hero. The moment of awakening is also the moment of choice. And this is how the alchemists understood the scene. They picture it as the challenge to Paris to wake up, face the goddesses, choose, and discover his life.

D.A. *Is this waking motif present in other aspects of alchemy?*

J.C. That's what it's all about. It's the same as the Manichean idea that the Divine Light is enclosed in darkness. We live in that double world of darkness imprisoning the Light, and waking is breaking through and releasing the Light. You find the same idea in *The Gospel According to Thomas*, where Jesus says: "The Kingdom of Heaven is spread upon the earth and men do not see it." Wake up! It's here in front of your face! ◇

The Concealed Deer

There was a woodcutter in Cheng who came across a frightened deer in the country and shot and killed it. Afraid that other people might see it, he hid it in a grove and covered it with chopped wood and branches, and was greatly delighted. Soon afterwards, however, he forgot where he had hid the deer, and believed it must have all happened in a dream. As a dream, he told it to everybody in the streets. Now among the listeners there was one who heard the story of his dream and went to search for the concealed deer and found it. He brought the deer home and told his wife, "There is a woodcutter who dreamed he had killed a deer and forgot where he hid it, and here I have found it. He is really a dreamer."

"You must have dreamed yourself that you saw a woodcutter who had killed a deer. Do you really believe that there was a real woodcutter? But now you have really got a deer, so your dream must have been a true one," said his wife.

"Even if I've found the deer by a dream," answered the husband, "what's the use of worrying whether it is he who was dreaming, or I?"

That night, the woodcutter went home, still thinking of his deer, and he really had a dream, and in that dream, he dreamed back the place of hiding of the deer and also its finder. Early at dawn, he went to the finder's house and found the deer. The two then had a dispute and they went to a judge to settle it. And the judge said to the woodcutter:

"You really killed a deer and thought it was a dream. Then you really had a dream and thought it was reality. He really found the deer and is now disputing with you about it, but his wife thinks that he had dreamt that he had found a deer shot by someone else. Hence no one really shot the deer. Since we have the deer before our eyes, you may divide it between you two."

The story was brought to the ears of the King of Cheng, and the King of Cheng said, "Ah, ah! Isn't the judge dreaming again that he is dividing the deer for people!"

—Lieh Tzu

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The Seventh Day

by P.L. Travers



“Well, to begin with, ’twas a courteous thing to do—better still, it was a loving thing. And moreover a thing that had to be.”

“What? Creating Sunday?”

“Ay, begob. Hadn’t He said He’d be making man in His own image and here He was, making Himself in man’s image—or what, when the time came, would be his image.”

“You mean that He knew it was necessary, that man would need a time to sleep, a day to rest from his labors?”

“I do that. Is it Him that would need to take forty winks, Him with the ever-open eye that noteth the fall of the sparrow? Never a blink did He take at all even after those six days colloguing with the draught-board.”

“Drawing board?” I hazarded, uncertain as yet of his drift.

Thade, I must tell you, is a Teller, as well as a hedger and ditcher: a story as you watch him turn his spade, the time by a quick glance at the sun, a lie—always superlative—when he thinks the circumstances warrant it.

All untutored, illiterate when it comes to reading the papers, super-literate in the matter of ancient lore, he would not hesitate to take on Socrates if philosophical disputation was required.

“Ay, drawing board. There’s not much difference, the way He’d be making the plan and its laws before He set the contrivance going. Like yourself, and you writing a book, that would be the length of it. First, the little glint of a notion and then you’d write it down.”

“So—you’re really talking of principles!”

“I am. You’re the great one for putting your hand on a word. You should have been a school teacher.” He eyed me impishly, or as impishly as his tortured Irish face would allow, over a pipe of reeking herbs.

“So what you’re telling me is this, Thade—that the first six days were simply ideas?”

“Simply, is it? Isn’t that the hardest part, the way you’d grind it out of yourself, like the mill-wheel grinding meal; making the flower before it was in the field and the herb before it grew? This is the whip the atheists use to beat you out of the ring. ‘Arrah,’ they say. ‘Are ye asking us to believe in a God that knows so little about what is what, that He makes the light on the first day ere ever the sun shows up? As if the one could exist without the other!’ ”

He shook out his pipe at the edge of the ditch and tamped in coltsfoot and peat.

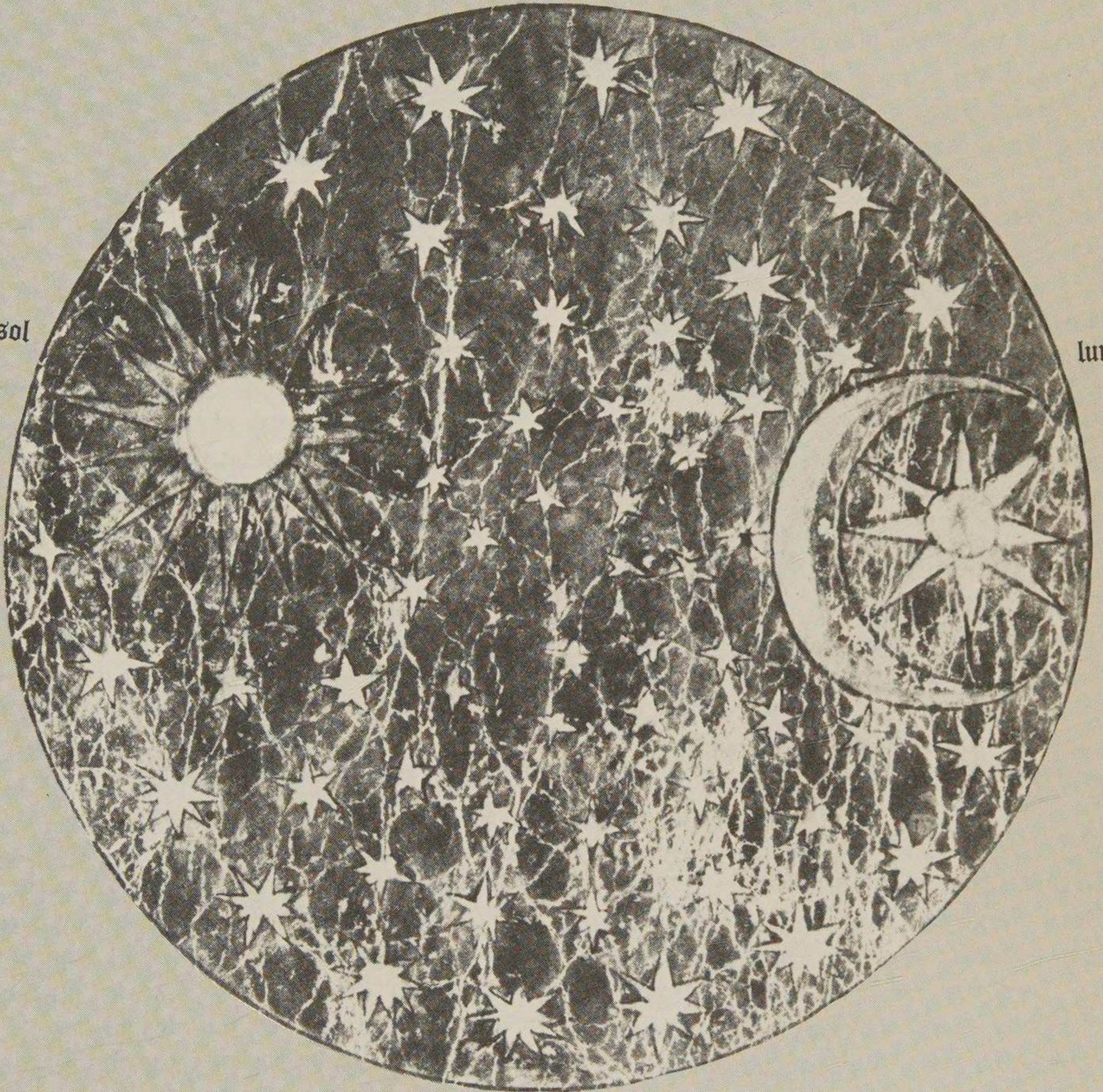
“In a way,” I said, “you can hardly blame them.”

“Sure, you can blame them. The sun and the moon and the stars are just lanterns, the like you’d be putting by a hole in the road and blowing them out in the morning. The

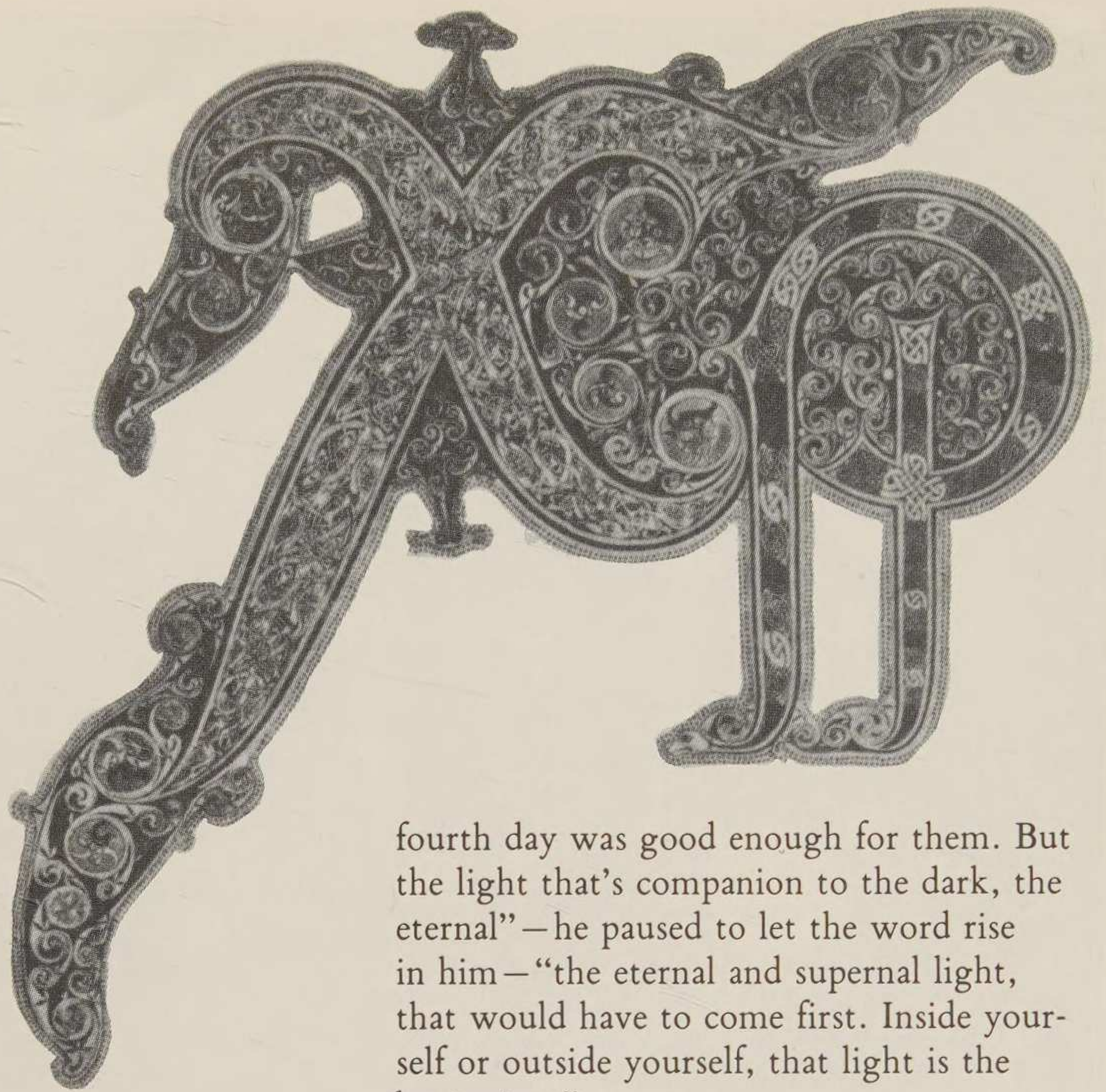
smile

sol

luna



The Fourth Day



The Incarnation Initial
from the Gospel of Matthew,
the Lindisfarne Gospels

fourth day was good enough for them. But the light that's companion to the dark, the eternal" — he paused to let the word rise in him — "the eternal and supernal light, that would have to come first. Inside yourself or outside yourself, that light is the beginning."

Puff, puff, went the coltsfoot, as I pondered his theme.

"And after the principles — six whole days of them — there had, you see, to be a stop, though it's not an ending I'm meaning. It's the way when I play a scale on my whistle" — a penny pipe dangled from his belt — "there's a pause before I go on to the next, a sort of gap between the notes where I can take a breath. It's a law. And who but Himself was the one to make it? So, on the Seventh Day He rested and created the space that had to be between the thought and the act. A gate, you might say, open wide, for anything to enter. And what entered? The Devil himself, without a doubt, and sorrow, too, I'm thinking."

"So — that was how everything began?"

"It was. The clay, quick as you'd spit, was on the wheel and it spinning the great whales and the winged fowl and the cattle

and creeping things. And each after its kind producing and increasing like the multiplication table, the fish slithering through the sea, the herb bearing the promised seed and the trees putting on fruit. What's the digging of a ditch to that? Sure, He'd be sweating with the labor of it, if He'd been like the man He made."

"Yes. And the man, of course, was the crux of it."

"He was, then. For without him, where was the why of it all? Can a crustacean be beguiled or a weasel grieve for the grief of the world or a frog on a lily leaf inquire—Why am I here—and the leaf, too?"

"And those things had to be done?"

"Ay, weren't they on the drawing board? 'It's Myself that'll make the laws,' He said, 'and the Devil will slip in and see they're broken. That will be the way of it and then we'll see what will happen.'"

"It doesn't say so in the Bible."

"'Tis there, hidden, snug as an egg under a hen. And"—he threw me a dark, ambiguous glance—"that's where yourself comes in."

"Me?" It seemed an unlikely statement.

"Who else? Yourself, along with the Serpent. For would Adam harken to such a one? He'd be too busy naming the beasts. But yourself, with nothing to do at all, would be glad of a little tidbit of gossip and the slinking, wheedling, artfulness of having a secret whispered."

Thade's voice, full of storyteller's guile, was almost serpentine.

"And after that," he went on, softly, "how could you help, you being you—and I mean woman—but share the secret with the man and you just out of the warmth of his ribs?"

"But could I, could she, do otherwise? How else—?"

"Increase and multiply? She could not, she had to tell him. Ha! Sin, is it? Well, tell me where would *He* have been, the one that was at last to come, born between the ox and the ass, if it hadn't been for the apple?"

"*O felix culpa!*" I remembered my Latin.

"Ah, the monkish tongue—lissom and glib. I would hear it when I was a lad. Ay, *felix culpa*. They'll send you to Purgatory for

that and never note the rest."

"What rest? Didn't they eat the whole of the apple?"

