

POLITICAL MYTHOLOGY

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DANGER: MYTHMAKER AT WORK

アルク留学ボックス

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ひとりでできる準備と手続き

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Not houses finely roofed
Or the stones of walls well builded
Nay nor canals and dockyards make
The city, but men able to use
Their opportunity.

Alcaeus

THE PILGRIMAGE OF MYTH

I fear that you will not reach Mecca,
O Nomad! -- For the road which you are
following leads to Turkestan.

Sheikh Saadi, Rose Garden

"On the Manners of Dervishes"¹

Politics always seems "down the road a piece" from mythology, and although "you can't get there from here," at the same time "you can't miss it." If you make the pilgrimage off the "main-travelled roads," just stick to the path marked MPV (Myth-Power-Value). This book provides a pilgrim's guide to both political mythology and philosophy. The stations represent both well-known and obscure figures from the Western and non-Western traditions. The journeyer will become acquainted with power-people, power-places, and power-objects. Along the way are heretics and fundamentalists, "hungry ghosts" and shadow puppets, "true believers" and false prophets, marbles and gilded monuments. Sometimes the illusions mat, delight. Other times they will infuriate, challenge, frustrate, and bewilder. Only the initiate can properly interpret the story behind the geometry of a Shipibo pot or unravel a Huichol dream picture. The search for political mythology occurs in a great labyrinth. It is easy to lose the guiding thread of

mythology. There are many guides and many mantras: "Know Thyself;" "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You;" "In God There Is Nothing To Fear;" "All Ye Who Enter Abandon Hope." At the end of the book some will discover the River of the Arrow, some merely the dust from the Sierra Madres.

The pilgrimage itself is an illuminating experience as man searches for the "recollection of things past" in myth and politics. Whether the pilgrim be headed for the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket, St. James of Compostella, or even on the "black pilgrimage," he is bound for new experiences. He may be a Muslim circumambulating the Kaaba, a Jew at the Wailing Wall, or a Huichol returning to Wirikuta. He will share in the rich diversity of other cultures. The Huichol will begin by tying the sacred knots which bind the pilgrims together on their journey. The Moslem will don the sacred garments, the ehram, and turn toward the qablah (kiblah), the hidden source of power. If nothing else, the pilgrim may irreverently sit back and harken to the Wife of Bath while seeking entertainment if not enlightenment.

With Chaucer's Oxenford clerk, however, let the pilgrimage begin, for he would have minded the Aristotelean dictum that "well begun is half done." Indeed the Canterbury pilgrims are en route to the shrine of that eminently sanctified victim of the politics of the investiture controversy, Thomas a Becket. The issue was whether priest or king should invest the symbols of authority. If Becket, however was to be assassinated at his own altar, his fate was little worse than that of the blessed Cassian, martyred by the styli of his students. Pilgrims should take heart at remembering that St. Augustine suffered from student discipline problems. For that matter St. Thomas Aquinas was considered a slow learner, "the big dumb Sicilian ox," as he was nicknamed. Some may gain confidence from learning that P. Riccius Crinitus died while drinking with his students. Li Tai Po had to be carried home frequently from the local pub by his although he died trying to embrace the image of the moon in a lake. In searching for political myth you will discover with Christopher North that man has a lot of human nature. He is, as Nietzsche said: "Human, all too human." Myth-making is a very human occupation

and man's political mythology is backed by amazing continuities in the history of human nature.

Pilgrimage is reenactment and thus involved with cultural myth and ritual. For the Hindu it is the peregrination of Rama. For the Moslem it is the Farewell Pilgrimage of the Prophet. For the Huichol it is the search for the deer-maize-peyote trinity in which he becomes at-one with the ancients. Each step is a recollection and a discovery. There is the Hajar-ol-Asvad, the black stone, the remnant of Abraham's sanctuary. There at Mena is the commemoration of Abraham's sacrifice of a sheep rather than Isaac. There is the sa'y. or running, Hagar looking for water; Zamzam, the well opened by the angel Gabriel. Visit the place of the splitting of the moon, the cave of the spider's web, the shaking mountain, the place of the breaking of the Prophet's tooth and the Battle of Ohod. Remember that Jacob's pillow for his dream is the Stone of Destiny, the Stone of Scone. It lies not beneath the Saudi coronation chair but in Westminster Abbey. The special significance of each station tends to exclude outsiders from the charmed circle of initiates. For the Huichol small patches of rocks, wells, deer-tracks, will have a heightened meaning, for the outsider these features are less than interesting. For the occasional tourist Sedona Canyon may be beautiful, for the Yavapai it is a spiritual beginning. Where the uninitiated will see nothing but desert, and maybe even miss the deer tracks, the Huichol will see the body of Jiculi transformed into the peyote thereby opening a gateway for mankind. The Yavapai will see the primordial struggle with the eagle-monster, whose defeat was the salvation of the human race.

