

MASKED GODS
NAVAHO AND PUEBLO CEREMONIALISM

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The Pueblos, high and safe on their rocky mesas in the center of this grassy sea, called themselves "Hopituh"—"The People of Peace."

This was the only real difference between them. For the nomads, ostensibly still a people of constant and turbulent change, had made the transition to the Rock. The land itself was their Rock. To it they were rooted as securely as the Cliff Dwellers to their cliffs.

Thus the centuries of a new people on an unknown continent, created by the same forces that made the land, and creating a civilization new to mankind. How wonderful it must have been. And how deeply, truly mysterious. A mystery masked only by its appalling simplicity of pure feeling; of a time when man, unguided by reason, maintained a direct intuitional relationship with the primal forces of a living universe.

Then suddenly, about seven hundred years ago, something happened. We believe it was a great drought beginning in 1276. Year after year for twenty-three years the rainfall lessened. The springs failed. The crops dried up. The game dwindled. One by one the great pueblos were abandoned, their populations wandering away on long hegiras seeking new homesites near water.

What we have left, washed up on today's beach, are hewn stones, fragments of pottery, ears of corn, and desiccated bodies perfectly preserved in the dry air, ruins of whole pueblos. All empty kachina masks of a vanished civilization.

But no post mortem is necessary; this ancient civilization still exists if we know where to look for it. From the sun temple of Mesa Verde its light flickered to the pyramid sun temples of Aztec Mexico, and was reflected from those of Inca Peru. In the modern Pueblo and Navaho ceremonials of today we find embodied the same ancient rituals. It is all one vast continuity spanning both time and space—an American Way still rooted in the soil and the soul of a continent.

The Wanderings

When the great pueblos were abandoned and their populations wandered away on long hegiras seeking new homesites, where did they go?

They may have migrated east as far as Ohio. Lewis H. Morgan, the "Father of American Ethnology," traced the Mound

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* *Natural and Moral*
Grimstone's translation.
† *History of Mexico,*

Isolate as they were, some contacts were made with the world beyond. The nomadic Navahus swept down from the north carrying away women and corn and customs to root them firmer to the land. From the east, Plains tribes came to pillage and trade. Sea shells from the Pacific reached them through the hands of Mojave runners following the great intertribal highway paralleling the Gila River. And from Aztec Mexico, too, came rituals, trade stuffs, and the parrot feathers used in the ceremonial dances.

Outwardly a crude, difficult life, essentially the same life they live today. What enriched it and gave it its only meaning came from within. The certainty that they were not separate from the forces of the land and sky which bound them all into one living whole, in perfect balance. To preserve this precarious balance—which is the ultimate test of any life, civilized or savage, they clung to their traditions and perpetuated their ritualistic religion.

In this ceremonialism, the myth-language of the people was perpetuated the record of their completely evolutionary past. But now something tremendous happened which forced its esoteric meanings underground. The unknown continent had been discovered by a new race. The tide was rising that was to sweep upon it, submerge the land and almost obliterate the Rock itself.

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sion and uplift of the whole continent it recorded with the sea-shells imbedded in its stones. The presence of tropical jungles with the ferns impressed into its sands. The advance and retreat of glacial ice with the scoring on its cliffs . . . The canyon, even more than the land, was a phenomenon of perpetual change. With every quick storm, with every hour, it changed shape, size, pattern, and color. Never static, never still, it perpetually recapitulated the land's whole drama of constant change.

Such was the canyon, whose depth balanced the height of the rock, whose length measured the wide land. Inconstant as the passing moment and yet endurable as time itself, it seemed carven out of the rock's serenity by the fury of the land's change. Into a passionless calm beyond both, an incomprehensible paradox, a sublime mystery.

Thus do we know it today, this domain of the rock and the canyon. A vast hinterland plateau oriented to the four directions, still retaining the salient characteristics of its immortal past.

Little wonder that, like nature, man himself has worn the kachina masks of its dual forces.

The Cliff Dwellers

Created by the same immutable forces that had made the land, and drifting on the sea of change washing over the new unknown continent, the first people grasped at the Rock.

Shuddering with fear they looked back down at the dangers lurking below—at the mountains smoking on the far horizon; the camels and lumbering mammoths, the thundering herds of bison and wild horses, and the savage beasts which preyed upon them; the sudden violent storms; and, above all, the mysterious fears to which they could give no shape or name. The world was dark, as yet unlit by human reason. But instinct pointed out clefts and crannies and caves in the great Rock that offered security.

When and where did these people appear in America?