"They did. And along with the turning to one another, as by law they had to do, they also got the full of the knowing. *There* was the sin and the grief of it, that they would know and not use what they knew to render back the world. But they used the knowledge for themselves and it's them and their kin that now walk in the Garden, swollen with arrogance in their sagacity, and Him that's outside, knocking."

"That would not have been on the drawing board."

"Well, it's difficult to believe that it would be." Thade turned to me a tormented face. "But who's to know? He's wise and subtle. Arrah, it's a mystery. It's glad I'd be to tell a tale that would knit the ravellings together and give myself ease and comfort. But I'll not do it. It's a mystery and all we can do is to stand before it."

Unwittingly, near enough as makes no matter, Thade the Teller, hedger and ditcher, was quoting the words of Lear:

"And take upon us the mystery of things

As if we were God's spies."

Should I tell him? No. Enough had been told.

He glanced upwards. "She's there!" he said, nodding at Venus, low in the sky. The Evening Star always takes him home and, with a shrug that seemed to take on rather than shake off a burden, he left me.

I felt proud of him, the Great Thade, for not making a happy ending for either himself or me.

My way lay in the opposite direction. And I thought, as I went, that when we went to sleep tonight, we would expect—if Azrael did not take us—to wake in the morning's sunlight. But as for supernal, eternal light, that, I think Thade would have said, would have to wake in us.

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The Unblinking Eye: Passages to India, and Beyond

by Rob Baker

Film India

Museum of Modern Art

Ashram

Libra Films

Shamans of the Blind Country

Asia Society

My Dinner with André

New Yorker Films



For the armchair adventurer, movies offer a rich array of possible worlds to explore, and whether the terrain is exotic or seemingly familiar, the journey should enrich, broaden, and deepen the traveler. But the very nature of film's magic-lantern potency also limits the medium in a curious—and often frustrating—way: the very fact that the eye of the camera sees everything, that it therefore in a sense “cannot lie,” is compromised—almost belied—by its own mechanical nature. The unblinking eye is that of a machine, and as such it cannot feel or thrill to the specialness of the very vision it manages to capture for posterity.

As a result films have an uncanny ability to see both more and less than the ordinary human eye. No matter how carefully a director tries to order and arrange the reality in the artistic statement he is trying to film, little truths keep sneaking in at the edge of the frame—deeper realities, quick flashes from his own subconsciousness or from the world in which he is operating. Whether the filmmakers work within the construct of fictional or documentary narrative, they are unable to either hide from or completely control their camera, so that even the least talented directors let slip some startling, eye-opening truths about themselves and the society and culture in which they live.

The best film directors, in whatever style, realize and admit that film is by its very nature manipulative, magical, a way of transforming the sleepy dullness of everyday, “ordinary” experience into something alive and alert that will cause the eye—the real, human eye—to blink.

The extensive, four-month-long “Film India” series at the Museum of Modern Art (presented in conjunction with the Asia Society and the film archives in New Delhi, June 25–October 12, 1981 in the museum's auditorium) nicely exhibited this broad spec-

trum of the various ways, negative and positive, that film can serve as a personal/cultural mirror, telling sometimes more, sometimes less than it at first appears to reflect. Curiously, but perhaps not surprisingly, the more Indian cinema has turned to the West, imitating American and European film styles and techniques and seeking Western critical and popular acceptance, the less it has had to say about Indian culture and tradition—a lapse made distressingly clear at the fashionable high-tea cocktail hour thrown to celebrate the opening of the third section of the series—all Western business suits, flowered shirts and designer jeans, Bloomingdale saris, and enough hairspray and make-up to float a battleship.

On the other hand, though most Westerners are unaware of the fact, India has one of the most distinguished and prolific early film histories in the world. Dadasaheb Phalke, known as the father of Indian cinema, was a Brahmin, a photographer/printer, and an amateur magician. After seeing an early Western religious film, he became convinced that he had been “called” to present classical Hindu mythology on the screen.

Though the few examples of Phalke’s work which survive seem somewhat awkward and old-fashioned today, he set the style and theme for a national industry which went on to flourish with an astonishing flavor and variety. His successors never forgot Phalke’s love of magic, employing more and more techniques of illusion in the service of exploring the multi-layered nature of India’s reality—its culture, its history, its beliefs. The industry in its prime made elaborate musicals that outdid Hollywood’s Busby Berkeley in their razzmatazz production numbers and spectacular effects—but remained essentially “Indian” in tone and style at the same time. Popular “historicals” and “mythologicals” were also big box office. And among the feature films shown in

the series, a number explored Indian spiritual traditions sensitively and effectively, especially *Light of Asia*, a film on the early life of the Buddha (made in 1926 by Himansu Rai in collaboration with an imported German, Franz Osten), and *Saint Tukaram* (directed in 1936 by V. Damle and A. Fathelal), a warm and moving ode to an earthy seventeenth-century Hindu poet-saint who advocated, “It is not necessary to condemn; it is not necessary to forsake. The way to God is simple; king or commoner may chant his name.”

The Westernized films of Satyajit Ray (which made up the first third of the series) and several of the sociopolitical diatribes of younger directors spotlighted in “The New Generation” (the last section of the series, following the Ray and the historical sections) usually seem to be trying to distance themselves from both the earlier Indian movie tradition—and from Indian tradition itself—as if those earlier films (and traditions) were somehow suspect, limited, a distortion of present-day, sociopolitical “reality.” But even the angriest of the films could not escape tradition—especially spiritual tradition—completely; the truth hovered in almost all the films, never seeming so apparent, perhaps, as when it was most stridently denounced. And the best of the younger filmmakers, Mrinal Sen (the only director who had shown up at the aforementioned cocktail party in traditional In-



Wallace Shawn (opposite page) ponders the mysterious, mystical account being told him by André Gregory (at right) in Louis Malle's My Dinner with André.



Three shamans from Michael Oppitz's film

dian dress), makes films which explore the complex ironies of the picture seen whole: spirituality *and* politics, tradition *and* contemporary problems. His *Aakaler Sandhaney (In Search of Famine)*, about a film crew who come to an impoverished rural village to make a movie about a famine that had taken place there twenty years earlier — and set up house and shop in the local temple — captures all these conflicting “realities” with poignancy, openness and great thoughtfulness. Surely in time, more of India’s younger filmmakers will follow Sen’s lead and question the past — and present — with more depth and heart, less anger and rhetoric — instead of throwing the baby out with the bath in an attempt to be intellectually fashionable and cosmopolitan.

Also out of India, but through distinctly Western eyes, came West German filmmaker Wolfgang Dobrowolny’s *Ashram* (which opened at the Waverly Theater in New York in November), a deadpan documentary of the spiritual and sexual shenanigans of the *sannyasins* who follow Poona’s Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. The camera rolls as the orange-clad followers (mostly rich drop-outs from Europe and the United States) go through their primal-squawk, group-grope therapy collage; the flat voice of a woman narrator reels off facts about the history of the cult and reads from the writ-

ings of the guru (who has just brought his ashram — and publishing company — and tape studio — to Oregon, for reasons that aren’t exactly clear).

Dobrowolny, said to be a disillusioned *sannyasin* himself, apparently chose to let Rajneesh hang himself in the film; as a director, he does nothing to stack the deck against the guru in what ends up being a document that is resolutely non-committal. But the film, in its very obsession with unesthetic nudity and commonplace ego-gratification, walks the thin line between pornographic pandering and sheer insipidness. Its chief interest is, once again, the fact that Dobrowolny’s camera catches nuances and ironies that may have been unintentional — on both his part and that of his subjects. By far the most disturbing thing about the film is the undeniable charisma of Rajneesh himself. Dobrowolny’s non-message is clearly not so simple as it first appears.

Michael Oppitz’s *Shamans of the Blind Country* examines the religious rites of the Magar tribes of western Nepal with a different kind of distance — that of a scholar, an ethnologist, an objective but clearly sympathetic observer. The film — which runs almost four hours — is consistently honest in its study of a system of rituals and beliefs: never for a moment is Oppitz condescending to the Magars, never does he treat their creed as some sort of primitive or exotic curiosity.

The Magars have an animistic faith, replete with demons and witches and spirit possession and magical healing; the religion is distinctly their own, little related to the

beliefs of their Hindu, Buddhist or Moslem neighbors. Oppitz has recorded all this—particularly the initiation and healing work of the shamans in the tribes—with great care and unobtrusive skill. But only in certain of the rituals with heavy drumming does the film really capture a feel, an *essence*, of what is being recorded. As sincere as it is, the film has no real passion, and faith without passion always seems curiously hollow. Though Oppitz's head is certainly in the right place, the film needs a good deal more heart. He could take a clue or two from Maya Deren, the late filmmaker to whom he dedicated *Shamans*: Deren spent most of her career filming dance and religious ritual in Haiti, and her works are extraordinary, right down to their titles, such as *Choreography for the Camera* and *Ritual in Transfigured Time*. Deren was the first great filmmaker to realize that you don't just film dance—especially ecstatic dance—that you have to *involve* the camera in the dance itself, choreograph it, in a sense, teach it (symbolically at least—certainly not literally) to dance. Only then will the magic really work.

In *My Dinner with André*, the surprise hit of the New York Film Festival and certainly the most thought-provoking film shown there this year, André Gregory, a New York actor/director/theatrical-guru who plays himself (more or less) in the film, says to his fellow actor: “Yes, I went to India in the spring, and I came back home, Wally, feeling all wrong. You know, I mean I'd been to India and I'd felt just like a tourist. I'd found nothing.”

Like most India-traipsing Western searchers, Gregory had tried a number of other paths and therapies as well, among them “paratheatrical experiments” with Jerzy Grotowski in a Polish forest, a Japanese Buddhist guru, a trip to the Sahara Desert (in search of the essence of Antoine de Sainte-Exupéry), and Findhorn.

What is astonishing—and quite wonderful—is that Gregory and his collaborator Wallace Shawn have captured all of this searching—its highs and lows, its peaks and blind alleys—in a film of exceptional wit, grace, intelligence and feeling. With the assistance of director Louis Malle (himself no stranger to spiritual territory, having made a pioneering series of documentaries called *Phantom India*, as well as a magical film about a dying visionary, *Black Moon*), they have achieved the near-impossible: a film of ideas—and spiritual ideas at that—presented entirely as a long conversation between two old friends.

By turning themselves into characters based directly on their own experiences and personalities—but still somehow “characters,” slightly objectified—Gregory and Shawn, in both their screenplay (boiled down from some 6,000 pages of tape transcript) and their performances, achieve an uncanny blend of distance and inner intensity. The camera is there, and the audience can't escape the awareness that is captured.

“But what are we doing?” Gregory asks Shawn at one point. “I think we're all in a trance. We're walking around like zombies. I mean, I don't think we're ever aware of ourselves or our own reactions to things.” Can theater help? “What if those people in the audience aren't just asleep? What if they're dead? So that nothing you can *do* on the stage will wake them up?” Gregory keeps wondering, questioning, discarding ideas, trying again. “I keep thinking that we need a new language, a language of the heart, a language, as in the Polish forest, where language wasn't needed—some kind of language between people that is a new kind of poetry, that is the poetry of the dancing bee, that tells us where the honey is.”

But what is ultimately the most surprising thing of all is not that Gregory manages to say these things, up there on the screen in an actual movie—but that he manages to say them so casually, so obliquely, and—because of that—so effectively. Almost as if he could make the camera wink, with all the sly indirection of real wisdom. ◇

Rob Baker is Executive Editor of PARABOLA.

Traveling Temple Treasures

by Frederick Franck

Hōryū-ji: Temple of the Exalted Law, Early Buddhist Art from Japan. Japan House, New York City. September 18–October 25, 1981.

I thought I knew Hōryū-ji reasonably well, but precisely because of this, this exhibition of early Buddhist temple art from Japan was even more of a revelation. Let us imagine that, contrite about having missed the show, you decided to fly to Japan. You would take the train from Kyoto through the over-industrialized landscape of modern Japan until, close to the ancient capital city of Nara, the slim, tall, five-storied pagoda of Hōryū-ji rising from the Yamamoto plain would be pointed out to you.

Coming out of Nara station you would rub your eyes: This must be Westchester! But it isn't, for once you have passed McDonald's (pronounced "Makudonaru"), the portly Colonel Sanders, and, round the corner, the Dairy Queen on your right, you'd see the endless avenue, lined with hundreds of stone lanterns, that climbs to the ancient Kasuga Shrine, the Shinto sanctuary where each year the oldest of the Nō plays, *Okina*, is so marvelously performed. Straight ahead, the road leads through the grounds of Todai-ji with its herds of tame, moth-eaten deer to the main hall, the Daibutsu-den, where the colossal golden Vairocana Buddha thrones on the closed petals of his Lotus Seat.