Pilgrimages as well as myths offer the opening of gateways to human understanding. Sometimes behind the gateway there is a lady, sometimes a tiger. The Moslem on the battlefield may even see the slaying of the infidel or death itself as a gateway. Indeed we may be led with Marco Polo past Alamut and the stronghold of Hasan bin Sabbah, "the Old Man of the Mountain," with his order of Assassins,

who killed many prominent politicians including Nizam-al-Mulk in 1092. Hasan bin Sabbah drugged his followers, allowed them to awake in "Paradise," drugged them again, and sent them on their mission. The Assassins may have been related to the Thugs of India who committed holy murder in the name of the goddess Kali. Indeed they were terrorist "Creatures of the Nightmare" as Colin Wilson termed them.³

The successful pilgrimage is fraught with myth-political hazards, Sunni and Shiite feuding over Omar and Ali, who should control the holy places, what indeed are the holy places? Is it proper to travel in the sun covered or uncovered? There is the further Sufic complication as to whether the pilgrimage can be an interior one, an inner quest for the secret garden. Is the quest with Calvin or with Buddha limited to "the elect?" Are certain pilgrims better qualified than others? Western politicians merely enter the scene to begin the Crimean War over who should control the keys to the Holy Sepulchre, a symbolic issue of high emotional content. In the Arian controversy all Byzantium polarizes over the presence of a single iota although the Byzantines could also become agitated over the chariot races in the Hippodrome. Political mythology teaches a lot, and the pilgrim, as Bunyan observes, has a lot to learn. Myth is timeless and placeless while simultaneously being locked in culture and history. At the end of the pilgrimage the Moslem enters the Kaaba to find himself in an empty room. The Hindu passes from the temple's ornate facade in which there is an artistic horror vacuo to an undecorated interior in which he is alone although as Cicero would have it: "Never less alone than when alone." The Westerner is alone in a dark room, the Rothko Chapel, or surrounded with the urgent symbolic messages of Rosslyn Chapel.

Sometimes the pilgrim, as in the case of many science fiction tales, may not quite arrive at his correct destination in space-time. Borne "without the bounds" of the "known and familiar landscape," he may leave here and now with Rumi to depart on a "magical mystery tour," led to enlightenment by a mudrim. The search for power through myth is always daunting in a modern world where the overriding concern is to use power to generate more power. Perhaps we should listen for a

while to Ravel's "Bolero," and allow Fariduddin Attar, the Chemist, to guide us through the Sufic paths, the Valley of the Quest, the Valley of Love, the Valley of Intimate Knowledge, and the Valley of Detachment.⁴ Perhaps we should select the immortal Nasruddin to lead while we remember the dispute between ferryman and grammarian. The grammarian corrects the ferryman's language and asks him if he has learned grammar. The ferryman, informing him that the boat is sinking, asks him if he has learned how to swim. Then there is the smuggler who admits to the customs agent that he is a smuggler. Day after day he brings his donkey past the customs post to be fruitlessly searched for counterband. A retired inspector finally asks him what he had been smuggling and how he had accomplished it. "Donkeys," he replies. Then there is the memorable tale of the quarrel over angur-urum-inab-stafil as members of four different nationalities argue in their diversity on how to spend a limited amount of money. A linguist arrives to purchase four bunches of grapes. They all wanted the same thing but could not communicate. Then there is the man who increases his prestige by telling his fellow villagers that the king has spoken to him. What he does not say is that the king told him to get out of his way. A quixotic guide usually makes for an interesting quest. Sufic teaching tales are not the only gateways to myth. We will explore Zen koans shortly. There are also the Talmudic writings and the Kabbala. Take this caveat, for example. Two men descend a chimney. One emerges soot-covered on the hearth. The other emerges clean. The teacher asks what is to be learned from this tale. Students may respond that cleanliness means moral goodness, or they may say that the dirty man descended first. The teacher shakes his head and warns them that they have little to learn from any book if they believe that anyone could descend a chimney without getting dirty.⁵

