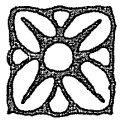


1. Two Countries, Two Cultures

Of all the dimensions of the uncertain revolution now underway in the new states of Asia and Africa, surely the most difficult to grasp is the religious. It is not measurable as, however inexactly, economic change is. It is not, for the most part, illuminated by the instructive explosions that mark political development: purges, assassinations, coups d'etat, border wars, riots, and here and there an election. Such proven indices of mutation in the forms of social life as urbanization, the solidification of class loyalties, or the growth of a more complex occupational system are, if not wholly lacking, certainly rarer and a great deal more equivocal in the religious sphere, where old wine goes as easily into new bottles as old bottles contain new wine. It is not only very difficult to discover the ways in which the shapes of religious experience are changing, or if they are changing at all; it is not even clear what sorts of things one ought to look at in order to find out.

The comparative study of religion has always been plagued by this peculiar embarrassment: the elusiveness of its subject matter. The problem is not one of constructing definitions of religion. We have had quite enough of those; their very number is a symptom of our malaise. It is a matter of discovering just what sorts of beliefs and practices support what sorts of faith under what sorts of conditions. Our problem, and it grows worse by the day, is not to define religion but to find it.

This may seem an odd thing to say. What is in those thick volumes on totemic myths, initiation rites, witchcraft beliefs, shamanistic performances, and so on, which ethnographers have been compiling with such astonishing industry for over a century? Or in the equally thick and not much more readable works by his-

torians on the development of Judaic law, Confucian philosophy, or Christian theology? Or in the countless sociological studies of such institutions as Indian caste or Islamic sectarianism, Japanese emperor worship or African cattle sacrifice? Do they not contain our subject matter? The answer is, quite simply, no: they contain the record of our search for our subject matter. The search has not been without its successes, and our appointed task is to keep it going and enlarge its successes. But the aim of the systematic study of religion is, or anyway ought to be, not just to describe ideas, acts, and institutions, but to determine just how and in what way particular ideas, acts, and institutions sustain, fail to sustain, or even inhibit religious faith—that is to say, steadfast attachment to some transtemporal conception of reality.

There is nothing mysterious in this, nor anything doctrinal. It merely means that we must distinguish between a religious attitude toward experience and the sorts of social apparatus which have, over time and space, customarily been associated with supporting such an attitude. When this is done, the comparative study of religion shifts from a kind of advanced curio collecting to a kind of not very advanced science; from a discipline in which one merely records, classifies, and perhaps even generalizes about data deemed, plausibly enough in most cases, to have something to do with religion to one in which one asks close questions of such data, not the least important of which is just what does it have to do with religion. We can scarcely hope to get far with the analysis of religious change—that is to say, what happens to faith when its vehicles alter—if we are unclear as to what in any particular case its vehicles are and how (or even *if*) in fact they foster it.

Whatever the ultimate sources of the faith of a man or group of men may or may not be, it is indisputable that it is sustained in this world by symbolic forms and social arrangements. What a given religion is—its specific content—is embodied in the images and metaphors its adherents use to characterize reality; it makes, as Kenneth Burke once pointed out, a great deal of difference whether you call life a dream, a pilgrimage, a labyrinth, or a car-

nival. But such a religion's career—its historical course—rests in turn upon the institutions which render these images and metaphors available to those who thus employ them. It is really not much easier to conceive of Christianity without Gregory than without Jesus. Or if that remark seems tendentious (which it is not), then Islam without the Ulema than without Muhammad; Hinduism without caste than without the Vedas; Confucianism without the mandarinate than without the Analects; Navaho religion without Beauty Way than without Spider Woman. Religion may be a stone thrown into the world; but it must be a palpable stone and someone must throw it.

If this is accepted (and if it is not accepted the result is to remove religion not merely from scholarly examination and rational discourse, but from life altogether), then even a cursory glance at the religious situation in the new states collectively or in any one of them separately will reveal the major direction of change: established connections between particular varieties of faith and the cluster of images and institutions which have classically nourished them are for certain people in certain circumstances coming unstuck. In the new states as in the old, the intriguing question for the anthropologist is, "How do men of religious sensibility react when the machinery of faith begins to wear out? What do they do when traditions falter?"

They do, of course, all sorts of things. They lose their sensibility. Or they channel it into ideological fervor. Or they adopt an imported creed. Or they turn worriedly in upon themselves. Or they cling even more intensely to the faltering traditions. Or they try to rework those traditions into more effective forms. Or they split themselves in half, living spiritually in the past and physically in the present. Or they try to express their religiousness in secular activities. And a few simply fail to notice their world is moving or, noticing, just collapse.

But such general answers are not really very enlightening, not only because they are general but because they glide past that which we most want to know: by what means, what social and cultural processes, are these movements toward skepticism, po-

litical enthusiasm, conversion, revivalism, subjectivism, secular piety, reformism, double-mindedness, or whatever, taking place? What new forms of architecture are housing these accumulating changes of heart?

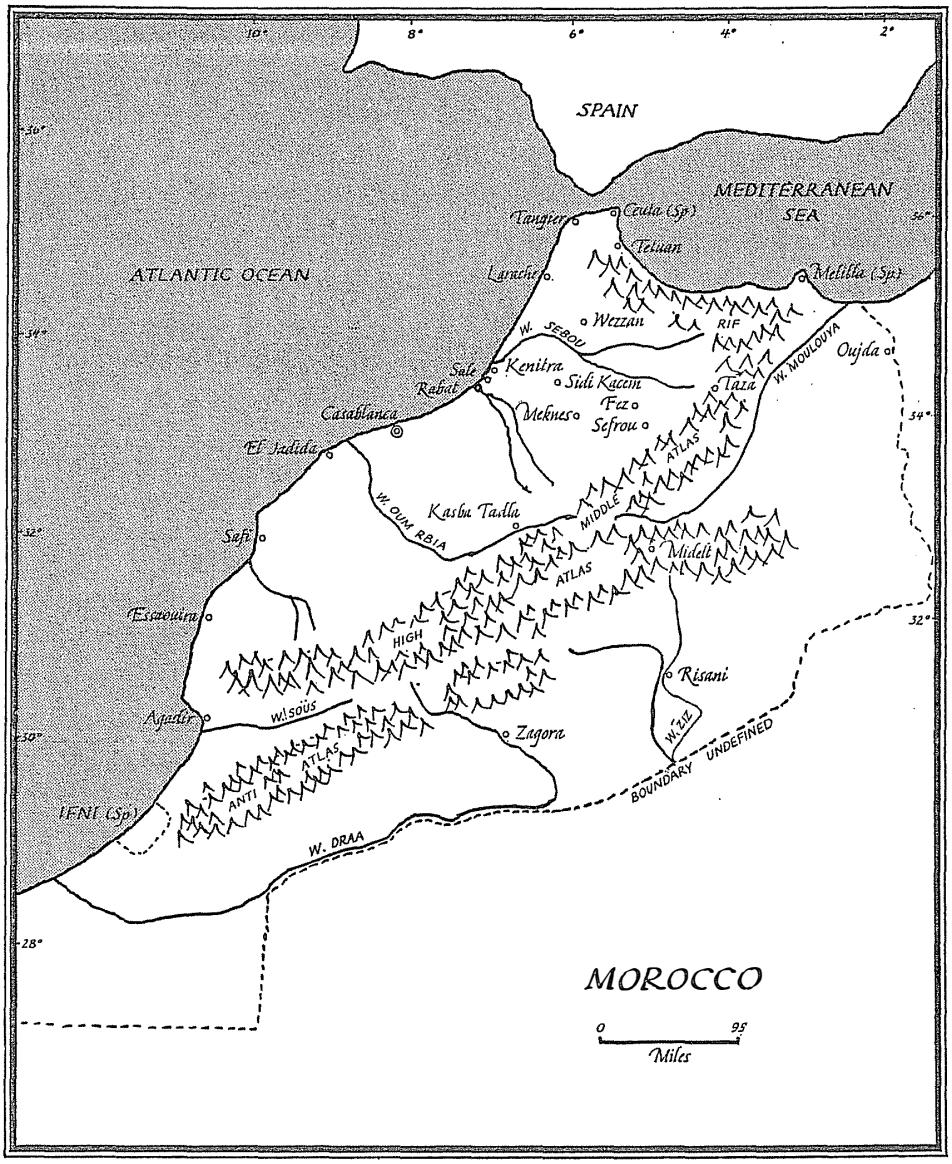
In attempting to answer grand questions like this, the anthropologist is always inclined to turn toward the concrete, the particular, the microscopic. We are the miniaturists of the social sciences, painting on lilliputian canvases with what we take to be delicate strokes. We hope to find in the little what eludes us in the large, to stumble upon general truths while sorting through special cases. At least I hope to, and in that spirit I want to discuss religious change in the two countries in which I have worked at some length, Indonesia and Morocco. They make from some points of view an odd pair: a rarefied, somewhat overcivilized tropical Asian country speckled with Dutch culture, and a taut, arid, rather puritanical Mediterranean one varnished with French. But from some other points of view—including the fact that they are both in some enlarged sense of the word Islamic—they make an instructive comparison. At once very alike and very different, they form a kind of commentary on one another's character.

