

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE MOON AND SUN

The Separation of Women's Bodies
from the Cosmic Dance

Jenny Kien

Universal Publishers/uPUBLISH.com

2003

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First published in 2003
by Universal Publishers/ uPUBLISH.com
Parkland, Florida USA

ISBN: 1-58112-598-4
www.upublish.com/books/kien2.htm

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PROLOGUE

A Tale of the Moon and Sun

In moonlight nothing is sharp. Shapes change, shadows dance, there is no firm reality. Perception waxes and wanes, moving between this and the Otherworld and wandering through all the Worlds in between. The reliable solidity of daylight is only one of many possible realities and is incorporated in the world of the night, just as the moon shines through both night and day in the course of its cycle. A world in which the moon dominates is essentially a world of inclusion, a whole world made up of many different things.

In contrast, where the clear light of the sun dominates, there will be exclusion and loss of wholeness. For the world of the sun excludes that of the moon, yet the sun cannot shine at night. In the clarity of sunlight, everything is revealed for what it is in daylight only. There is only this one world, only one existence and only one explanation. When the daylight world becomes the total reality, when magic and religion become totally sun-based, the Otherworlds fade. As the connection weakens, awareness of the Holiness of Life begins to wane -- the seeds of destruction are sown.

This is the Battle between the Moon and Sun, and it was neither a gentle nor metaphorical battle.

Before embarking on an analysis the Battle between the Moon and Sun, which needs be sun-based in the manner of all Western scientific thought, I present a moon-based version of the Battle. Starting with the moon point of view enables us to recreate the broader spiritual and emotional context in which to embed the history that follows.

Recounting the Battle between the Moon and Sun as a magical or moon tale reveals the spiritual imagery underlying and directing the path of our more rational thought processes. It reveals the deep imagery that creates both the background and the framework for our constrained disciplines of historical reasoning and informed speculation. It is at the level of this deep imagery that the Battle took place.

Storytellers have sung many tales of long past moonlit ages, burnishing this story of the Battle between the Moon and Sun. This is the tale given to me.

Since the beginning of time we have been travelling. Even our old, old ancestors, who were not quite human, journeyed away, out of Africa, the continent of genesis. Wave after wave, we have been forming and changing, spreading from Africa to the far fields of ice and continents of desert, mixing with those met on the way. We have been moving for over a million years.

How we traveled! It was in the time when we still saw the spirits walking with us, their large, mouthless faces with the round eyes turned to us. In those times they guided us and led us. We were happy to follow, for they taught us all manner of things and we were grateful for their company.

There were journeys through the desert where the sun was so hot that we rested by day and traveled by night. I remember camping in a gorge, lying in the shade wedged between a large boulder and the gorge wall, the sky so intensely blue against the yellow-red stones, the air thick with heat, singing almost shrilly. We lay and rested, too hot for sleep, our heads thick and dulled, our eyes blurred with the furriness of the boiling air, our ears numbed by the shrilling heat. Even the spirits disappeared.

But at night there was ecstasy. The air cooled and

quieted, its shrill singing ebbing away and freeing our ears to hear once more. The blinding light, so bright that it had no color, lessened and suddenly disappeared. Our eyes could see again, we could lift our heads. And so we traveled at night, in the open desert, walking under crystal black skies with the stars dancing above us, singing gently to us of love; silver threads weaving into us, pulling us along our paths. Travelling at night we were filled with the endlessness of being.

The White Lady came to watch us regularly, each night brighter and brighter until she outshone the stars and only She was there, lighting our way. Her silver was gentle on our eyes, melting all the day's hard edges into gentle flowing contours that ebbed and swam as we looked, just as the shadows danced -- no shape, no form was ever certain in her light. And the spirits, too, who guided us in her light and that of the stars: they changed, they were and were not, manifesting themselves in rhythms and tides beyond our comprehension. We were content to swim through the desert in the Lady's light, her watchful face above us, her light bathing us, healing any wounds, any pains. We saw the plants drinking it and growing in the night, we saw the spirits shine and glow with it. We saw -- and we were free to see.