A long bus ride from Todai-ji takes you to Hōryū-ji pagoda. From close by, in the

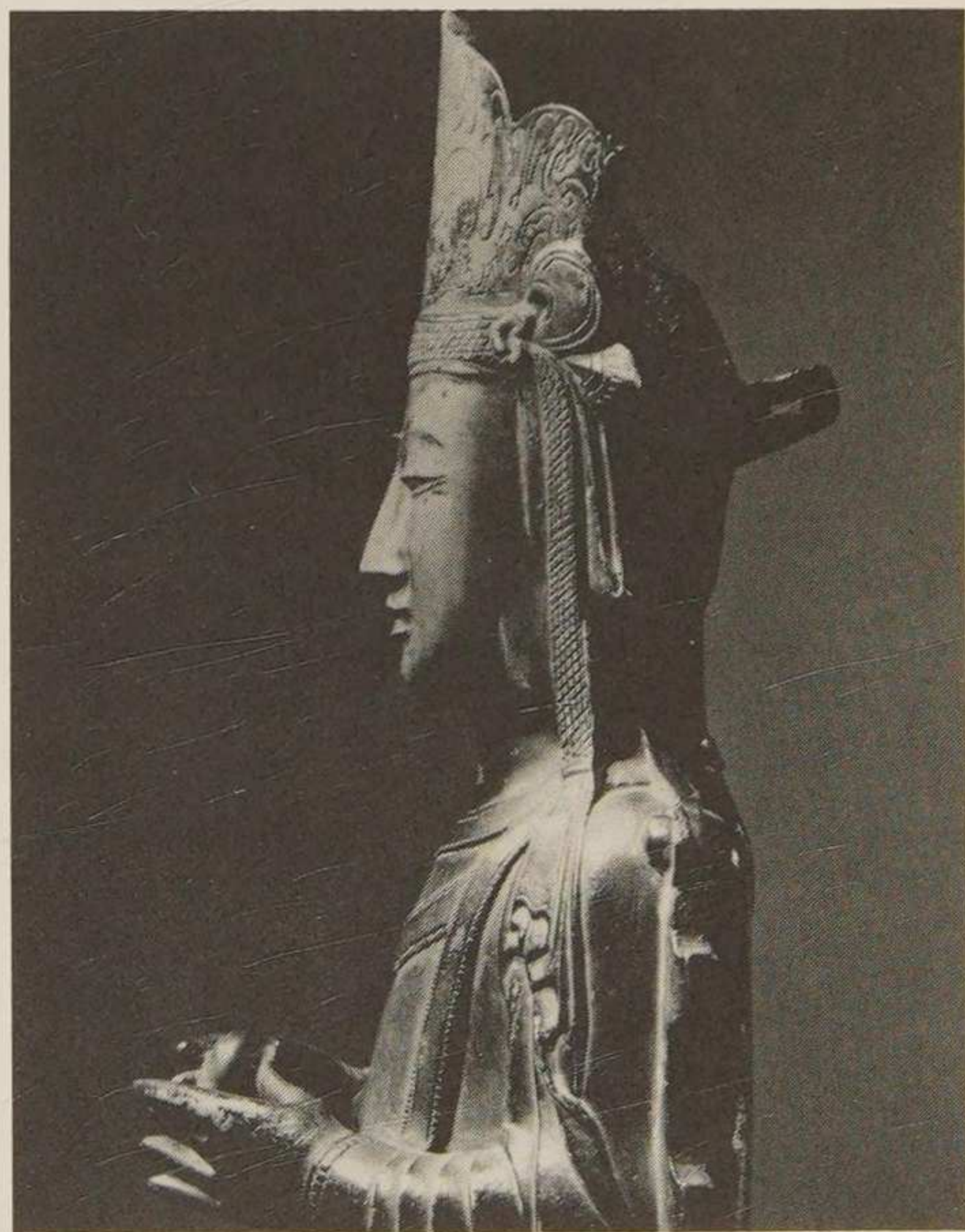
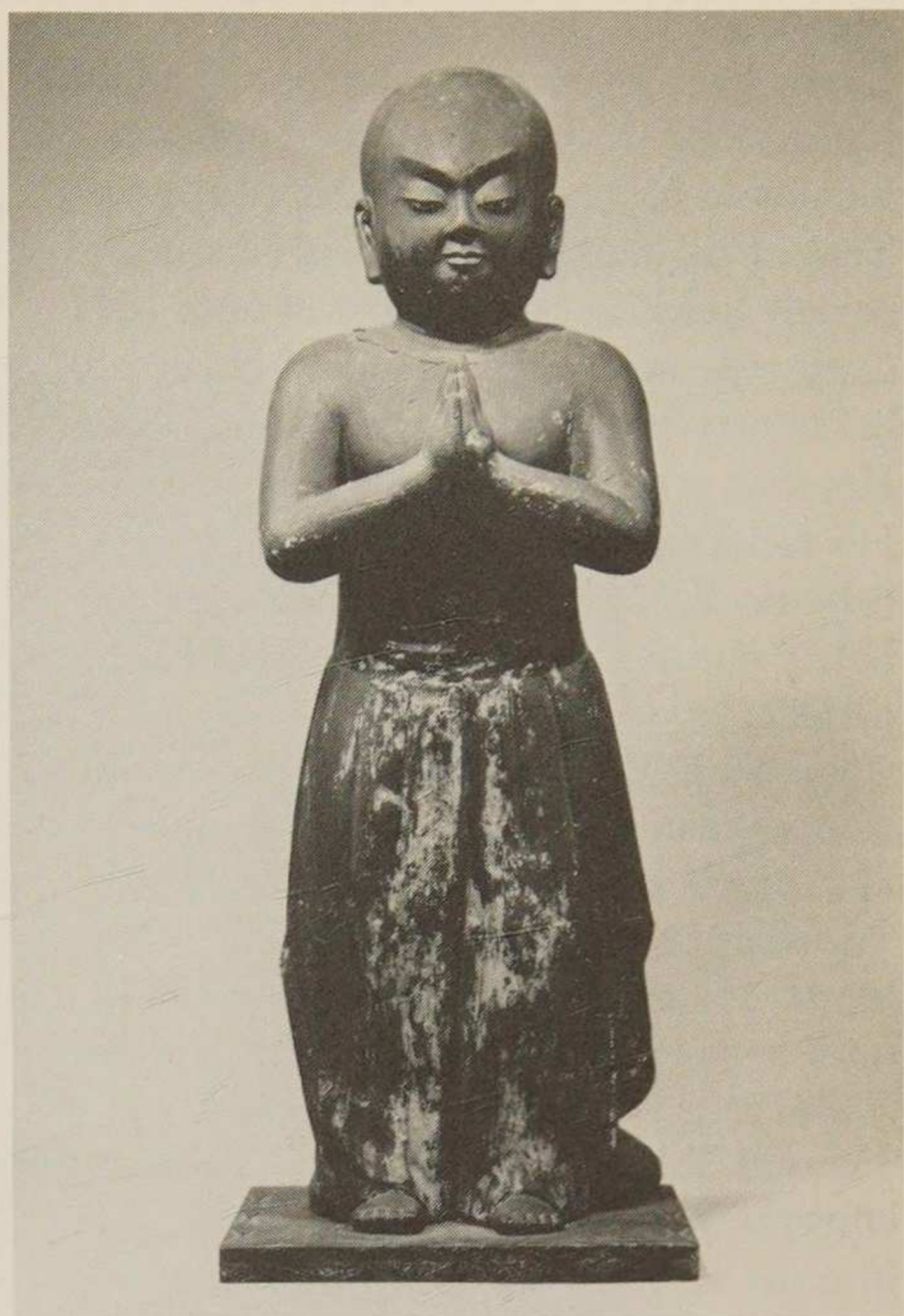
32-acre precinct of Hōryū-ji, you start to look for the master works from the Japan House catalog. In vain! Either they would not be on display, or you might spot one or two from a distance, poorly lit, inaccessible in their devotional context. Moreover the ubiquitous crowds of a few hundred good-humored school children in yellow hats would be milling around, staring at the queer foreigner, yelling "bye-bye" in unison, begging for his autograph.

Japan House, by contrast, however, presented each object exquisitely; each one of the masterpieces was superbly installed, each sculpture could be seen "in the round," in an atmosphere of utter quiet. The inwardness, the tenderness, the refinement of this early Japanese Buddhist art could reveal itself here as a profound, esthetic-spiritual inspiration.



At right: Yumetaga Kannon (seventh century).

True, the famous Shaka Triad from the *Kondō* could not come to New York, nor the great Miroku Bosatsu (Skt. Maitreya), which with the one in Koriyū-ji, Kyoto, are the most gracious and tender religious sculptures I know. As if to make up for these absences, however, there is the great ninth-century Jizō Busatsu (Skt. Ksitagarbha), carved out of a gigantic block of camphor wood, that stands brooding at the entrance of the exhibition. Jizō, and Kannon Busatsu (Skt. Avalokitesvara) the Bodhisattva of



At left: Amithāba (eighth century). Top: Prince Shotoku Taishi (fourteenth century). Below: Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva (seventh century).

Mercy, are the most popular bodhisattvas in Japan. Jizō, whose effigy one meets all over the country, is the protector of children, of women in childbirth, of warriors in battle. Tens of thousands of Jizō images, usually naively hewn in stone, adorned with red cloth caps and aprons, stand on crossroads, in country lanes and temple ground. The Hōryū-ji is anything but naively carved. His facial expression is benevolent but of majestic dignity, the folds of his robe are boldly cut in a flowing, yet geometric pattern.

Hōryū-ji, the Temple of the Exalted Law, is more than a museum. It still is alive both as a temple and as an active monastery, this oldest wooden structure in the whole world; its ancient pagoda was untouched until it was restored after World War II.

Hōryū-ji was founded in 607 A.D. by Shotokū Taishi (574–622), second son of the emperor Yomei, who renounced the throne in order to devote himself to social action and especially to the study and propagation of Buddhism, which had only recently been introduced in Japan, one of those Chinese imports that were to determine the Japanese religious and cultural character. Shotokū became the regent for his aunt, the empress Suiko, who reigned from 593–628 A.D. He established diplomatic ties with China and became a catalyst in the political, economic, and religious evolution which influences Japanese culture to this day. He also personally wrote, according to legend, learned commentaries on the Lotus Sutra and the Vimalakirti Nirdeśa Sutra, and was the author of the “Constitution in Seventeen Articles,” which is a statement on moral and political principles intended for the ruling class, rather than a constitution in the modern sense. The original woodblocks from which this Constitution was printed are part of this exhibition.

A veritable Shotokū Taishi cult sprang up after the prince’s death, which was shared

by a number of Japanese Buddhist sects, sects which, however much they may differ, are usually quite compatible and even complementary to one another. Portraits of Shotokū therefore are far from a rarity; the ones in the Hōryū-ji exhibition, however, are of special interest and quality. They show Shotokū in the three moments of his life that are traditionally portrayed. The one reproduced here shows him as the rotund and precocious two-year-old spontaneously invoking the Nembutsu, “taking refuge in the Buddha.” But there are also both a painting and a very fine sculpture of the prince as a young man, in prayer for his sick father’s recovery, and a formal, refined portrait of the young regent in the regalia of his office.

The Buddhism which reached Japan in the sixth century A.D. had undergone considerable change since Gautama preached his austere teachings; on its peregrinations through India, China, and Korea, it had gathered a pantheon of deities and guardian spirits to protect the devotee on his way to enlightenment. The Buddha in popular Japanese Buddhism has become a divinity, while the bodhisattvas have become fused with the gods, the *kami* of Shintoism, these bodhisattvas who are actually the fully enlightened beings who refuse to enter Nirvana in order to assist others on their journey toward awakening . . .

To view this exhibition as a collection of *objets d’art* is to miss the point. For each single artifact shown here is sacred in the double sense of being an object of devotion, an aid to meditation and prayer, and at the same time a hallowed relic—miraculously preserved—from the grey past in which the living culture of Japan is still aware of being rooted. It is in this sense that they are indeed the “Important Cultural Properties,” the “National Treasures” of their official designation. They are revered as inalienable treasures integral to the Japanese psyche.

An enumeration of the almost seventy items that form this exhibition would be boring and superfluous. But I must draw attention to the figure that compelled me to return to it again and again: the very early Kannon Bosatsu of the early Nara period

Keepers of Tradition



Drawing by Pieter Brueghel, Statliche Museum, Berlin

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(seventh century), of which the photograph shows the solemn hieratical profile; austere in its lofty inwardness, this gilt bronze figure recalls the equally hieratic black madonnas of Montserrat and Chartres. The somewhat later Yumetage Kannon, reputed to have the power of changing nightmares into sweet dreams, is more flowing and graceful, but also more naturalistic, and conforming to tradition it displays the effigy of Amida, the Buddha of Infinite Light, on the frontal plaque of its diadem.

There are two more seventh century Kannon sculptures: the rather large-headed but svelte gilt-bronze one with its opulent hair tufts and ornamentation, and a touching, remarkably archaic wooden image, tenderly carrying a lotus bud. It is an exceptionally early wood sculpture, for wood carving, strangely enough, became popular only long after the intricate bronze, clay and lacquer techniques had produced most of the masterpieces in this exhibition.

Another work I found particularly engaging was the tiny seventh-century wooden shrine which encloses the Buddha of Infinite Light in *repoussé* copper, and which in its modesty and tenderness recalled the devout ivory carvings of medieval France and the Rhineland. Its opposite in scale is the imposing late Nara period Triad (eighth century) of a majestic Amida, flanked by two bodhisattvas, in the wood-core dry-lacquer technique, which, according to the catalog, shows strong influences of Chinese T'ang sculpture. It is of surpassing quiet, serenity, and strength, but the Buddha's mudra remains enigmatic: neither the catalog nor anyone in attendance was able to elucidate it.

A small treasure of perfect archaic charm is the seventh-century heavenly biwa (lute) player, only twenty inches high, and formerly part of a canopy over one of the great Buddhas of Hōryū-ji. It contrasts most interestingly with similar musicians which in the later Kamakura period had become so

much less heavenly, all too particularized and naturalistic in pose, gesture, and facial expression. The few masks in the exhibition are fascinating and very rare. The humorous masks for the Gigaku dance-dramas covered the entire head and seem somehow to have survived in the farcical *kyogen** masks still in use today. The one in this exhibition, made of light paulownia wood, has a triangular crown that curiously recalls a similarly crowned Benin bronze. Smaller masks, used for the Bugaku dance-drama, cover only the face itself as do those still used in Japanese classical Nō drama.

The two exquisite mandalas in the exhibition—especially the Star Mandala of the late Heian Period—do not demand detailed iconographical knowledge to yield perfect visual delight by their bright color and the free, humorous brushwork in the miniature figures which compose it. Another such purely painterly delectation is the large thirteenth century Kamakura "Lotus Pond," forerunner of Monet's water lilies: a dreamlike vision in warm reds, dull greens, white, and gold, in which the eye gradually detects resting ducks, a hidden heron.

The few photographs that accompany this brief review can hardly evoke the beauty, the fascination of this extraordinary event, even less the awe-inspiring antiquity of these wonderfully preserved expressions of an art and a spirituality which precede Chartres by four centuries, and in which not a trace of conflict between profound spirituality and joyous life affirmation can be detected. The meditative process which this exhibition sets in motion, the catalog in all its magnificence may fail to induce. Still, it is well worth a try: written by the foremost authority on early Japanese Buddhist art, Bunsaku Kurata, it is itself a masterpiece of scholarship, typography, and color reproduction. ◇

Frederick Franck is a Consulting Editor to PARABOLA and the author of Art As a Way (Crossroad) and The Awakened Eye (Knopf).

