

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

# Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks

*Spiritual Disciplines, Eranos 4*



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BOLLINGEN SERIES XXX

PAPERS FROM THE ERANOS YEARBOOKS

*Edited by Joseph Campbell*

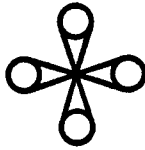
Selected and translated from the *Eranos-Jahrbücher*  
edited by Olga Froebe-Kapteyn

VOLUME 4



# Spiritual Disciplines

PAPERS FROM THE ERANOS YEARBOOKS



*Rudolf Bernoulli • Martin Buber • M. C. Cammerloher  
Theodor-Wilhelm Danzel • Friedrich Heiler • C. G. Jung  
C. Kerényi • John Layard • Fritz Meier • Max Pulver  
Erwin Rousselle • Heinrich Zimmer*

BOLLINGEN SERIES XXX • 4

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## EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Toward the task of encompassing and assimilating the world's wealth of poetic and religious visions, modes and dreams of life, and readings of the mystery of death, the Eranos lecturers first assembled in the summer of 1933, at Ascona, Switzerland. Coming together on the inspired invitation of Frau Olga Froebe-Kapteyn, seven distinguished scholars brought from the fields of their special studies the first offerings for a spiritual feast that has continued ever since, an annually celebrated festival. Three of the papers of that first meeting are included in the present volume, Heinrich Zimmer's "On the Significance of the Indian Tantric Yoga," which inaugurated the whole series, Erwin Rousselle's "Spiritual Guidance in Contemporary Taoism," and Friedrich Heiler's "Contemplation in Christian Mysticism." Two of the present offerings are from the meeting of 1934, Martin Buber's "Symbolic and Sacramental Existence in Judaism" and M. C. Cammerloher's "The Position of Art in the Psychology of Our Time"; two are from 1935, C. G. Jung's "Dream Symbols of the Individuation Process" and Rudolf Bernoulli's "Spiritual Development as Reflected in Alchemy and Related Disciplines"; and two are from 1937, Theodor-Wilhelm Danzel's "The Psychology of Ancient Mexican Symbolism" and John Layard's "The Malekulan Journey of the Dead." These represent excellently the spirit and scope of the earliest Eranos collations and yield, as well, a vivid sense of the wonder of those days, when from every field of research themes were appearing that leaped the bounds of the variously orthodox provincialisms of East and West and even of High and Primitive Culture.

The reader will recognize immediately the resonances and perhaps even share in them from within. They were not planned or intended by the participants but occurred of themselves, as one lecture followed another. And as the range of the exploration expanded in the course of the following decades of the Eranos round table, the play and counterplay

## EDITOR'S FOREWORD

of such themes increased. Three papers from the period of the middle forties, therefore, have been added to the present collection: Max Pulver's "The Experience of Light in the Gospel of St. John, in the 'Corpus hermeticum,' in Gnosticism, and in the Eastern Church," from the meeting of 1943; Fritz Meier's "The Spiritual Man in the Persian Poet 'Aṭṭār,'" 1945; and Carl Kerényi's "Man and Mask," 1948. These enlarge the view and complete our circumambulation of that great invisible, Man, in his quest for the gold of his own fulfillment, affording a prospect not only of his manifold yet unitary past but also, and even more impressively, of our present, actual, spiritual wealth, which, like the major part of the earth's natural resources, still lies untapped, unutilized for modern life.

The present volume is the fourth of a projected series in English, selected from the great suite of the *Eranos Jahrbücher*, which latter, as a record of all the meetings plus two festival works, now comes to an impressive twenty-eight tomes. The first volume of our English series, *Spirit and Nature* (1954), was based on the meetings of 1945 and 1946, with one addition from 1937; Volume 2, *The Mysteries* (1955), had for its base the meeting of 1944, with added papers from 1936, 1939, 1941, and 1942; Volume 3, *Man and Time* (1957), was a presentation of the meeting of 1951 with a single addition from 1949; and in the present offering we are going back in thought to the very start of this developing project of cross-cultural discussion. I wish to thank Frau Froebe for her sympathetic support and advice in the shaping of these volumes, Mr. Ralph Manheim for his translations of the frequently very difficult texts, Mr. R. F. C. Hull for his translation of Dr. C. G. Jung's lecture, the Bollingen Series editorial staff for their attention to all the work of editorial detail, and finally, Professor Mircea Eliade, one of the leading members of the present generation of Eranos contributors, for his illuminating introduction to the present volume—written from within Eranos, and therefore a testament of the bearing of these conferences not only on the work and thought of a modern scholar but also on our common task of understanding the present period of cultural catastrophe . . . and of prelude.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

## ENCOUNTERS AT ASCONA

It is characteristic of Eranos at Ascona that the speakers do not address themselves to an audience of specialists. Yet neither do they engage in any form of "popularization"; there is no expounding the latest results gained in various departments of knowledge. The originality of Eranos lies primarily in the fact that the speakers there are able to shed both their timidities and their superiority complexes. Although they are "specialists" in some particular field of study, they are aware that they have every reason to familiarize themselves with the methods used and the results achieved in other areas of research. Nor does this spring from mere curiosity or a desire for a naïve encyclopedism. It is because Eranos at Ascona is one of the privileged places where one is made conscious of the true dimensions of culture. Sooner or later every scholar has to face this problem and learn, from his own experience, the meaning of being "culturally creative." Now, no culture is possible without a sustained effort to integrate, in one embracing perspective, the progress made in all the various fields of study. Indeed, there is no true culture if, finally, the creations that constitute it are not related to man and his destiny.

All this seems so obvious at this date that one almost hesitates to say it for fear of repeating a truism. Yet for many years certain disciplines that studied the deepest experiences of the human psyche and their cultural expressions developed side by side without their results being integrated and articulated toward a more exact and complete knowledge of man. The disciplines of the history of religions, ethnology, paleoethnology, and orientalism have seldom been regarded as *separate but interrelated* phases of a single study. It is only very recently that these disciplines have come to be thought capable of revealing human existential situations worthy of interesting not only the psychologist and sociologist but also the philosopher and theologian.

---

Translated from the French by Willard R. Trask.

## ENCOUNTERS AT ASCONA

It is perhaps the greatest contribution of Eranos to have stimulated and encouraged meetings and dialogues among representatives of the various sciences and disciplines whose field is the human mind and spirit. For it is through such encounters that a culture can renew itself, in a bold widening of its horizon. Depth psychologists, orientalists, and ethnologists interested in the history of religions are those who have most successfully achieved rapprochement and even collaboration. This is perhaps due to the fact that, in the last analysis, each of these disciplines implies encountering and confronting an unknown, strange, even "dangerous" world—dangerous because able to threaten the spiritual equilibrium of the modern West. Certainly, confronting these "strange worlds" does not always entail the same degree of danger; some of them have long been known. Thus, for example, the researches of orientalists had gradually familiarized the West with the eccentric and fabulous nature of the societies and cultures of Asia. But the ethnologist discovered obscure and mysterious spiritual worlds, universes that, even if they were not the product of a prelogical mentality (as Lévy-Bruhl believed), were none the less strangely different from the cultural landscape with which Western man had been familiar.

Obviously, it was depth psychology that revealed the greatest number of *terrae ignotae* and thus brought about the most dramatic confrontations. The discovery of the unconscious could be compared to the maritime discoveries of the Renaissance and the astronomical discoveries made possible by the invention of the telescope. For each of these discoveries revealed worlds whose very existence had been previously unsuspected. Each of them effected a sort of "breakthrough in plane," in the sense that it shattered the traditional image of the Cosmos and revealed the structures of a Universe previously unimaginable. Such "breakthroughs" have not been without consequences. The astronomical and geographical discoveries of the Renaissance radically altered the image of the universe and the concept of space; in addition, for at least three centuries, they assured the scientific, economic, and political supremacy of the West, at the same time that they opened the road that inevitably leads to a united world.

Freud's discoveries likewise represent an "opening," but this time it is an "opening" into the submerged worlds of the unconscious. Psychoanalytical technique inaugurated a new type of *descensus ad inferos*. When Jung revealed the existence of the collective unconscious, the exploration

## ENCOUNTERS AT ASCONA

of those immemorial treasures, the myths, symbols, and images of archaic humanity, began to resemble the techniques of oceanography and speleology. Just as descents into the depths of the sea or expeditions to the bottoms of caves had revealed elementary organisms long vanished from the surface of the earth, so analyses retrieved forms of deep psychic life previously inaccessible to study. Speleology presented biologists with Tertiary and even Mesozoic organisms, primitive zoomorphic forms not susceptible to fossilization—in other words, forms that had vanished from the surface of the earth without leaving a trace. By discovering “living fossils,” speleology markedly advanced our knowledge of archaic modes of life. Similarly, archaic modes of psychic life, “living fossils” buried in the darkness of the unconscious, now become accessible to study, through the techniques developed by depth psychologists.

This explains why the meetings at Ascona have been so stimulating. Specialists in various “strange,” “exotic,” or “unique” worlds could converse together at leisure on the efficacy of their methods, the value of their discoveries, and the meaning of their cultural adventures. Each of these specialists had devoted his life to the study of an unfamiliar world, and what he had learned during this long frequentation of the “others” obliged him to make drastic changes in the accepted clichés concerning man, religion, reason, beauty. Then too, these discoveries and confrontations formed part of the *Zeitgeist*. The rise of Eranos coincided with the political and cultural awakening of Asia and, above all, with the entrance of exotic and primitive peoples into History. Encountering these “others”—which was, as it were, the sign under which Eranos developed—had, after the second World War, become an ineluctible decree of History.