Their most obvious likeness is, as I say, their religious affiliation; but it is also, culturally speaking at least, their most obvious unlikeness. They stand at the eastern and western extremities of the narrow band of classical Islamic civilization which, rising in Arabia, reached out along the midline of the Old World to connect them, and, so located, they have participated in the history of that civilization in quite different ways, to quite different degrees, and with quite different results. They both incline toward Mecca, but, the antipodes of the Muslim world, they bow in opposite directions.

As a Muslim country, Morocco is of course the older. The first contact with Islam—a military one, as the Ummayads made their

brief bid for sovereignty over Alexander's "all the inhabited world"—came in the seventh century, only fifty years after the death of Muhammed; and by the middle of the eighth century a solid, if not exactly indestructible, Muslim foothold had been established. Over the next three centuries it was rendered indestructible, and the great age of Berber Islam, the one which Ibn Khaldun looked back upon with such a modern blend of cultural admiration and sociological despair, began. One after the other, the famous reforming dynasties—Almoravids, Almohads, Merinids—swept out of what the French, with fine colonial candor, used to call *le Maroc inutile*, the forts and oases of the pre-Sahara, the walled-in rivers and pocket plateaus of the High Atlas, and the wastes of the Algerian steppe, into *le Maroc utile*, the mild and watered Cis-Atlas plains. Building and rebuilding the great cities of Morocco—Marrakech, Fez, Rabat, Salé, Tetuan—they penetrated Muslim Spain, absorbed its culture and, reworking it into their own more strenuous ethos, reproduced a simplified version of it on their side of Gibraltar. The formative period both of Morocco as a nation and of Islam as its creed (roughly 1050 to 1450) consisted of the peculiar process of tribal edges falling in upon an agricultural center and civilizing it. It was the periphery of the country, the harsh and sterile frontiers, that nourished and in fact created the advanced society which developed at its heart.

As time went on, the contrast between the artisans, notables, scholars, and shopkeepers assembled within the walls of the great cities and the farmers and pastoralists scattered thinly over the countryside around them naturally widened. The former developed a sedentary society centered on trade and craft, the latter a mobile one centered on herding and tillage. Yet the difference between the two was far from absolute; townsman and countryman did not live in different cultural worlds but, a few withdrawn highland groups perhaps aside, in the same one differently situated. Rural and urban society were variant states of a single system (and there were, in fact, a half-dozen versions of each). Far from unaffecting one another, their interaction, though often antagonistic, was continuous and intense and provided the central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W. MOULOUYA
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dynamic of historical change in Morocco from the founding of Fez at the beginning of the ninth century to its occupation by the French at the beginning of the twentieth.

There were several reasons for this. The first is that, as mentioned, the towns were at base tribal creations and, transient moments of introversion aside, largely remained so. Each major phase of civilization (and indeed most minor ones as well) began with a breaching of the gates by some ambitious local chieftain whose religious zeal was the source of both his ambition and his chieftainship.

Second, the combination of the intrusion into the western plains after the thirteenth century of marauding Bedouin Arabs, and the fact that Morocco is located not at the core of the grain-growing world but at its furthest frontiers, prevented the development of a mature peasant culture which would have buffered tribesmen from townsmen and allowed them, milking the peasantry of tribute or taxes, to go more independently along their separate ways. As it was, neither urban nor rural life was ever altogether viable. The cities, under the leadership of their viziers and sultans, tried always to reach out around them to control the tribes. But the latter remained footloose and refractory, as well as unrewarding. The uncertainty of both pastoralism and agriculture in this climatically irregular, physically ill-endowed, and somewhat despoiled environment impelled tribesmen sometimes into the cities, if not as conquerors then as refugees, sometimes out of their reach in mountain passes or desert wastes, and sometimes toward encircling them and, blocking the trade routes from which they lived, extorting from them. The political metabolism of traditional Morocco consisted of two but intermittently workable economies attempting, according to season and circumstance, to feed off one another.

And third, the cities were not crystal islands set in a shapeless sea. The fluidity of town life was hardly less than that of rural, just somewhat more confined, while the forms of tribal society were as clearly outlined as those of metropolitan. In fact, adjusted to different environments, they were the same forms, animated by

the same ideals. What varied in traditional Morocco was less the kind of life different groups of people attempted to live than the ecological niches in which they attempted to live it.

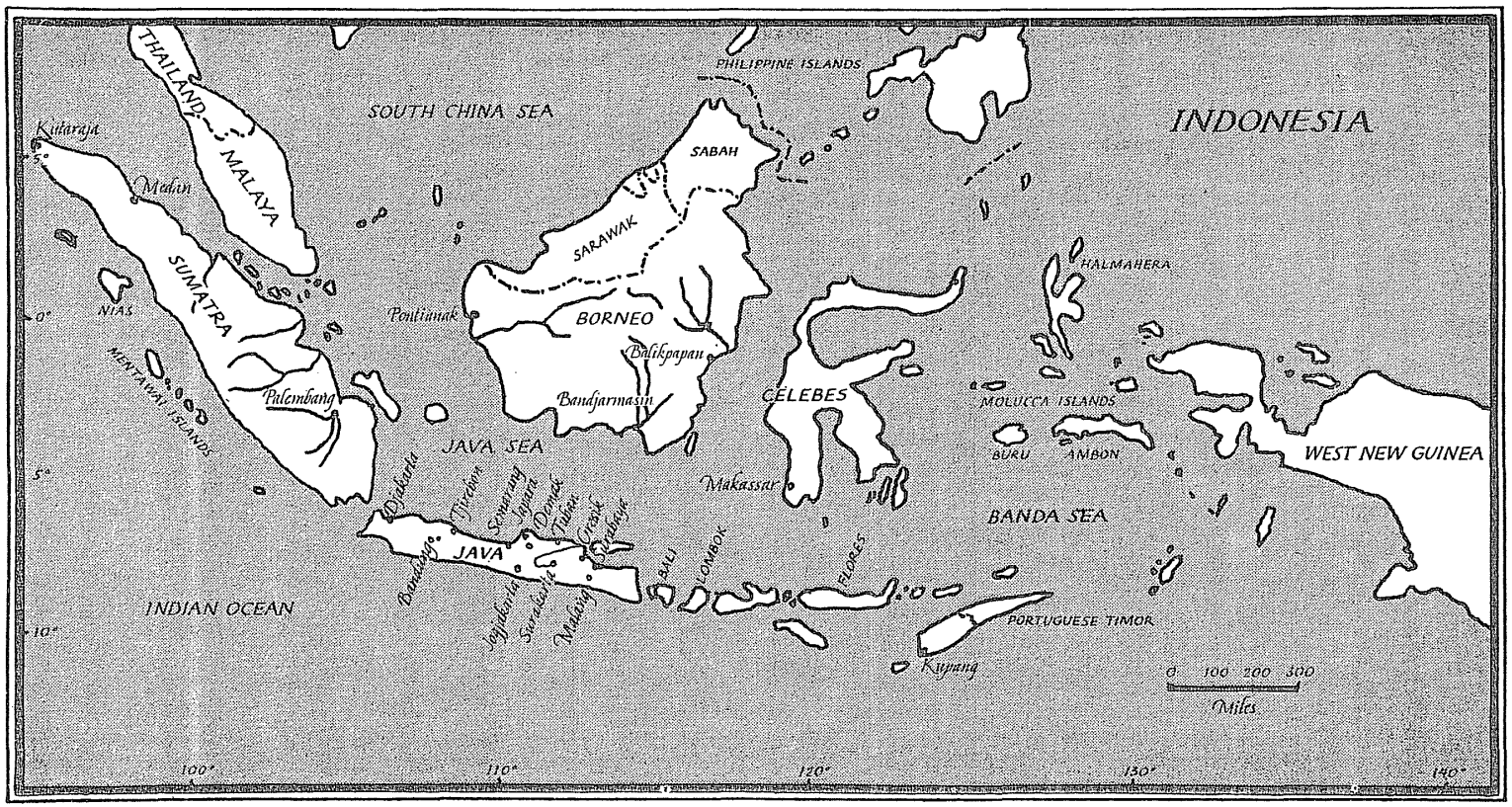
Andalusian decorations, Berber folkways, and Arabian statecraft to the contrary notwithstanding, therefore, the basic style of life in, to use another term from the pointed rhetoric of the Protectorate, *le Maroc disparu,* was about everywhere the same: strenuous, fluid, violent, visionary, devout, and unsentimental, but above all, self-assertive. It was a society in which a very great deal turned on force of character and most of the rest on spiritual reputation. In town and out, its leitmotivs were strong-man politics and holy-man piety, and its fulfillments, small and large, tribal and dynastic, occurred when, in the person of a particular individual, they momentarily fused. The axial figure, whether he was storming walls or building them, was the warrior saint.