On the pilgrimage a teacher or shaman may serve as a gateway or to concentrate power. The Tungus shaman is a psychopomp, or a conduit for souls, claiming not only "necroscopic" powers but the ability to guide a lost soul to the land of the dead or to retrieve the causes of illness from the otherworld. In Shirkogoroff's

classic study he is a "master of the spirits." He provides an escape valve or safety mechanism which allows accumulated social, political, and economic tensions in the community to disperse. By controlling the malign influence of alien spirits he modifies the impact of ethnic pressures and reestablishes stability. The shaman's death closes the gateway and causes special problems. "Things fall apart." The spirits are no longer under control, and a new shaman must be sought. The "failed shaman" along with the occupational hazards of shamanism and the tests for qualification to practice indicate the dangerous line that the shaman walks between the human and spirit worlds. Not only is there the threat of being destroyed by man but of being permanently lost among the spirits. The author also examines the development of imitative behavior such as chorea or echolalia in the social psychology of the community. Shamanistic powers presumably range from death by autosuggestion to hypnotic paralysis. A hunter who has been conditioned to believe that offending spirits will prevent a successful hunt can convince himself that he has offended, start missing shots, and thereby reinforce the belief structure.

Because of their shared suggestive and myth-making powers, shamans and politicians alike develop special constituencies. Atkinson's description of the maholong of the Wana of Sulawesi (Indonesia) provides an understanding of the function of shamanism in the primitive community and the relationship between mythology and political power. Less concerned, as she writes, with "a Marxian gap between base and superstructure" than "a Durkheimian dysfunction between society and ritual," she concludes that there is a "correspondence between the ritual logic of shamanism and the practical logic of community leadership."⁶ The shaman concentrates spirit power and serves as a focus for the concentration of community power. As a living myth he converts power into values and vice versa. Sometimes he makes demands of the gods. Sometimes he makes requests of his audience which result in audience-participation efforts to guess what the spirit-familiar wants. The shaman is expected to combat entropy in the patient's soul and protect him from enemies. He opens a conduit for communications with the gods. Although some healing arts have been taken over by psychological and medical doctors, the healing of

the "modern body politic" remains in charge of judges and politicians. Although a little gris-gris may still survive to protect the community, most relief from dark or irrational forces comes in political and economic packages. Politicians not infrequently manufacture demons or even capture souls, but on the whole they are not very adept at healing. No wonder that the lines between socialized medicine and faith-healing become terribly blurred.

The Wana mythology is also interesting from the standpoint of world-comparative myth, the "sense of loss," with resulting loss of "knowledge, power, and wealth," "the time of adi adi or wali mpanto'o, when words had the power to conjure themselves into being." There was a special creative power to language itself. The happy condition of man was ruined by "the spoiler," who did things like removing the legs from baskets which walked by themselves. After the spoiler's work, men had to carry the baskets themselves.⁷ Perhaps the age of automation again gives hope for the recovery of the "state of nature." The impact of modernism may simply result in the incorporation of foreign spirits, for example Lenin and the communards of Paris, into the shaman's world. The psychological distance between ideology and shamanism is not that great. In fact Shirokogoroff notes the parallels between shamanism and some European "progressive" movements. The Führer displaces the shaman and becomes a self-proclaimed guide. The accompaniant obsessions and mass hysteria recall the monomania of the nakula, which bypasses rationality in its effort to obtain a single myth-charged objective.

Indeed the pilgrim's vision is not always benign or quixotesque, nor is it merely "seeing through a glass darkly." There can be terror, living nightmares, which realize our worst fears. The statue comes alive for Don Giovanni. The Vietnam veteran kills his children thinking they are spiders. There are the monsters of the holocaust, the monsters from Bosch's "Temptation of St. Anthony." There is the nightmare of Guyana where the mythmaker has veered out of control and concocted a poison punch. The trip through the land of Mordor is not a pleasant journey at all.

There are guides through the "Wasteland," past the "leaden-eyed," the "hollow men." There are gateways out of the "dark night of the soul, The Guide for the Perplexed of Moses Maimonides, the De Consolatione Philosophiae of Boethius. There is also the Tibetan Bardo Thötröl, or "The Book of the Dead."⁸ The bardo is a gap, an island between being, non-being, and nothingness and becoming of birth and death. It warns of the dangers of certain gateways when unaccompanied by guardians. Although it provides a mythological guide to the next world and the after-death experience, it does not treat the afterlife itself to the extent of its Egyptian counterpart. The Tibetan text provides a gateway to enlightenment through liberation. Some analogy may be drawn to Dante's Divine Comedy and hence in a minor key to Gogol's Dead Souls, and we are reminded that a certain sense of humor may be a prerequisite to survival on the pilgrimage.