**Kyogen: the comical interludes often inserted between two solemn Nō plays, played by specialized actors and spoken in the vernacular, in contrast to the archaic Japanese of Nō.*

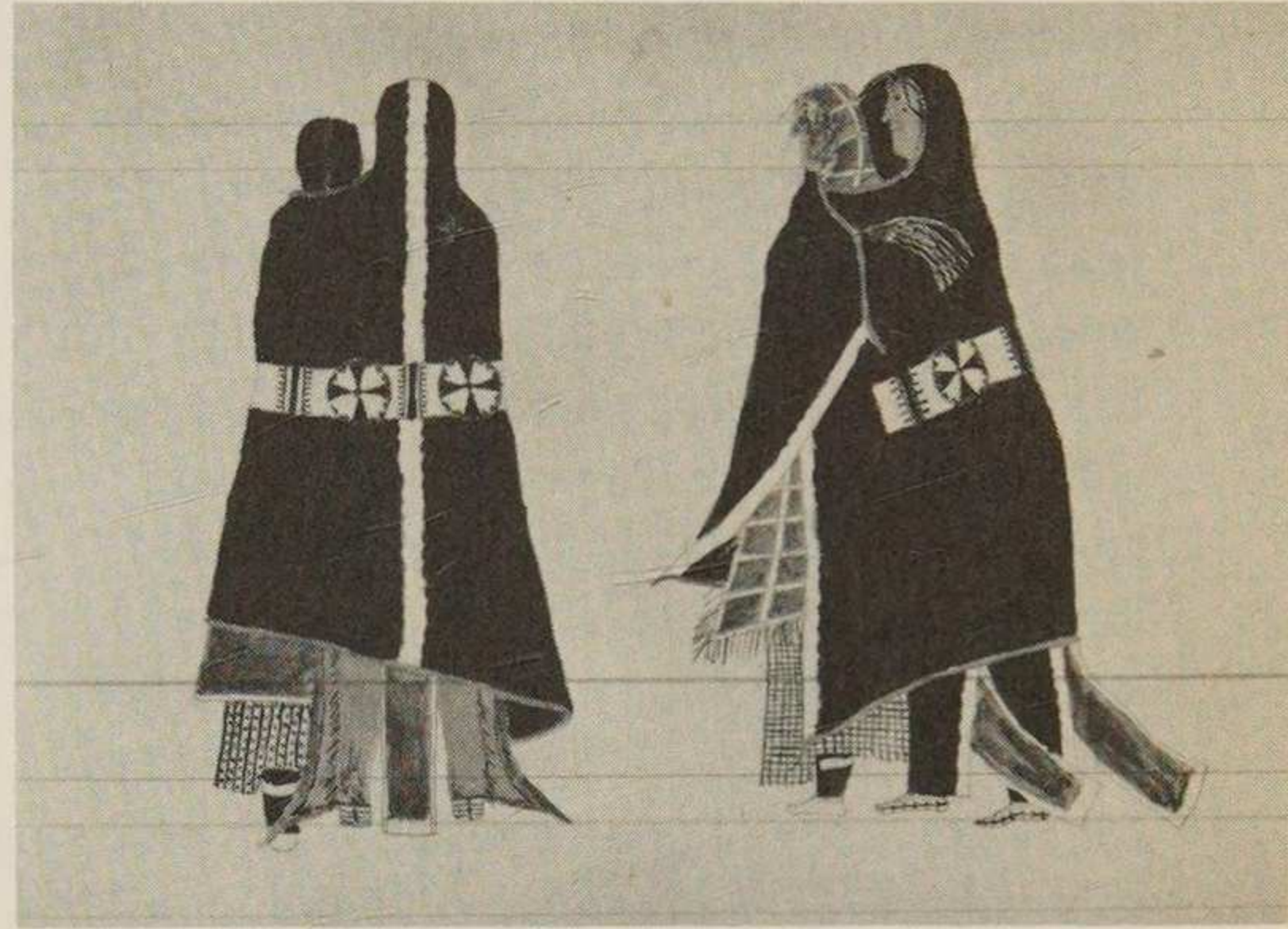
Cheyenne Culture Ledgers

by Joseph Epes Brown

People of the Sacred Mountain

by Peter J. Powell. San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1981. Pp. 1442; 2 vols.; 77 color plates; 136 B & W. \$125.00 Prepublication; \$150.00.

Peter J. Powell, well known for his classic work on the Cheyenne (*Sweet Medicine*, 1969), has now given us a monumental two-volume epic of some 1,400 pages on Cheyenne culture history from 1830 to 1879, with a valuable epilogue on the contemporary period from 1969 to 1974. This amazing text, commemorating the centennial of Little Wolf's and Morning Star's heroic escape to their northern homelands, is enriched by seventy-seven color plates of



“ledger paintings” portraying many of the recounted historical episodes; included also are 136 black and white photographs of



Cheyenne ledger paintings from Peter Powell's People of the Sacred Mountain

distinguished Cheyenne leaders and scenes of the lands which constitute the peoples' sacred geography. Reading a work of this magnitude and scholarly excellence has been a grand yet humbling experience for the present reviewer, who is aware that Powell is now preparing yet a third major work which will document Cheyenne culture history from 1879 to the present.

The integrity of Powell's scholarship can hardly be questioned. Over a period of at least twenty-five years he has accumulated a store of oral lore transmitted directly to him from both Northern and Southern Cheyenne elders, some of whom were born as long ago as the 1860s. This historic and sacred lore has been collated with an exhaustive study of almost all aspects of Cheyenne life and culture as described in archival materials for which specific references are cited. Just as remarkable as this comprehensive scholarship is the actual text, which is so eminently readable that one has the impression it is the Cheyenne elders themselves who are speaking; indeed, the work reads as an American counterpart to the grand heroic epics recited by the bards of antiquity. Such flow and authority of text could only be achieved by a scholar who has experienced and verified those dimensions of the sacred which Native American peoples understand as determining and forming the events of life and history. Powell, indeed, has lived among the Cheyenne for the better part of his life; he has been elected by the Northern Cheyenne to be one of their chiefs, and has been adopted by a Southern Cheyenne family who conferred upon him the sacred name of one of their most respected and holy elders. Such acceptance could only be possible for the person who understands the people's sacred values, not just theoretically, but in an integrated manner.

In any historical reconstruction extending back a century and a half, choices are always possible between differing versions of

specific episodes, whether these are of oral or written transmission. Scholars of Native American culture history understandably may thus take issue with certain versions. Yet a most important perspective central to the text must here be stressed: For the Cheyenne peoples, events are conceived as inseparable from the operation of sacred powers and influences which, in a sense, are superior to the transient "realities" of a person's life or of the phenomenal world. The dimensions of these sacred "mysteries" are of primary concern for the peoples' own tribal historians, as Powell reminds us in his Preface:

For the Cheyenne, supernatural life fills all creation, supernatural life that flows from Ma[?]heo[?]o, the Creator Himself; from Nevé-stanevoó[?]o, the Sacred Persons who live at the Four Directions; and from the Ma[?]heono, the sacred Powers who dwell above and below Tséheškétsé-ho[?]e, Mother Earth, the mother of all living things. The Cheyenne believe their history to be sacred history, for it has been, and continues to be, lived in a world filled with supernatural life and power.

Vol. I, p. xvii

The great vitality of forms, movement and color experienced in the Cheyenne and Sioux ledger paintings constitute visual counterpart to expression of the sacred within episodes of history. For in addition to documenting historical and personal events, these types of art works are understood to *manifest* sacred powers through details of costume, through paintings on shields depicting vision experiences of the Power behind the powers of gun or bow and arrow, or simply through the image of a horse, which has always been understood to be an especially sacred/mysterious being. And again, in painted representation of the particular event, the subtle, sacred powers which determined the event and its outcome are understood to be really present, now as then. One cannot, therefore, categorize such paintings as examples of secular art, as has been done by most art historians. Even though the people had to compromise in their use of alien materials such as paper and crayon, the work is still a strong echo of

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their earlier traditions of sacred art and crafts.

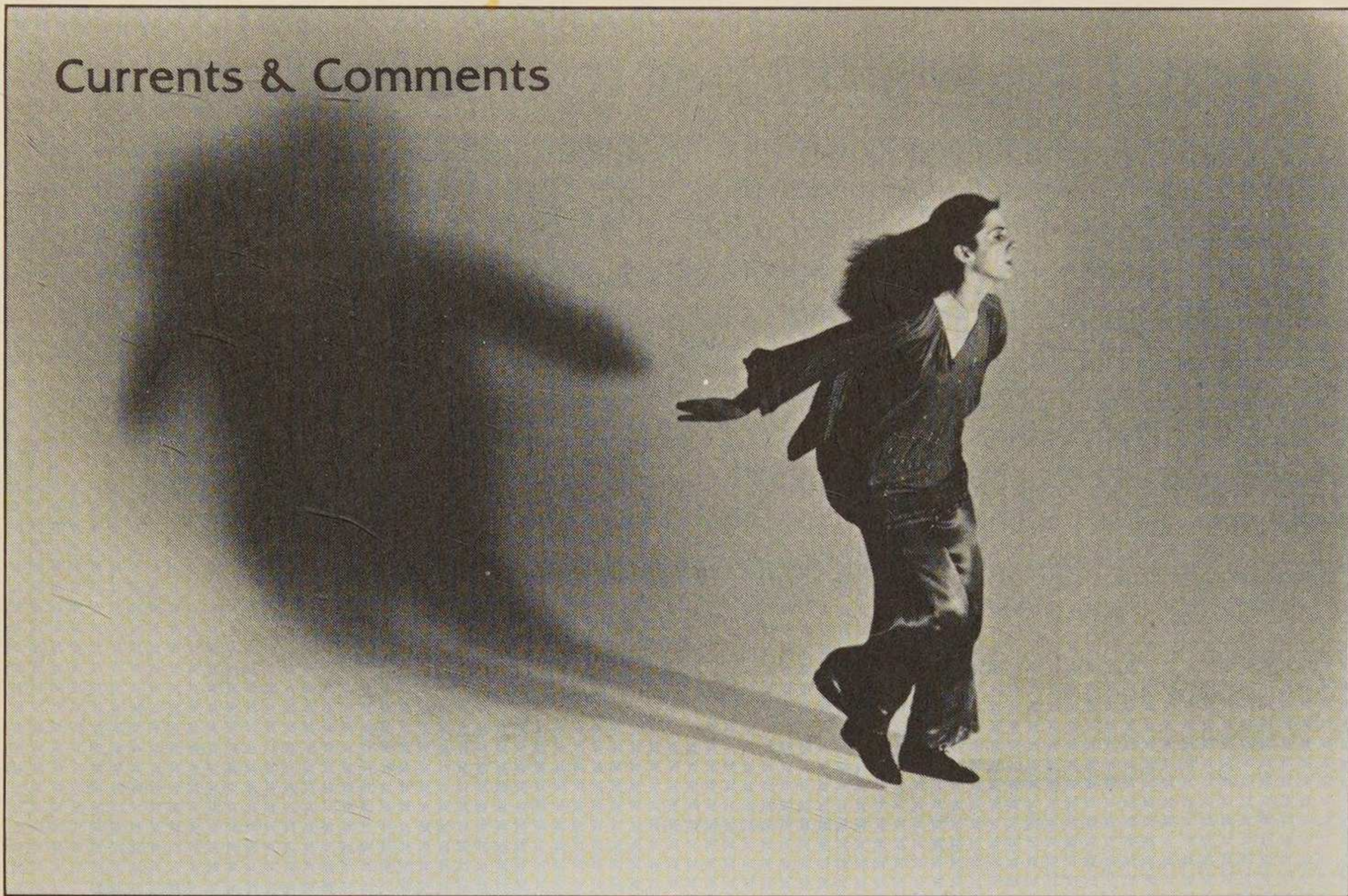
Because he is a priest of the Anglo-Catholic Church, it inevitably might be asked to what extent Peter Powell's interpretations of Cheyenne religious life have been influenced by his Christian affiliation. Indeed, this is a question to which Powell has spoken with candor and integrity in the Introduction to his 1969 *Sweet Medicine* (xxiii ff.). After a clear examination of his personal position, that earlier work, and the present one too, unfold with the objectivity of a true scholar. Here is a man who, having realized the depths of his own spiritual heritage, is able to understand the traditions of another people as they themselves understand and practice their sacred ways. It is this quality of person and scholarship that

establishes *People of the Sacred Mountain* as a landmark against which to evaluate those increasing numbers of subjective and falsifying writings which have presumed to reveal, usually “for the first time,” the true nature of Native American character, culture, and religious history.

Harper & Row are to be commended not only for their courage in undertaking a project of this magnitude and outstanding quality, but also for their Native American publishing program, within which this work and thirteen other titles have appeared. Under this exemplary program it is stated that all profits “. . . are used to support projects designed to aid the Native American People.” Peter Powell himself has also stated that his “. . . net royalties will be equally shared with the Cheyenne People.” ◇

Joseph Epes Brown, a Consulting Editor to PARABOLA, is the “recorder and editor” of Black Elk’s The Sacred Pipe. A well-known authority on the Plains Indians, he teaches Native American religions at the University of Montana.

Currents & Comments



Laura Dean: composer, choreographer, dancer

DANCE

Most choreographers and composers make an embarrassing mishmash of ethnic traditions when they try to adapt something from a culture not their own, but Laura Dean manages to avoid such problems by never imitating a dance or musical style. Instead she searches for the context, the structures and the rhythms behind the movements and musics which fascinate her from various non-Western cultures, and as a result her dances and musical compositions often brim with the flavor, the resonances, of those cultures—without in any way ripping them off.

Dean first attracted wide public attention when she choreographed an evening-long dance work to Steve Reich's musical tour de force, *Drumming*, some seven years ago. Both Reich's music and Dean's dance had overtones of various cultures (Central African, Near Eastern, Far Eastern, Native American), but the sounds and movement styles were straightforward homages to or intimations of other cultures—never simplistic imitations.

Dean's company of dancers and musicians presented a three-part program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music October 30–

November 1, 1981, and the keynote was flux—sound and movement flexible enough to accommodate tiny changes and gradations, mini-structures circling back on themselves, throbbing, pulsing, pushing ever so gradually toward quiet resolutions. Like dervishes, the dancers seemed to gather energy from the earth, spin it through their bodies, and send it out through their fingertips to the sky—action completed, connected, come full circle. The newest piece, *Tympani*, mixes deep drumming resonance with a looping piano line, and the dancers echo both the pulse of the drumbeat and the rotating, revolving, galaxy-like cluster nature of the subtly changing, but perfectly ordered, melody.

Dean recently spent three weeks in China. It will be exciting to see how those new sounds and movement metaphors make their way, circuitously and with un-rushed naturalness, into her own vocabulary.