This is particularly apparent at the great transitional points of Moroccan history, the recurring changes of political direction in which its social identity was forged. Idris II, the ninth-century builder of Fez and the country's first substantial king, was at once a descendant of the Prophet, a vigorous military leader, and a dedicated religious purifier and would not have amounted to much as any one of these had he not concurrently been the other two. Both the Almoravid and Almohad movements were founded —the first around the middle of the eleventh century, the second toward the middle of the twelfth—by visionary reformers returning from the Middle East determined not just to inveigh against error but to dismember its carriers. The exhaustion, in the fifteenth century, of the revolution they began, and the collapse of the political order that revolution had created, was followed in turn by what was probably the greatest spiritual dislocation the country has ever experienced: the so-called Maraboutic Crisis. Local holy men, or marabouts—descendants of the Prophet, leaders of Sufi brotherhoods, or simply vivid individuals who had contrived to make something uncanny happen—appeared all over the landscape to launch private bids for power. The period of theocratic anarchy and sectarian enthusiasm thus inaugurated was

arrested only two centuries later (and then only very partially) with the rise, under yet one more reform-bent descendant of Muhammad, of the still reigning Alawite dynasty. And finally, when after 1911 the French and Spanish moved in to take direct control of the country, it was a series of such martial marabouts, scattered along the edges of the crumbling kingdom, who rallied the population, or parts of it, for the last brave, desperate attempt to revive the old order, the Morocco that had, in the course of the previous half-century, begun slowly but inexorably to disappear.

In any case, the critical feature of that Morocco so far as we are concerned is that its cultural center of gravity lay not, paradoxical as this may seem, in the great cities, but in the mobile, aggressive, now federated, now fragmented tribes who not only harassed and exploited them but also shaped their growth. It is out of the tribes that the forming impulses of Islamic civilization in Morocco came, and the stamp of their mentality remained on it, whatever Arabo-Spanish sophistications urban religious scholars, locking themselves away from the local current, were able, in a few selected corners and for a few chromatic moments, to introduce. Islam in Barbary was—and to a fair extent still is—basically the Islam of saint worship and moral severity, magical power and aggressive piety, and this was for all practical purposes as true in the alleys of Fez and Marrakech as in the expanses of the Atlas or the Sahara.

Indonesia is, as I say, another matter altogether. Rather than tribal it is, and for the whole of the Christian era has been, basically a peasant society, particularly in its overpowering heartland, Java. Intensive, extremely productive wet rice cultivation has provided the main economic foundations of its culture for about as long as we have record, and rather than the restless, aggressive, extroverted sheikh husbanding his resources, cultivating his reputation, and awaiting his opportunity, the national archetype is the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SARAWAK
BORNEO
Pontianak
Balikpapan
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Palembang
CELEBES
HALMAHERA
MOLUCCA ISLANDS
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JAVA SEA
Makassar
BANDA SEA
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settled, industrious, rather inward plowman of twenty centuries, nursing his terrace, placating his neighbors, and feeding his superiors. In Morocco civilization was built on nerve; in Indonesia, on diligence.

Further, not only was classical Indonesian civilization founded upon the rock of a spectacularly productive peasant economy, but it was not in the first instance Islamic at all, but Indic. Unlike the way it moved into Morocco, Islam—which arrived with genuine definitiveness only after the fourteenth century—did not, except for a few pockets in Sumatra, Borneo, and the Celebes, move into an essentially virgin area, so far as high culture was concerned, but into one of Asia's greatest political, aesthetic, religious, and social creations, the Hindu-Buddhist Javanese state, which though it had by then begun to weaken, had cast its roots so deeply into Indonesian society (especially on Java, but not only there) that its impress remained proof not just to Islamization, but to Dutch imperialism and, so far anyway, to modern nationalism as well. It is perhaps as true for civilizations as it is for men that, however much they may later change, the fundamental dimensions of their character, the structure of possibilities within which they will in some sense always move, are set in the plastic period when they first are forming. In Morocco, this period was the age of the Berber dynasties, which, whatever their local peculiarities, were at least generally driven by Islamic ideals and concepts. In Indonesia, it was the age (roughly contemporaneous, actually) of the great Indic states—Mataram, Singosari, Kediri, Madjapahit—which, though also importantly shaped by local traditions, were generally guided by Indic theories of cosmic truth and metaphysical virtue. In Indonesia Islam did not construct a civilization, it appropriated one.

These two facts, that the main impulse for the development of a more complex culture—true state organization, long-distance trade, sophisticated art, and universalistic religion—grew out of a centrally located peasant society upon which less developed outlying regions pivoted, rather than the other way around, and that Islam penetrated this axial culture well after it had been se-

curely established, account for the overall cast Muhammedanism has taken in Indonesia. Compared to North Africa, the Middle East, and even to Muslim India, whose brand of faith it perhaps most closely resembles, Indonesian Islam has been, at least until recently, remarkably malleable, tentative, syncretistic, and, most significantly of all, multivoiced. What for so many parts of the world, and certainly for Morocco, has been a powerful, if not always triumphant, force for cultural homogenization and moral consensus, for the social standardization of fundamental beliefs and values, has been for Indonesia a no less powerful one for cultural diversification, for the crystalization of sharply variant, even incompatible, notions of what the world is really like and how one ought therefore to set about living in it. In Indonesia Islam has taken many forms, not all of them Koranic, and whatever it brought to the sprawling archipelago, it was not uniformity.