Until recently it seemed definitely settled that man first appeared in America about 2,000 years ago. Divine revelation had assured the Mormon Church, at least, that the Indians of America were one of the lost ten tribes of Israel. In 1926, a Negro cowpoke turned up some stone dart points associated with the skeletal remains of a post-glacial species of bison near Folsom, New Mexico.

their whole empire of its strength. The three successive Maya empires perished before America was discovered because of the same absorption in religion. They developed a calendar more accurate than the one we use now, but they failed to develop a simple plow and evidently perished for lack of corn to feed the growing populations. The Toltec civilization with its equally wonderful pyramids, its astronomical accuracy and geometric precision of thought, went into a haze of abstraction and fell prey to barbarians. The Pueblos and Navahos in the Four Corners were doomed to extinction not only because of our ruthless treatment of them, but because they too from the very start failed to meet the challenge of modern rational demands.

All in common because they were socially communistic show a complete lack of "rugged" individualism; because they were principally agrarian, a lack of economic enterprise essential to the accumulation of material wealth and power necessary for protection; because they shared a smug insularity which prevented expansion and adaptation; and above all, because they were chiefly religious, an absorption with the abstract rather than the practical.

But this is the judgment, from a secular point of view, of a materialistic civilization diametrically opposed in ideology to their common basis. What is the personality of the Pueblo as he still reflects the compulsions of his own life, as he differs from us who reflects our own values?

The Flower

The Pueblo, curiously enough, has not been oppressed by the insularity and rigid conservatism he suffers. He is not frustrated by a dreary sense of futility, inadequacy, economic insecurity, and psychological maladjustment to the world around him.

He is more free of inward tension and conflict with society and nature than any man we know.

His family life is traditionally peaceful. His long immuration in the kiva at the age of twelve to fourteen completely breaks his mother's hold upon him; no Pueblo has an Oedipus complex. Taken in hand by his mother's brothers, his ceremonial fathers, he never develops a father complex. Undistorted by the conceptual illusion of romantic love, he marries early and stays married. Divorces are extremely rare. Sex is a natural function

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rather than a sin or gratification of appetite. Yet uninhibited sex is restrained by frequent periods of continence during ceremonials; and the taboo is psychological as well as physical; he is constantly enjoined to "keep good thoughts." Collectively minded, the Pueblo does not lay stress on the life of the individual. The important events are the marriages, births, and deaths, for these affect the life of the tribe.

His social life is likewise communal. There are no incentives to wealth, social prestige, and personal power—to keep up with the Joneses. The pueblo has no locked doors. Occasional theft, conjugal infelicity, and violence are misdemeanors easily atoned for by proper payments to the injured party. Murder is almost unheard of. Suicide is incomprehensible. That he is a member of a national racial minority seldom enters the Pueblo's head. He does not have the abject defeatism of the Negro in the South, the wildly passionate repudiation of the Spanish-American in the West, the polite timidity of the Asiatic on the west coast. And unlike the Anglo he does not see himself as the ordained master of the universe. He remains always the resolute, proudly humble Pueblo. The most completely restricted, he is at once the most free—a citizen of the universe.

The world simply is. Without a compulsion to change it, he simply fits into his place in the whole as an individual whose sole aim appears to be a resolute self-effacement. His religion is communal. He has no conception of personal prayer for personal gain to a personalized, all-powerful deity envisaged in his own image. Ever in touch with the mystery, he acknowledges the spiritual essence in all things—the forests and the fields, the clouds and mountains, the young corn, the eagle, and the deer. Like him they exist to play their parts in the cosmic whole. Free of terror, the Pueblo does not battle with them nor abjectly make obeisance. Respectfully but unafraid, he secures their assistance by esoteric ceremonials that acknowledge his kinship with them.

This calm acceptance of life under the mask of tranquillity hides a profound intensity, a deep tragic awareness. It is betrayed by a joyful spontaneity as he sings while hoeing corn and hauling wood—a constant outpouring joyfulness. And by a humor so sharp and subtle that it cuts without pain. Poverty stricken, uneducated, facing barehanded the basic verities of life—disease, storm, drought, privation, childbirth, and death—he has transformed

his external insecurity into an inward security. He has attained that priceless jewel of psychological maturity which we desperately seek under the slogan of "Peace of Mind."

Little wonder that the Pueblo has been a chief object of study by anthropologists, ethnologists, sociologists, and psychologists the world over. Or that he holds for us all an inexpressible fascination that betrays itself even in our vehement denials and angry protestations. For by his strange otherness and his refutation of all we hold dear, he speaks to that hidden part of us which still seeks what he has found—the flower of individual self-fulfillment within his own social frame. . . .