At a certain moment, the members of Eranos felt that a new humanism could well develop out of such encounters. Then, too, similar phenomena were beginning to appear elsewhere. It would be impossible in these few lines to depict an extremely complex cultural process, which, in addition, is extremely difficult to grasp since it is still *in statu nascendi*. We will only say that at Ascona each speaker felt that his scientific creation acquired a new and deeper meaning in the degree to which he undertook to present it as a contribution to the knowledge of man. It was realized, too, that the new humanism that was here coming to birth could not be a replica of the old humanism. Eranos had more than sufficiently demon-

## ENCOUNTERS AT ASCONA

strated the need to integrate the researches of orientalists, ethnologists, and historians of religions in order to attain an integral knowledge of man.

But there was something yet further, and perhaps yet more important. The researches of depth psychologists, ethnologists, orientalists, and historians of religions had constantly brought out the human interest, the psychological "truth," and the spiritual value of countless symbols, myths, divine figures, and mystical techniques attested not only among Europeans and Asians but also among "primitives." Such human documents had previously been studied with the detachment and indifference with which nineteenth-century naturalists considered it proper to study insects. It now began to be realized that these documents express existential situations; that, consequently, they form part of the history of the human spirit. But the proper procedure for grasping the meaning of an existential situation is not the naturalist's "objectivity," but the intelligent sympathy of the hermeneut. *It was the procedure itself that had to be changed.* For even the strangest or the most aberrant form of behavior must be regarded as a human phenomenon; it cannot be understood by being taken as a zoological phenomenon or an instance of teratology.

To approach a symbol, a myth, an archaic mode of behavior as an expression of an existential situation is in itself to give it human dignity and philosophical meaning. This would have seemed the height of absurdity to a nineteenth-century scholar. For him, "savagery" or "primordial stupidity" could represent only an embryonic, and hence non-cultural, phase of humanity.

If the simplest archaic myth deserved to be considered an integral part of the history of the spirit, the mystics and contemplatives of all religions could not but be given a large place. Interest in spiritual disciplines and mystical techniques—especially those of the Orient and the primitive world, hitherto little studied—has from the first been one of the characteristic aspects of Eranos. To be sure, this interest was sometimes subject to misinterpretation by uninformed outsiders, was in danger of being confused with the suspect fascination with the "occult" that is typical of modern pseudomorphoses and the countless movements of cheaply won "spirituality." But of course no subject has not been "compromised" or "compromising" at some moment in history.

For the members of Eranos, this exceptional interest in spiritual disciplines and mystical techniques arises from the fact that they are documents

## ENCOUNTERS AT ASCONA

capable of revealing a dimension of human existence that has been almost forgotten, or completely distorted, in modern societies. All these spiritual disciplines and mystical techniques are of inestimable value because they represent conquests of the human spirit that have been neglected or denied in the course of recent Western history, but that have lost neither their greatness nor their usefulness.

The problem that now arises—and that will present itself with even more dramatic urgency to scholars of the coming generation—is this: How are means to be found to recover all that is still recoverable in the spiritual history of humanity? And this for two reasons: (1) Western man cannot continue to live on for an indefinite period in separation from an important part of himself, the part constituted by the fragments of a spiritual history of which he cannot decipher the meaning and message. (2) Sooner or later, our dialogue with the “others”—the representatives of traditional, Asiatic, and “primitive” cultures—must begin to take place not in today’s empirical and utilitarian language (which can approach only realities classifiable as social, economic, political, sanitary, etc.) but in a cultural language capable of expressing human realities and spiritual values. Such a dialogue is inevitable; it is part of the ineluctible course of History. It would be tragically naïve to suppose that it can continue indefinitely on the mental level on which it is conducted today.

This new volume of Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks also has the value of familiarizing the reader with certain problems that will become painfully urgent in the more or less immediate future.

MIRCEA ELIADE

*University of Chicago*  
*November 1959*



## SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINES



## *Heinrich Zimmer*

### On the Significance of the Indian Tantric Yoga

#### I

The ritual path of the Hindu is bordered with sacraments, framed by customs, festivals, observances, as a highway is bordered by trees. In their shade he lives; they seize hold of him before he is born and they have power to find him long after his death. These observances stand side by side with the myths related in epics and countless old traditions, which guide men through life and create a bond between them by providing them with symbols and formulas for the reality of the world and of human destiny. The moral element in the myths, the example and warning, is concentrated in these observances. In their psychagogic function such observances are related to Yoga, and their specific character throws light upon the specific character of Yoga.

A young Bengali once told me of certain observances which he remembered from his childhood in the country; it was with nostalgia that he spoke of this self-contained Indian world, from which he had been uprooted by the Anglo-Indian education that had carried him into a Western and cosmopolitan civilization.

One of these observances was "the giving away of the fruit"; this is practiced by the mother who has borne a son. To bring a son into the world is the supreme duty and the supreme happiness of the Hindu woman; her husband has married her in order that his male line should be preserved, in order that through her he and his forefathers should be reborn in a son. It is solely through this supreme fruit that her life obtains meaning and justification. But however attached she may be to this veritable fruit of her life, she has not brought her son into the world in order to keep him for herself, but in order to give him to the world, once he has attained sufficient maturity.

HEINRICH ZIMMER

Though natural and sincere, this powerful bond between mother and child, in a country where the mother's existence is built with a religious exclusiveness upon this bond and little else, holds the danger of a profound and almost insoluble crisis for mother as well as son. The threat of the crisis can poison the relation between mother and son and the son's whole life. But the natural, painful, and necessary release of the son from the mother, her giving of her fruit (*phala*) as a gift (*dāna*) to the world, is made possible by the observance (*vrata*) of the giving of the fruit (*phala-dāna-vrata*).

She who would make so great a sacrifice must begin with little things, and through them prepare for the great sacrifice. The time for the beginning of this observance is indefinite; it is somewhere around the son's fifth year, but it may be later. The observance continues for an indeterminate number of years and takes up one month each year. The house Brahman and spiritual director of the family (*guru*) supervises it and determines its course; it is he who decides when the mother is ready for its termination; that is, at what point, after what preliminary sacrifices, she is prepared for the actual sacrifice of her son. The woman begins with the sacrifice of little fruits of which she is very fond. She abstains from eating them, and each day brings them, with rice and all sorts of vegetables, to the house Brahman as an offering. She fasts in the morning and presents her offering to the *guru* when he visits the house; he partakes of it and gives her back a small portion which she reverently eats. She continues to fast until evening, and then she is again permitted to cook and to eat. On each of his visits, the *guru* tells the mother a mythical tale of a woman who sacrificed everything and thence derived the strength to accomplish all things; silent and attentive, holding holy grass in her folded hands, the woman listens, takes in his words and turns them over in her heart.

Each year a new and more precious fruit serves as the symbol at the center of this observance. The sacrifice advances from fruits to metals, from iron to copper, bronze, and finally to gold. These are the metals of which a woman's ornaments are fashioned. This means no doubt that the woman sacrifices her ornaments, or at least some of them, for her jewels and clothing are the only personal possessions to which she attaches importance. But objects specially made of the same metals for this purpose may be used to symbolize her ornaments.

The last, extreme stage of the sacrifice is a total fast: the woman presents fresh coconut milk to the *guru* and must then go thirsty all day. Brahmins,

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relatives, and household attend this ceremony, representing the world to which the son must be given. At the end of the rite, twelve Brahmans and a few beggars belonging to the fifth caste, or "untouchables," are given ceremonial food: the highest and lowest caste, the summit and base of the social pyramid, symbolize the whole social world for which the matured boy must leave his home and sever his maternal bonds. A relative of the male line must also attend to represent the aspect of the world which is most involved in the mother's sacrifice of her son. At the end of the ceremony, the guru declares that the mother is ready to perform the act of giving her son to the world. And then, silently and inwardly, she completes the sacrifice of her life's fruit.

In this observance, myth and rite combine to effect the necessary transformation in the mother: to release her from the beloved son, whose bond with her she is keenly aware of and would like to maintain forever. The rite of symbolic giving is illuminated by the myths of exemplary figures, with which the guru accompanies each stage of the sacrifice. Their attitude is evoked from the woman's unconscious, to help mold her psyche, to redeem her and preserve her from the instinctual force of the bond, which might otherwise do violence to both mother and child. The affecting yet menacing demonism of her elemental emotion is replaced by a symbolic being in her inner life which channels the flood of emotion and takes it up and transforms it.

A mother may equally well reveal her love by clinging jealously to her son or by sending him forth with her blessing. We carry all potentialities within us. It is not by reason and conscious will that we can rouse them from their deep slumber when the need arises. But the symbolic, revealed again and again in myth, practiced forever anew in the rite, has this magical, conjuring power over our unconscious, out of which the demonism of instinct arises to overpower us. We ourselves are defenseless against it. We are not masters of our emotions, but ritual observances can create guiding images in our unconscious, capable of directing and molding our emotional life.

This is the significance of another observance, which sisters perform for their brothers. Family life is often full of friction, particularly in the large Indian household, into which grown sons often bring their wives and children to live. What are the relations between the wives and sisters of the young men? The members of the family live side by side with all their little daily worries and annoyances, each exasperated by the idiosyncrasies of the

other. When will they come to realize how close they are to one another: one blood, one life? Important emotional functions are neglected, they atrophy and slumber, and often awaken only when it is too late.

The observance of *bhrātri-sphota* (Bengali: *bhai-phota*), the "forehead mark of the brother," is practiced in the second night of the new moon in October. All the sisters in the family invite their brothers to a gathering and perform a sacrificial rite calculated to shield the brothers from death. Other sacrifices are performed in honor of a god, whose favor is to be gained; but no god enters into this observance; here the sister offers herself to death as a sacrifice, just as the sister of the first man did for her brother Yama. The first man, Yama (meaning "twin"), had a twin sister, Yamunā (in the Vedic myth called "Yami"), who for his sake vanquished death. She sacrificed herself to death for him each day, and in consequence he became the deathless king in the realm of the blessed and ruler over the kingdom of the dead. This mythical event serves the sisters as a model; it is repeated in their observance. The whole observance is a question of will power and faith. Because Yamunā was able by will power to make her brother immortal, each sister must develop in herself the faith that she by her own will power can perform the same miracle for her brother.