Islam came, in any case, by sea and on the heels not of conquest but of trade. Its initial triumphs were consequently along the coastal areas rimming the tranquil Java Sea and its approaches—the bustling ports, merchant princedoms actually, of northern Sumatra, southwest Malaya, south Borneo, south Celebes, and, most important of all, north Java. In the non-Javanese areas the new faith (new in form anyway; as it had come to the island not out of Arabia but India, it was not quite so new in substance) remained largely confined to the coastal areas, to the harbor towns and their immediate environs. But on Java, where the cultural center of gravity was inland in the great volcanic rise basins and where European presence along the coast soon became the commanding force, it had a rather different career. In the Outer Island enclaves it remained, or at least developed into, the sort of exclusivistic, undecorated, and emphatic creed we associate with the main line of Muslim tradition, though even there the entanglement with Indian pantheism, in both the archipelago and the subcontinent, gave it a perceptibly theosophical tinge. In Java, however—where, in the end, the overwhelming majority of Indonesian Muslims were to be found—the tinge became at once a great deal deeper and much less evenly suffused.

As the Dutch closed in upon Java from the seventeenth to the

nineteenth centuries, a rather curious process of cultural and religious diversification took place under the general cover of overall Islamization. The indigenous trading classes, among whom Islam had taken its firmest hold, were driven away from international commerce toward domestic peddling, and thus away from the sea toward the interior; the highly Indicized native ruling classes were reduced to the status of civil servants, administering Dutch policies at the local level; the peasantry, drawn more and more into the orbit of a colonial export economy, folded back upon itself in a paroxysm of defensive solidarity. And each of these major groups absorbed the Islamic impulse in quite different ways.

The gentry, deprived of Indic ritualism but not of Indic pantheism, became increasingly subjectivist, cultivating an essentially illuminationist approach to the divine, a kind of Far Eastern gnosticism, complete with cabalistic speculations and metapsychic exercises. The peasantry absorbed Islamic concepts and practices, so far as it understood them, into the same general Southeast Asian folk religion into which it had previously absorbed Indian ones, locking ghosts, gods, jinns, and prophets together into a strikingly contemplative, even philosophical, animism. And the trading classes, relying more and more heavily upon the Meccan pilgrimage as their lifeline to the wider Islamic world, developed a compromise between what flowed into them along this line (and from their plainer colleagues in the Outer Islands) and what they confronted in Java to produce a religious system not quite doctrinal enough to be Middle Eastern and not quite ethereal enough to be South Asian. The overall result is what can properly be called syncretism, but it was a syncretism the order of whose elements, the weight and meaning given to its various ingredients, differed markedly, and what is more important, increasingly, from one sector of the society to another.

In short, to say that Morocco and Indonesia are both Islamic societies, in the sense that most everyone in them (well over nine-

tenths of the population in either case) professes to be a Muslim, is as much to point up their differences as it is to locate their similarities. Religious faith, even when it is fed from a common source, is as much a particularizing force as a generalizing one, and indeed whatever universality a given religious tradition manages to attain arises from its ability to engage a widening set of individual, even idiosyncratic, conceptions of life and yet somehow sustain and elaborate them all. When it succeeds in this, the result may indeed as often be the distortion of these personal visions as their enrichment, but in any case, whether deforming private faiths or perfecting them, the tradition usually prospers. When it fails, however, to come genuinely to grips with them at all, it either hardens into scholasticism, evaporates into idealism, or fades into eclecticism; that is to say, it ceases, except as a fossil, a shadow, or a shell, really to exist. The central paradox of religious development is that, because of the progressively wider range of spiritual experience with which it is forced to deal, the further it proceeds, the more precarious it gets. Its successes generate its frustrations.

Surely this has been the case for Islam in Morocco and Indonesia. And this is true whether one talks about that largely spontaneous, for the most part slower moving, spiritual evolution which took place from the implantation of the creed to somewhere around the beginning of this century or the end of the last, or about the painfully self-conscious questionings which, with accelerating speed and rising insistency, have been accumulating since that time. In both societies, despite the radical differences in the actual historical course and ultimate (that is, contemporary) outcome of their religious development, Islamization has been a two-sided process. On the one hand, it has consisted of an effort to adapt a universal, in theory standardized and essentially unchangeable, and unusually well-integrated system of ritual and belief to the realities of local, even individual, moral and metaphysical perception. On the other, it has consisted of a struggle to maintain, in the face of this adaptive flexibility, the identity of Islam not just as religion in general but as the particular direc-

tives communicated by God to mankind through the preemptory prophecies of Muhammad.

It is the tension between these two necessities, growing progressively greater as, first gradually and then explosively, the way men and groups of men saw life and assessed it became more and more various and incommensurable under the impress of dissimilar historical experiences, growing social complexity, and heightened self-awareness, that has been the dynamic behind the expansion of Islam in both countries. But it is this tension, too, that has brought Islam in both countries to what may, without any concession to the apocalyptic temper of our time, legitimately be called a crisis. In Indonesia as in Morocco, the collision between what the Koran reveals, or what Sunni (that is, orthodox) tradition has come to regard it as revealing, and what men who call themselves Muslims actually believe is becoming more and more inescapable. This is not so much because the gap between the two is greater. It has always been very great, and I should not like to have to argue that the Javanese peasant or Berber shepherd of 1700 was any closer to the Islam of Ash-Shafi'i or Al-Ghazali than are the Westernized youth of today's Djakarta or Rabat. It is because, given the increasing diversification of individual experience, the dazzling multiformity which is the hallmark of modern consciousness, the task of Islam (and indeed of any religious tradition) to inform the faith of particular men and to be informed by it is becoming ever more difficult. A religion which would be catholic these days has an extraordinary variety of mentalities to be catholic about; and the question, can it do this and still remain a specific and persuasive force with a shape and identity of its own, has a steadily more problematical ring.

The overall strategies evolved in Morocco and in Indonesia during the premodern period for coping with this central dilemma —how to bring exotic minds into the Islamic community without betraying the vision that created it—were, as I have indicated, strikingly different, indeed almost diametrical opposites, with the result that the shapes of the religious crises which their populations now face are to a certain extent mirror images of one another.

In Morocco the approach developed was one of uncompromising rigorism. Aggressive fundamentalism, an active attempt to impress a seamless orthodoxy on the entire population, became, not without struggle, the central theme. This is not to say that the effort has been uniformly successful, or that the concept of orthodoxy that emerged was one that the rest of the Islamic world would necessarily recognize as such. But, distinctive and perhaps even errant as it was, Moroccan Islamism came over the centuries to embody a marked strain of religious and moral perfectionism, a persisting determination to establish a purified, canonical, and completely uniform creed in this, on the face of it, unpromising setting.

The Indonesian (and especially the Javanese) mode of attack was, as I say, quite the contrary: adaptive, absorbent, pragmatic, and gradualistic, a matter of partial compromises, half-way covenants, and outright evasions. The Islamism which resulted did not even pretend to purity, it pretended to comprehensiveness; not to an intensity but to a largeness of spirit. Here, too, one ought not to take the aim for the achievement, nor to deny the presence of unconformable cases. But that over its general course Islam in Indonesia has been as Fabian in spirit as in Moroccan it has been Utopian is beyond much doubt. It is also beyond much doubt that, whatever they may originally have had to recommend them, neither of these strategies, the prudential or the headlong, is any longer working very well, and the Islamization of both countries is consequently in some danger not only of ceasing to advance but in fact of beginning to recede.

As far as religion is concerned, therefore, the tale of these two peoples is essentially the story of how they have arrived, or more accurately are in the process of arriving, at obverse forms of the same predicament. But, in some contrast to the way in which spiritual confusion is usually conceived in the West, this predicament is less a matter of what to believe as of how to believe it. Viewed as a social, cultural, and psychological (that is to say, a human) phenomenon, religiousness is not merely knowing the

truth, or what is taken to be the truth, but embodying it, living it, giving oneself unconditionally to it.