"Hey!" shouts the Queen of the Bandits, interrupting. "*'Se non e vero e ben' trovato!*' Every time you start singing that panegyric to Those Indians, Panchillo comes. Here's one of your Nature's Noblemen now!"

Sure enough. Here he comes. Drunken Panchillo, staggering already at ten o'clock of the morning. He falls through the gate, tearing another snag in his begrimed, pink checkered, Montgomery Ward blanket. He totters up the driveway like a rope-walker in sloppy, muddy moccasins. Stuck in his blowsy hair is a red feather. With ludicrous dignity he pounds on the side door, then on the back. When the Bandit Queen opens it, he pulls a couple of ears of corn from under his blanket.

"Indian corn, Pretty. You hang on wall. Fifty censes."

"No!" says the Bandit Queen.

He yanks out a beaded Cheyenne moccasin. "Indian moccasin. You buy, huh? Cheap!"

"Why didn't you steal the other one?" she demands.

Panchillo does not blink a bleary eye. He offers a piece of specular iron ore after smearing it across his besotted face. "Indian paint. Secret."

"Hells bells!" shouts the Bandit Queen. "What are you, a walking museum?"

"I sing Indian song. Eagle Song. Five dollars? Fifty censes, maybe?"

"Look here," says the Bandit Queen. "I'll buy that scrubby corn. For one cup of black coffee. Throw it to the birds."

"I wash my hands in bathroom!" offers Panchillo quickly.

"And smear up all my clean towels? And pee all over the seat and the floor? No!"

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No. Whenever we want to show off the sterling Pueblo there's poor drunken old Panchillo to make a fool of us. He's the one Indian everybody knows. Are you a fisherman? A hunter? He is the best Indian guide in the pueblo. Are you a tourist? Come with Panchillo. He has the best souvenirs, can sing the best songs, dance the best dances. Are you an ethnologist? Ah! winks Panchillo. Where is your hotel? He is the best informant available—and the cheapest. His lies and his tall tales have indeed filled volumes.

Many years ago Panchillo was one of the finest boys in the pueblo. He was simple, strong, with classic features and a tall muscular body whose satin skin was tinged copperish brown. Early painters here began to use him as a model. Panchillo established their reputations. Year after year he appeared on beautiful Indian calendars. You remember him now! Panchillo reclining like a Greek god beside a waterfall; crouching over a fire; bending over a piece of glowing Hopi pottery, an Apache basket, a Navaho rug. To a whole generation he was the beautiful Child of Nature, the unspoiled Hiawatha-Indian, the Romantic Redskin.

No dirty levis for Panchillo; his were the finest Sioux headdresses and beaded Cheyenne moccasins. No work in the fields or dancing for him; he was busy posing. Rain or shine he had meat, good coffee. Between times he could afford a fling at this new Indian peyote, Mexican marihuana, and Anglo whiskey.

But gradually, inevitably, he got older and fatter, and there was no one to paint him. Panchillo died with the legend he had created. A new Panchillo remained. He still remains. Contemptuous of those who betrayed him, yet unable to forsake those whom he betrayed. The obverse side of the Pueblo most of us know. An Indian who has learned to adapt perfectly to conditions outside his own frame.

But we cannot quite laugh him off. He poses for us today the problem of a minority race whose traditional ideology is swiftly crumbling and whom we have not prepared to accept another; the problem of all Latin America and the Far East whose massed populations confront the inroads of American industrialization unaccompanied by a faith to substantiate it.

6 Death—

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AND SO AT LAST, through the history of the Spanish and Anglo conquests of Indo-America, and an interpretation of Navaho and Pueblo ceremonialism in modern terms, we reach the meaning of the conflict that is the major issue of our era.

In his slow but ceaseless evolution from mere bodily perceptions and autoerotic desires, man develops a naive consciousness. Controlled by emotional and instinctive impulses, he then develops an ego, a personal or self-consciousness dominated by rational thought.

Mankind everywhere has perceived these two components of his nature, symbolized in Navaho and Pueblo ceremonialism as the conflicting cosmic dualities. They were expressed in the ancient Chinese doctrine of Yin and Yang, and in the Yun-Yab doctrine of Hindu Lamaism. The Greeks recognized them as the two "ground principles" of Plato who postulated a rational, male principle and a feminine, intuitive principle. We today accept these fundamental approaches to the meaning of life, these components of life itself, under such recent names as F. S. C. Northrkop's "undifferentiated aesthetic component" and "determinate theoretical component," while modern psychology describes them further in the functions of the anima and animus of the individual psyche.