In any case the Bardo creates a mythological gateway to the understanding of life itself and not only to the out-of-body-after-death, where it resembles some clinical reports: "For death is but a covered way which leads on into light." It treats the psychological condition in which man creates an inner "living hell" in the manner of the teachings of Jakob Boehm. This self-haunting victimization reveals man as his own worst mythmaker. Secluded in the absolute darkness of sense deprivation, he may hover between sanity and insanity. The primeval Jungian archetypes appear and vanish in their worst form as the mind serves as a mythological magic camera. Man needs to be free of the tagathas: Ignorance, hatred, pride, envy, ambition, and passion. Having sheared away these illusions one can finally glimpse the void, which is really truth divested of all illusions, something like God of the Platonic Form. The analogy to Plato lies in "knowing thyself." In a Tibetan story the teacher tells a hermit to mark a piece of lamb with a cross. The hermit does so and awakens to discover that he has marked himself.

Now when the bardo of dharmata dawn upon me,

I will abandon all thoughts of fear and terror.

I will recognize whatever appears as my projection
and know it to be a vision of the bardo;

Now that I have reached this crucial point

I will not fear the peaceful and wrathful ones,
my own projections.

However terrifying these illusions, there is no independent reality. Like the Bardo, the Judaeo-Christian tradition guides us through the Valley of the Shadow of Death in which we should "fear no evil:" "Atoh malkhut veh gedulah, veh gebuhrah, leh olamh." Neither is perhaps a talisman or a mantra, a St. Christopher's medal for the journey, but both create for the traveller, the "weary way-worn" man, a sense of poetic harmony and inner peace.

Emerging from the shade, the traveller may discover many mythological gateways in the human experience. Some are places of especial power. Places of power are as well-known as Stonehenge or as little-known as Ojo Caliente in New Mexico which the Indians believed served as a gateway to the underworld. In some cases a single stone concentrates the secret power, the Lia Fail in Ireland, the Black Stone of Iona, the Stone of Destiny used in the coronation of Edward I in 1297. The London Stone was struck in a bid for legitimate power by Jack Cade in 1450. King Arthur, of course, demonstrated his legitimacy in the famous episode of the drawing of the sword. Certain stones, even crown jewels, become the symbols of legitimate rulership, witness the Hungarian Communist hunger for the Crown of St. Stephen. It is quite indifferent if the stones and locations actually galvanize earth-forces or not, whether Britain has a "secret country" as the Bords suggest, or whether Rennes-le-Chateau possesses hidden secrets that Lincoln reveals.¹⁰ It takes real experts in feng-shui (Chinese geomancy, the equivalent of ley lines) to properly locate the sacred temples. What is significant is the transforming potential of the shrine. Places like the Alamo or the Japanese temple gateways, the torii, touch the individual and leave him illuminated or renewed. Similarly gateways are opened by the mythological insights of the great philosophers and artists who unmask or reveal the "truth" and lead to the

discovery of new worlds. The gateway may open in the form of a myth, a paradigm, an "Open Sesame," or a Japanese koan.

A koan is a teaching tale which raises questions regarding man and nature. As a model it resembles myths and folktales in other cultures such as those cited by the Sufic masters. In Africa, rather than Nasruddin, there is the trickster Edshu, who wears a two-colored cap as he walks down the main street of the village. Villagers on the right see the cap as blue; those on the left say it is red. The audience is invited to speculate on the best means of solving the dispute. How can we decide who is right? Do we need an impartial judge? Is right and wrong relative? Such stories involve not only "political" discussion but in speculation on everything from the dangers of wearing two-colored caps to the abstract nature of justice. Similarly in classical Greece, the psychological separation or distance between the players in the drama and the audience is broken down by the chorus, which expresses a running commentary of public opinion on the action. Out of the observation by the audience (theorein) of the play on the stage, people can speculate on the nature of man, morality, justice, and politics. Later we will see Euripides' "Bacchae" opening just such a gateway. When the speculations are systematized, developed critically, and formalized, the results are no longer myth or drama but political theory. Myth, however, remains as the natural matrix of political thought.