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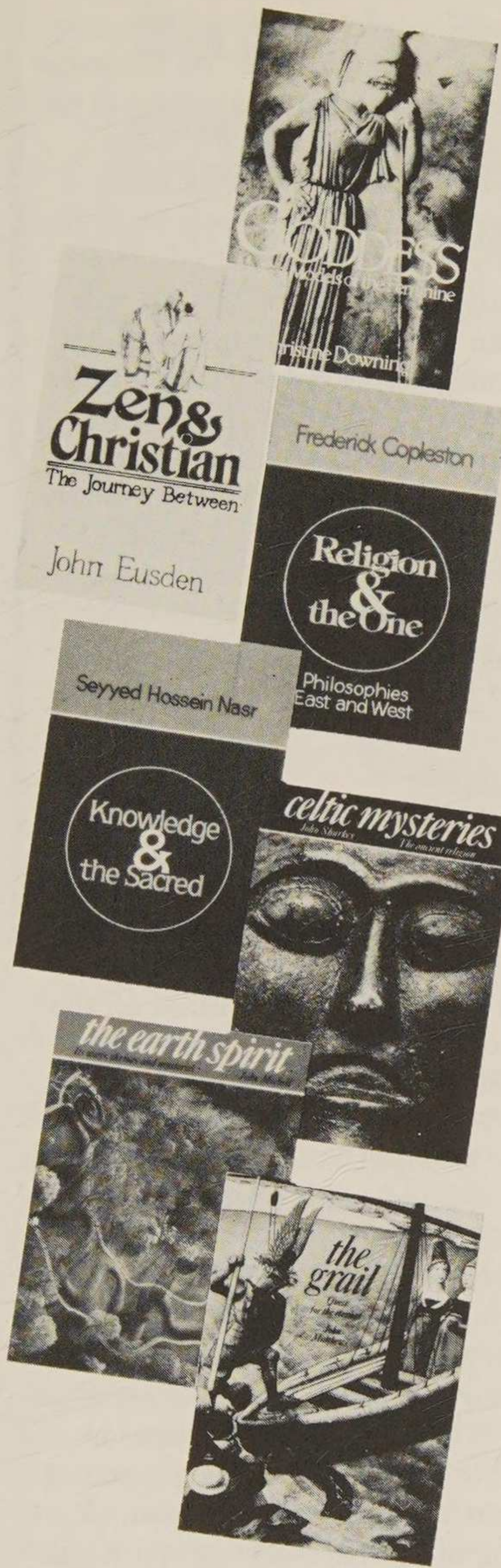
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FILM NOTES

Karen Cooper's Film Forum, long one of the finest movie houses in New York in which to see films exploring a wide range of cultures and social/spiritual ideologies, has re-opened at 57 Watts Street—and is now two theaters instead of one. Cooper herself is doing the wide-ranging, always dependable programming at Film Forum 1, where this fall she's shown such significant works as *Lorang's Way*, a warm and enthusiastic "casual" visit with Turkana tribesmen in East Africa by anthropologists David and Judith MacDougall; Les Blank's spontaneous celebration of the ritual of eating in *Garlic Is As Good As 10 Mothers*; and Warrington Hudlin's documentary on the ritualistic martial arts form of Brazil, *capoeira*. Next door at Film Forum 2: a retrospective of the powerful and often disturbing films of West German visionary Werner Herzog.

The 1981 Margaret Mead Film Festival at the American Museum of Natural History on October 17–18 presented its usual rich array of films exploring various non-Western cultures. This year's series featured special sections on "Spiritual Worlds" (focusing on India, Bali, Indonesia, Tibet and Aboriginal Australia), "Polar Peoples," and "Contemporary Maya," a massive, four-hour-long videotape study by Hubert L. Smith of a small community of Yucatec Maya in the Yucatan today.

LECTURES AND SEMINARS

Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty treated the C.G. Jung Foundation to a lively lecture on "Indian Approaches to Dream Analysis" at the group's annual dinner meeting on October 23, concluding with the statement that in India dreams have "as much to do with the healing of the human spirit as with the inquiry into the nature of the real world." . . . Joseph Campbell offered a seminar on "The Healing Power of Myth" at

the Foundation of the Open Eye (316 E. 88th Street) on November 28–29, 1981, followed by another on "The Transformation of Mythology Through Time" on December 19–20. The third and fourth seminars in the series, "Classical Mysteries of the Great Goddess" and "Arthurian Traditions of Courtly Love and the Grail," will be on January 16–17 and March 20–21, 1982, respectively. Campbell also reports that his wife Jean Erdman is at work on a revival of her award-winning adaptation of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake—The Coach With Six Insides*. . . . St. Peter's Church (54th Street and Lexington Avenue) is devoting Monday evenings to storytellers. Among those featured in November and December were several names familiar to PARABOLA readers, including Ann Himler, Laura Simms, Tom White, and Diane Wolkstein.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Mixing psychology and ethnography, Virginia Huffer, professor of psychiatry at the University of Maryland School of Medicine at Baltimore, conveys what she calls a "socio-biographic" picture of a community of Aboriginal women on a small island off the north coast of mainland Australia in their rapid transition out of Dreamtime into the modern Western world. The title, *The Sweetness of the Fig* (University of Washington Press), is a translation of the Aboriginal name for Elsie Roughsey, the woman Dr. Huffer refers to as neither "subject" nor "informant," but as "collaborator"—not only the primary source, but also co-editor and commentator on the other information received. Dr. Huffer optimistically concludes that the Aborigine psyche can perhaps stand up to culture shock, through a conscious synthesizing of contradictory cultural world visions, in a way that will make personal and societal self-definition possible. Moreover, in this process she believes women—a group notably ignored by (predominantly male) anthropologists, ostensibly because of their exclusion from and supposed ignorance of the male-dominated Aboriginal ritual life and supernatural belief systems—have and will play a part in the cultural transformations as important and authoritative as do

Birds do it... Bees do it...

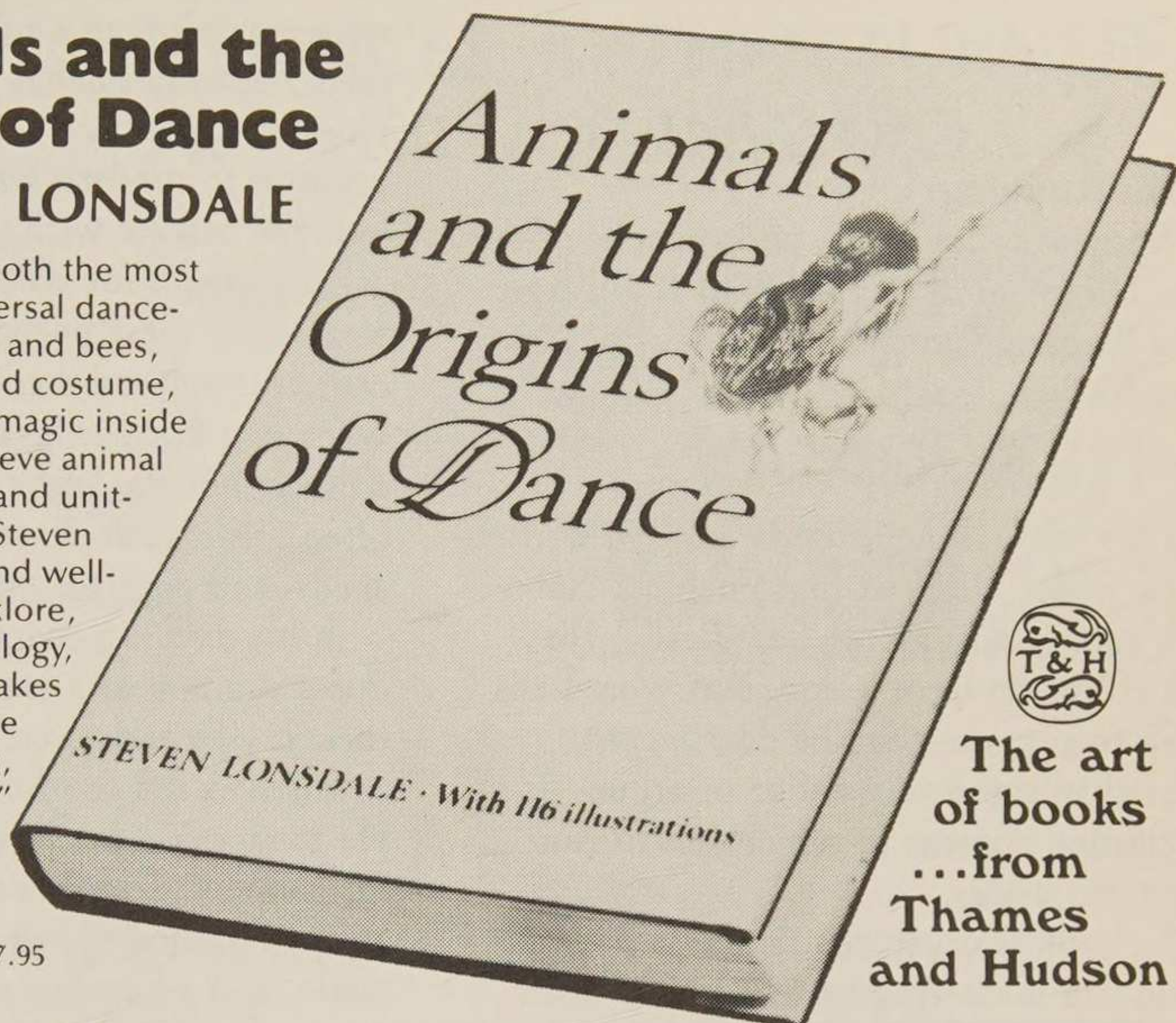
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their brothers, husbands, and sons.

In *The Night Sky* (Sierra Club Books), Richard Grossinger is extremely confident about his subject matter. And since his subject—the universe—is so wide-ranging, such certainty is suspect. However, Grossinger has written a useful, lively, and refreshing book. It leaves light-years behind the Sagans with their scenic-cruise cosmos where the observer is hermetically sealed within the confines of his own slick technology. Grossinger's wanderings about the universe are of a different, and more profound nature. He possesses a wealth of knowledge—interesting “facts,” theories—though he is liberal in his interpretation of this knowledge and its potential application. Grossin-

ger's central image is that “the night sky” is larger than our capacity to imagine. His investigation moves from astronomy to the occult, from linguistics to science fiction, from astrophysics to myth. He contends that it is important that these fields of inquiry be seen in relation to one another—though he never really makes clear why he feels this is so important, given his basically materialistic viewpoint of the cosmos. In spite of his own seemingly contradictory acceptance of much suspect “scientific” theory, Grossinger fears that our “rocketship” mentality is breaking the cosmic wholeness, and, in turn, our own psychic unity. “We now suffer,” he says, “from a general mental disorder so vast that we don't notice it anymore.” After all, he seems to be saying, is not this realization more important than knowing the precise distance from Hoboken to the Crab Nebula? Man is trying desperately to locate himself in the universe. This book contains a lot of good notes being taken on that search.

Book Reviews

Indian Running

By Peter Nabokov, with photographs of the 1980 Tricentennial Run by Karl Kernberger. Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1981. Pp. 208. Paper \$9.95.

Reviewed by Barry Lopez

This is a more difficult book to have written than a reader might at first imagine. Nabokov's subject is running, specifically, that kind of human locomotion. But what he is trying to suggest—and he does *suggest*, rather than rigorously define or argue—is the cultural context in which Indian running takes place.

The book is organized around a 375-mile Indian run made August 5–10, 1980 from Taos Pueblo, New Mexico to Second Mesa, Arizona to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the Pueblo Revolt. Along the way Nabokov interviews some of the people involved and offers incidental insights on running as a spiritual, social, and political phenomenon among indigenous people in North and South America. But Nabokov also manages something more deft: to convey a sense of the otherness which distinguishes Indian running. He is especially sensitive to the Indianness of this essentially Western ritual—the commemorative race.

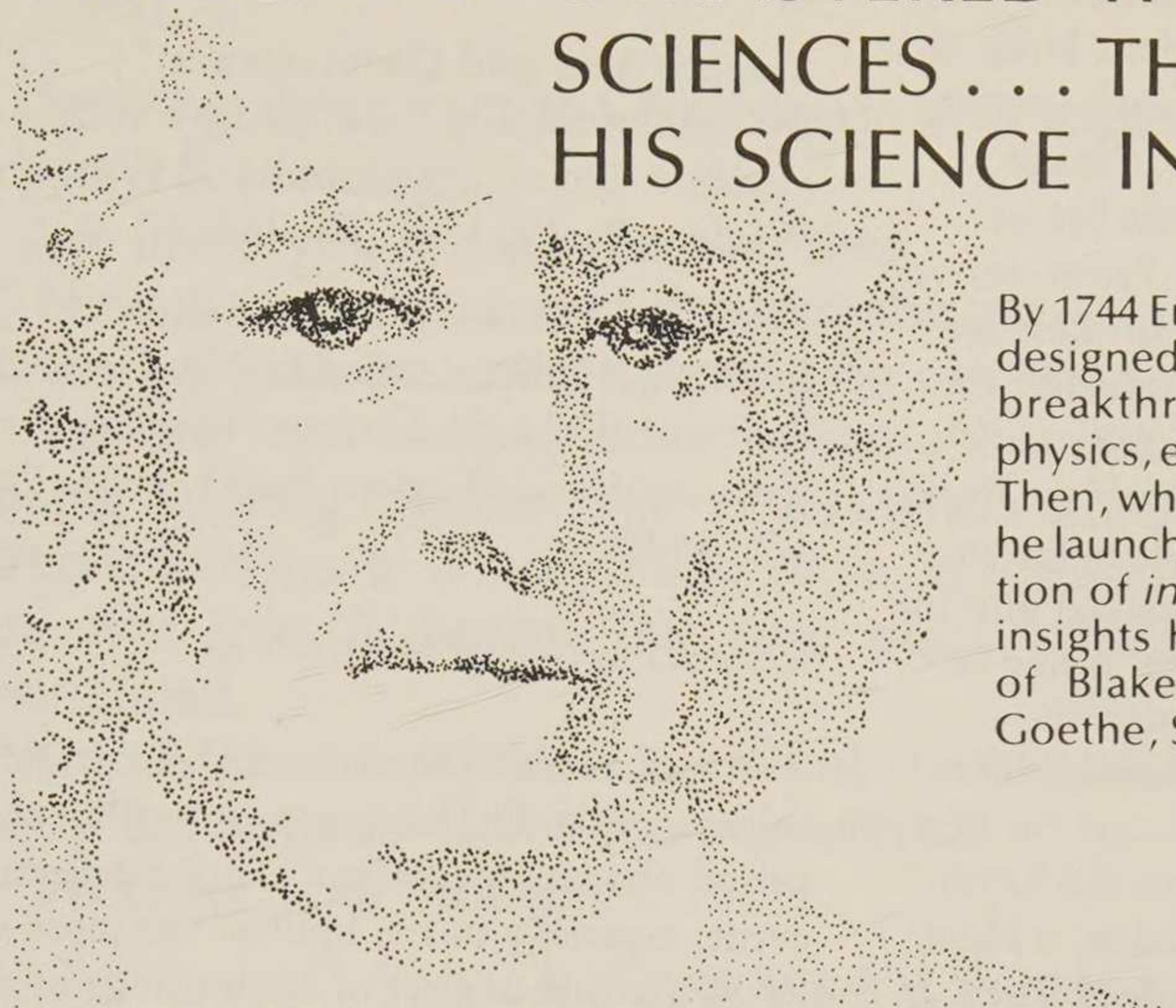
Some readers will find Nabokov's presentation too casual, his selection and organization of anecdotal material haphazard and arbitrary. Initially, I reacted this way myself. But the more carefully I read, the more I sensed how Nabokov was working to communicate something elusive: what happens when a white mind determines that it will grasp the subtlety of another culture's ritu-

als. Nabokov is content to be an observer of this ritual, maintaining an unobtrusive distance. And, for his purposes—to convey an Indian side to this physical act of running; to point up a sublimation (for the moment) of intra-Pueblo political and social tensions in the face of a more pervasive opposition to modern white culture; to suggest the naiveté with which we plunder other cultures for what we *think* they mean—for these purposes, the form he has chosen is apt and successful. This is the work of a knowledgeable raconteur, not a scholar; but the best raconteurs, we too often forget, also leave you enlightened—and pensive.