During his composite development, man gives successive allegiance to each of these principles, opposite and irreconcilable as they seem. So at this stage of his evolutionary growth, man is torn by a psychological conflict between instinct and reason, the

Seems to me much of the thrust here is similar to Eiseley's THE FIRMAMENT OF TIME. Over-rational, over-scientific.

non-personal and the personal, the unconscious and the conscious. And the reconciliation of these two components of his psyche is the major problem of the individual today.

Primarily we feel, believe, divine.

Or we think, know, prove.

So quite naturally mankind, like individual man, gives allegiance to each of these dualities. Peoples, cultures, whole civilizations are dominated by one principle or the other during long periods. Again and again an Age of Reason has supplanted an Age of Faith during the evolution of mankind.

The ancient civilizations of America, the Inca, Maya and Aztec, as well as the ancient civilizations of Asia, of India and China, were built upon the instinctual or intuitional approach. So too were their remnants and successors: the modern civilizations of the Orient, Mexico and the countries of Latin America, and our surviving little city-states of the Pueblos.

Modern Euro-American civilization, conversely, stands upon the rationalistic approach. Heraclitus declared the very air was full of reason for man to breathe. Socrates as early as 399 B.C. believed in the rational control of all impulses and feelings. The great Roman Empire was founded upon a passion for the orderly arrangement of facts, and its far-flung provinces were maintained by Roman Law which still dominates modern juridical thought as the most enduring product of classical rationalization. In 1793 when the tide of world dominance had swept westward, there was inaugurated in Paris a festival of the "Goddess of Reason" in Notre Dame Cathedral. Man had begun to reason even in religion.

The civilizations of ancient Greece and Rome have perished. Europe has crumbled. And today our America is their successor to the mantle of Western civilization. Anglo-America, a peculiarly modern country without roots in its own continental past, with all its cultural traditions brought from Europe, now dominates the world.

And yet there is a growing, deep-rooted fear that America in her hour of triumph has struck the knell of failure; that somehow she has lost her sense of direction. Where is she going now?

We do not need the statistical evidence marshalled by P. A. Sorokin to prove our increasing paucity of qualititative creativeness in the fields of art, philosophy and social science; nor the warning of Arnold J. Toynbee that we show the symptoms of

a civilization on the threshold of disintegration. The proof is manifest everywhere. Our insane asylums are becoming increasingly overcrowded. We are a people ill with an anxiety neurosis.

The problem of individual man, torn by a psychological conflict between instinct and reason, thus coincides with the problem of a world humanity split by allegiance to the same opposing principles. In this shrinking one world on the threshold of the Atomic Age, America finds herself obligated to leadership over peoples whose cultures, civilizations and guiding principles of life she does not understand at all. And at the same time she feels incapable of understanding them.

How can we understand these teeming dark multitudes of Indo-America, Africa, and Asia, with our tragic psychosis against our own Indian, Spanish-American, Negro, Asiatic, and Jewish minorities—against all human beings with colored skins? How can we understand with our rational concepts the values of these millions of people polarized to the emotional and intuitive verities of life rather than to the rational and mechanistic with their monstrous transient materialism?

In art, politics, religion, economics, science, in every field we are constricted within the rational limits of demonstrable theory and practical use. And all else outside constitutes a vast realm of the unknowable which we have dismissed with the arrogant assumption that it has no validity whatever.

In the relationship of vast Anglo-America to the dwindling little tribes of Pueblos and Navahos in the Four Corners, then, we find duplicated in basic essentials the relationship, on a larger scale, of the comparatively tiny United States to the vast dark populations of the continents that comprise most of the world.

Thus the wheel has turned full circle. The introversive city-states of the Pueblos, like the ancient civilizations of the Maya, Aztecs and Incas, have given way to the rationally extroverted civilization of Euro-America. And we in turn have reached the summit of our mechanistic-material-mental advance. Like Indo-America, Euro-America has completed this phase of its destiny.

The struggle is over. We each have died a death whose causes were inherent in our very natures from the beginning. A rebirth is necessary.

To what? And how?

The cultists in part have helped us to reach an answer.

The Cultists

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The Cultists

The great function today of our surviving Navahos and Pueblos of the Four Corners—that little island of instinct, as it were, within our national, rational boundaries—is that of relating us not only to the vast world of instinctive peoples outside, but also to that pre-Columbian America which is our own submerged past and the common past in which is rooted the whole history of mankind.

That many people have realized this is attested by our recent deep interest in the Indians and their ceremonials. But in searching them for a way out of our own dilemma, we have had posed for us two alternatives. Shall we continue to advance horizontally outward across the world with our rational values? Or should we return vertically, as it were, to the instinctive values of the past?

Unfortunately it has not been clear that we cannot confuse values. We cannot intellectualize blind faith. Nor can we impute emotionality to a mathematical equation. When we do we create cults.