All the sisters invite all the brothers to the apartment of one of the sisters. The sisters fast and prepare for the brothers a special meal consisting only of perfectly pure, living things. After midnight the sisters go out and gather dew from the leaves, the purest water of heaven, the life-giving milk of the upper world, which refreshes and fortifies all creatures. This observance demands a pure heart, full of solicitous love, and a pure heart is revealed by the loving care with which the pure dew is gathered each night for the brother to drink. Along with the dew, rice is given; it is pure and living, for it is freshly husked; and banana, pure and living since it has just been taken from its skin, and fresh coconut milk from the newly opened fruit.

As a symbol of fresh, renewed life, the brothers receive from their sisters clean new clothing, which after bathing they put on. Then they partake of the little meal. At the culmination of the ceremony, the sisters several times paint a mark (*sphota* or *tilaka*) between the brothers' eyebrows. For this they take lampblack, oil of sandalwood, honey, sour milk, and melted butter, which each one separately stirs with the little finger of her left hand and administers. It was with these substances, which signify life, that Yamunā marked the forehead of her brother, in order to safeguard him

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against death. And similarly the dish of the purest ingredients, the dew of heaven and the living fruit, is an imitation of "Deathless," the potion which gives the gods their eternal life. During this ceremony the story is told of how Yamunā enabled Yama to conquer death and become immortal in this very same way. At the end of the observance, the younger sisters receive a little present—usually consisting of sweetmeats—from the older brothers, and the older sisters give presents to the younger brothers.

This observance implies more than a magic spell calculated to inure the brothers against death through the love of their sisters. The imitation of Yamunā's old magic, whose mythical success guarantees the efficacy of the observance, has another significance; it invokes the hidden but ever present potentiality of an ideal relation between brother and sister, and exalts it to an inner reality, in order that it may paralyze the counterforces of everyday life and human inadequacy, the currents of ill humor and estrangement, indifference and hostility, and replace them by their opposites. The mythical archetype is intended to awaken this potentiality, submerged perhaps by the cares of the day, from the depths of the unconscious to which it has sunk, to raise it from its atrophied stage, so that it may unfold and dominate personal life.

The man who at every step is surrounded and sustained by such customs, so that without exercise of his will his life runs always in the path which they prescribe, need not ask himself conscious questions or frame conscious decisions concerning his conduct and his goals. All this has been taken care of in the wisdom of the great religious and social community which received him and blessed him with its sacraments before he was born, and which continues to bless him most particularly when it exacts the severest symbolic sacrifices and renunciations. Carried by the stream of ritual, sacramental observances, all his life unconscious of himself—as though submerged, he drifts in the river of the unconscious. Thus he drifts, in harmony with himself and with the eternal contents of life, which enter into every individual destiny with their tasks and joys, their sacrifices and sorrows.

The wonderful thing about such observances is that their symbolism is utterly apt; as perfectly apt as our deeper dreams, and sometimes as inaccessible to reason. They strike the unconscious that governs our life with the force of the symbol, just as the unconscious speaks in marvelous symbols when it sends us dreams or gives us signs by other involuntary acts.

And such observances are created by an unconscious; they are formed by

the collective, suprapersonal spirit of the religious and social community, and their purpose is to appeal to something suprapersonal in us, to the profounder unconscious. They are intended to guide it, in order that the individual may mesh with the suprapersonal element in human social life, in order that he may live in harmony with the eternal contents that constitute a suprapersonal fate and exigency transcending any individual, historical situation in which they may mask themselves, the eternal contents that are common to us and to all living nature.

This unconscious, this suprapersonal sphere of our inner life, is full of formed contents; here, as the psychology of dreams and the study of other manifestations of the unconscious reveals, the experience, the destiny of man ever since he ceased to be an animal, has been deposited in symbols or archetypes. Our deeper dreams raise this deposit up to us, and it is nothing other than what the myths of all times have preserved in their figures, situations, and symbols. Accordingly, these wise observances, calculated to guide the individual by means of the unconscious through the invisible shoals on which we may founder unawares, make use of mythical figures in order to pilot man safely through the unavoidable and critical transition periods of his life. The archetypes or variants of archetypes in myths and rites speak to the unconscious, which no rational admonition or consolation can reach; in the unconscious they encounter something that is related to them, an archetype at work in its depths, which they awaken and make into an instrument of the regent within us, a guiding image which can gain power over our individuality and adapt its behavior to that of the archetype.

Thus such archetypes, awakened from their slumber within us, become visible images and effect transformations in us; when called forth by kindred archetypes in myth and observance, they rise up within us and become our guides. Our conscious will cannot create such guides; the archetype rises from within us to perform its directing function, to transform us in its image and direct our formless vital forces, by assimilating them to its primordial form, by filling itself with them, as a mold is filled with liquid metal. And this archetype summoned from our depths preserves us; it prevents our formless forces from tearing our personality apart or driving it to madness under the pressure of the eternal contents of life, of the destiny that oppresses and threatens to crush us. This primeval archetype, with its timeless validity, enables us to live at peace with our inexorable destiny. The sacred

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and nonsacred figures that have risen to the level of mythical symbolism—and this is their sublime function—lead us to emulate them in our actions and our suffering. Passing over the bridge of our devotion and concentration, they evoke within us an image of potential nobility which moves us to emulate them in our actions and in our sufferings.

Another observance of this sort, which like the “forehead mark of the brother,” functions through a mythical archetype, is the rite of Sāvitrī, performed by the Indian widow. The fate of the Indian widow is no doubt among the hardest to which a human being can be subjected. Marriage among the Hindus is a bond for eternity. Even beyond death, the woman remains the wife of this one man, i.e., the man is for her immortal. But, betrothed to him while still half a child, she often loses him before she has ever really possessed him. And her life ends with his. If he dies an early death, her existence becomes a mere shadow.

An observance practiced for one month each year is intended to help the widow to bear this lot. At its center stands the legendary figure of Sāvitrī, a princess who married the son of an exiled king, although she knew what was hidden from him: that his days were numbered by the god of death. When the time came for the god of death to gather in the life of her husband, she fasted for three days and purified herself in preparation for a meeting with the god. She did not leave her husband’s side, but followed him into the jungle; as they were gathering wood in the flowery wilderness, where all nature was in bloom, refreshed by the summer rains, the god of death came and caught her husband’s life spark in his noose. But she spoke to him of all that was holy and good, pleaded with him, and did not desist until he had granted her her husband’s life, until he had promised to restore her blind father’s eyesight, his crown and kingdom, and had promised to give her sons and happiness.

In times long past, Sāvitrī restored her husband to life after death had already taken him, and every woman whose husband has died attempts to do the same. That is the significance of this observance, which is performed by the widow in the same summer month and which ends on a night of new moon, just as Sāvitrī’s story came to its miraculous end on a night of new moon. The observance comprises three full fast days, corresponding to the fasting of Sāvitrī before her encounter with the god. It is performed in the widow’s house before an image of the household god; the god is present as a witness. A Brahman, the widow’s guru, comes each day and tells her the

story of Sāvitrī; the woman, who has fasted until his coming, holds holy grass in her hands as she listens to him. At the end of the observance, a white silk thread is wound nine times round her upper arm, signifying and constituting an indissoluble bond between her and her now intangible husband. She wears this thread until the observance is repeated in the following year. Thus the miracle of the husband's return—though not tangibly alive in space, he lives for his wife—is accomplished within her. The archetype of the love that vanquishes death is evoked in her heart and becomes the meaning of her life and destiny. The mythical Sāvitrī—a variant of this archetype—rouses it to life from the depth of the unconscious, to overpower the personality, to assimilate the vital forces which, if left to act chaotically in pain or yearning, might destroy it or drive it to madness, and thus to transform it into the likeness of Sāvitrī.

The power to bear the inevitable is the wisdom of life. Only the unconscious, which knows everything and carries this knowledge in symbols, but which, if we know how to consult it, permits us as individuals to see only as much as we deserve, and not much more than we need in order to travel our path through the inevitable contents of life—only the unconscious is equal to every exigency. It is the ageless totality, to which nothing new can happen regardless of the situation, and which watches the movement of the ego as nature calmly watches the flowering and fading of her creatures. In most men its period of greatest awakesness is childhood, hence this is truly the inspired age: enchanted, incorruptible, and close to all things.

Accordingly, the Bengalis have an observance that is practiced by children; it teaches man the one lesson that every man needs: to bear the inevitable. It consists in the veneration of Jamburī. The older children initiate the younger. The children begin to participate in their fifth or sixth year, while the younger children stand in silent attendance. Adults are not permitted to be present; they do not even know exactly when the children perform the rite, for this observance, like all others of its type, may have no nonparticipating spectators. They are all performed for their effect on the participants—not as pageantry or as a symbolic ceremonial for the enlightenment or consecration of others. Consequently the performance of the rite must be kept secret from the adults. It seems almost like a game played by the children, who have observed the ritual life of the adults as it weaves through the entire year, and who now in their little world imitate

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it. This they do with their parents' sense of the mystery implicit in the rites, and with the imperturbable solemnity of children—but how profoundly meaningful is this solemnity which knows all things.