Accept for a moment the invitation of Akira Kurosawa's "Rashomon" to engage on a speculation regarding the nature of truth.¹¹ The film opens the questions: Is truth absolute? Is truth relative? Does truth exist? The device is a series of radically different reports of the same crime, not unlike Brown-ing's "The Ring and the Book." Who is telling the truth, the woodcutter, the courtesan, the samurai, the priest? The spirit of the samurai is even summoned by a spirit medium to bear witness at the outlaw's trial. There is no epilogue which supplies a formal resolution. Again the audience is forced to speculate even to the point that it is tired of speculating. Can we tell what truth is without resorting to something like "The Number of the Beast" with its theory

of multiple universes in which every possible variation of the same act is committed simultaneously? There are also altered mind states and multiple personality disorders which add to the difficult psychology of myth. Any person who enters the myth world is irrevocably altered or changed.

Just as Kurosawa's narrative is an invitation to myth so are the Zen koans such as: "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" The student is challenged to examine himself and the universe or to maintain his motorcycle or archery gear through the medium of the smallest creation of fiction. Should the student laugh, cry, remain silent, dream, sleep, or publish? Should he or she even be challenged? Particularly for the Western mind, a stereotype steeped in rationality and science, the question is really absurd, as is much of myth. By definition there is no such thing as the sound of one hand clapping because it takes two hands to clap. Q.E.D. there is no sound. But wait, the scientist may also define the sound of one hand clapping as one half the sound of two hands clapping. Science, as we shall see, does make use of some very creditable fictions for its own purposes. Some bright physiologist is apt to confuse the issue further by demonstrating that one hand can clap. Then we are "waiting for Godot" with an absurd and laughable question in an equally absurd universe. The teacher is merely making a joke, albeit a cosmic one with divine laughter. No, he is merely trying to illustrate the point that there are some questions that cannot be answered or Gödel's theorem that all truth is partial. Enter from stage left the girl student from Dostoyevsky's The Possessed to chant the chorus patriarchal chauvinistic domination. Enter the philosopher from "The Clouds" to inform us that the sound of one hand clapping is the universe in microcosm like seeing the world in a grain of sand or in the reflection on a copper pot. The flash of insight allows a vision of ourselves, the "universal Hamlet" for any generation or the individual who sees his "true self" or "true life" mirrored in a character on the stage. Enter the poet, who says that the sound is everything and nothing, although filled with "immortal sadness," the "tristeza inmortal de ser divino," an imaginary sound which transcends human experience. Stage right arrives the religious leader who discovers in the sound

a revelation and uses the symbol of one hand to express his cause. When the politician gets ahold of the problem, he may claim that his esoteric knowledge of the correct answer gives him a divine mandate to rule. Politicians do not always behave logically. They rely on myth to legitimize their positions. And the educator, yes it is a test, and the student is to emerge from the test like a classical hero and perpetuate generations of educators. He is to develop new challenges and publish on "Why is the sound of an onion?" Here is the beginning of theory and mythmaking. You will never cease to be challenged. "Why is the sound of an onion, indeed!"

The Zen experience allows the peeling away of the layers of the onion which in turn allows the discovery of the Why. The mind's gateway is open. Similarly the Zen expression in Sung Dynasty art in China provides an opening for the understanding of man's harmony with nature. The expansion of the koan itself leads to the pathway or pilgrimage in the Noh drama which reveals yurgen, or "what is beneath the surface." Meditation on the "flower in the crannied wall" or the "lilies of the field" allows the mind to expand. When Shakymuni taught, he twisted such a flower in his hands. Kashyapa, the Zen patriarch, alone understood. Kashyapa smiled. In the play, "The Hoka Priests" Nobutoshi asks the meaning of Zen, and Makino replies:

Within to sound their depths the waters of Mystery:

Without to wander at will through the portals of Concentration.¹²

The theme of the "inner eye" appears in Wordsworth's "The Daffodils." In the tradition of eastern mysticism there is the "third eye," a trait also attributed to Plato. The theme that "life is but a dream" of Calderon de la Barca finds a parallel in the "Atsumori" of Seami: "Life is a lying world, he only wakes who casts the World aside."¹³ Buddha in fact rescues man from the "burning fire" of materialism.