We watched the White Lady come and go all our lives and some of the women bled when she came in her fullness, their bleeding an abundance like Her white light, and others bled when she was gone, cleansing themselves for her next return. And the count of her comings gave the time when the full bellies would ripen and the young be born. And thus, through the night, we learned the mysteries of the Earth and the skies in their movements and seasons, how our bodies with their own ebbs and flows moved with the heavens; how we are all parts of the Great Mother, who

is the Universe, unseeable in her completeness; that all of us are joined together like atoms in Her Body, moving together in rhythms and patterns too great for us to comprehend -- the great mysteries of birth and death and rebirth. We celebrated each new coming of the White Lady as a station on this eternal journey of creation and re-creation, affirming and reaffirming our own existence.

But the stars and the White Lady always leave us and as the grueling sun rises, the air begins to vibrate. Always the reminder that we are fleshed in mortal bodies, that our spirits can sing and dance with the stars, that we can flow with our spirit guides, but only for a time. The deadly, searing sun moves too within her cycles, confronting us with the Mother's other side, the Giver and Taker of Life, the Turner of the Wheel. In the dawn we all withdraw from the swirling formless currents to our given shapes. The edges become hard and fast, forms become fixed and cannot change, the spirits disappear. We return to our earthly bodies, bound to the surface of the planet, interwoven with all life here though these connections are harder to see. Instead, the reality of breathing the hot dry air catches at us. We rest, exhausted.

We traveled, too, to regions where the days were gentler and the sun not so deadly, where the days became the time for doing definite things, things with clear purposes and clear methods. But at night -- oh at night, we left all those definite things behind with our bodies and danced along the star paths singing to each other and the spirits who lived with us, telling tales of the many paths we had traveled, and praising the stars and the spirits and the White Lady for guiding us.

And how the ages passed, how many lives. We learned to herd, to sow and reap. We invented things, daytime things. We made new tools and things of beauty.

With the passing of time fewer of us danced all night among and under the stars. We became busy with our inventions, which had their own rhythms and seemed to drive us. They needed attention and care and work, as daytime things do. Now our settlements were thriving and active. We slept as of old in the midday sun but woke again in the afternoon. We danced and celebrated in the evening, in the early night; though many were now too busy to go star dancing until dawn and they lost contact with the White Lady and with the fine spirits who only swirled at night.

At this time many messengers came to help those who did not star dance to remember the Otherworlds. There was the black panther, dark and soft as the night sky. There was the white lioness leaping from rock to rock in the dark with the moonlight catching at her tail, her eyes glowing. She appeared often in the night to the dancers under the stars and to the watchers, inviting them to follow her wild chase, her soft feline path. She would leap from rock to rock by the cliffs, her soft paws sounding silently with each footfall. There was the snake, shedding her skin in spring, sloughing it off, leaving her old skin behind for us to read the White Lady's messages in it; whispering in her forked tongue of the Lady's mysteries, offering with her fangs to carry us along the stars even in daytime ... a dangerous way to tread.

We learned to watch the lioness, to follow her dance, her tread, to speak with her and hear her. We learned to understand the whispering of the snake's tongue, we learned to take the offering of her fangs, gently. We learned *this* way of being with the Goddess.

I don't remember noticing that the spirits had withdrawn. Oh, how far away from them we must have moved -- so gradually that we forgot to look for them

nightly, forgot that they had been with us. I discovered this, one evening on my travels, when I was sitting in the gathering place of a dusty village high in the mountains. It was late in summer and the air was still warm. A storyteller was telling my favorite story, the story of our travels, and she said: "It was in the time when we still saw the spirits walking with us, their large, mouthless faces with the round eyes turned to us. In those days..."

But I no longer heard, for my throat had drawn together and I could not breathe. Here in this village, far away and high in the mountains, they knew that the spirits could not be seen and we -- we who studied the ways of cat and snake in the temples -- we had been so busy that we had not even noticed!

In despair and horror at ourselves and at how blind we had become, I spent that night in the mountains among the stars, dancing alone along their paths, dancing in the light of the White Lady, dancing as I too had not done for many years, for many lives. Dancing the whole night, whispering with the stars. It was true that that the spirits could not be seen -- but it was even worse. They were no longer there and they no longer walked with us. They had left us. We had not even noticed.

We were now in the time when the spirits no longer walked with us on earth. We followed the paths we had learned before -- what else could we do? -- we followed the directions that the White Lady had given us in times gone by, we spoke with the stars who still sang to us, as always, of eternal love. We bathed in the White Lady's light and celebrated her comings and goings, we bled and bore and lived with her cycles. So that, in spite of the sadness within those of us who had finally remembered to remember, it was a good time. And the time remained the same for a long

time. We had lived with the mysteries of the Great Mother and with the White Lady for so long, there seemed to be no other way to be. It seemed as if there was nothing more, as if we had found our way, traveled our path securely and arrived.