In his opening chapter, Nabokov introduces running as a way for Indians “to enact their myths and to create a bridge between themselves and the forces of their universe.” He touches on matters of diet and behavior for runners, describes running as “an avenue of metaphysical development,” a military tactic, and a hunting regimen; and he points up the undifferentiated essence of the messenger and his message.

In subsequent chapters the author follows Indian runners from the Rio Grande pueblos west through Zuni and Navajo country to the Hopi mesas. “Hard-headed anthropologists,” he writes, “search for practical determinants to the origin of cultural complexes like ceremonial running; others maintain that man has always sought to influence his fate through symbolic action.” Three hundred years after the Pueblo Revolt, Nabokov is saying, Indians have lost neither the political reason nor the spiritual coherence for this particular run. Then, as now, “to dodge, maintain long distances, spurt for shorter ones, to breathe correctly and transcend oneself call[s] for a relationship with strengths and skills which [are] the property of animals, trails, stars and elements. Without their tutelage and beneficence one's potential [can] never be realized.” Though Nabokov does not make a point of it, one can't help but feel the ominous proximity of the route of this race to uranium mining operations and other industrial acts which savage natural landscape, the residence of such helpers.

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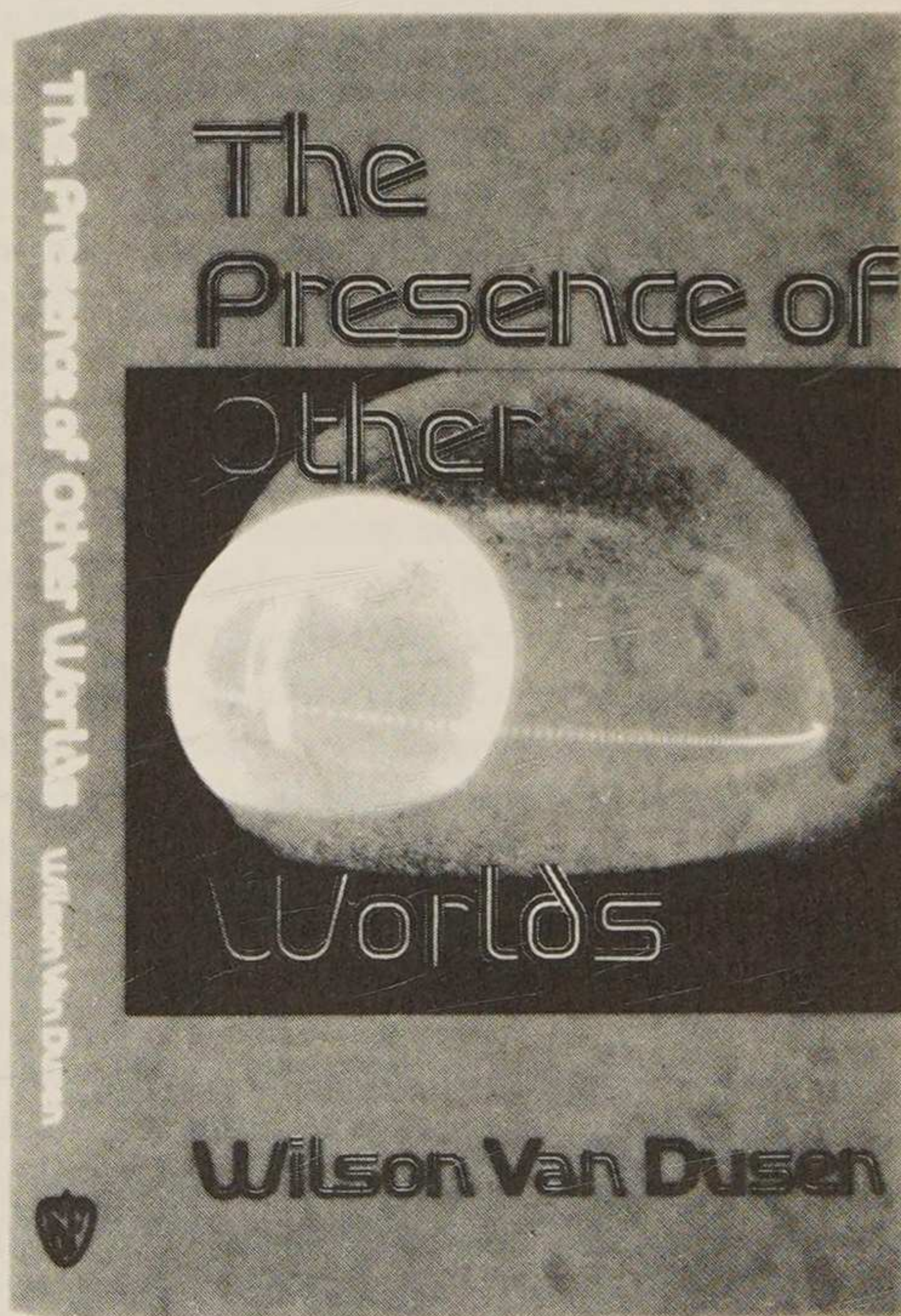
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Toward the end of the book, Nabokov discusses the running tradition of the Tarahumara of Mexico at length and achieves one of the goals he has set for himself—to separate the motivation for various kinds of Indian “power running” from such sporting events as the Boston Marathon. Papago speed runners on the shore of the Sea of Cortez, Navajo dawn runners, Paiute animal chasers, Apache war runners—all these are lightly examined by Nabokov, but he draws, too, on new and interesting work about the Yurok by Thomas Buckley. Buckley tells him: “. . . at one point in [an informant’s] run a grizzly bear walked into his path up ahead. He described the feeling of being able to run straight through the grizzly if it didn’t get out of the way. He said he charged it at full speed, and the bear shrieked in fear and crashed into the brush.” And at Second Mesa, Fred Kabotie, a Hopi elder, offered him this: “We joined [the runners] at the base of the mesa, and all of us headed for the plaza. We were doing it because we were the clouds. The people were the clouds, do you see? We were the clouds coming to give us rain.”

Midway in this chronicle, Nabokov reports on the work of ethnographer Curt Nimuendajú in Brazil in the 1930s. “The Indians he queried,” writes Nabokov, “provided contradictory and half-hearted answers [to questions about running], as if explanations were somehow beside the point.”

Explanations are not wholly beside the point for Nabokov, but in an effort to provide something more than answers, the author offers a looser text than some will appreciate. In a book that says so much else, this is no fault.

(Notes on sources, photographs, and index not seen by PARABOLA.)

Barry Lopez is the author of Winter Count, Of Wolves and Men, and other works, published by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

Esoterism as Principle and as Way

By Frithjof Schuon, translated by William Stoddart. London: Perennial Books, 1981. Pp. 240. \$16.

Sufism: Veil and Quintessence

By Frithjof Schuon, translated by William Stoddart. Bloomington, Indiana: World Wisdom Books, 1981. Pp. 163. \$7.

From the Divine to the Human

By Frithjof Schuon, translated by Gustavo Polit and Deborah Lambert. Bloomington, Indiana: World Wisdom Books, 1981. Pp. 171. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Seyyed Hossein Nasr

The appearance of three books by Frithjof Schuon in the English language within the period of a single year is a major intellectual event, especially in the light of the more or less systematic neglect of his writings in academic and even religious circles until now. All three works, written originally in French as most of his other books and articles, are the fruit of the activity of the last three years. They are proof of the fact that the premier living master of the exposition of traditional wisdom, or *philosophia perennis* (or *sophia perennis*, to use an expression favored by Schuon himself), is at the peak of his intellectual activity, an activity which began nearly half a century ago and which has already produced some of the most profound and penetrating works of metaphysics and spirituality of this century.

Esoterism as Principle and as Way is one of Schuon’s longest and most encompassing works, in which, with his usual precision, clarity, and what one might call essentiality, he deals with the subject of esotericism, taking into consideration all the errors and ambiguities associated with the term in modern European languages. But as he asserts in the introduction, “What concerns us here is not so much the historic esoterisms—such as Pythagoreanism, Shivaist Vedanta, Zen—but esoterism as such, which we would willingly call *sophia perennis*.” In the first part of the work entitled *Sophia Perennis*, he deals with esoterism as the inner dimension of each tradition and also the inner or in-



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ward truth which resides at the heart of every tradition. He demonstrates the necessity of esoterism for the equilibrium of every religion and traditional collectivity, while emphasizing that, even in a traditional world, esoterism itself remains fully accessible only to those spiritually qualified to follow what it demands, which is nothing less than all that man is and can be. He illustrates clearly why there are certain questions which only esoterism can answer, and why when a religion loses its esoteric dimension, the exoteric is helpless before the onslaught of the doubt and skepticism which wither away the foundations of faith. He also distinguishes authentic esoterism from both the pseudo-occultist profanation of traditional knowledge, so prevalent in the modern world today, and the merely mental

and "philosophical" understanding of esoteric doctrines. This is why he returns again and again, on the one hand, to the unbreachable nexus between esoterism and tradition, based on a celestial message and deriving from a revelation, and on the other, to the absolute necessity of the practice of spiritual virtue in the attainment of esoteric knowledge. Of special interest in the opening chapter of this book is the author's discussion of Christian esoterism—the integration of Hermeticism into Christianity, metaphysical and spiritual truth as contained in the Christian revelation, and "Christly gnosis." Schuon concludes the opening part of *Esoterism* with three chapters dealing with the metaphysical significance of the veil (the Hindu *māyā* and the Islamic *hijāb*), the symbolic significance of numbers understood in the Pythagorean sense, and the metaphysical and cosmological meaning of the symbolism of the tree.

Part Two of this work turns from metaphysical considerations to practical concerns of the spiritual and moral life, wherein the

author deals with the nature of man, the spiritual virtues, the moral imperative, and other aspects of religious and spiritual life. Throughout he speaks of the pitfalls and obstacles upon the path, as one who has himself encountered them while traveling upon the spiritual mountain and through all the valleys of the human state which he depicts with "concreteness" based on realized knowledge. Of particular interest to many readers, attracted by the Oriental doctrines concerning the spiritual significance of sexuality and yet confused by teachings which would seem to divorce sexuality from morality, is the chapter entitled "Problems of Sexuality." Here Schuon deals with the spiritual and also problematic nature of sexuality with his usual mastery and ability to bring out what is essential in the subject at hand. He discusses the alchemical effect of sexuality upon the soul and the inner rapport between sexual and spiritual union, hence the sacred quality of sexuality and the dangers of its profanation.

In the relatively short Part Four, devoted to Sufism, the author discusses the manner in which in Islam the religion of the heart—the esoteric—meets the legalistic and communal religion—the exoteric. He draws from the writings of al-Ghazzālī to show how Islam has always been renewed and revived from within, through the purification of the heart, and never through merely outward means. The final chapter, entitled "The Way of Oneness," in a sense summarizes the whole work, emphasizing that the quest of the One implies the whole of man's being, or in his words, "The oneness of the object demands the totality of the subject."

In *Sufism: Veil and Quintessence*, Schuon, who has already written so much in defense of tradition on all levels of manifestation of the truth, turns once again to Sufism to perform the difficult and thankless, but necessary, task of clearing the ground of many basic misunderstandings. He does this by

distinguishing between an essential and a more popular manifestation of Sufism. Taking into account such diverse elements as the use of hyperbole in Arabic, the voluntarism associated with certain Sufis, the difference between pneumatic and psychic types and many other factors, he seeks to clarify what appears as contradictory in certain expositions of even such masters of Sufism as al-Ghazzālī and Ibn 'Arabī. He then recapitulates quintessential Sufism as based on the primordial purity and totality of the *Shahādah*, *Lā ilāha illa'LLāh* (There is no divinity but the Divine) and the invocation of the Divine Name. It is Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī who appears finally as the hero of the most universal expression of Sufism grounded in the principal truth of the Islamic *shahādah* and embracing the manifestation of the truth in its diverse forms and vehicles.

Of special interest is the fifth chapter, entitled "Tracing the Notion of Philosophy," in which the author unveils the positive spiritual and intellectual significance of philosophy in its traditional sense, as understood by Plato or Plotinus who were not merely philosophers in the sense that the word is usually understood today. He thus lays the foundation for an undertaking which is sure to follow in the West upon the wake of the search for wisdom within the Oriental traditions and for the lost dimensions of the Judeo-Christian traditions themselves. He also defends the Islamic philosophers, much of whose teachings must be called wisdom rather than merely discursive philosophy, against the attacks of both Islamic theologians and certain Sufis. He concludes this unique work on Sufism with yet another chapter on Unity, here dealing with its hypostatic dimensions.

From the Divine to the Human is a synthesis of Schuon's metaphysical expositions. In a highly condensed work, he summarizes his teachings about knowledge, the Supreme Object of Knowledge, and the subject who knows. The first of the three parts of this remarkable synthesis deals with the mystery of subjectivity, consciousness, and knowledge. The second delves into the nature of the Universal and Divine Order in which the author turns again to the hypostatic



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dimensions of the Ultimate Reality and the nature of existence. In a difficult chapter which presumes a knowledge of medieval philosophy and theology, he also deals with the question of possibility as related in its root to both the power to be or do something and the possibility, in the usual sense of the word, of being or doing something. For those well-versed in the discussions of Avicenna or St. Thomas on this difficult question, the light cast by Schuon on this subject is particularly precious.

Finally, in the last part, the author, who has always been especially interested in the human state and the traditional science of man, turns to the human world outlining a whole spiritual anthropology. Of particular interest is his chapter on the spiritual mes-

sage of the human body wherein he discusses how the theomorphic nature of man is reflected in his body as well as his inner faculties. He also refutes once again the metaphysically absurd thesis that the human body could have evolved from a less perfect form, and asserts the traditional doctrine of the descent of man through a series of elaborations from its celestial archetype.

The translation of all three works under consideration is of fine quality, reflecting a labor of love on the part of the translators. Both Perennial Books and the new World Wisdom Books are to be congratulated for making these writings available in English so rapidly after their appearance in French, and in the case of *From the Divine to the Human*, even before the appearance of the French original. World Wisdom Books is also to be congratulated for making its publications available at a very reasonable price. Let us hope that this newly established enterprise will also make available Schuon's two most recent works.

Few books are as significant and have as

timely a message as those of Frithjof Schuon, who, although neglected by the many and known only to the few until now, stands as one of the most remarkable metaphysicians and expositors of religious and traditional teachings in this or any century.

Seyyed Hossein Nasr is professor of Religion and Islamic Studies at Temple University. He has written widely on Islam and Sufism, and his Knowledge and the Sacred has just been published by Crossroad Publishing Company, which will also release his edition of The Essential Writings of Frithjof Schuon in the spring of 1982.

The Monkey Grammarian By Octavio Paz, translated from the Spanish *El Mono Gramático* by Helen R. Lane. New York: Seaver Books, distributed by Grove Press, 1981. Pp. 162. Paper \$7.95

Reviewed by Barbara Stoler Miller

In the rough and trackless stretches of the way to Galta the *Monkey Grammarian* appears and disappears: the monogram of the Simian lost amid his similes.