And that is precisely what we have done in glorifying the Indian during our valid attempt to regain our inhibited instinctual component. It was natural that the movement began here in the Four Corners among painters, sculptors, and writers drawn by the spectacularly dramatic landscape, the colorful Pueblos and Navahos, and the restful slow tempo of the small Spanish-American villages.

Polarized to the "undifferentiated aesthetic component," as politicians and businessmen as a class are polarized to the "determinate theoretic component," the artists were not only seeking escape from the rational material life of large cities, but they found here the instinctive values they needed for expression.

On their heels trooped in a horde of pseudo-artists, escapists of every description. So here in America's last wilderness grew up America's most famous Greenwich Village. In the tiny plaza of Taos, as in the arty suburbs of Santa Fe, strutted the newest European immigrants rubbing shoulders with the oldest residents of the continent; the most fabulously rich with the abject poorest; the highly intellectual with the illiterate; the most complex, neurotic, and faithless, with the most simple, sound and devout.

Among all these, aesthetic and aesthete alike, there

inevitably developed a group of *Indianistas* who championed the Indian cause. They courageously proclaimed the inherent soundness, aesthetic beauty and psychological maturity of the Indian against the howling madness of the materialistic-mechanistic age of exploitation. No group has been less understood and more maligned, and no group has done more to help the Indians.

The larger cult of Indianism was cut from coarser cloth. It was woven on an Anglo loom. It proclaimed Indian values only to enable the cultists to set their market price. Many little reputations have been made writing romantic poems and sentimental books about Indians. Many little fortunes have been made selling Indian handicrafts. The cultists have imitated Indian jewelry, pottery, blankets; have painted Indian pictures; instituted fads in dress and wallpaper; garnered votes, and gained political influence, all without benefiting the Indians a whit.

What a mess it all has been! But what colorful figures it has thrust forward from the Four Corners!

Georgia O'Keefe, whose painting of a cow's skull made her famous, and whose painting of two blue lines, Abstraction No. 11, was selected as the frontispiece for Northrop's *The Meeting Of East And West* as the perfect expression of "The Aesthetic and Theoretic Components in Their Unity." Still painting away up near the great red cliffs of Abiquiu. . . . Becky James, whose father was the manager of Buffalo Bill's European tour, and whose flower paintings on glass are still better than O'Keefe's. . . . John Young-Hunter, society portrait painter, who saw Buffalo Bill's performance in England, was fatally fascinated by Indians and came to paint them in Taos. . . . Nicolai Fechin, graduate portrait painter of the Imperial Art Academy of Russia, who has done the finest portraits of Indians yet achieved. . . . John Marin, Andrew Dasburg, Frank Hoffman, Ernest Blumenschein, Howard Cook, painters galore. . . . Sculptors like Maurice Sterne. . . . Musicians like Natalie Curtis. . . . There was Mary Austin whose sensitive prose echoed the pulse of the landscape as few have ever felt it since. Who wound up in her home on the Camino del Monte Sol, near Santa Fe, writing her convictions that the vibrating beat of an Indian drum was necessary to carry the words of spoken prayer aloft. . . . There was Ernest Thompson Seton, the supreme writer of wild animal stories for boys of my generation, a master of Indian woodcraft, and a founder of the Boy Scout movement. Who built a

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village near Santa Fe and instituted a cult of Indian thought. . . . Mary C. Wheelwright whose great munificence and interest in Navaho dry paintings founded the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art. . . .

These and a hundred other Indianophiles were the supporting characters of a legend which still clings to our coat tails. The legend of an American Bohemia making its last stand in the wilderness heart of America. A rugged individualism echoing the last beat of an Indian drum against the approaching din of industrial materialism. . . . Listen! Remember while you can these days of our youth! Our membership is running out. Brett's solitary adobe has become the thriving Brett Junction at the crossroads. Frieda's little rancho is Lawrenceville now. The Big House of Mabletown is abandoned in favor of the quiet little River House. The old Harwood Hovels are now transformed into the Harwood Foundation of the University. Our soft adobe floors are decently covered with hardwood planks. Even the pueblo is lit with electric lights, and the sweet smell of butane gas fumes replaces that of pungent pi~on. The fun is all gone. But when we pick up the nineteenth edition of D. H. Lawrence it all comes back—and the tragedy too.

What a strange, red-whiskered, self-tortured man of genius was this Lorenzo of Taos! You can ridicule his thinking. But you can't deny his feeling. The quick of life was in him, the divine sense of mystery and the nobleness of simple endeavor.