In the course of their separate social histories, the Moroccans and the Indonesians created, partly out of Islamic traditions, partly out of others, images of ultimate reality in terms of which they both saw life and sought to live it. Like all religious conceptions, these images carried within them their own justification; the symbols (rites, legends, doctrines, objects, events) through which they were expressed were, for those responsive to them, intrinsically coercive, immediately persuasive—they glowed with their own authority. It is this quality that they seem gradually to be losing, at least for a small but growing minority. What is believed to be true has not changed for these people, or not changed very much. What has changed is the way in which it is believed. Where there once was faith, there now are reasons, and not very convincing ones; what once were deliverances are now hypotheses, and rather strained ones. There is not much outright skepticism around, or even much conscious hypocrisy, but there is a good deal of solemn self-deception.

In Morocco this most frequently appears as a simple disjunction between the forms of religious life, particularly the more properly Islamic ones, and the substance of everyday life. Devoutness takes the form of an almost deliberate segregation of what one learns from experience and what one receives from tradition, so that perplexity is kept at bay and doctrine kept intact by not confronting the map with the landscape it is supposed to illuminate—Utopia is preserved by rendering it even more utopian. In Indonesia it most frequently appears as a proliferation of abstractions so generalized, symbols so allusive, and doctrines so programmatic that they can be made to fit any form of experience at all. The eloquence of felt particulars is smothered in a blanket of vacant theories which, touching everything, grasp nothing—Fabianism ends in elevated vagueness. But, formalism or intellectualism, it really comes down to about the same thing: holding religious views rather than being held by them.

All this is, however, still but a crumbling at the edges; the cores of both populations still cling to the classical symbols and find them compelling. Or anyway largely so; the mere awareness on the part of those for whom the inherited machinery of faith still works passably well (which is probably the most it has ever done) that it does not work nearly so well for a growing number of others casts a certain shadow over the finality of their own perceptions. Even more important, those for whom the grasping power of the classical symbols has weakened have, with only scattered exceptions, not become impervious to that power altogether, so that rather than opting for an internal or an external approach to believing they fluctuate uncertainly and irregularly between them, seeing the symbols now as emanations of the sacred, now as representations of it. A few untroubled traditionalists at one pole and even fewer radical secularists at the other aside, most Moroccans and Indonesians alternate between religiousness and what we might call religious-mindedness with such a variety of speeds and in such a variety of ways that it is very difficult in any particular case to tell where the one leaves off and the other begins. In this, as in so many things, they are, like most of the peoples of the Third World, like indeed most of those of the First and Second, rather thoroughly mixed up. As time goes on, the number of people who desire to believe, or anyway feel they somehow ought to, decreases much less rapidly than the number who are, in a properly religious sense, able to. And in this rather demographic-looking fact lies the interest of religion for those of us who would like to uncover the dynamics and determine the directions of social change in the new states of Asia and Africa.

Alterations in the general complexion of spiritual life, in the character of religious sensibility, are more than just intellectual reorientations or shifts in emotional climate, bodiless changes of the mind. They are also, and more fundamentally, social processes, transformations in the quality of collective life. Neither thought nor feeling is, at least among humans, autonomous, a self-contained stream of subjectivity, but each is inescapably dependent upon the utilization by individuals of socially available

"systems of significance," cultural constructs embodied in language, custom, art, and technology—that is to say, symbols. This is as true for religiousness as it is for any other human capacity. Without collectively evolved, socially transmitted, and culturally objectified patterns of meaning—myths, rites, doctrines, fetishes, or whatever—it would not exist. And when these patterns alter, as, given the impermanence of terrestrial things, they inevitably and indeed continuously do, it alters with them. As life moves, persuasion moves with it and indeed helps to move it. More bluntly, whatever God may or may not be—living, dead, or merely ailing—religion is a social institution, worship a social activity, and faith a social force. To trace the pattern of their changes is neither to collect relics of revelation nor to assemble a chronicle of error. It is to write a social history of the imagination.

It is this sort of history, condensed and generalized, that I am going to sketch for Morocco and Indonesia in the next two chapters and then use, in the final one, as the basis for some even less circumstantial comments on the role of religion in society generally.

In the next chapter, I will trace the development and characterize the nature of what we may call, to have a name for them, the classical religious styles in Morocco and Indonesia. As these styles were, like any styles, not born adult but evolved out of others, I shall not produce a timeless snapshot of something called "traditional religion" which, as the Moroccan idiom has it, "just came and was," but attempt to show how, gradually, variously, and with more than one detour and one delay, characteristic conceptions of the nature of the divine and the way in which men should approach it became reasonably well established in each of these countries.

To accomplish this it is necessary to do several things. First,

the mere story of what came after what and when must be at least generally outlined; without sequence, descriptions of the past are catalogs or fairy tales. Second, the major conceptual themes which were in this way produced must be isolated and related to one another, and their symbolic embodiments, the cultural vehicles of their expression, must be described with some specificity, so that ideas are not left floating in some shadow world of Platonic objects but have a local habitation and a name. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, the sort of social order in which such ideas could and did seem to almost everybody to be not merely appropriate but inevitable, not commendable opinions about an unknown reality which it was comforting or prudential or honorable to hold, but authentic apprehensions of a known one which it was impossible to deny, must be depicted and analyzed. If Durkheim's famous statement that God is the symbol of society is incorrect, as I think it is, it remains true that particular kinds of faith (as well as particular kinds of doubt) flourish in particular kinds of societies, and the contribution of the comparative sociology of religion to the general understanding of the spiritual dimensions of human existence both begins and ends in an uncovering of the nature of these empirical, that is to say lawful, interconnections. The material reasons why Moroccan Islam became activist, rigorous, dogmatic and more than a little anthropolatrous and why Indonesian Islam became syncretistic, reflective, multifarious, and strikingly phenomenological lie, in part anyway, in the sort of collective life within which and along with which they evolved.

The fundamental alterations in this collective life over the past seventy-five or a hundred years, the movement toward what we vaguely and somewhat equivocally call modernism, in turn implied similar alterations in these classical religious styles, and it is to this—the interaction between religious and social change—that I will devote my third chapter.

The moving force of this still far from completed social and cultural metamorphosis is usually considered to be Western impact, the shaking of the foundations of traditional culture in Asia

and Africa by the dynamism of industrial Europe. This is, of course, not wrong; but the energy of this external stimulus was converted, not just in Indonesia and Morocco but everywhere that it has been felt, into internal changes: changes in the forms of economic activity, in political organization, in the bases of social stratification, in moral values and ideologies, in family life and education, and, perhaps most critically, changes in the sense of life's possibilities, in notions of what one might hope for, work for, or even expect in the world. It is these internal changes, not, at least for the most part, European culture as such, to which religious change has been on the one hand a response and on the other an incitement. Only a tiny minority in either society has had any really intimate contact with European civilization, and most of that is either very distorted, very recent, or both. What most people have had contact with is the transformations that civilization's activities induced in their own. Whatever its outside provocations, and whatever foreign borrowing may be involved, modernity, like capital, is largely made at home.

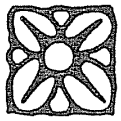
The religious crisis in Morocco and Indonesia has been and is being generated in the internal confrontation of established forms of faith with altered conditions of life, and it is out of that confrontation that the resolution of that crisis, if there is to be a resolution, will have to come. If the term "modernization" is to be given any substantial meaning and its spiritual implications uncovered, the connections between changes in the classical religious styles and such developments as rationalized forms of economic organization, the growth of political parties, labor unions, youth groups, and other voluntary associations, revised relations between the sexes, the appearance of mass communications, the emergence of new classes, and a whole host of other social novelties must be discovered.

All this is, of course, generally known. What is not known, or anyway not very well known, are the particulars of the situation, and it is only through knowing the particulars that we can advance beyond the easy banalities of common sense. Blake's remark that there is no such thing as general knowledge, that all

knowledge is knowledge of particulars, may be an exaggeration. But it is no exaggeration to say, at least so far as the sociology of religion is concerned, that there is no route to general knowledge save through a dense thicket of particulars. I shall try to keep the thicket as trimmed and well weeded as I can and to avoid telling you more about Indonesian shadow plays or Moroccan saint festivals than you care to know. Nor can I, in such a compass, discuss the nonreligious changes in any fine detail. But there is, in this area, no ascent to truth without descent to cases.