Hanumān: a monkey/a *gramma* of language, of its dynamism and its endless production of phonetic and semantic creations. An ideogram of the poet, the master/servant of universal metamorphosis: an imitative simian, an artist of repetitions, he is the Aristotelian animal that copies from nature, but at the same time he is the semantic seed, the bomb-seed that is buried in the verbal subsoil and that will never turn into the plant that its owner anticipates, but into another, one forever different.

Thus, by word play that would please an ancient Sanskrit poet, Octavio Paz translates the mythical monkey hero of the epic *Rāmāyana* into the universe of contemporary poetic discourse. In Indian tradition Ha-

numān is noted for his powers as a grammarian, as well as for his powers of magic and wisdom. For Paz, this monkey who can change his own form at will is a symbol of the poetic act.

In his poems and essays, Paz has stressed the unifying nature of poetry, most explicitly in the essay "*Los signos en rotación*" (written while he was a diplomat in New Delhi in 1964). In this book, which is essentially a meditation on the nature of poetic language, much that is discussed in that essay is made concrete through a poetic monologue composed to recreate the author's journey to the Indian City of Galta. Galta lies four miles from Jaipur in the Rājasthān desert. For Paz, Galta, with its half-ruined eighteenth-century palace and its living temple, is both an elusive place and a state of mind. His pilgrimage, he says, is "an allegory of mortality: these phrases that I write, this path that I invent as I endeavor to describe the path that leads to Galta, become blurred, dissolve as I write: I never reach the end, and I never shall."

The poet's path is the act of writing, and poetry is, in his words, "corporeal," incarnate in the sensuous female figure of Splendor, the Indian goddess Śrī, who is the embodiment of all good things desired by gods and men. Paz introduces her into his discourse in a brief scene of her erotic encounter with fire. He brings her into sharper focus by paraphrasing the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* account of her birth from the shining sweat of Prajāpati and the gods' attempt to kill her, divide her up, and share her among themselves. Splendor responds to the poet's embrace with passion, her body merging into his; later all that remains of her is what lies between the sheets that he writes on: "an ocher footpath that suddenly starts walking, a river of burned waters seeking its path between the sheets, Splendor rises from the bed . . . Splendor is this page, that which separates (liberates) and weaves together (reconciles), the various parts that compose it . . ."

Hanumān and Splendor are the two aspects of poetry explored by Paz through a profusion of sensuous images that form the ground of his speculations. The twenty-nine

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untitled sections into which the book is divided read like independent meditations, connected by rhythmically repeating words, images, scenes, and themes. The themes are central to Indian culture: liberation, reconciliation, transience, eroticism, and contradiction. Paz's poetry makes us recognize them as critical issues of existence.

Trees, with which the poet feels intimate familiarity, evoke his struggle with Western notions of fixity and change, and with the bias that calls it a "pathetic fallacy" to isolate human emotion from nature: "The pain of roots and broken limbs, the fierce stubbornness of plants, not less powerful than that of animals and men. If these trees were suddenly to start walking, they would destroy everything in their path. But they choose to remain where they are . . . Yes, I am well aware that nature—or what we call nature: that totality of objects and processes that surrounds us and that alternately creates us and devours us—is neither our accomplice nor our confidant. It is not proper to project our feelings onto things or to attribute our own sensations and passions to them. Can it also be improper to see in them a guide, a way of life? To learn the art of remaining motionless amid the agitation of the whirlwind, to learn to remain still and to be as transparent as this fixed light amid the frantic branches—this may be a program for life."

Underlying Paz's concern with language is a profound concern for the relationship between rhetoric and ethics, the worrisome ease with which language can be twisted, and the fact that our minds "accept these perverse games so docilely." Galta's landscape of bones is the ground for the poet's demolition of his own verbal tricks.

This is an intensely visual book, evoking in word pictures Galta's groves of trees, the ruined palace, the temple priests, the pilgrims, the rambunctious monkeys. The poet

is insistent on the distinction between word pictures and painted images: "Painting offers us a vision, literature invites us to seek one and therefore traces an imaginary path toward it. Painting constructs presences, literature emits meanings and then attempts to catch up with them . . . Meaning is not in the text, but outside it. These words that I am writing are setting forth in search of meaning, and that is the only meaning they have." This limited interpretation of visual art seems to be a failure to recognize the dynamic nature of texts expressed in line, form, and color.

Hyperbole is a rhetorical figure that Paz uses frequently in this book. It is a major technique of Indian epic poetry and is appropriate to the landscape of *The Monkey Grammarian*. That it occasionally impinges on the author's critical perspective does not significantly mar an extraordinary essay. Helen Lane's lucid translation preserves the tone and much of the play of Paz's language.

Barbara Stoler Miller is professor of Oriental Studies at Barnard College, Columbia University. She is the author of The Love Song of the Dark Lord: Jayadeva's Gitagovinda and The Hermit and the Love Thief, both published by Columbia University Press. She is currently completing translations of Kalidasa's dramas.

Buddhism: A Way of Life and Thought
By Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1980. Vintage Books, 1981
Pp. 224. \$12.95, hardcover. \$5.95 paper.

Reviewed by Frederick Franck

Not being a passionate book reviewer, I admit only two justifications for writing one: either to recommend a book—to make sure it will not be missed—or else, to warn against wasting time and money on it. In the case of *Buddhism: A Way of Life and Thought* I can wholeheartedly recommend a beautiful and often noble book. The title itself contains its program: for Buddhism is indeed a way of life, and only secondarily it is one of thought. Rather than a philosophy

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or a dogmatic system, it is a therapeutic device, a how-to system on living everyday life fruitfully, sanely, with awareness of, and in harmony with reality.

Anyone who needs a primer on Buddhism is well advised to go to the nearest bookshop to buy a copy so as to have it on the shelf. For after having been enjoyed it should be kept available as an excellent refresher. As an introduction to Buddhism the book is a reliable guide. It offers an initiation into the world of this ancient tradition and at the same time a comprehensive overview of the way Buddhism has covered a huge area, developed into a great variety of forms, and as such has answered the existential questioning and fulfilled the spiritual

needs of almost a quarter of the humans who people this planet.

Ross' description of the origin, the founder, and the basic teachings, especially its practice as a Way, are sketched out in barely two hundred pages with a rare eloquence and a freedom from academic cant that, far from being superficial, is clearly the product of the author's profound involvement with her subject during many years of maturation.

Until recently Buddhism was often derogated in the West as being less a religion than an ethical and/or philosophical system. It has been accused of lacking a transcendent dimension, of being pessimistic, atheistic, and even nihilistic, as if the Buddha's "good news" were not a Magna Charta of human dignity. For it declares that everyone born human is a carrier of the potential to become a Buddha, that is, to become fully awakened to his true nature, which is his specific humanness.

"Within this very body, mortal as it is, and only six feet long, I do declare to you,

are the world and the origin of the world, and the cessation of the world . . ." said the Buddha, who stressed that the human psyche is the creative center of the universe, and that it has an infinite capacity for change and for sensitization to the life process as an ever moving stream of becomings and extinctions. This is hardly pessimistic . . .

What we call Buddhism is preferably called *Dharma* by its adherents. In Ross' book, *Dharma* or *Dhamma* is described as "the truth that really is." It is also the law—the unifying, maintaining principle of the universe, wherein all the universe is an embodiment and revelation of this *Dharma*, which moreover exists and is revealed "in a man's own heart and mind . . ." To awaken to *Dharma* is to be true to one's essential nature, to the deepest in oneself. To live in accordance with *Dharma* is to be liberated from misery, greed, anger, cruelty, and delusion and so to attain Nirvana: to be released from all that suffering that is the condition of every existence. In human beings this suffering is caused by their inability to accept the fact that all is impermanent (*anicca*), by their clinging to the empirical ego as if it were autonomous and unchanging instead of being an ever-changing entity. Ross defines *dukkha* (suffering) most succinctly as "awryness" or "out-of-kilterness," just as she explains with deceptive simplicity that Nirvana is not annihilation of modern existentialism, but that instead, it is "a boundless expansion." The appropriate image should not be that of the drop of water that merges with the ocean and is lost therein, but rather that of "the ocean entering the drop . . ."

Nirvana, Dharma, Sūnyata, Suchness, these are the terms by which the transcendent is indicated, terms that refer to the Other Shore, which for Buddhism is nowhere else but on this side of the Great Divide. The Eightfold Path is a way of life and a value

system that opens up the realization of this transcendent. It is a system of self-training which will bring about those changes in consciousness required for the realization of truth/reality, and hence of knowing one's precise place in the scheme of things. We are here at the opposite pole of nihilism.

Consciousness, rather than dogma, is the basic ingredient of that Buddhist mentality which in our present predicament has exerted and continues to exert such ever-increasing attraction on our contemporaries. Buddhist thought, namely, in its pragmatism, its distaste for metaphysical speculation about First Cause and Hereafter, its independence from sacred scriptures revealed from on high and interpreted by ecclesiastical authority, its freedom from an anthropomorphic image of the divine (as well as from a pre-scientific mythical cosmology) is particularly compatible with the scientifically oriented modern mind. It is also felt by many to be relevant to the psychological, economic, and existential ills of our time.

Two reviews of this book which I happened upon, displayed some not unusual basic misunderstandings: one reviewer chides the author for omitting some details of the mythical stories surrounding the Buddha's birth, as if these were crucial to the subject, and then goes on wondering about Buddhism's apparent deficiency in taking "social and political responsibilities" seriously "beyond personal enlightenment." Judging by the state of our world one may ask oneself, whether it might be the shouldering of such responsibilities unaided by an enlightened view of Reality, that has led us so unpleasantly close to a global Jonestown.

The other review is by a Christian theologian who says: "Books of this type . . . reinforce the very thing their subject is intent on destroying. In Buddhist terms, at the end of the book the reader should know no more about Buddhism than at the beginning." But in Ross' book there does not appear to be any intention to stuff her audience with knowledge "about" Buddhism. Rather she initiates the reader gently and wisely into the Buddhist experience itself and gives him an idea of its various schools of thought, which, by the way, have been



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singularly free from internecine conflict and violence. Buddhist schools of thought tend to consider one another as complementary; for whatever their differences they share an emphasis on a spirituality of practice, that orthopraxis of walking the Eightfold Path, on the training in *metta*, lovingkindness and *karuna*, compassion. All schools of Buddhism also stress instruction in, and practice of, meditational disciplines to overcome those deep-seated ego-clinging attitudes that reinforce the illusion of ego-separateness in an effort to attain the realization of the radical interdependency of all phenomena in the universe—a kind of cosmic ecology.

In her reverential and serene account of Theravada and Mahayana Buddhism (“Theravada emphasizes the humanity of the Buddha, Mahayana the Buddha Nature of humanity”) and of their respective ideals of completed humanness as embodied in *arhat* and Bodhisattva, Ross does not omit any of their aspects indispensable for a basic understanding. Her description of Tibetan Buddhism, which has only become familiar to Westerners in the last ten years or so, is concise and admirably well stated. One wonders at the astounding appeal of this form of Buddhism of which many aspects are culturally so foreign to Western modes of perception. It is a pity that the copy editor missed an almost comical lapse in the quotation of Bodhidharma, which lets Daruma describe Zen as “a special *tradition* outside the Scriptures” instead of as “a special *transmission* outside the Scriptures.” Also with a little regret, I noticed on page 36 “principles of belief,” where “principles of faith” would be preferable—for the Buddha bids his disciples to believe as little as possible, while encouraging them to have faith, that is trust, in the “Unborn, the Unconditioned without which liberation from the born and conditioned would be unthinkable,” and to put their trust in their own

capability to be “lamps unto themselves.”

But these are only tiny *tâches de beauté* on an outstanding work, illustrated with fine photographs and complete with a good glossary and a bibliography for those who wish to steep themselves in the Buddhist tradition.

Frederick Franck is the author of many books, his latest two being The Awakened Eye (Knopf) and the just-released Art as a Way (Crossroad). He is a Consulting Editor to PARABOLA.

The Goddess; Mythological Images of the Feminine

By Christine Downing. New York: The Crossroad Publishing Co., 1981. Pp. 237. \$12.95.

Descent to the Goddess

By Sylvia Brinton Perera. Toronto, Canada: Inner City Books, 1981. Pp. 111. \$9.00.

Reviewed by Carol Ascher

These two interesting books add original and important work to the recent confluence of Jungian psychology and feminism. Sylvia Brinton Perera's is written from the viewpoint of a therapist or guide, and it leads the reader via the Sumerian (and somewhat later Akkadian) myth of the descent of Innana (Ishtar in the Akkadian) to the underworld to visit Ereshkigal, the Queen of the Great Below. Christine Downing is a scholar of religion and culture but writes also as a personal sojourner at the altars of the central Greek Goddesses—among them, Persephone, Ariadne, Hera, Pallas Athena and Gaia—as she herself has matured from adolescent daughter to lover, wife and mother, and woman alone. For both Perera and Downing, these goddess myths are personally moving and mobilizing. They see in them a chance for women to connect with the self (or selves) wrenched away from them in the process of becoming “daughters of the father.”

Sylvia Brinton Perera chooses an early ver-

sion of the myth of the cyclical descent of the goddess, because she finds in it images from a time when the Great Goddess was still vital, and through it can reclaim her relation to archetypal feminine "instinct and spirit patterns." (The transformation of this myth into, for example, the Greek tale of Persephone, is fascinating. In Innana-Ishtar's descent, annihilation is caused by the Queen, Ereshkigal, who destroys any challenger to her rule of the underworld, while in the Persephone myth, this underworld destruction is transformed into the act of rape by Hades.) Understanding that she cannot know what the Innana-Ishtar myth meant to the Sumerians or Akkadians, Perera uses it as a rich world of images through which women today can move slowly and carefully, removing veil upon veil, and dropping downward until they confront their own unnamed chaos, suffering, and anger, knowing always that the return to consciousness and light is built into this myth of the seasons. This is an intricately argued, highly intelligent book, which by examining each of the stages of Innana-Ishtar's descent and ascent and its proliferation of meanings, becomes simultaneously a powerful—at times, anxiety-provoking—experience to read. It should offer thought and direction to all women, whether they are on a spiritual or a more psychotherapeutic journey toward self-realization. And it will give men a new view of the path of healing that may be necessary for them as well as for women.