The observance runs through five years and is practiced in the winter nights of the coldest month, the month of Magha, which falls in January and February. Secretly the children rise in the early morning hours, while it is still dark, before any animal is afoot or any bird has begun to sing. Each night they mold a fresh little figure of Jamburī, scarcely the size of a hand, from earth, the same earth in which they roll and play in the daytime. Every morning when the rite is over, the figure is thrown away, just as the grownups at home each day fashion little gods of clay for the cult, which after the devotion are thrown into the water, in which they disintegrate. The little figure has neither arms nor legs; eyes and mouth are barely suggested. Around it the children form a pond, retained by a little earth dike. Here the figure sits and the children bring it water, flowers, and holy grass. Meanwhile they recite such lines as: "I bring thee water before the crow has drunk of it; I bring thee flowers before the bee has sucked them." At the same time the story of Jamburī is told. The import of the story and of the observance is as follows: Jamburī has no feet and no hands, she has no proper mouth and no proper eyes, and yet she can accomplish and realize all things—for she has a will. And that is what we must learn from her.

Each day the rites become more intense; the inner process they are intended to provoke runs through the seven stages of the Yoga exercise, which is associated with the image of a god: from the contemplation of the material image to the substitution of its inner likeness, the contemplation of which no longer requires any outward contact; then from an inner contemplation of this image in which contemplator and image exist separately to a union of the two (*samādhi*), whereby the image is fulfilled in the devotee, who fuses with it and becomes one with it.

The offering of water and flowers is only an introductory ceremony, by which the child demonstrates that he comes to Jamburī in all earnestness, as a pupil comes to his guru: full of veneration and eager to serve, prepared to receive and to fulfill the teachings of Jamburī. Then follows the instruction, ascending by the stages of Yoga. The oft-repeated narration of the myth of Jamburī constitutes the bridge by which the silent, rigid instructress, the little clod of earth, gives some part of her essence to the devoted pupil.

And today we still find ceremonies of instruction and initiation (in Japanese and Tibetan Buddhism) in which teacher and pupil perform symbolic gestures and observe set forms, while not a single word of instruction is uttered. Teacher and pupil have cleansed themselves through ascetic practices and have concentrated all their forces through exercises, in order to be able to communicate to one another something that cannot be conveyed in words. The teacher gives, the pupil receives something that is more than knowledge—a power, a magical fragment of the teacher's essence, which penetrates the pupil's whole personality and unconscious and transforms him from within.

The outcome of this ascending process is that Jamburi's little pupil assimilates what she can give him, that is, her essence. It becomes reality within him: his new reality, into which he has been transformed. Her essence has flowed into him and become his essential nature. This would hardly be possible unless it were already in him in germ, one of the innumerable potentialities of his half-formed, but always formable and form-seeking, vital force, the *shakti* in him, for, just as that infinite force, the *shakti* of the universal God, unfolds and permeates the macrocosm, his *shakti* governs the little world of his body, striving to assume manifold and forever renewed form.

We are now prepared to understand that form of Yoga which, through daily worship of the god, calls forth its inner image in the devotee. The literature of the Tantras offers innumerable instructions for this form of *pūjā*, the veneration of the divine in one of its infinitely many aspects. It teaches an inner cult full of pious devotion (*bhakti*) to the god of the heart, the *ishta-devatā*—the “god to which one sacrifices” in accordance with a ritual into which one is initiated by one's guru. As in the observance of Jamburī, a little image serves as the center of the rite of offering and worship. But, at the same time, it serves to introduce the inner contemplation which little by little sates itself with the outward, sensory manifestation, until it is able to dispense with the concrete image. Then the outward cult, which mimics the reception of a respected guest with offerings, whispered formulas, a swinging of lamps and other ceremonial, is discontinued. The cult is now transferred to the sphere of pure inner contemplation. In an inner vision, the figure of the god is recreated, with train and trappings, in its own appropriate locale (palace, landscape, resting place under a tree). This occurs by degrees; piece by piece, the entire image is inwardly evoked

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and enduringly held fast. The god's neck and arms, breast and flanks, are adorned with "spiritual," i.e., purely visualized ornaments, from the diadem in his hair to the bracelets round his ankles; "spiritual" flowers are presented to him, and the whole outward ceremonial is repeated in a process of progressive visualization.

But in the light of the final purpose, all this is only preparation; like the offerings and formulas of the children in their nocturnal cult of Jamburī, the intense effort of inner vision expresses the faith and devotion of the believers. The actual goal is that this inner image of the deity and he who has conceived it should emerge from their duality and interpenetrate one another, that they should fuse into One (*samādhi*). The believer experiences the fact that the deity is not something different from himself—it does not dwell somewhere out in the world, it has not just come to visit him; it does not sit on a throne in some heaven beyond the heavens: out of his own formless inwardness he has built up every detail, and at the end of his devotions he lets it dissolve again in his formless inwardness, in the primordial waters of the unconscious, just as the Indian god unfolds the world and then, when it is ripe for dissolution, melts it down again into himself, the universal night, the primordial flood. Out of his unconscious, the believer has wrested the apparition of the divine, after the unconscious had assimilated its form to the model of the outward cult image; now he can recollect this vision in a daily process. As at the beginning of the world Brahma rises out of the primordial waters on the lotus and begins to unfold the world in creation, and as at the end of an aeon the world dissolves again in the worldless and spaceless sea of the beginning, so the form of the god rises from the innermost depths of the initiate as hieroglyph and true form of his intangible being, which had remained unknown to him as such and can be raised to consciousness in no other way.

The number of gods whom the Hindus learn to worship in inner invocation, contemplation, and immersion is legion. In ever-changing variants of aspect, dress, and gesture, the big and little gods appear, with different weapons, emblems, and trappings, with gestures of blessing or menace, gracious and sinister, accompanied by their divine forces (*shakti*), or wives, who reveal the divine essence as the facets of a crystal reflect the colors of light. Beside the god with his gracious aspect and gesture of blessing and giving, there often stands his *shakti*, menacing and dripping with blood, for only thus is he truly complete; his nature is the whole. All these gods are

visualized as the creatures of our own depths, the hieroglyphs of our being. For in all of us are all things—at least as potentiality.

Within us lies the predisposition to all things: we wish to hear and obey, to follow and let ourselves be led, to serve and renounce; but we desire also to inflate ourselves and command, to dominate and fling thunderbolts; we desire to dissolve in the community and to be solitary, needful of no other. Every horror slumbers within us and every misdeed, but also every possibility of purification. The total, ideal fulfillment of this predisposition, of the *shakti* within us, would be a swift and unceasing succession like frantic lightnings, an eternal coincidence of all these contradictory potentialities; if it burst forth from within us, if it strove to flow through us into reality, to project itself into the world, it would destroy us. The real fulfillment of such a stupendous play is the existence of God, not of the creature. Its reflection is found in the behavior of the child as long as it is little; in the child this urge can find a greater measure of fulfillment than in the adult without destroying him. In childhood the inner forces, which later are gradually inhibited and masked by social life and education and thrust back into the unconscious, are freely projected. They pour forth, naïve and unrestrained. All the malice, the smiling insensibility, the cruelty, the tenderness, all the helpless clinging and cajoling, the whimsy and anxiety and fearless observation of the world; in the sovereign subjectivity of childhood, all these inner forces cloak as though by magic the limits of objective reality in dense clouds aglow with demonism.

But who may awaken within himself all the archetypes of possible behavior that lie dormant within us? Who may realize them in the community of adults, in the ordered society in which the adult lives? No one. Therefore the peoples long ago devised games, which give play to impulse, yet restrain it by rules; these were the great festivals with their luxuriant splendor and their peculiar observances. By temporarily lifting the rigid rules of morality, by transforming boundaries and fences into roads and gates, by permitting or even ordaining what was ordinarily forbidden, they created compensations for what the community of everyday life must deny itself if it is not to be shattered into bits, and all men with it.

How much lies blocked up in every man by the social order! For the vital force (*shakti*) in each of us would overflow all measure were it to fulfill its nature, which is totality. Even the fool sometimes wants to play the king, and his anointed majesty demands on occasion to play the fool. Harun al-

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Rashid and his Grand Vizier disguise themselves and mingle with the people, with porters, fishermen, Negro slaves; they long to taste the common, impure things which cannot approach the Commander of the Faithful on his throne. The dauphine Marie Antoinette leaves the royal seclusion of Versailles and drives out in disguise to the carnival in Paris; even the chastest soul is visited in a balmy night by the burning breath of disordered desires and images that make it freeze with horror: it feels soiled by some totally alien thing—but this thing has welled up from deep within itself. It is the inexorable *shakti* in us, whose nature it is to manifest itself to the full in every possible shape and gesture of life.

We see this when we behold those woodcuts and etchings of Hans Baldung Grien and of the Hausbuchmeister, showing the aged Aristotle: upon his naked back rides the naked courtesan Phyllis; with her whip she strikes his sunken flanks, guides him by a bridle attached to the bit in his mouth—that mouth which when young discoursed with the divine Plato, that mouth to whose words the world-conquering Alexander listened with veneration. The great sage, that noble model of *Homo sapiens*, the erect biped—here we see him creeping on all fours. Something in him impels him to renounce everything that has made him great and exemplary in his own eyes and those of the world, something he had never allowed to emerge, of which he had never become conscious—“Eros undefeated in battle,” as the Theban maidens called it in Sophocles—something which had remained crippled and stunted within him and had therefore grown angry, transforming itself from visage to grimace, from pure to sordid; and then one day it had risen up and seized the mastery, and taken its cruel, demonic revenge upon him.

Or what of Nebuchadnezzar, the great king who said: “Is not this great Babylon that *I* have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of *my* power?”<sup>1</sup> Was there not something more in this king than power and glory and the urge to enjoy these two to the full? Almost the direct opposite was also in him, but amid the iron necessity of his fate always to be a great king, greater than all the kings around him, it could not be manifested. But while he was speaking so grandly, “there fell a voice from heaven, saying: . . . The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee . . .” And thus it befell him. “He was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his

1 Dan. 4:30 ff.

body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."