How he excoriated those who proclaimed the universe a well-oiled machine! How he damned our abject slavery to the iron monster! His vituperation was magnificent. His anger echoed like thunderclaps against the peaks. He shook us up all right!

Why, he even had that supreme rationalist, Aldous Huxley, riding on his coat tails in a cloud of dusty mysticism. We couldn't collect our wits enough to realize, like another countryman of his, J. B. Priestly, that there was something fatuous about a man who condemned the machine yet depended upon it to print and distribute his magnificent condemnations. We were all too busy asking timorously how we could escape this deadening constriction of life in the machine-age.

Why, go back to the old magic, said Lawrence. Back to the instinctual, the intuitive. Back to the deep, dark wisdom of the blood.

So here in the hinterland of New Mexico, on the high

pine slope of Lobo Mountain, Lawrence began his fight to reawaken in man the joy and quick of life, a sense of the everlasting mystery and magic. He worked on his ranch. He milked his cow, Susan. He baked his own bread. And sitting under a pine, writing in that neat calligraphy we know so well, he gave us some of the most vivid pictures ever written of our homeland.

But gradually he turns back to this more ancient America, this dark realm of the blood. *The Dance of the Sprouting Corn, The Hopi Snake Dance.* He goes down into Mexico for his supremely descriptive *Walk to Huayapa* and *Market Day* in Oaxaca.

Back to it! Back into *Mornings in Mexico.* Back with *The Woman Who Rode Away* into the instinctive, the intuitional. Back even to human sacrifice. The scene is deep in the unknown Sierre Madre of Mexico. But we recognize its wonderful portrayal. The hidden Indian village is the pueblo of Taos. The mysterious, sacrificial cave is the still sacred cave in the mountains behind our back pasture at Arroyo Seco. One day each year, on the winter solstice, the sun strikes squarely the mouth of the cave. Through its curtain of ice it shines with a pale brilliance. Now upon the waiting victim. She is Frieda, Brett, Mabel, all the Anglo women of our senseless machine-age who have ridden away to a new destiny. It is the winter solstice of our civilization. And so she waits the sacrificial knife with a deep proud affirmation, a profound expectancy.

Lawrence was a wonderful artist, one of the best this land has known. But he had reached the last oubliette; and he was writing the obituary of his own misguided faith.

The Plumed Serpent * is one of his least known and greatest books. It is a strange and powerful novel. And one of the most horrible prophecies ever written.

The scene is modern Mexico, mostly on the shore of Lake Chapala. But really, inside, it springs from New Mexico like *The Woman Who Rode Away.* Like everything he ever wrote of America. The dark, somber, *serape*-clad *Indios* have the same magic of the Red Indians of the North. The drumbeats echo the rhythm of Pueblo drums. And the stark fear of white superiority, of *gringo* industrialism sweeping Mexico, is Lawrence's own hate of American mechanization.

Pues. He starts an ideological revolution in Mexico. That

* Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1926.

is, the main characters do. Don Ramon, a handsome, intelligent Mexican graduated from Columbia University. And Cipriano, a small bandy-legged Indian, an army officer. They will overthrow the corrupt government, kick out the greedy *gringo*, nullify the dominating power of the corrupt Catholic Church, and combat the stultifying rationalization and mechanization of life.

But what, asks Kate, an American visitor, the omnipresent doubter, shall take their place?

Why, the people shall go back to the old magic. To the instinctual, intuitional way of life. To their ancient Aztec Gods.

So from the muddy bottom of Lake Chapala old idols appear. Leaflets circulate in the villages, imprinted with the Hymns of Quetzalcoatl, the Eternal Snake of the Cosmos, the feathered-serpent god of Aztec Mexico. In the plazas at night people begin to gather. To talk. To dance softly, with measured tread, the old Round Dance of the Red Indians of the North, as danced in the pueblo of Taos.

Swiftly momentum gathers. Don Ramon submerges his identity in the First Man of Quetzalcoatl. His insignia of the new order is a blue and white *serape*—the traditional Hopi blanket colors—containing the snake and eagle symbol of the Aztec empire. Cipriano in his red *serape* is the First Man of Huitzilopochtli, the Aztec God of War. He begins forming his legions of the Men of Quetzalcoatl, teaching them to dance with knife and spear and shield. Dancing to gain power, "power over the *living* forces or potencies of the earth." But they are supplied modern rifles too.

And Kate, the omnipresent doubter, she too cannot resist the old magic, the dark forces of the blood. She becomes the First Woman of Itzpapalotl, the obsidian butterfly god of the Aztecs.

It is done! The government is overthrown. The Catholic Church is condemned, the Archbishop deported. The armies of Huitzilpochtli swarm over the country. The banners of Quetzalcoatl rise triumphant over a people who have obliterated four hundred years of progress.