We began to repeat ourselves. We forgot more and more.

We forgot that the White Lady is a Changer, we forgot that the Great Mother moves. We knew and remembered the cycles of our own individual births and deaths but we forgot about the great cycles in the swirling currents. We closed our eyes to change, to the fact that we had to change. But change came to us as all mysteries had come to us. It revealed itself in small things like a group of girls giggling and chatting at one of the few short star dances we still celebrated. They were dancing but did not even see the stars. How unthinkable this would have been on our old journeys, wrapped as we were in the all-embracing ecstasies of the night! And the daughters began to question their mothers and to want new ways of being with the Mother, new ways of worship. Our arguments that our practices were as old as time, practices well tried throughout millennia and found to be successful, honed to a fine edge and empowered through use -- our arguments carried no weight for them. The daughters who could no longer remember wanted change, change for change's sake. They were bored with us.

There were times now when only a few of us still took wandering along the star paths seriously. We found each other and met in small groups, we danced in the full ecstasy that we had always known -- no that is not true, I have forgotten too much. The spirits were not with us anymore. We danced in the only ecstasy we remembered. We danced and hoped more women would come with us

when they could feel what we were unfolding. But it did not happen, we remained a small group. Our knowledge, it was said at this time, became secret.

We saw that what had been the large star dances were now village dances, the villagers laughing and joking. Oh, it was good for us, too, there was an earthy joy in life, a celebration of our world, of the plants and animals, of the seasons of breeding and sowing, of reaping and slaughtering, of bearing and burying children, of watching them grow and become adult. We set aside special days for the celebrations, we laid down our work for the day and danced and prayed. We celebrated in our plantations and gardens, watching the plants drink the sun and grow tall and strong, watching how the plants and animals move with the seasons of the year.

The daughters began to have new visions which they shared with us so that we saw them too. Among them, a young woman coming from the east, a woman with flowing hair. Our daughters called her the Daughter, the Daughter of the White Lady, the Changer who, changing as She did, was changing generations. The Daughter rose in the east each day, her rosy cheeks delicate at dawn, her pale hair flowing down her shoulders; at noon she was a flaming matron strong and proud in her powers; and in the evening she was aged, weakened, wizened in her long shadows, dying to be reborn. Our daughters, we too, all wanted things faster. Here was the cycle in a day, instead of a month -- a powerful goddess that can do this. She moved across the sky, glowing in her youthful freshness, invigorating and very strong. Our daughters, we all, started to worship her, for her visions were intoxicating. Soon she was more important than her mother, the White Lady, and we danced mostly for the Daughter.

But we women never quite forgot the White Lady.

How could we? For it was she whose cycles gave us bleeding and birth, she who moved through our bodies, she whose cycles gave us the body of the year. Our faint memories came to be women's knowledge, our rituals celebrated now only by women, although once they had been for all of us. They were only memories of the real mysteries -- pale shadows of our ecstasies with the spirits under the skies.

But we could not achieve more, for the Daughter was hard. We could not dance her dances with full passion and move at night to her mother, the White Lady, who had become pale. Things had changed. In times long past, dancing at night with the White Lady and the stars, anything was possible, any shape any form any dream, or all together, there was nothing fixed. But dancing in the day under the sun, our dances became straight, the form and direction clear, one dance and only one dance possible. Somehow we could no longer shape-change at night so easily, those few of us who still wanted to. We had become earthbound.

Men were earthbound too but, unlike us, they did not carry the moon so obviously in their bodies and they forgot completely. They began to jeer at our mysteries, no longer understanding. They began to become priests. We daughters welcomed this, for we believed in sharing and we wondered why in all the times before we had not shared this. We were ashamed of our own greed.

We were fools.

Filled with the fast, straight path of right and wrong, of one and only, of one way of being, of one body being right -- making the other body wrong -- they separated us from them, they climbed, rising from the east to blazing powers at noon. Soon there were many priests and they built large temples to glorify themselves, not the Daughter, as she is glorious enough. They expanded and built and

ordered and systematized, for the Daughter is sharp and clear and gives precise visions.

And finally they changed the system of counting time. They declared it in the temples without asking us, for we were not consulted anymore. They declared it and set the festivals. In this way they controlled us. They were not even sure why they changed the counting of time. They appeared not to know what they were doing, they appeared unable to remember.