In the final chapter, at any rate, I will try to make something rather more broadly relevant out of all this closet-history and micro-sociology. Anthropology is, actually, a sly and deceptive science. At the moment when it seems most deliberately removed from our own lives, it is most immediate, when it seems most insistently to be talking about the distant, the strange, the long ago, or the idiosyncratic, it is in fact talking also about the close, the familiar, the contemporary, and the generic. From one point of view, the whole history of the comparative study of religion from the time Robertson-Smith undertook his investigations into the rites of the ancient Semites (and was dismissed from Oxford as a heretic for his pains) can be looked at as but a circuitous, even devious, approach to a rational analysis of our own situation, an evaluation of our own religious traditions while seeming to evaluate only those of exotic others.

The case is no different here. Moving from the special circumstances of Indonesia and Morocco to the new states in general, I hope to raise the suspicion that their predicament is also our own, that what they face we face, however differently we may formulate it or phrase our responses. I am not sure whether this will serve the Terry Foundation's stated purpose of "building the truths of science and philosophy into the structure of a broadened and purified religion," something I am not altogether certain is a good idea. But it ought at least to show those who would attempt such a valiant enterprise just what it is they are up against.



2. The Classical Styles

All the social sciences suffer from the notion that to have named something is to have understood it, but nowhere is this more true than in the comparative study of religion. There, the overvaluation of classificatory modes of thought, the pigeonhole disease, has grown to such alarming proportions that one suspects some deeper passion to bring perverse phenomena to comforting terms is at work. Ask most people what they know of comparative religion and, if they know anything at all, it will be that there are such nebulous things abroad in the world as animism, animatism, ancestor worship, totemism, shamanism, mysticism, fetishism, saint worship, demonology, and even, a particular favorite of mine, dendrolatry, which, should your Greek be rusty, means the adoration of trees and is said to be especially prevalent in India.

In itself, naming things is of course a useful and necessary occupation, especially if the things named exist. But it is hardly much more than a prelude to analytic thought. And when, as in the case of comparative religion, it has not even been elaborated into some form of systematics, an organized taxonomy (as, indeed, given the ad hoc nature of the whole enterprise, it cannot be), it suggests relationships among things categorized together which have not in fact actually been discovered and asserted but only sensed and insinuated. Aside from the simple question of whether there really are any pigeons in all of these pigeonholes—any dendrolators practicing dendrolatry in arcane dendrolatological ceremonies—the mere multiplication of generalized cover terms leads to a tendency to assume that whatever is in a particular sort of pigeonhole must be a particular sort of pigeon, else why should

he be in there? And so we get discussions of "animism" or "totemism" or (my particular concern here and my reason for bringing all this up) "mysticism," governed by a premise that has not been earned: that the first step toward a scientific comprehension of religious phenomena is to reduce their diversity by assimilating them to a limited number of general types. To my mind, and given my view of what such comprehension consists of, this is actually the first step toward denaturing our material, toward substituting cliché for description and assumption for analysis.

An attempt to characterize the classical religious styles in Morocco and Indonesia in such a way as to compare them effectively brings one face to face with precisely this issue. Both these styles were strongly marked by beliefs and practices one can only call—and indeed almost everyone has called—"mystical." But what "mystical" means in the two cases turns out to be very far from the same thing. To overcome this difficulty by generalizing the notion of mysticism so as to obscure these contrasts in the hope of finding broader, more abstract resemblances seems a most unpromising strategy, for to move away from the concrete details of the two cases is also to move away from the place where any general truth we might discover must necessarily lie. If, however, we use a concept like "mysticism"—or "mystic" or "mystical"—not to formulate an underlying uniformity behind superficially diverse phenomena, but to analyze the nature of that diversity as we find it, then pursuing the different meanings the concept takes in different contexts does not dissolve its value as an ordering idea but enriches it. As with other open-ended notions like "man" or "politics" or "art"—or, indeed, "religion"—the further we go into the details of the phenomena to which the notion can plausibly be applied, the more vivid, the more illuminating, and, its limits located, its differentiations determined, the more exact it becomes. In this area of study, at least, the interest of facts lies in their variety, and the power of ideas rests not on the degree to which they can dissolve that variety but the degree to which they can order it.

With this prelude, then, let me, as a way into our subject, relate two brief stories, legends actually, though they concern historical personages, one a sixteenth-century Javanese prince popularly regarded to have been instrumental in the Islamization of his country, and the other a seventeenth-century half-Berber, half-Arab religious scholar who has been transformed into an important Moroccan saint. These men are metaphors. Whatever they originally were or did as actual persons has long since been dissolved into an image of what Indonesians or Moroccans regard to be true spirituality. As such they are but two among dozens of similar figures, enveloped in similar legends, who might have been chosen. But had others been chosen, the contrast I wish to bring out would have been on the same order: between a spirituality, or "mysticism" if you wish, which consists in psychic balance and one which consists in moral intensity.

The Indonesian figure is Sunan Kalidjaga, the most important of the so-called "nine apostles," *wali sanga,* traditionally considered to have introduced Islam into Java and, more or less singlehandedly and without resort to force, converted its population to the new creed. As an historical personage, Sunan Kalidjaga, like the other apostles, is dim to the point where a few scholarly doubts have been raised as to whether he existed at all. But as an exemplary hero, the man who more than any other is regarded as having brought Java from the shadow-play world of *djaman Indu,* "Hindu times," to the scriptural one of *djaman Islam,* "Islamic times," he is to this day an extremely vivid figure in the popular mind—one of a long series of "culture renewers," some before, some after him, who through the sheer depth and purity, the unshakable stability of their inner lives, have carried the entire society forward into a new phase of spiritual existence.

Kalidjaga is said to have been born the son of a high royal official of Madjapahit, the greatest and, a few minor enclaves aside, the last of the Indonesian Hindu-Buddhist kingdoms. Madjapahit,

whose capital lay on the lower reaches of the Brantas River of Eastern Java about fifty miles back from the coast, dominated the archipelago and the regions around it through most of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. During the first half of the sixteenth century, the princes of the burgeoning trade principalities along Java's northern coast—Bantem, Tjeribon, Demak, Djapara, Tuban, Grisik, Surabaya—went, one by one, over to Islam and, the spell of thearchic kingship broken, seceded, leaving Madjapahit a court without a country, an hieratic shell which soon collapsed entirely.

The breakaway harbor states struggled bitterly among themselves, but by the third decade of the sixteenth century one of them, Demak, managed to attain a certain ascendancy and become the center, the primus inter pares, of the whole newly forming Islamic coastal civilization. Its preeminence was short lived, however—less than thirty years—because it rested on the fact that, virtually alone among the harbor states, Demak had been able to develop its agricultural hinterland, and, once developed, this hinterland immediately rebelled in turn. Mataram, originally an inland province of Demak located near where Jogjakarta is today, that is to say, in the very heart of agrarian Java, first declared its independence and then, gathering political force and religious purpose, swallowed not only Demak itself but most of the other north coast kingdoms as well. Java's political center of gravity was thus moved back, after its short-lived displacement to the coast, to its traditional, and one is tempted to say natural, locus in the rice land interior, and Mataram became, until the Dutch reduced it in the eighteenth century, the greatest of the Islamized states of Indonesia, a Muslim Madjapahit.

It was in this "time without order," as the Javanese call it, "the time between times," when the Indic civilization was dissolving and the Islamic forming, that Kalidjaga lived. He left the failing Madjapahit capital as a young man, moving to one of the liveliest of the arriviste harbor states, Djapara, where he met and became a student of (that is, was converted to Islam by) another of the apostles, Sunan Bonang. From there he moved further

along the coast, wandering from town to town, until he arrived at Tjeribon, where he married the daughter of yet a third apostle, Sunan Giri; and finally he gravitated to Demak where he is conceived to have played a central political role in the rise, breakaway, and expansion of Mataram. He is said to have been teacher and guide both to the original leader of the Mataram revolt against Demak, Senapati, and to the independent state's greatest king, Sultan Agung, and to have spread the new faith among the masses of the Javanese heartland. His career was thus his country's history: abandoning the dying, discredited, desanctified Madjapahit, he passed through the politico-religious upheavals of the transitional harbor states to arrive at the renascent spirituality of Mataram, a human recapitulation of a social transformation.