Says Lawrence, through Don Ramon:

> So if I want Mexicans to learn the name of Quetzalcoatl, it is because I want them to speak with the tongues of their own blood. I wish the Teutonic world would once more think in terms of Thor and Wotan, and the tree Igdrasil . . . And a new Hermes should come back to the Mediterranean, and a new Ashtaroth to Tunis; and Mithras again to Persia. . . .

Yes. *The Plumed Serpent* is a literary *tour de force.* A fictional wish-fulfillment. And a ghastly prophecy. Published in 1926, it came true in 1933. But not in Mexico.

In that year Don Ramon, alias Adolph Hitler, came very much to life. Proclaiming himself Chancellor of the Third Reich, he shouted stridently to the world that Germany once more would indeed think in terms of Thor and Wotan and the tree Igdrasil.

Back to the dark, instinctual realm of the blood! Back to the purifying force of pure feeling! "Strength Through Joy." Up from the past the whole pantheon of ancient Teutonic gods, to the tune of Wagner's Ring. Out with the Christian Church. Down with foreigners. Kill Jews. *Lebensraum. Geopolitik. Heil,* Fuehrer!

It was the identical pattern prescribed in *The Plumed Serpent.* But with the accent on the blood-feeling of the Aryan instead of the Indian. The symbol of the swastika instead of the feathered serpent.

As a pattern for one of the greatest holocausts in history *The Plumed Serpent* has no parallel.

But we saw what happened. World War II. The German *Gotterdammerung.* And a dazed world crawling out of another blood-bath. All to prove perhaps that no people can go back to the old magic of their ancient past. Not even here on a high pine mountain in magical New Mexico.

There was only one thing wrong with Lawrence's evocation. He did not know enough about Indian ceremonialism. It would have taught him that the Road of Life is a one-way road.

No. We cannot minimize the tragic falsity of the Lawrencian cult which urges us, even individually, to regress to the impulses of instinct. For when we do, we disintegrate morally and psychologically.

Yet neither can we allow the conscious ego to totally repress the instincts, impoverishing our life to sterility.

So the conflict continues between instinct and reason, the non-personal and personal, the unconscious and conscious. But as we grope desperately for a way out of it, we know that man dare not give up an inch of the ground he has gained through millennia of constant struggle on the upward path of continuous development. He cannot go back. He must go on, and find anew that faith in mankind's ceaseless evolution toward a divine destiny which alone assures him of the right to survival.

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How are we to find that faith?

And how can it resolve the conflict between the deep-rooted, opposite and irreconcilable dualities of man's nature?

Why simply by enduring the conflict without seeking to escape it by repressing either the instincts or the conscious ego, affirms modern psychiatry. Then, when our pain and suffering seems too great to be borne, a solution will develop spontaneously in the depths of the unconscious. "Such a solution," explains Dr. M. Esther Harding in her superb *Psychic Energy*,* "will not appear in the form of an intellectual conclusion or thought-out-plan, but will arise in dream or fantasy in the form of an image or symbol, so unexpected and yet so apt that its appearance will seem like a miracle. Such a symbol has the effect of breaking the deadlock. It has power to bring the opposing demands of the psyche together in a newly created form through which the life energies can flow in a new creative effort."

C. G. Jung called this the reconciling symbol. It comes, he explained, from two sources: the unconscious, which spontaneously produces such fantasies; or life, which if lived with complete devotion, brings an intuition of the self. In the first case the unconscious, through the symbol it produces, enforces an acceptance of life. In the second case, when one becomes aware of the self, it is expressed in a symbol.

These reconciling symbols of the patients of modern psychiatry, we have learned, are synonymous with the *mandalas* of Chinese and Tibetan Buddhism, and the sand-paintings of Pueblo and Navaho ceremonialism. They are archetypal symbols common to all time and mankind. "Things reaching so far back in human history," says Jung, "naturally touch upon the deepest layers of the unconscious, and make it possible to grasp the latter where conscious speech shows itself to be quite impotent." All react upon their makers, bringing them back to that inner domain containing the unity of life which has been lost and must now be found again.

This is the meaning and function of the reconciling symbol as it applies to the individual. But humanity is made up of individuals, and the psychic forces that impel nations to war and civilizations to growth are forces stemming from the collective

* Bollingen Foundation, Inc., New York, 1947.

unconscious of individual psyches. The problem of humanity at various stages of its development is the same as for the individual during his growth to maturity: relief from the ruthless tyranny of the instincts, or from the exclusive domination of the conscious ego. And in the past such reconciling symbols have arisen from the collective unconscious of mankind to lead whole races, nations, and civilizations in great bursts of creative energy to another Emergence, a new stage of consciousness.