Or *did* they know? Could they still remember? Is that why they did what they did? How can we ever know? We have lost contact. They changed the counting of time away from the comings and goings of the White Lady, away from our fruitful and birth-giving bleeding; changed the counting system, for convenience, they said, for order, to systematize things; changed the counting images to reflect their own bodies which do not generate. Our bleedings became irrelevant, our life-giving peripheral. Oh, remembering now ... the change was so avoidable, so unnecessary for creating order. Looking back now, I think they knew what they were doing. Can such damage be accidental?

And so the Daughter became the Son. The many small weather gods rushed down from their mountains wielding their thunder clubs. The gods were to be served by priests alone; the priestesses disappeared. The priests jeered at our women's mysteries, so we made them really secret. But in the clear light of the sun, that which is secret is dark and therefore bad. Soon our mysteries were made illegal. The Son, blazing in his terrible noonday powers, brandishing his thunder club as a weapon, slew the Mother and then only he was left.

The Son grew to be the Father. He gave birth, through his head or from his thigh, or from swallowing his

own seed. We were not needed anymore. And because the Father did not really understand the giving of life, the slow ripening and long carrying, the pangs of birth and the work and the long bonding afterwards -- because he did not understand, he brandished his club and slew the life we created. He created war.

This father of light brought darkness for us. No longer shape-changers or free spirits but only women, no longer life-givers but accused even of stealing men's life juices, no longer life-givers but forced bearers. We are in bondage, we are in darkness. The few thousand years of this darkness have been longer, far longer than the hundred thousand years before. We are slaves, so enslaved that we enslave ourselves. We are part of this destruction.

And still my vague memories of star dancing under the desert skies live on to haunt me, to taunt me, to move me. Reminding me of the beginnings, reminding me of the spent freshness of the Daughter who is now the Son the Father blazing well past noon. My body still follows the cycles of the White Lady: her cycles are my cycles. I cannot forget her entirely.

She sings to me ... The Father/Son/Sun is moving down, down towards the night, aging, weakening. I would sail again... She sings this to me in the night when I walk under the stars, no longer knowing anything about star dancing except that it once existed. She sings to me ... There are cycles of days and months and years but there are cycles beyond your comprehension in the Universe, in this Mother's body of which you are still, inescapably, part. We are in movement, all of us, the moon and the sun and the stars. The Wheel is turning. I have died but I would live again! I would be born again, rising in the night to glow above you as you bathe in my light and wander along the

star paths again, listening to our songs.

Rise up, She sings to me, the time comes. Return the death dealers to their mountaintops, return their clubs to the thunder. Return the priestesses to honor me, return the dancers to feed me...

She sends me visions of children born in her name by Life-Givers, of us free again to honor Life again. She whispers in my dreams ... Remember and learn again, remember the journeys and the spirits who guided you, those that nourished you. Remember and rise, for we are rising and will live again...

This is the Story of the Battle between the Moon and Sun, the story of our old journeys, the Story of Stories from which all other stories come.

The sun has risen, and in the dawn light, shadows form into firm shapes and take on substance. We see the "real" world again. But let us not forget the night world; that behind the reality of day is the swirling multiplicity of night. Let us remember, in our reasoned discussion of the Battle between the Moon and Sun, that any daytime account must remain embedded in the night world. And that the history, arguments and speculations I present only acquire their true meaning, their entire breadth in a spiritual context, outside the scientific mold. And finally that scientific exposition, no matter how necessary we find it, nor how fascinating it is in itself, can form only a small part of the description of the world.

INTRODUCTION

A Battle for Supremacy

*On the fourth day He took fire and sealed it, and fashioned the sun out of it... And he took light and sealed it and fashioned the moon out of it. And both luminaries were alike. But the moon grew jealous and complained to the Creator. It was punished and its light was diminished. Thereupon the moon pleaded and said: "Lord of the Universe, I have only spoken one word and so great is my punishment." But the Creator replied: "In the days to come thy light will once more be as the light of the sun."*¹

The Battle between the Moon and Sun began thousands of years ago and still continues. It is more than a competition over brightness between the two heavenly luminaries. The roles of the moon and sun in religions all over the world reveal that that the battle between them is really a very earthly battle, a power struggle between worldviews with great spiritual, religious and social consequences. The Battle is men's struggle for centrality in the social, political, religious and spiritual domains, a struggle for supremacy by a worldview based on exclusion and dominance.