In short, as a symbol, a materialized idea, Sunan Kalidjaga connects Indic Java with Muslim Java, and therein lies his interest both for us and for the Javanese. Whatever the facts may be, he is seen as the bridge between two high civilizations, two historical epochs, and two great religions: that of the Madjapahit Hindu-Buddhism in which he grew up and that of the Mataram Islam which he fostered. For the Javanese he is (or, more exactly, his life is) the meaningful link between a world of god-kings, ritual priests, and declamatory shrines and one of pious sultans, Koranic scholars, and austere mosques. It is therefore of some value to look a little more closely at the story, as the Javanese tell it, of that conversion in Djapara where, like Saul in Damascus, a mystical experience led him, midway in the journey of his life, to change his religion, his name, and, tuning the traditions of an established civilization to the aspirations of an emerging one, his wordly destiny.

The actual conversion was not, however, exactly Pauline in spirit. When Sunan Kalidjaga arrived in Djapara (I summarize now my informants' renderings of the tale, which do not agree in every detail but present a common pattern), he was a fairly accomplished ne'er-do-well named Raden Djaka Sahid—Lord Young Man Sahid. At home he had been an habitual thief, not averse to stealing from his own mother in order to drink, whore, and in

particular, gamble. When his mother's money was gone, he abandoned her impoverished and set out to steal from the general public, becoming finally a highwayman of such renown that men were afraid to go to the market in Djapara for fear of being held up by him.

It was at this time that Sunan Bonang, said by some informants to be an Arab and in any case a Muslim, came to Djapara. He was dressed in gorgeous clothes, draped with expensive jewels, and his cane was of solid gold. As he walked the streets of Djapara thus set out, he naturally attracted the professional attentions of Raden Djaka Sahid, who stopped him and, brandishing a dagger, demanded his jewels, his clothes, and his golden cane. But Bonang was not afraid, and indeed he simply laughed. He said, "Lo, Sahid [whose name he knew though he had never seen or heard of him before], don't always be wanting this thing and that thing and the other thing; desire is pointless. Do not be attached to wordly goods; we live but for a moment. Look! There is a tree of money."

And when Sahid looked behind him he saw that the banyan tree had turned to gold and was hung with jewels, and he was astounded. In fact, he was instantly convinced—"he became aware," as the Javanese idiom, always phenomenological in such matters, puts it; "realized," we would say—that material goods, the things of this world, were as nothing compared to the power of Sunan Bonang. Then he thought to himself, "This man can turn trees into gold and jewels and yet he does not seek riches." And he said to Bonang that he no longer wished to rob, drink, wench, gamble, and so on; he wanted only the sort of spiritual knowledge that Bonang had, wanted very much to be instructed by him in his "science." Bonang said, "All right, but it is very difficult. Do you have the strength of will, the steadfastness, the endurance?" When Sahid said he would persist till death, Bonang merely replied, "Wait here by the side of the river until I come back." And he went on his way.

Sahid waited there by the side of the river for years—some say ten, some say twenty, others even thirty or forty—lost in thought.

Trees grew up around him, floods came and covered him with water and then receded, crowds passed him by, jostling him as they went, buildings were built and torn down, but he remained unmoved in his trance. At length Bonang returned and saw that Sahid (he had some difficulty locating him amid the trees) had indeed been steadfast. But instead of teaching him the doctrines of Islam he merely said, "You have been a good pupil, and as a result of your long meditation you now know more than I do," and he began to ask him questions, advanced questions, on religious matters, which the uninstructed pupil answered immediately and correctly. Bonang then gave him his new name, Kalidjaga—"he who guards the river"—and told him to go forth and spread the doctrine of Islam, which he then did with unsurpassed effectiveness. He had become a Muslim without ever having seen the Koran, entered a mosque, or heard a prayer—through an inner change of heart brought on by the same sort of yoga-like psychic discipline that was the core religious act of the Indic tradition from which he came. His conversion was not a matter of a spiritual or moral change following upon a decisive change in belief (which is how *Webster's* defines the word), but a willed spiritual and moral change which eventuated in an almost accessorial change in belief. Sunan Kalidjaga became a Muslim because he had reformed; he did not reform because he had become a Muslim. His redemption, if that is what it should be called, was a self-produced inner state, a willed mood. And his Islam, if that is what *it* should be called, was but a public faith he was assigned, as he was assigned his professional name and his cultural mission.

The Moroccan figure I want to strike off against Kalidjaga is Abū 'Alī Al-Ḥasan ben Mas'ūd Al-Yusi, popularly known as Sīdī Laḥsen Lyusi. Lyusi, who is much more of a fully historical figure than Kalidjaga (a fact which has not, however, inhibited his mythologization), was born in an obscure tribe of transhumant

shepherds—their very name means "the solitary ones"—in the Middle Atlas Mountains in 1631. He was apparently a Berber, but popular legend (which Lyusi himself launched by claiming his surname was a corruption of the Arabic Yussef) has it that his father was not only an Arab but indeed a descendant, by way of Idris II, the founder of Fez, of the Prophet Muhammed—what Muslims called a *sherīf*. He died (factually in Fez, by legend self-exiled in the forests of the Middle Atlas) in 1691, so that if Kalidjaga's career coincided with the rise of Mataram out of the formless struggles of the harbor states, Lyusi's coincided with the rise of the Alawite dynasty—the one which still reigns in Rabat—out of the sectarian anarchy of the Maraboutic Crisis. Both men lived in times when their societies were moving, hesitantly, painfully, and, in the nature of the case, quite incompletely, toward form, after having been disrupted by fundamental religio-political upheaval. But where Kalidjaga attempted to direct that movement by representing it in his consciousness, creating in microcosm the harmony sought for in macrocosm, Lyusi attempted to direct it by struggling against it, by exposing in his teachings and his actions the internal contraditions it was seeking desperately to contain. The first approach is essentially aesthetic; it portrays its ideal. The second is essentially moral; it commands it.

The Maraboutic Crisis which had broken out in the fifteenth century with the collapse of the last of the great Berber dynasties, the Merinids, came during Lyusi's lifetime, the seventeeth century, more or less to an end. This is not to say that maraboutism did, for saint worship is an historical constant in Morocco, existing as a powerful popular force under the Berber dynasties as it exists today. What was different during these two hectic centuries from those that preceded and followed them was not that Moroccans worshipped saints, but that such worship attained a luxuriance of political expression it had not been able to achieve before and was unable to regain after. Morocco splintered, in this period, into a collection of larger and smaller polities centered around holy men of one sort or another (leaders of Sufi sects, local Koranic teachers, self-appointed evangelists, wandering ascetics, and

the like)—a proliferation of zealous, insular, intensely competitive hagiocracies, sometimes called maraboutic states, though most of them were more like utopian communities, aggressive utopian communities, than proper states. By the beginning of the seventeenth century, Morocco had become a spiritual cauldron in which, to quote Jacques Berque, "doctrinal ardor and rustic violence produced vivid personalities, some benefic, some not, locked in a combat cruel and picturesque."