A similar theme appears in "Kantan," based upon a story by the Chinese eighth century author, Li Pi, in which a pillow serves as a vehicle or gateway. In this tale the author has gone in search of the world. He comes to an inn where he falls

asleep on a magic pillow. Time is telescoped as he becomes Emperor of China and suffers a reversal. He wakes up to find that the millet has not even been cooked for his evening meal. He returns toward his native village presumably enlightened regarding the transitory nature of the political existence, a theme particularly evident in Po-Chu-I, "The Politician," for example. The tendency to imitate Po-Chu-I had become so marked that it was considered to be debilitating to Japanese culture, and in the "Haku Rakuten" he is somewhat unceremoniously shipped back to China by the Japanese god of poetry, Sumiyoshi no Kami. If the dream, which is close to myth-construction, can get the pilgrim into considerable other-worldly philosophizing, he can be returned to reality by the Old Man of Sai. He loses his horse. The government confiscates all horses. When the revolution is over, the horse returns.

If at this point you are bewildered, even "turned off," you are exactly where you are supposed to be, at the beginning of the labyrinth, the Platonic "thicket," the Dantesque "selva selvaggio," and you are by no means alone. You can choose several alternatives, short of giving up in perplexity. You can run for Nicholas of Cusa's "learned ignorance," most of it is anyway. You can run to your German professor, who will patiently explain Welt und Leben, world and life, Dichtung und Wahrheit, poetry and truth, to you and perhaps caution you not to pursue truth with a guilty conscience. Your English professor will do equally well since it is likely that he has been teaching more sex than literature and more politics than grammar. Besides English professors do have a decent understanding of human nature at least outside the real world. You had best avoid going to your social science professor who is likely out administering, surveying, or demonstrating. If you seize Myth, however, like al-Barak, you can embark on an interesting pilgrimage of your own. The going, particularly the return, is somewhat difficult. The paths are littered with minotaurs and borogroves as well as bourgeoisies and proletariats. If you are about to enter the labyrinth, hang on to the thread of Ariadne. Don't get lost.

NOTES:

Minimalist annotation appears to be the order of the day so the author has omitted much of the Baedeker fine print. To some extent footnotes are themselves part of a scholarly ritual which creates an appearance of knowledge.

1. Sheikh Saadi, cited by Idries Shah, The Sufis (1964), p. 308.
2. Cf. Barbara Myerhoff's Peyote Hunt (1976); Cp. M.M.H. Farshani's A Shi'ite Pilgrimage in Mecca, 1885-1886 (1990); Muhammed Ibn Ishaq, The Life of Muhammed (1978); Sir Richard F. Burton, Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah & Meccah (1964), e.g., Vol. II, pp. 279-293, "Of Hadj, or Pilgrimage," also pp. 253-56; John Bunyan, The Pilgrim's Progress (London:1787); Cf. Robert Southey, All for Love and the Pilgrim to Compostella (1829), pp. 208-209 on the legend of Santiago and the scallop shell, also "The Embarcation of St. James" by the Master of Astorgas.
3. Colin Wilson, Order of Assassins, the Psychology of Murder (1932), esp, pp. 4-26; Bernard Lewis, The Assassins (1967); Robert J. Donovan, The Assassins (1956).
4. Shah, op. cit., p. 108; Cp. Jane Monnig Atkinson, The Art and Politics of Wana Shamanship (1989), p. 164; M. Shirokogoroff, Psychomental Complex of the Tungus (1938).
5. Len Deighton recounts this Talmudic story in City of Gold (1992), p.57.
6. Atkinson, op. cit, p. xi; p. xii.
7. Ibid., pp. 43-44; p. 205.
8. Guru Rinpoche, ed. The Tibetan Book of the Dead (1975); Cp. The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead, trans. Raymond O. Faulkner (1993). Here we are dealing not only with the epic struggle between Seth and Osiris but the harrowing of Hell by Isis. The reenactment ritual of the Egyptian pharaoh, the "progress" down the Nile, validates the ruler's claim both to legitimacy and divinity, indeed the "right to reincarnation," and a safe passport through the afterlife under the protection of Horus.
9. Rinpoche, p. 40.
10. Janet and Colin Bord, The Secret Country (1976); Henry Lincoln, The Holy Place (1992), cited without commentary on the validity of the theses.
11. Akira Kurosawa, "Rashomon," Embassy House Entertainment International Video Casette.
12. Arthur Waley, ed., The No Plays of Japan (1932), p. 171.
13. Ibid., p. 36; pp. 135-36, p. 164; for Po-Chu-I, Cf. Waley's Translations from the Chinese (1941).