The Battle between the Moon and Sun arose in the rejection of female-based religions, in which menstruation and lunar imagery played a major role, in favor of male-dominated religions centered on solar imagery. This struggle for religious supremacy by the non-menstruators over the bearers of the moon-cycling womb is thus a battle against women and women's bodies. And the victory of the male sun over the cycling moon has separated woman's body

from the cosmic dance and moved it entirely away from the center of mystery.

The Battle that Changed the Basic Imagery of the World

A culture's myths and religious symbols interact with the culture that produces them; for example, a culture with a warlike religious symbolism will maintain an essentially warlike worldview and politics. The symbols themselves unconsciously shape thinking, channeling and directing the images that are used to create and legitimize that culture's place in and attitude to the world. The Battle between the Moon and Sun was a battle about such inner emphases determining a culture's outward form. It consisted of a change in the basic imagery for the Universe from female to male.

This change correlated with a move from female- to male-centered religions. In early matricentric religion, the Universe was envisioned as a Great Mother and all renewal throughout the cosmos was her birthing of new life. Women's life-giving abilities and their mysterious monthly bleedings were regarded as the earthly expression of this renewal. In the same way, the moon's cycle expressed cosmic renewal. This made the moon the cycling womb of the Great Mother whose body formed the universe.

The rise of male-centered religion shifted emphasis away from the female. At first, the male gods administered the world borne by the Great Goddess. Then, as the Battle progressed, they became creators of the world through a process of will. That is, losing its ability to create through birth, the Universe became male. At this point it no longer needed the cycling moon, which was replaced by the sun as the life-expressing deity.

The sun's victory over the moon created a world where women's bodies became essentially irrelevant to the

imagery of the universe, pushing women out of mystery and cutting them off from their divinity. I contend that such spiritual changes preceded or accompanied the rise of patriarchy in order to justify and legitimize its denigration of women. Over time, loss of respect for women has so deeply permeated culture and society that it is shared by many women themselves.

The Battle between the Moon and Sun provides a framework for looking at these spiritual changes and the accompanying shifts of values. It is one way of following the process by which the bondage of women, once unthinkable, later became universally accepted. Approaching these spiritual changes through the paradigm of the Battle also lays emphasis squarely on the issue of women's bodies. And indeed women's bodies, their sexuality, blood and life-giving are the basic issue underlying all struggles for patriarchal supremacy.

A Battle for Control of Time

A further aspect, in which the Battle has had lasting and extremely damaging consequences, is the measurement of time. Originally, female-centered moon measurements of time determined the rhythm of everyday life and the organization of the liturgical year. The sun's victory resulted in a male-dominated spiritual and administrative world where nature doesn't come and go like monthly bleedings but where time and nature are organized into administratively and arithmetically comfortable calendrical systems; where time and nature are judged -- and found wanting.

Moving from moon-time to sun-time caused a further rift in the cosmic connection between moon and womb cycles and between women's bodies and the dance of the heavens. Cut off from the mystery of time, women's bodies were further excluded from the spiritual imagery of

the world.

Was There Ever Anything but Patriarchy?

By using the metaphor of the Battle between the Moon and Sun to describe the spiritual developments leading to our present patriarchy, I am assuming that there was a different form of culture before patriarchy. This idea remains controversial in academic circles.² However, there is sufficient evidence to show that the idea of matricentric cultures is no Utopian myth but can be well argued.

The first line of evidence comes from the evolutionary biology of humans. Human society evolved from the social groups of our primate ancestors. Chimpanzees, our nearest living relatives, live together in loosely organized mixed-sex groups with roughly equal numbers of females and males. The females form the core of the group, with females with babies the most protected. Also at the center of the group are the young children, who are looked after by their mothers and other females. The males form a defense line at the perimeter of the group, thus creating a safe space for the females and children. Chimpanzee society shows female-female and male-male rank-order systems which are largely independent. However, the rank of the mother determines the starting rank of the children, both female and male. Also, and most importantly, adult males retain high rank only if the females consent.³ This basically matricentric, or mother-centered, social structure was the starting point for all later human development.