It was into this caldron that, somewhere around his twentieth year, Lyusi descended from the relative isolation of his mountain homeland to become, in legend anyway, first a pilgrim, then a rebel, and finally a saint. For the whole of his adult life he wandered, again rather like Kalidjaga, from one center of political and spiritual turmoil to another, from the powerful but fading maraboutic states of Dila or Tazerwalt to the stagnant scholastic centers of Fez and Marrakech, from Sufi sheikh to Sufi sheikh, from tribe to tribe, town to town, region to region. He never seems to stop moving, never comes to rest, never—*unlike* Kalidjaga—finds his center, stabilizes his self. "My heart is scattered through my country," he writes in a piercing poem Berque has recovered for us,

> One part is in Marrakech, in doubt;
> Another in Halfun; another in Meknes with my books;
> Another in the Fazaz; another in Mulwiya [his homeland] among my tribesmen;
> Another in the Gharb, among my friends of the town and of the countryside
> O God, reunite them. No one can do it but You.
> O God, put them back in place

Where Kalidjaga sought (and found) peace in immobility, in an iron calm, at, to use Eliot's figure, the still point of the turning world, Lyusi, despite the petitions to God to put him back together, seems hardly to have sought it at all, in this world anyway. Like his countrymen (for this contrast, too, is general, a characteristic not merely of our example figures but also of the

peoples they are examples for) his natural mode of being was restlessness, his discipline mobility, and he sought to capture truth not by waiting patiently for it to manifest itself to his emptied consciousness, but by tirelessly and systematically tracking it down. He did not travel to find a new sanctuary because an old one had been breached; he traveled because, like his shepherd parents, he was a traveler.

In this lifelong pilgrimage of Lyusi's, two incidents stand out, at least in the popular mind, as defining the nature of his saintliness and thus of saintliness in general. The first is his discipleship to the famous pre-Saharan Sufi sheikh Aḥmed ben Nāṣir al-Dar'ī, founder of a very large order, the Nasiri, which, though somewhat subdued, is still quite important in Morocco. The second is his confrontation—collision is perhaps the more exact word—with the great consolidator of the Alawite dynasty, Morocco's Akbar Sultan Mulāy Ismā'il ben 'Ali. As with Kalidjaga, I will rely mainly on my informants' renderings, for what they lack in historical accuracy they more than make up for in cultural penetration.

When, the story goes, Lyusi arrived at Tamgrut, the desert-edge oasis where ben Nasir was teaching, he found the old man critically ill with a loathsome disease, perhaps, from the sound of it, smallpox. The sheikh called his students to him, one by one, and asked them to wash his nightshirt. But each was so repelled by the sickness, so disgusted by his and the nightshirt's appearance, as well as afraid for his own health, that he refused to do it, or indeed to come any more into the sheikh's presence.

Lyusi had just arrived and was unknown to the sheikh, and everyone else, and so was not called. But he approached ben Nasir unbidden and said, "My teacher, I will wash your clothes." Given the shirt, he took it to a spring where he rinsed it and, wringing it out, drank the foul water thus produced. He returned to the sheikh, his eyes aflame, not with illness, for he did not fall sick, but as though he had drunk a powerful wine. Thus all knew that Lyusi was not, or anyway not any longer, an ordinary man, that he had what the Moroccans call *baraka*—one of those resonant

words it is better to talk about than to define, but which for the moment we can call, inadequately, "supernatural power," and the possession of which makes a saint, a marabout. The elements of this spiritual transformation (for although there was no formal change of religious allegiance involved, it was as much of a new birth as Kalidjaga's by the riverside) are worth noting: extraordinary physical courage, absolute personal loyalty, ecstatic moral intensity, and the almost physical transmission of sanctity from one man to another. That, rather than stoical quietism, is what spirituality has, for the most part, meant in Morocco.

The confrontation with Sultan Mulay Ismail came only some thirty years later, after a lifetime's wandering from maraboutic center to maraboutic center. (He was in the most powerful of these, Dila, when the Alawites, under Ismail's brother, finally sacked it in 1668 and put an end to two centuries of molecular politics.) It took place in the Sultan's monumental new capital at Meknes, a kind of Moorish Kremlin, designed to convince both him and his subjects that Morocco had a proper dynasty again. And, at least as it is related, it forms a folktale commentary on the delicate relationship between strong-man politics and holy-man piety, the continuously sought but only sporadically effected effort to fuse the force of the warrior and the virtue of the saint, which, as I have said, is the leitmotiv of Moroccan history.

When Lyusi, by then one of the country's most illustrious scholars, arrived in Meknes, Mulay Ismail received him as an honored guest, fed him and housed him, and brought him into his court as his spirutual advisor. The Sultan was at that time building a large wall around the city, and the people working on it, slaves and others, were being treated cruelly. One day a man fell ill while working and was sealed into the wall where he fell. Some of the workers came secretly to Lyusi to tell him of this and to complain of their treatment generally. Lyusi said nothing to Mulay Ismail, but when his supper was brought to his chambers he proceeded to break all the dishes, one by one, and he continued to do this, night after night, until all the dishes in the palace had been destroyed.

When the Sultan then asked what had happened to all his dishes, the palace slaves said, "That man who is our guest breaks them when we bring his food."

The Sultan ordered Lyusi to be brought to him:

> "*Salām 'Alaikum.*"
> "*'Alaikum Salām.*"
> "My Lord, we have been treating you like the guest of God, and you have been breaking all our dishes."
> "Well, which is better—the pottery of Allah or the pottery of clay?" [i.e. I break plates, human creations, but you break people, God's creations.]

and he proceeded to upbraid Mulay Ismail for his treatment of the workers who were building his wall.

The Sultan was unimpressed and said to Lyusi, "All I know is that I took you in, gave you hospitality [a deeply meaningful act in Morocco], and you have caused all this trouble. You must leave my city." Lyusi left the palace and pitched his tent in the graveyard just outside the city near where the wall was being built. When the Sultan heard of this he sent a messenger to the saint to ask why, since he had been told to leave his, the Sultan's, city, he had not in fact done so. "Tell him," Lyusi said, "I have left your city and I have entered God's."

Hearing this, the Sultan was enraged and came riding out himself on his horse to the graveyard, where he found the saint praying. Interrupting him, a sacrilege in itself, he called out to him, "Why have you not left my city as I ordered?" And Lyusi replied, "I went out of your city and am in the city of God, the Great and the Holy." Now wild with fury, the Sultan advanced to attack the saint and kill him. But Lyusi took his lance and drew a line on the ground, and when the Sultan rode across it the legs of his horse began to sink slowly into the earth. Frightened, Mulay Ismail began to plead to God, and he said to Lyusi, "God has reformed me! God has reformed me! I am sorry! Give me pardon!" The saint then said, "I don't ask for wealth or office, I only ask that you give me a royal decree acknowledging the fact that I am a

sherif, that I am a descendant of the Prophet and entitled to the appropriate honors, privileges, and respect." The Sultan did this and Lyusi left, still in fear for his safety, fleeing to the Middle Atlas forests, where he preached to the Berbers (and against the king) and ultimately died, was buried, and transformed into a *siyyid*, a man around whose tomb an elaborate devotional cult has developed.

Two men, two cultures; and like those cultures, at one and the same time sharply different yet curiously similar. Their differences are apparent, as differences usually are. One a townsman; the other a rustic. One a displaced aristocrat attempting to sustain his status; the other an ordinary tribesman attempting to raise himself above his origins. One a yogi and spiritually something of a chameleon, tuning surface features to novel settings while remaining inwardly inviolate; the other a puritan and something of a zealot, asserting the moral sovereignty of personal holiness in whatever setting at whatever cost. The similarities are more elusive, as similarities, at least when they are genuine and more than skin deep, usually are. They rest on two facts. First, both figures are profoundly conservative, defending received forms of religious consciousness in the face of radical social and political challenges to their continuation. And second, it is the increasing penetration of the very religious tradition to which they are ostensibly committed, Islam, that makes this defense both necessary and, as times passes, increasingly desperate. But these rather cryptic comments, summing up in a phrase religious development in Indonesia and Morocco to the end of the nineteenth century, demand a good deal of explication.

On the Indonesian side, the cultural tradition out of which Kalidjaga came and whose religious outlook he struggled to maintain after the tradition itself had disappeared was that of the great court centers of Indic Java. In attempting to summarize that out-