For seven years Nebuchadnezzar forgot his glory and lived like a beast of the fields, compelled by a voice that was stronger than his power and his glory. It is not said that he was unhappy during these years, but merely that he was insane. And because he was mad, men drove him forth to the beasts who lived like him. It does not even appear that these years harmed him, for: "At the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, . . . at the same time my reason returned unto me; and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honor and brightness returned unto me; and my counsellors and my lords sought unto me; and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me."

Transformed and refreshed, greater than ever before, the king returns from his retrogression to the animal and attains to the highest nobility. In his renunciation of all kingly and human dignities lay hidden the possibility of regaining them to a higher degree. When he became a beast, Nebuchadnezzar vanished for men; to them it was as though he had died. He was less than a shadow; no shadow of his kingliness lay upon him, his very countenance had been taken from him like his diadem. His road to the beast and back again was like the journey across the threshold of Proserpina to the realm of the shades, traveled by the ancient adepts of the mysteries of Isis, and like an initiate he returned transformed, sustained by new knowledge and a new psychic balance.

Before becoming a beast, Nebuchadnezzar had exalted the kingly *I* in his concept of himself until it became the dominant function of his self. In the destiny that made him an oriental despot of a great empire, he could only fulfill himself by clutching in his hands the power and the glory of great Babylon; it was by this gesture, continuously intensified, that he lived. And in this convulsive gesture, imposed upon him by his situation as well as his nature, lay the danger that he would lose his inner balance, that he would cease to be anything other than this *I*, this despotic *I*, to the detriment of all the infinite unconscious possibilities which the *shakti* carries within it. And the balance of the whole could only be restored when a totally disregarded, never experienced aspect of his nature, that had sunk into the unconscious, seized the mastery over Nebuchadnezzar as completely and as ruthlessly as the despotic idea before it. Thus he became like a beast.

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But he recognized the force that had thrust him down and transformed him; he called it God: "And at the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the most High, and I praised and honored him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation: and all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" The regent in us, which can thus accomplish all things in our soul, he called the "King of heaven," and concluded the story of his miraculous transformation, as it is written in the Book of Daniel, with the words: "Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride he is able to abase."

What Nebuchadnezzar found in the heavens of the macrocosm is felt by the adept of Tantric Yoga to dwell corporeally within him in the depths of his microcosm, and like the King of Babylon he calls it "God." To it he dedicates himself in inner veneration, and evokes it in one of the innumerable forms it can assume. Thereby he aims at achieving consciousness of it, for only by taking form can a thing enter our consciousness and exist for our consciousness. He adorns the divine manifestation of the unconscious which he evokes with every charm, every excellence, and every power; he worships it appropriately and in so doing worships the omnipotent, formless, and omniform power it embodies. Thus at the same time he pours forth the charm, the nobility and greatness, and all the potentialities that constitute the demonism of his own nature; he engenders them from himself, reaches for their forms in space, clutches them and shapes them into the ornament and expression of the divine figure. Instead of projecting into the outside world all those unconscious potentialities of his vital force, which his human situation permits him to realize only in shadowy fragments, he projects them into an inner godhead. For these potentialities are infinite in their dimension and insatiable in their urge, measured by the confined situation of most human lives. He projects them all into the god-image, they become its charm and its greatness; and thus they do not destroy him in their eruption, do not turn into something evil and diabolical, as they might if they had been repressed. They are saved from the danger of remaining imprisoned in the unconscious, of aborting into evil demons; they

are carried upward, substantiated and molded into the image of the inwardly visible godhead of the heart. The believer projects and discharges them into their image by his attitude of pious devotion (*bhakti*) which renounces the ego, and says to the godhead: "Thou art my true being—not I. It is not I but thou, who movest this cosmos of my personality and my world. Everything is thine."

In this attitude, the devotee renounces his conscious ego and gives himself piously to the unconscious in himself, the regent that is in us. Thus he avoids the host of dangers that lurk within us and in us alone—the legions of hell which can break out of us and whose arbitrary power is clearly manifested to us in the image of Aristotle and Nebuchadnezzar crawling on all fours.

The innumerable manifestations of the divine as gods and goddesses full of nobility and youthful charm, majestically calm or grimly menacing, and all the hosts of the demonic—all of them are outward prototypes expressing the inward abundance of the vital force, the *shakti*. They correspond to the innumerable basic gestures and elemental potentialities of the believer's unconscious, which may project themselves in this or that attitude. These potentialities are present in varying strength in the individual human type, their germ is unequally developed. We have within us the seed of all things, but all things will not germinate and sprout, many of the fruits that our garden might bear will never ripen. But that potentiality among all those that are in us in germ, which is so constituted that it can really germinate, that potentiality which is not vague but actual, constitutes our type that shows hostility or affinity to other types. Type, temperament, age, and habituation hold us spontaneously in the orbit of one or another form of the divine or the demonic; the potentialities which germinate in us disclose an affinity to one or another archetype in myth or history.

Accordingly, it is a part of the wisdom of the spiritual guide who wishes to direct the formative urge of the unconscious vital forces within us, to withhold demonic and other unsuitable archetypes from these inner forces, but to offer them in cult and observance an archetype to which they bear affinity, in order that they may attach themselves to this archetype and mold themselves to its nature. Certain Catholic women have a secret affinity for St. Anne; when her example is held up to the formative urge of the unconscious, it often evokes a corresponding inner image to mold and direct the woman in question; the devotee can learn from her as the child learns from Jamburī, and the primordial waters of the unconscious, always preg-

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nant with form, can create a world in her image. To others St. Agnes or St. Mary Magdalen offers a similar possibility; St. Aloysius is often held out as an example to young people. St. Francis and St. Ignatius, the bridegroom of poverty and the soldier of Christ, are mutually exclusive as guiding images for self-transformation and the crystallization of the self-sated, self-emanating *shakti*; similarly Vishnu and Shiva, two different supreme aspects of the universal divine being, mutually exclude one another, and on a lower plane the elephant-headed, rice-bellied Ganesha, the god of peasant prosperity, and his brother, the agile boy war god, who seven days after his birth freed the world from a demon who had overthrown all the gods and brought tyranny and confusion into the world. Just as Sāvitrī represents the ideal of self-sacrificing conjugal love, as Yamunā embodies the highest love among brothers and sisters, and Jamburī the power to bear every fate, thus do all the archetypes of the unconscious in myth and cult embody in ideal purity a specific attitude and gesture of man. Here all that is pure and all that is demonic are embodied in symbolic figures: every horror and every mischief, but also all the angelic power of the sublime, which carries in its hands the key to the abyss and the great chain with which to bind Satan.

The Buddhas and Bodhisattvas represent luminous knowledge, as the highest potentiality of the *shakti* within us, through which, when it has wholly purified itself of beclouding passion and sodden animality, it can overcome its frantic natural urge to engender and project itself into a world of form. They represent the miracle of a conversion by which the *shakti* itself assuages the urge which impels it to project its form-seeking forces, leave them free play in a limitless Māyā, and maintain the world process. They embody the sublime compassion which strives to redeem the whole world from itself as world, as the continuously germinating product of this world-creating potency—the compassion which desires to free the world from its own chains, in which it tosses about in pleasure and pain like a dreamer in the chains of sleep, assailed by luring and terrifying images in breath-taking succession.

All the figures that live in cult and myth are corporeal ideas such as these; as variants of archetypes that lie dormant within us they can, according to our predisposition and situation, serve us as models for good and evil. But we are not free to choose: we cannot, for example, elect Indian forms for ourselves and Christian forms for the East. Here man's powers of adapta-

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tion are limited, and here lies the danger of all missionary activity; our Western unconscious contains the same archetype as the Eastern unconscious, molded in a different variant. We are little blossoms on the ancient tree of the West, and the sap of this tree presses into our unconscious; it bears and engenders symbolic variants according to its own species.

This is evinced in our remoteness from the mythical figures of the Greeks, despite all our humanistic love for the ancient world. Both Greek and German mythology know the blacksmith-magician, the wonder-working craftsman: Daedalus and Wieland. When man miraculously discovered how to smelt liquid metal from hard rock and pour it into shapes, a new age arose. A demonic force was here at work: the hardest of all things was vanquished by fire, it became like water, but when molded it retained its shape. From stone, the weapon and implement of an age, man brought forth its *multiform conqueror*. The miracle of this Promethean achievement descended into the human unconscious in the form of the mythical smith, the magical worker in metals, so that even today his trade carries a magical aura (e.g., in Britain, the smith of Gretna Green who forges marriages). But how different are the forms assumed by this hieroglyph of the collective unconscious in the Greek and in the German tradition. The mythical smith frees man from the prison of the stone age and similarly frees himself from his bondage to the king. He achieves the infinite scope of a new age of man; on the wings which he has fashioned, he flies heavenward. How tragic is the new freedom for the Greeks: the wings which free Icarus and Daedalus bring Icarus to an early death. Like Euphion, the birdlike Icarus, borne by the spirit of the new age, rises too impetuously toward the sun, and meets his death in the sea. His father Daedalus pays for his Titanic gift of invention with the gravest loss; the loss of his alter ego, his son, his reborn future. In this penalty, the Greeks, filled with terror by the unlimited new possibilities, by this Titanic mastery over nature and destruction of the old stone order, found a balance with the powers which the magical inventor had offended.

With Daedalus compare his sinister brother Wieland, the dark avenger of his imprisonment and of the wounded sinews of his feet, which the king had ordered to be cut to prevent the wonder-worker from escaping him—even his successful flight was bound up with the taking of innocent life. And here the darkness is not illumined by the pathos of a flight into the sun. Wieland strikes off the heads of the king's two sons, as they bend covetously

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over his treasure, and, after making her drunk, violates the king's daughter, who has come to the smith with the broken gold hoop of his beloved; and this immoderate revenge, striking the king in that which was dearest to him, in his second life, his future, this revenge which makes ornaments and baubles out of the skulls, eyes, and teeth of the boys, which presents the king with a bastard, lies evil and oppressive on the demonic figure of the magical inventor. The collective unconscious of each of these two cultures fashions its own variants of the same primordial figure, each with its special coloration. And the manner in which this collective unconscious recalls the old times in song and legend, reflects the difference between the Hellenic world and the northern night.