We recognize these reconciling symbols in most of the great emblems of historical movements. They conform to a pattern usually with four as a basis of structure: a circle circumscribing a square, a cross, a flower, a star or sometimes a triangle.

The circle, complete, perfect, without beginning or end, is the cosmos, the absolute, the divine. It is man's psyche with all its component parts.

The square is our earth, four-cornered, the "four-square" reality of limited human consciousness, the rational principle.

Hence the attempt of ancient Greek mathematicians to "square the circle," by finding a square whose area would be commensurate with that of a circle, was no more than a search to find the relationship between the two principles of man's psyche, or between the macrocosmic universe and microcosmic man. Mathematically, the problem was solved only by means of the reconciling symbol π whose value is unknowable.

In the field of religion the pattern is even more evident. During the early Christian era the figure of Christ was represented within a circle, surrounded by a bull, eagle, lion, and angel, the four manifestations of the divinity, the symbols of the four evangelists, Mathew, Mark, Luke, John. In ancient Egyptian burial rites they corresponded to the four sons of Horus who stood as funerary figures at the corners of the catafalque. In modern times the symbology persists in the image of a child's simple prayer: "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, bless the bed I lie upon."

Often in the center of the circle it was Mary who was enthroned, with God the Father, and His Son crowned on her lap. Again the universal significance is plain. The divine Father, the human Mother, and the Son who is the reconciling symbol linking the human with the divine.

The later symbol of an eye enclosed within a triangle, and the Masonic emblem of the letter G for God within a triangle

composed of rational measuring devices, express the same meaning –the all-seeing or illimitable divine consciousness embodied within the Trinity.

The difference between the Western Christian triangular pattern symbolized by the Trinity, and the symbolic square common to Eastern Buddhism and Taoism as well as to Navaho and Pueblo ceremonialism, offers no discrepancy in basic meaning. We disregard the fourth manifestation of divinity, which is the underworld realm of "hell" or the repressed unconscious, simply because of our over-emphasis upon the conscious ego in this stage of our development.

The four-petalled Lotus of Buddhism, the Golden Flower of Taoism; the Palace of Jade, the Garden of Eden, New Jerusalem with its four gates; the Round Table and Holy Grail of Arthurian legends; the mighty symbol of the Cross of the West, and the dorje, or scepter of the gods, of the East;—all these have been reconciling symbols that have arisen out of the depths of mankind's collective unconscious, created the great religions and movements of history, and so transformed the dynamic forces of millions of people to flow into new channels of collective ethics and morality toward a new Emergence.

Today most of these symbols have become outworn and have lost their ancient meanings and potencies. The world is crying for a new symbol, a new faith, to reconcile modern rational man with the same immortal, non-personal forces of the universe. Despite the threatened cataclysm of war, insanity, and criminality, there seem indications that new symbols are arising—transforming symbols created in the idiom of our new technologies, but cast in the same basic patterns of the old, of Pueblo and Navaho ceremonialism.

of life at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Hence the modern West first looked at the synonymity of matter and energy in terms of the destruction of life and matter, rather than regarding the newly defined process as a possibility of transforming matter into the supreme life-energy for purposes beneficent to mankind.

Today we are developing the hydrogen bomb, a super H-bomb one thousand times more powerful than the first A-bomb. But concurrently we are continuing to develop our understanding of the philosophic meanings implicit in nuclear fission and fusion.

We have defined the cosmic dualities as they manifest themselves in the physical universe as gravitation and electromagnetism, and we have found a relationship between matter and energy. By the Quantum Theory we have defined the inner limits of the invisible atom, and by the Relativity Theory the outer limits of interstellar space. But like man, the macrocosmic image of the atom and the microcosmic duplicate of the universe, the electron bridges both, and plays a dual role as a unit of matter and a unit of energy. The two primordial forces of the universe perpetually perform a Deer Dance within the electromagnetic field of the atomic nucleus and the gravitational field of the sun.

So in the physical realm, as in the psychological, we need one theory, one equation, to set forth the common law that governs both the infinitesimally small and the infinitesimally large, and reconciles both the fundamental forces of the universe. This "Unified Field Theory" has now been completed by Dr. Albert Einstein after thirty years of work. He has not yet verified it by experiments, and few other physicists understand it.

Yet in it and the work to follow, lies the hope that through our Western physics, as through our Western psychology, we will reach, as Einstein says, that core of metaphysics which alone validates all our approaches to the ultimate truth: *

> The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the source of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of true religiousness.

* *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, by Lincoln Barnett. William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York, 1949.