Cultural artifacts from the earliest human societies suggest that these societies remained matricentric for hundreds of thousands of years; that is, that the magic-motherly powers of women remained at the center of community, family and spiritual life.⁴ The oldest known

piece of representational art is a small female statuette about 300,000 years old, predating the modern human species by about 150,000 years.⁵ The next representational art we know of was created almost a quarter of a million years later, during the Old Stone Age from about 50,000 years ago. From 30,000 to 20,000 years ago, there seems to have been a major explosion in painting, carving and sculpture all along the Danube and in Moravia, Siberia, France and Spain. The depictions of humans are all of women.⁶ The emphasis on female figures strongly indicates that women were at the center of spiritual life.

The complex and beautiful Old Stone Age carvings and paintings have been analyzed in detail by German prehistorians Marie Koenig and Gabriele Meixner.⁷ They interpret the figures as the Goddess or Divine Woman of the cyclical processes of life, suggesting that the frequent vulva symbols indicated birth and rebirth, the continuance of life that made genealogy possible. That is, in the Old Stone Age, the vulva symbolized the lap of heaven,⁸ the mysterious Gate from the Otherworld through which we pass at birth and cross at death to issue forth again at rebirth. It is the embodiment of the greatest mystery of all -- of life itself. Woman, as the Bearer of this Portal, would have been quite differently respected and honored in Old Stone Age cultures, compared with our culture which worships the phallus as a weapon.

The Old Stone Age ended 10,000 years ago. There is a wealth of archeological evidence that matricentric societies continued for thousands of years afterwards. Excavations have revealed that the town of Catal Huyuk in Anatolia, Turkey, had a highly developed matricentric culture between 6000 and 5000 BCE.⁹ The work of the famous archeologist Marija Gimbutas has demonstrated that contemporary cultures in the Balkans were also matricentric

and remained so until their destruction about 3500 BCE.¹⁰ Indeed, traces of matricentric culture can be found in the older strata of every "more advanced" culture in the world.¹¹

In addition, many matricentric cultures still extant in the 19th and earlier 20th centuries have been documented by J. J. Bachofen¹² and Robert Briffault.¹³ Briffault fills 60 pages with a list of tribes and peoples in Africa, Asia, the Americas, Australia and the Pacific region whose societies were matrilinear (inheritance through the female line) and matrilocal (married daughters remaining in the homes of their mothers). Bachofen and Briffault both show clearly that matricentric cultures were once widespread -- so the simplest way of refuting any patriarchy-forever faction is to press the volumes of Bachofen and Briffault into their hands.

If we accept matricentricity as the norm in early and pre-industrial societies, the major question is why all these cultures changed from matricentric to patriarchal. A number of hypotheses for this dramatic change have been advanced; they range from psychological through socioeconomic explanations to the possibility of military overthrow.

Psychologist Carola Meier-Seethaler has suggested that cultures changing from a nomadic, gatherer-hunter lifestyle to a sedentary life of high intensity agriculture never satisfactorily solved the problem of a role for men married into their wife's clan. This inherent cultural weakness drove a long, slow and sometimes violent change to patriarchy. Meier-Seethaler regards men's intense rage and their subjugation of women as unconscious revenge for their own experienced loss of identity in late matricentric societies.¹⁴ Her suggestion finds support in the extremely rapid development of patriarchy in ethnic cultures after contact with Europeans. Numerous examples have been

documented in Australia, where European men involved only Aboriginal men in any decision-making process, forcing them to take over the women's leadership role. Empowered by this change, the men rapidly redefined all their previous values and quickly began to dominate their women, European-style.¹⁵

In a more socioeconomic approach, scholar Elise Boulding has suggested that women failed to specialize when a basically agricultural society advanced technologically and developed mining and metallurgy and a consequent trade in metals and metal products. This allowed men to develop administrative roles and centralized control.¹⁶

Finally, as Marija Gimbutas has shown, military overthrow and destruction by a stronger or warlike patriarchal culture caused the disappearance of many apparently successful matricentric cultures.¹⁷

The almost total disappearance of matricentric cultures may have been caused by a combination of all these factors. It is striking that almost no matricentric culture has survived contact with a patriarchal one.

Was There an Inherent Weakness in Matricentric Culture and Religion?

This failure of matricentric cultures to withstand patriarchy suggests that such cultures may have had some inherent structural weakness. So far, only Meier-Seethaler's psychological explanation -- the lack of clear role identities for men -- points to an inherent weakness that would inevitably lead to cultural revolution and the subjugation of women. Military overthrow does not explain how the invading culture became patriarchal and militarized, nor does the development of new technologies really explain why a society should change from matricentric to patriarchal. Why were the new technologies not integrated