The mythology of many cultures includes the figure of the singer and musician, possessed of magic powers. Here the magical power of music, which more than anything else directly penetrates the unconscious to madden or soothe it, has found its symbolic deposit in the collective unconscious. In India it is Krishna, the incarnate all-God Vishnu, who has descended into the world with a fraction of his infinite being, in order to free it from the tyranny of the demons disguised as human despots. As with Zeus it has been prophesied that he will usher in a new age, like Zeus he is persecuted even in his mother's womb; but miraculously protected, he grows up unknown among shepherds and herdsmen, until the time is ripe for him to set the world in order and redeem it. As a boy, meanwhile, he subdues the demons of the wilderness, who have been ordered to upset the bucolic idyll and to do away with him before he can grow up. In his young manhood, he is loveliness itself; the shepherd women and young girls worship him. In games and dances on moonlit nights he gives them a foretaste of the heavenly joy of being united with him in his paradise. He sings and dances with them and leads the harvest round; burning their hearts with the arrows of his glance, he initiates them into the mysteries of Eros—of Eros the lover of life, who makes man one with God (see Pl. I). He plays the flute—a pied piper of women's hearts, seductive in the bloom of his youth. All hearts fly out to him, all hearts adore him in painful sweetness. A pied piper—but how different from his dark brother in the legend of Hamelin town, the German variant of the magical musician.

The demonism of music—with us Germans it is embodied in a vagrant piper, one of the evil, strolling people, a dark and sinister figure from who knows where. But precisely because of his questionable origin he is in league

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with the powers by which the respected burghers, the well-fed, self-righteous rich behind their walls and towers, feel beset, the dark powers they are unable to exorcise. His affinity for the sinister gives him mastery over it, he rids the city of the noxious plague of rats which threaten to destroy it. These rats—what a gruesome symbol! The unclean, malignant, dangerous beast, viler than any other and yet man's house-companion, feeding on his refuse—what an uncanny and appropriate symbol for the unconscious! The strange musician liberates the city from the plague of its own guilt, from these living, swarming, biting creatures of its own foulness, from the demons of its own filth of every kind. But what avails it? Out of their own respectability and entrenched self-righteousness, the burghers bring forth this filth and must keep on heaping it up forever—that is their nature, and from their nature he cannot save them. No vagrant adventurer can clean out the Augean stable of our soul, were he Herakles himself; we ourselves must lend a hand to sweeping the filth from our psyche; and the vilest of all its filth is ingratitude. Hence the punishment of the ungrateful city, which thinks it can cheat the strolling piper, the outlawed vagrant, of his promised wages; it is deprived of its life in the future, of the hope and innocence, the promise of living eternity, which are miraculously present even in the basest of men: the piper lures the children, and they must follow him like rats. What a cruel punishment, as pitiless as it is just—an arrow inexorably hitting its mark. And what a gloomy unconscious that shoots such arrows into its own heart. How far removed it is from the people whose magical musician with his song and his harp liberates all nature from the bonds of its own inertia, its fear and rage; for when Orpheus plays, the wild chaotic rocks arise, moved by the rhythm; the harmony shapes them into walls and staircases, gates and palaces, citadels and temples (for harmony means just proportion). And all the animals forget their innate nature, their voracity and terror, and gather around the singer, whose harmonies soothe and compose all conflict, whose sacred name the Hellenes gave to the occult doctrines disclosing how man can progress towards perfection and gain eternity within himself. The demonic forces that rend each other are seized with rage and despair at their impotence. When finally they assail the magician to destroy him, they must deafen their ears with insensate howls, lest they hear his heavenly voice and his music which have power to subdue the demonic. For if they heard it, they would be compelled to renounce their nature, to become peaceful and full of inner harmony like his song.

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The religious man lives by the archetypes which myth and ritual hold out to him as guiding images, always in their specific variants. And those who have ceased to belong to a religious community endowed with rite and myth are guided by the poets. Like priest and guru, the true poet—and there are not many—is the guardian of the archetypes of his culture's collective unconscious. His function is not to invent, but to rediscover and to animate. What distinguishes him from the common writer is that he serves the timeless genii and renews their image for his own time. The writer takes from the street motifs that have significance for his time and only for his time; when the times change, his writings pass into the morgue of that which has merely existed, and carry on a shadow existence in the waxworks of literary history. Writing that does not reach down to the archetypes molded by collective experience is limited by the social horizon and dies with social change, which makes it irrelevant. It cannot help but be patently or covertly ironic and untragic, for, seen from the plane of our deeper self, or our timeless and deathless unconscious, the conception that our essential destiny is determined solely by social forces is a true irony, a monstrous humbug. The religious man knows better, as does the man who knows how to consult the regent within. Hence the ironic character of *Madame Bovary* and of all the social novels of the nineteenth century, hence the merely three-dimensional character of the social and psychological novel in general. It can achieve pathos only by taking a critical attitude, by fighting for a better social reality, e.g., Zola. Balzac remains three-dimensional, that is his greatness and his limitation, and it is this very limitation that becomes evident when the giant in him tries to transcend it. His attempts to evoke the fourth dimension, the realm of spirits, angels, and demons (*Séraphita*, *La Recherche de l'absolu*), are failures if only because of the naïveté with which he chooses as his subject what ought to be no more than framework and style. There is no thing that possesses this dimension in such a way that one need only stretch out one's hand to grasp it; it is bound to no subject matter, but through style it can be revealed in any subject matter, as in Goethe's fairy tale *Die Neue Melusine* or in his *Novelle*.

Christ and the Buddha have entered as archetypes into the Western and Eastern unconscious; their historical lives had such power that they superimposed themselves on an already existing image in the unconscious, as variant and development. It is characteristic of their historical rank that they could enter into older, pre-existing archetypal forms, which they re-

placed and adapted to themselves—Christ into the ancient oriental figure of the dying, sacrificed, and resurrected god of the seasons, the Buddha into the old Indian sun god. Because in their own right they possessed such stature that only those lofty, venerable forms could cloak and preserve them down through the ages, it became their historic function to inspire the unconscious of men remote from them in time, to touch their inner image in us with their outward image, as though with a magical, life-giving finger, and to awaken it from profound sleep in order that it may guide us and transform us in emulation of itself. By fusing them with the older archetypes, the unconscious, in a solemn assumption, gathered their historical figures among the eternal symbols, and placed them amid the constellations in the night sky of men's souls.

The learned question whether Christ and the Buddha were historical figures or "only" the transference of fragments of a mythological complex to the historical plane loses its significance in this perspective; that both these allegedly historical figures could attain such mythological power argues for their historical reality. The unconscious cannot be fed on inventions and fabrications; "All his works are truth," says Nebuchadnezzar, who had experienced the workings of the unconscious so drastically in his own flesh. The form-hungry unconscious seized upon their coming as a rare opportunity to stamp a new and more distinct archetype; an infinity of forces attached to them, emanating from them, flowing into them, circling around them. Hence, they alone are living and immortal, while the men of the millenniums that have passed between them and us are nearly all forgotten, and scarcely a name re-echoes. And because the unconscious granted him so much life, Jesus is called the son of God, just as Herakles, by reason of the same force, became for the Greeks the son of Zeus, and Krishna for the Indians an incarnate fragment of the universal God.

To worship this Christ within us, and only within us, and not in any paradise above the heavenly spheres, to imbue ourselves with him by evoking his inner presence, developing his enormous potentiality into our own most personal reality—this would be a true "imitation of Christ." Thus to worship him, in reliance on grace, that is to say, in the faith that he really slumbers within us and can be resurrected in us, would be a Christian *bhakti-yoga*.

In its fully developed form as the "Great Vehicle" (Mahāyāna), Buddhism goes so far as to deny the historical reality of its founder. There has never

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been a Buddha, nor for that matter any monastic order or any Buddhism: so say the monks who wear the dress of the order, live in its cloisters, and within their walls keep images of the Buddha for the pious to worship. In this paradox, the monastic adept of Buddhistic Yoga is taught to free himself of all things temporal and spatial, of all things nameable and all things formed, which he may imagine to exist outside himself, and to which he might cling, if his *shakti* continued to project itself in worship on a Buddha who has existed. If there were a real Buddha who once dwelt on earth or who dwelt eternally in some heaven to which the layman aspires—then the ego would also be an ultimate reality. But the truth to which one must attain is precisely that the ego is only a purely phenomenal emanation of the unfathomable and nameless, a phantasm created solely by the impulse with which it clings to itself; this is what must be experienced and known. For the deeper unconscious, real events do not exist, there is no history, but only symbols which it distills from all happenings; it recalls no particular wave, but every form that waves can have. Buddhism speaks on the plane of the unconscious when it teaches that there has never been a Buddha. The adept of Buddhistic Yoga gives himself in worship to a pure symbol in the knowledge that the personal and historical origin of this symbol is as unimportant as his own ego, which results only from his own imperfection. But this symbol of unique perfection, the Buddha, helps him to awaken the hidden Buddhahood in himself, and this is the sole reality.

The unconscious remembers only in mythical symbols. Accordingly, it teaches a man to become Buddha, although it recognizes no historical Buddha or anything else that is historical. Of all the individuation through which it passes, of all the shifting phenomena it gathers in—fading blossom amid evergreen foliage—it preserves only what transcends the ephemeral and historical and attains to the timeless and symbolic that is appropriate to it. Hence the life of the Buddhist yogi is full of symbolic acts: he must perform sacrifices beyond measure as gestures symbolic of his nonattachment to anything whatsoever. The Buddha in process of becoming (Bodhi-sattva) must learn to maintain the same relation to himself and to every situation in which he becomes entwined on his path of self-sacrifice as the deep unconscious maintains to ourselves: for it does not cling to us; it is not bound to ego and world by its own gesture; he must learn to live like the unconscious: timeless and deathless, unattainable.