Christine Downing's *The Goddess*, in form as well as content, is an interesting example of the recent attempts within feminist scholarship to create new modes of arriving at reality and truth. Downing moves back and forth, at times quite stirringly, between erudite analyses of goddess myths and personal memories and experience. Her goal is always to illuminate the myths through her

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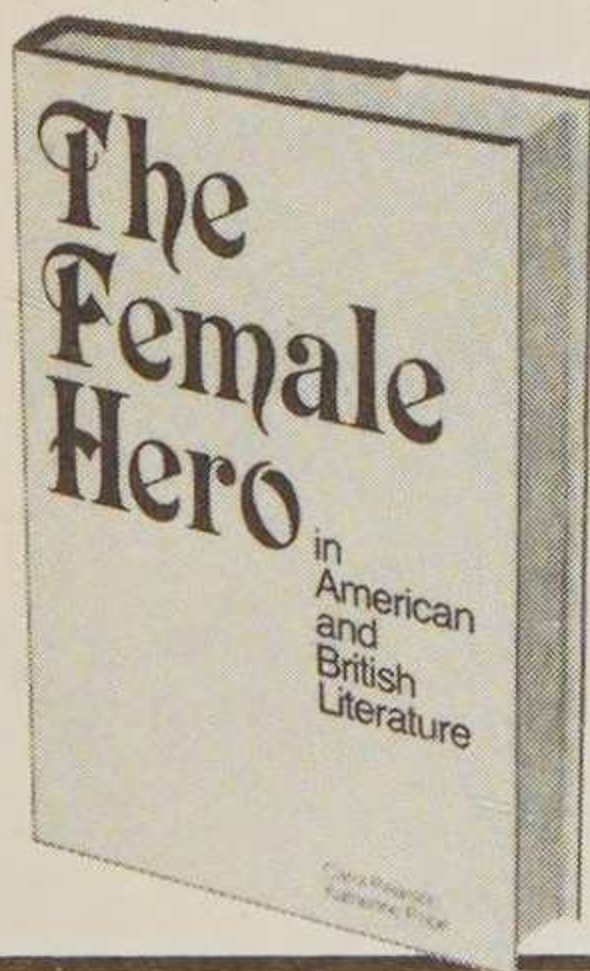
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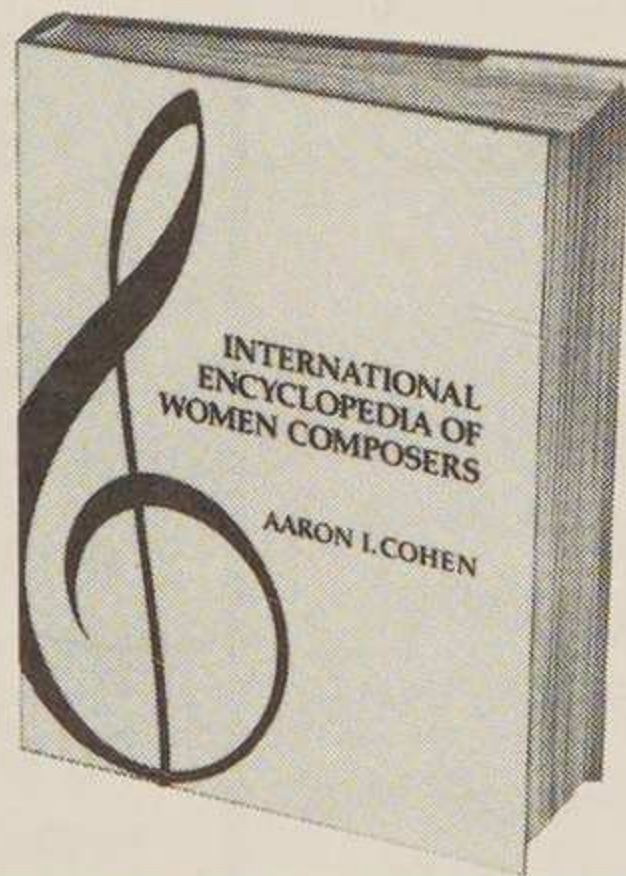


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MASS MEDIA: The Image, Role and Social Conditions of Women

By the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization

This report studies the interrelationship between mass media and society and their potential impact on the lives of at least half of the world population. The media covered are advertising, broadcasting, film and the press; and the authors discuss both the image and professional status of women in each of these media.

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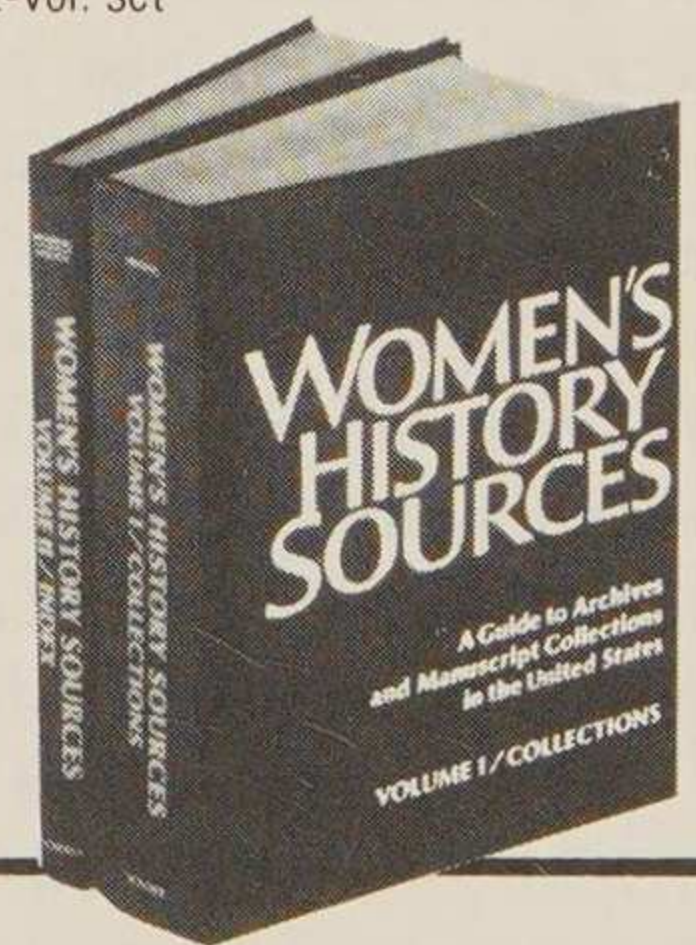
Edited by Andrea Hinding in Association with the University of Minnesota

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life as a contemporary woman, and to illuminate her life, a woman's life, through the myths. Downing's Persephone, however, suffers by comparison with Perera's Innana-Ishtar. For Downing, the Persephone story is both that of leaving the mother, Demeter, and facing Hades, who represents rape, dissolution, and death. But the question of why rape is necessary is never satisfactorily answered. Later sections in the book are stronger: in particular, Pallas Athena illustrates why women who are highly creative may, in our society, be linked strongly to their fathers (Zeus), and also how creativity and friendship may intermingle.

Where Perera chooses a myth that antedates patriarchal influences, Downing chooses the Greek goddesses exactly because their strengths and conflicts clarify those of women living in a patriarchal world. The question that concerns me in Perera's fascinating book is the implied biological basis of goddess archetypes. That is, since patriarchal modes (seen as almost synonymous with contemporary culture) are supposedly being stripped away in the descent to the goddess, the implicit assumption is that women will discover who they are by "nature." On the other hand, Downing's use of the goddesses of the early patriarchy to illuminate her own history, and vice versa, leads at times to a circularity in which both her life and the myths become saturated with each other's meanings, and there is no clear way out into the creation of something new.

Yet if I criticize Perera or Downing for not providing the ultimate vision, I do so within the context of much admiration; for these are both innovative and courageous books.

Carol Ascher is a writer and anthropologist who lives in New York City. She is the author of the recent book, Simone de Beauvoir: A Life of Freedom (Beacon Press).

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**How the Swans Came to the Lake:
A Narrative History of Buddhism
in America**

by Rick Fields. Boulder, Colo.: Shambhala
(distributed by Random House), 1981. Pp.
400. \$15.95, paper \$8.95.

Reviewed by Peter Heinegg

On September 18, 1974 most Americans were too preoccupied with Ford's pardon of Nixon to notice the arrival in New York of Rangjung Rigpe Dorje, His Holiness the Sixteenth Karmapa, head of the Karma Kagyu order, a rotund, middle-aged Tibetan monk. Asked by a reporter why he had come to the States, His Holiness replied (speaking through an interpreter) that, "the teachings of Lord Buddha preceded me. 'If there is a lake, the swans would go there.' " And so writer Rick Fields has tracked the flight of all sorts of Buddhist swans to these shores, from Anagarika Dharmapala to Chogyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, and the current generation of Asian missionaries. Fields' "narrative history" meanders amiably through a great deal of colorful material and chronicles the doings of an enormous cast of esoteric personae, but it never goes beyond the sum of its anecdotal parts. There is more to American Buddhism than this.

Fields begins, sensibly enough, with Shakyamuni himself and a brief sketch of his life. But almost immediately after that he starts to get sidetracked. He speculates on a possible Chinese Buddhist connection with pre-Columbian Mexico, devotes almost a whole chapter to the career of the great Sanskritist, William Jones, rambles on about Madame Blavatsky, etc. Finally we get to the World Parliament of Religions in 1893 (part of the World's Columbian Exposition and held, appropriately, next to Lake Michigan), where Buddhism made, so to speak, its official American debut. Shortly after the Parliament closed, another landmark was

registered, in the Athenaeum Building in Chicago, when a certain Charles T. Strauss, a young Jewish businessman from New York, became the first American convert to Buddhism. (Although Fields mentions some of the many American Jews—the most famous being Allen Ginsberg—who played a prominent role in the spread of Buddhism here, he neither sees any pattern nor attempts to explain it.)

For the rest of the book, Fields shows us all the major Japanese, Tibetan, Vietnamese, Korean, etc. Buddhist missionaries and their best-known American disciples. We hear a great deal about Nyogen Senzaki, D.T. Suzuki, the raffish Trungpa Rinpoche, Colonel Olcott, Jack Kerouac, Gary Snyder, *et al.* Fields sprinkles the text with rather obscure terms (*dakinis, shamatha, sadhana, siddha-consort, tulkus, mo-mos*, and so on) that he explains either belatedly or not at all. Then comes the guru worship: Rangjung Rigpe Dorje may not have said much to American audiences, and in any case he couldn't speak English, but "He just was, and that seemed more than enough. When he smiled everything around him seemed bathed in sunlight." And we also get the chatty "Alumni Notes" sort of items: Robert Aitken, who had served as *jishi* (attendant) at the first full, week-long regular *sesshin* in America, "divorced and remarried Anne Hopkins, whom he had met at the Happy Valley School in Ojai where he had been an English teacher, she an administrator, and the couple now returned to Hawaii. They started a second-hand bookshop in Honolulu's Chinatown."

Yet if Fields' clubby account (American Buddhism as a sublime in-group) tends to trivialize his subject, at least it offers evidence that the end of the beginning has arrived. Buddhism is not only the "leading religion," statistically speaking, of Hawaii; it has also started to send down powerful roots all over the mainland, from Rochester to Los Angeles. And not surprisingly. For the millions of Americans tired of endlessly caring for and feeding their egos, looking out for Number One, chasing all the Faustian phantasms of power and control over nature, riding all the ups and downs of



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Western individualism, with its frenetic passions, alienation, workaholism, guilt, terror of death, etc. — for all these more or less normal people enduring their share of quiet desperation, Buddhism would seem to have a potent appeal.

But it is certainly not yet fully naturalized. For American Buddhism to flourish it will perhaps have to forgo most of the Oriental trappings that Fields so delights in (prayer wheels, to choose one example). More important, the practice of absolute submission to a master, Zen or otherwise, does not suit the democratic ethos. And, without asking Buddhism to historicize itself, to create or buy into some vast mythical vision of time — Christian, Hegelian,

Marxist, or whatever — we may wonder whether it won't have to generate a more active political consciousness. Monastic flight from *samsara* and compassion for the poor wretches caught up in it are both in their own way splendid ideals, but an American religion that ignores the need to overhaul or overturn evil social structures would risk becoming just another kind of therapy, and hence of passive acceptance of the status quo. But expecting Buddhism to adapt to American culture is not the same as prescribing the forms it will take. Once having come to the lake, the swans, we may assume, will adjust to its peculiar biome. And with any luck they, and the lake with them, should thrive.

Peter Heinegg teaches Comparative Literature at Union College, Schenectady, New York. He is a senior contributor to Kirkus Reviews and an editorial board member of Cross Currents. His translations include The Last Christian and How the Pope Became Infallible.

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Douglas Auchincloss was for many years an editor at *Time*, primarily in the Religion department, but also for the Book and Essay sections. He is presently retired and divides his time between Maine, Florida, and New York.

Mircea Eliade, world-renowned authority on comparative religion, has just published the first volume of his autobiography, *Journey East, Journey West, 1907-1937*, for Harper & Row. He is Distinguished Service Professor of Religion at the University of Chicago, and his many published works include *The Sacred and the Profane, From Primitives to Zen, Myth and Reality* and *Rites and Symbols of Initiation*, as well as the novel, *The Forbidden Forest*.

Paul Jordan-Smith is a freelance writer and storyteller and is PARABOLA's Epicycle Editor.

Jonathan Omer-Man, editor of the Jerusalem-based *Shefa Quarterly*, is currently engaged in religious outreach work in Los Angeles. He writes about Jewish mysticism, teaches privately, and serves as a religious counselor.

Kathleen Raine, who contributed the "What Is Man?" article to the Dream of Progress issue of PARABOLA (Vol. VI, No. 2), is a poet, scholar, and translator living in London. She edits the new British journal, *Temenos*.

A.K. Ramanujan is professor of linguistics and chairman of the department of South Asian Languages and Civilizations at the University of Chicago. A poet and translator as well, he is a native of Mysore, India.

William Segal, who interviewed the Dalai Lama in Dharamsala in the early 1970s, is an American painter who was founder and publisher of *Gentry* and *American Fabrics* magazines. Zen poet/painter Paul Reps based his recent book, *Letters to Bill*, on correspondence addressed to Segal. French-born **Marielle Bancou-Segal** has been a color, fabrics, and fashion stylist in Paris, Tokyo, and New York City.

Henri Tracol, formerly head of the photographic department of the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, is a longtime student and exponent of the teaching of G.I. Gurdjieff. He writes and lectures in the United States and Europe.

P.L. Travers, a consulting editor to PARABOLA since its inception, is the author of the Mary Poppins books, as well as *Friend Monkey, The Fox in the Manger, About the Sleeping Beauty*, and, most recently, *Two Pairs of Shoes*. She calls herself a "dowser of myth," and she has written and lectured on the subject most of her life.

Heinrich Zimmer (1890-1943), the brilliant German-born scholar of Indian culture and mythology, taught at the University of Heidelberg, Oxford, and Columbia University. His works include *Myth and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization, The King and the Corpse, Philosophies of India*, and *The Art of India and Asia*. The translators for this article, **James Lawson** and **Gerald Chapple**, are associate professors of German at McMaster University in Ontario, Canada; **J. Michael McKnight**, who assisted them, is director of the World Religions Program at the Living and Learning Center, Burlington, Vermont, and assistant professor of religion at the University of Vermont.

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