## II

We are not simple, and the duality of "body and soul" does not express our being. The ancient conception of man was highly complex, as is shown in the following lines telling what becomes of him after death:

Ossa tegit terra, tumulum circumvolat umbra,  
 orcus tenet manes, spiritus astra petit.

(Earth covers the bones, the shade flies round the mound,  
 the soul descends to the underworld, the spirit rises to the stars.)

The conception that the soul, or life principle, is something simple arose only later and has again been discarded; the ancient Egyptians and many "primitive" peoples knew better; the ancient Chinese developed a particularly many-sided picture, rich in implications. "Man consists of the effective forces of heaven and earth," says the *Li Chi*, or Book of Rites,<sup>2</sup> "he consists of the union of a *kuei* and of a *shên*." *Kuei* and *shên* are the innumerable living infinitesimal particles of the infinite forces of earth and heaven, of *yin* and *yang*; "the breath is the concentrated manifestation of *shên*, and the 'corporeal soul' is the concentrated manifestation of *kuei*. The union of *kuei* and *shên* is the highest of doctrines. All living beings must die; in death they must return to the earth, this is called *kuei*. Bones and flesh rot beneath the ground, mysteriously they become the earth of the fields; but the breath rises upward and becomes heavenly radiant light (*ming*)." When a man is born, the first thing to develop is the "corporeal soul," the principle of vegetative vital force, the manifestation of *kuei/yin*; next develops man's share of the celestial *yang*, that is the "spiritual soul"; it is also identified with the breath. In contact with the outward world, the "subtlest force" is formed, its growth strengthens corporeal soul and spiritual soul, and their growth in turn strengthens the "subtlest force." And thus there develops ultimately *shên*, related to the breath and to the spiritual soul; it is the celestial and spiritual element, the growth of which is the aim of all ethical and ascetic education. He who strives for perfection, for transfiguration, endeavors to become pure *shên*: force from heaven, light of its light (*ming*, the sign for which is sun and moon side by side, the symbol of all that is

<sup>2</sup> [The author's quotations of the *Li Chi* are from an unidentified German source and have been translated as they are. Cf. James Legge, tr., *The Li Ki* (SBE, 27, 28), Vol. I, pp. 38off.—ED.]

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radiant)—this purification and exaltation is the Chinese road to immortality, the way to divine being.

In the interpenetration of *kuei* and *shên*, i.e., of *yin* and *yang*, man is a little cosmos, for “the whole *yin* and the whole *yang* are called Tao,” i.e., the world circling in the great life rhythm of the seasons. But the corporeal soul, a fragment of the *yin* in man, never leaves the body, hence it lives with him in the grave: “It is the noblest part of the material man,” and the grave in which it is to dwell is prepared with loving care and veneration. “After death, body and corporeal soul descend into the earth”—but with the inevitable decay of the body, the corporeal soul also gradually decays: “Body and corporeal soul dissolve and pass away, but spirit and breath retain the power to feel and move, and do not pass.”

The ancient Chinese was aware of multiple forces within him; his conception of the celestial male principle and the earthly female principle as cosmic forces whose interplay re-forms the world forever anew provided him with the framework and the insights by which to comprehend the enduring play of forces he felt within himself. For us his definitive system can be no more than a parable and a suggestion, for our inquiry and questioning, our ostensible knowledge, are based on other conceptions, traditional and acquired. And it is too soon for us to realize that they are as questionable and as far from the eternal truth as those of the ancient Chinese. In any event, the Chinese conceptions, considered apart from their link with the cosmic dualism of Tao, embody an original magic, an inborn force: this corporeal soul, the first thing to arise in the body, bound to the body and with it passing away, this hidden soul that prevents the dead man as he lies there from being totally dead—it not only suggests old ideas, held by our ancestors before us, ideas that we bear within us as dim memories, the heritage of our body; no, it brings up to us an immediate feeling, something we have always felt when we have seen a man dying, whether we admit it or not. And that “subtlest force,” essence and elixir of the corporeal and spiritual soul (*hsing*, i.e., literally, “finest, choicest rice,”), a pure substance, whose posthumous name is “light of heaven,” contains within itself the sublimest of the ideas that man, in the West as well as the East, has attached to the conception of the soul as the vehicle of all eternal destiny, of all high hopes.

In his profound remarks “On an apparent purposiveness in the individual destiny,” Schopenhauer discusses the ancient doctrine of the daimon, who

is set over the conscious ego as a destiny to guide its life. He cites Menander: "A daimon stands at the side of every man; from birth it is his guide, a good guide through the mystery of his life."<sup>3</sup> Plato tells how this daimon and the soul meet in the realm of the dead and begin their journey through a new life together, ". . . and when all the souls have chosen their lives, they go before the Fate in the same order in which they have chosen their destinies. To each she gives the daimon he has chosen to guard his life and fulfill the destiny he has chosen; 'the daimon does not elect you, it is you who choose him for yourselves.'"<sup>4</sup>

This idea of a power within us that is stronger than the ego and acts as regent, even against our will, according to the necessity of a pre-elected fate, is stated in Seneca's aphorism: "The fates guide the willing, the unwilling they drag"—*ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt*.<sup>5</sup> The astral lore of late antiquity situates this daimon, who holds the key to our fate and knows it better than the conscious will, in the stars; hence the astrologer can read our fate and character by their conjunctions. In this connection Schopenhauer remarks: "Theophrastus Paracelsus has very penetratingly formulated the same idea, when he says: 'in order that the fatum should be known, each man has a spirit that dwells outside him and establishes its seat in the upper stars.'"<sup>6</sup>

We are not free to appropriate the great symbols of other times and places as our own, and speak of ourselves directly through them. They are a picture writing that summons us to capture a reality that has always been present, in ourselves as in the men of the past, and to live by it in new images and concepts, if the picture writing of our own tradition has either become meaningless to us, or as metaphoric as that of other vanishing historical eras. If we cannot raise our spiritual eye and find our regent in the heavens, we can discern it in inward voices and signs, as Socrates did; and, after all, is its situation in space anything more than imagery, a metaphoric visualization? What is the deeper relation of outward to inward, of macrocosm to microcosm? The merit of the new depth psychology is that it unearths that which is timeless in us, in a form appropriate to our time, so that we can

<sup>3</sup> Arthur Schopenhauer, *Samtliche Werke*, ed. Arthur Hübscher (7 vols., Wiesbaden, 1949-50), Vol. V, p. 224 (citing from Menander, as quoted by Plutarch, *De tranquillitate animae*, c. 15).

<sup>4</sup> *Republic* 620d.

<sup>5</sup> Seneca, *Epistola* 107, 11.

<sup>6</sup> Schopenhauer, *Werke*, ed. Hübscher, Vol. V, p. 224.

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comprehend it and live by it. This psychology and the analytic method by which it operates constitute no more than a symbolic and visual means of obtaining knowledge about our being; it is a science born of our time and our predicament with which it will also pass away, but for that very reason it is to us more intelligible than any other set of symbols; precisely because it is the only form in which we can validly explain to ourselves how we live, it puts us into relation with the very same reality which speaks through the fading hieroglyphic systems of other ages. It is our way of giving name and form to the intangible reality within us, it is the special form of *māyā* through which the reality of the soul can manifest itself in our historical moment. A meaningful doctrine can never be anything other than an arrow aimed at reality, the intangible reality which transcends the sphere of the intellect and of speech. The arrow, however, can graze this sphere, and our comprehension follows. Every age has different arrows; some ages have but a single arrow.

Depth psychology has destroyed the primitive dualism of body and soul, which looked upon these two as a simple duality. Those who held to this conception viewed the soul as a unit, and also failed to realize that the body was a fragment of the soul. The dark waters of the unconscious upon which floats the little ship of consciousness—or we might better say the amniotic fluid which cradles and nourishes the embryo—is physically tangible in the diversified world of organs and cells that is our body. The Hindus feel that an immense force is present in its actions, its spontaneous yes and no which leap over the commands and prohibitions of the ego and mock its aspirations by failures, and they call this stupendous something “the gods.” For according to the Indian conception, all the gods of the world dwell in our body, where they represent the same forces as they do in the macrocosm. By the ceremonial laying on of hands (*nyāsa*), accompanied by inner concentration on the essences of the gods and by the whispering of the magical syllables that embody them in the realm of sound, the adept of Tantric Yoga evokes them in himself and thus rouses himself to the consciousness that he is the epitome of the divine *māyā*, which differentiates all the forms in the microcosm and macrocosm and unfolds them as divine forces made manifest. Thus the gods are not only in the body of man, they not only are his whole body, this aggregate of manifold forces and functions, they are also in all other life; this is an aspect of the world’s unity, for all its multiplicity is formed out of *one* fluid, living substance, the *shakti* of God.

The Indian textbook of elephant medicine, the *Hastyaurveda* ("science concerning the long life of the elephants" <sup>7</sup>), describes in its discussion of the embryo the distribution of the diverse substantial forces of the gods (*devaguna*) in the body of the elephant (III, 8): "Brahma is located in the elephant's head, Indra in the neck, Vishnu in the body. In the navel (the seat of the body's heat) the fire god, in the two eyes the sun god, in the hind legs Mitra." Two aspects of the creator of the world (Dhatar and Vidhatar) are in the two sides of the belly, "in the organ of generation is the 'lord of emanations' (Prajāpati), in the entrails (the snakelike, winding intestines) are the snake gods that bear the yoke of all the worlds." For in the elephant there dwells the ageless and eternal being, fundamental and inherent in all things (*pradhā-ātman*). "In the forelegs are the mounted twin gods," corresponding to the two arms in man, of which the priest in the old ritual of the Vedas says: "with the two arms of the riding twins I grasp . . ." In the ears dwell the goddesses of the directions in space, the rulers of the spatial element, which in the form of sound is captured in the shell of the ear; the rain god Parjanya dwells in the heart of the elephants, for they are the mythical brothers of the rain clouds, their presence magically attracts the water of their original celestial home.

Thus all the gods are in our body; this means that the body is surrounded and filled with forces, forcelike individualities that are not subservient to us but can lead a self-willed life of their own. Otherwise we should not need the long and difficult training in Yoga, the extreme and tenacious exertion of the will, the respectful association with these gods in us through *pūjā* and *nyāsa*, in order to become master in the house of our body and gradually teach it those activities and processes which the aims of Yoga require. These gods live independently of us, they sicken and fail in their function, without consulting us. In fear and expectation, we are dependent on them, dependent on two gestures which in India as everywhere else in the world are the two most significant gestures of all gods: the gesture that grants wishes and bestows gifts (*varada*) and the gesture that says: "Fear not!" (*abhayada*). There is scarcely any image of an Indian god in which these gestures are not present.

All things are in us; we are, as the poet said, "*dei gorghi d'ogni abisso, degli astri d'ogni ciel*"—"we partake of the vortex of every abyss, of the stars of every heaven."

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Zimmer, *Spiel um den Elephanten: Ein Buch von indischer Natur* (Munich, 1929).

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All the gods are in us: there is in us a mighty mysterious power, greater than ourselves. We can only strive to gain its good graces by showing it daily attentions in ritual worship. Our association with it must be regular, otherwise the principle of power, multiform, dark and supple, escapes us. It escapes us, teases, surprises, torments us with undesired presences and absences, with disguises and threats. It ignores our needs, becomes alien and hostile to us, evades us like a goblin, refuses to hear our pleas. By daily, respectful association with it (and a part of this is its evocation through *nyāsa*), we can keep it near us and well disposed to us.

The correct form of association is equally important, for it is powerful, many-faced, and many-limbed. In its forest of hands it holds all things at once: every weapon of defense and revenge, every weapon with which to preserve or destroy us, every implement, ornament, and flower—symbols for all things. And it shows many faces at once, looks in every direction. When the face that is turned toward us smiles, another, that is mercifully turned away from us, bears the hideous features that turn us to stone. It acts out every gesture at once, loving care, terrifying violence, and world-removed equanimity; the manly and the womanly, the luring and the motherly, radiant heroism and the mocking laughter of annihilation, are manifested in turn, and over them all the divine repose of the other world. All the animal forms in their eloquent symbolism of the bestial and soft, the cruel and warm, the voracious and gentle, are its shifting facets.

The proper association with this divine and demonic element in us, with its manifestations as diverse as all life—for we with our body are life itself—can rest only upon a long tradition which has sifted the diverse and uncertain experience of many generations, and shaped that part of it which is forever confirmed anew into a canon. Such association with the divine is association with our totality in its essential facets, with the unconscious, the body, the world in which the gods dwell as they dwell everywhere else. For him who no longer worships them in wind and crag, in source and stars, or in any celestial or supracelestial zone, but only in the one place where he feels them directly, in his own body—for him his body can become the world, for him as for the yogi the reality of his body becomes reality pure and simple. He discovers that it contains all things and that all outward contents are mere reflections of his inward being, projections of the force which forever builds him inwardly; for him, the inner event becomes the event as such.

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The cult of Tantric Yoga is directed toward man's own unconscious, the divine that is in us, which it conjures, awakens, and ritually worships. In the old cult of the Vedas, the gods come forth on their chariots externally though invisibly. Only the priest sees them corporeally, in an inner visualization effected by liturgical verses which describe them in their glory and carry them into the sphere of the cult. In Tantric Yoga the same occurs in the inner space of the body, in the inner field of vision, into which the figure of the deity rises from its—our—intangible depth.

All the gods are in our body; nothing else is meant by the visual schema of the Kundalinī Yoga, whose adept guides the world-unfolding, world-bearing life-serpent of the macrocosm out of its slumber in the depths, up through the whole body to its supraterrrestrial opposite. On its upward path it passes through the lotus centers of the body, in which all the elements, the material from which the form-hungry vital force makes every form and every gesture, are gathered together; and in the same centers the apparitional forms of the godhead, along with the facets of their *shaktis*, are seen and worshiped.

That all the gods and demons come from within us, even though they seem to approach us from without, is an open secret of Buddhism in its developed form, the "Great Vehicle," and is also taught in the Vedānta, which serves as the philosophical basis for the Tantras. Nowhere is this more effectively expressed than in the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the *Bardo Thödol*.<sup>8</sup> For according to the doctrine inherent in this Buddhist ritual, every man, even if he has not suspected or wished to suspect this truth in his lifetime, learns it in the "intermediate state" (*bardo*) which follows his death and precedes the new incarnation of his aggregate of psychic forces and potentialities.

The dead man's guru or a lama who is also his friend speaks to him and advises him during this intermediate state, in which he is assailed by extraordinary terrors and visions:

Thou seest thy relatives and connexions and speakest to them, but receivest no reply. Then, seeing them and thy family weeping, thou thinkest, "I am dead! What shall I do?" and feelest great misery, just like a fish cast out [of water] on red-hot embers. Such misery thou wilt be experiencing at present. But feeling miserable will avail thee nothing now. . . . Even though thou feelest attachment

<sup>8</sup> W. Y. Evans-Wentz, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* (London, 1927; 3rd. edn., 1957).

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for thy relatives and connexions, it will do thee no good. So be not attached. Pray to the Compassionate Lord [Buddha]; thou shalt have naught of sorrow, or of terror, or of awe.<sup>9</sup>

Such words accompany the dead man on his entire journey through the intermediate realm, and by them the guru strives on each new stage of his road to save him from the peril of rebirth in upper or lower worlds. Only the man who in his lifetime has attained to the goal of Yoga and learned that all forms of world and ego are mere phantasms rising out of the formless and intangible, a *māyā* in which our being cloaks itself, can dispense with the explanations and advice in which a final effort is made to preserve him from his own demonic force, from imprisonment in himself. Before the eyes of each man who must leave the flesh, there shines the pure light of reality, an empty, formless, all-filling radiance; but only he who as a yogi in his life was illumined by it does not shrink back in terror. The man who is imprisoned in himself can neither comprehend nor bear it, and continues on the road of his aptitude for gesture and form.

The outer world pales around him, he has grown light as ether.

. . . when thou art driven by the ever-moving wind of *karma*, thine intellect, having no object upon which to rest, will be like a feather tossed about by the wind. . . . Ceaselessly and involuntarily wilt thou be wandering about. To all those who are weeping [thou wilt say], "Here I am; weep not." But they not hearing thee, thou wilt think, "I am dead!" And again, at that time, thou wilt be feeling very miserable. Be not miserable in that way.

There will be a grey twilight-like light, both by night and by day, and at all times. In that kind of Intermediate State thou wilt be either for one, two, three, four, five, six, or seven weeks, until the forty-ninth day. . . . Because of the determining influence of *karma*, a fixed period is not assured.

. . . the fierce wind of *karma*, terrific and hard to endure, will drive thee [onwards], from behind, in dreadful gusts. Fear it not. That is thine own illusion. Thick awesome darkness will appear in front of thee continually, from the midst of which there will come such terror-producing utterances as "Strike! Slay!" and similar threats. Fear these not.

In other cases, of persons of much evil *karma*, karmically-produced flesh-eating *rākshasas* [or demons] bearing various weapons will utter, "Strike! Slay!" and so on, making a frightful tumult. They will come upon one as if competing amongst themselves as to

<sup>9</sup> Ibid., pp. 16of.

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which [of them] should get hold of one. Apparitional illusions, too, of being pursued by various terrible beasts of prey will dawn. Snow, rain, darkness, fierce blasts [of wind], and hallucinations of being pursued by many people likewise will come; [and] sounds as of mountains crumbling down, and of angry overflowing seas . . .

When these sounds come one, being terrified by them, will flee before them in every direction, not caring whither one fleeth. But the way will be obstructed by three awful precipices—white, and black, and red. They will be terror-inspiring and deep, and one will feel as if one were about to fall down them. . . . They are not really precipices; they are Anger, Lust, and Stupidity.<sup>10</sup>

When the customary world which comes to man in his lifetime through his senses dissolves in the formless gray of the intermediate realm that enfolds him now that he is released from the mechanism of his corporeal senses, his inner energies take on form and spatiality, and they assail him as though from without. In his hallucination he sees his own inwardness as a sphere around him, just as a dreamer, from whom the world of the day has fallen away, sees his own tensions and impulses transmuted into alluring or nightmarish landscapes and figures which beset his dream self.

Like the dreamer, the departed is all alone; but just as one can speak to a dreamer and he weaves the words into his dream, the lama, the guide of his soul, speaks to the departed. And now all the impulses and potentialities for good and evil that were in him emerge, as figures of saints, gods, and demons; he looks upon these spirits of his heart and mind, and the dazzling light of the ones, the haunting awfulness of the others, is more than he can bear. But the voice of the guru teaches him to pray:

May I recognize whatever appeareth as being mine own thought-forms, . . .

[May I] fear not the bands of the Peaceful and Wrathful, Who are [mine] own thought-forms.<sup>11</sup>

In death, with the dissolution of consciousness, our unconscious is set free and bursts forth all-powerful. All the impulses and predispositions that governed our living world—the individual world that surrounds each one of us with its special distribution of emphasis, with all the valuations which we attach to things, all the colorations we give them in love and rejection,

<sup>10</sup> *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, pp. 161f.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 204.