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Homo Monstrosus: Lloyd Alexander’s Gurgi and Other Shadow Figures of Fantastic Literature

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Homo Monstrosus: Lloyd Alexander’s Gurgi and Other Shadow Figures of Fantastic Literature

Abstract
Discusses Gurgi as the shadow archetype in Alexander’s Prydain Cycle and compares him to examples in other literature.

Additional Keywords
Alexander, Lloyd—Jungian analysis; Alexander, Lloyd. The Prydain Cycle; Alexander, Lloyd. The Prydain Cycle—Characters—Gurgi; Shadow (Psychoanalysis); Joe R. Christopher; Bonnie GoodKnight
BOOK REVIEW: THE HOT-WORLD

many years ago and thought that Mr. Swann might be on his way to producing a masterpiece of fantasy some day. In short, if Mr. Swann's talent is still immature, it has been so for years, and may in fact be a case of arrested development.

Certainly "immaturity" can't be a completely satisfying way of describing the shortcomings of The Hot-World. If we think of another fantasy writer whose work shows signs of immaturity, for instance, we can see some immediate contrasts. Ms. Sanders Anne Laubenthal, for instance, is a young fantasy writer, known to readers of Mythprint. Her first novel, Escaillibwr, published late in 1973, was both a delightful romance, and one containing many faults: at times, Ms. Laubenthal seemed imperfectly in command of her style and her plot. But the romance was vigorous and intense in its evocation of strange areas of the imagination, despite its weaknesses. I would predict that in time Ms. Laubenthal may be a powerful novelist in the George MacDonald/Lewis/Charles Williams tradition. And the point to be made here is that if Ms. Laubenthal had written about a haunted forest near Bristol, we would remember the forest as a haunting image. The witches Ms. Laubenthal would evoke would be searing memories, because Ms. Laubenthal believes in the power both of the demonic and of the divine.

Another question raised by Mr. Swann's unsatisfying novel is why the world of fantasy writing should be so dominated today by women. This is especially peculiar since so many of the great figures in the tradition of mythopoeic fantasy—Morris, MacDonald, Tolkien, Eddison, Lewis, Williams—have been men. Today, however nearly all the virile writing—if the ladies will permit such an adjective—is being done by women: Evangeline Walton, Joy Chant, Katherine Kurtz, Mary Stewart... The male myth makers seem to be in retreat or other fields.

—Reviewed by Ed Chapman

Homo monstrosus:

Lloyd Alexander's Gurgi

and other Shadow Figures of fantastic literature

by

nancy-lou patterson

N HIS ANALYSIS of human dreams, C.G. Jung developed the technique of amplification, in which he searched the literature of mythology and folklore for parallels, in order to understand motifs which could not be explained in terms of memory or wish fulfillment. This method has given rise in literary criticism to the seeking of archetypal sources for characters and events; perhaps most notably in Northrop Frye's Anatomy of Criticism. Frye's Anatomy of Criticism. Frye's Anatomy of Criticism. Frye's Anatomy of Criticism.


Readers of Lloyd Alexander's five-volume fantasy cycle of Prydain—The Book of Three, The Black Cauldron, The Castle of Llyr, Taran Wanderer, and The High King—will be able to list the companions of the youthful pig-farmer hero, Taran. He is provided with a future wife, a musical friend, a wise old counsellor, and numerous acquaintances, mentors, enemies, and magical beings in the course of seeking out the secret of his ancestry and becoming High King. The companionship is more casual than the Fellowship of the Ring in J.R.R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, and lacks the basis of physical relationship of the Pevensye children in C.S. Lewis's Narnian Chronicles, but it falls well within the traditional structure. A much more mysterious figure among those companions has not been mentioned: this is Gurgi.

I read the Prydain series at one gulp in tandem with my twelve-year-old daughter. It is certainly true that Alexander is endlessly inventive—both of characters and events—sometimes breathlessly so. In pondering the whole experience, I find that Gurgi remains most vivid. Fflewddur and his harp become a single joke strained to the breaking point, Eilonwy exudes a faint perfume of the stereotype, so that her delightful traits are gently patronized; and the old magician Dalben never rises, as do Merlin in T.H. White's Once and Future King, and Gandalf in Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, to the level of the numinous. Even the splendidly-conceived triple Goddesses—Ordu, Orwen, and Orgoch—repeat a mildly grisly running gag about Orgoch's appetite. It is a failure of taste, I think, or perhaps a failure of nerve; in the end Alexander is a realist, whose hero must get on with real life, having rid himself of childish fantasies—all his magical companions pass away into the Summer Country except for Eilonwy, his future wife, who is reduced in the process.

Perhaps this is the reason why Prydain for all its spectacular variety is not always quite a secondary world, not always absolutely real: there is a certain swashbuckling disregard of detail. On the one hand, events pour over us too rapidly to be remembered, and on the other, comic effects are simply repeated from volume to volume. There is a tendency to exaggeration: when Taran is mercilessly lashed by captors dragging him before the enchantress Achren in The Book of Three, there is little sense of his suffering, of the experience being more than a simple incident intended to lend drama and colour to the tale. The same motif becomes one of intense pathos when Frodo is trapped in the tower of Cirith Ungol in The Return of the King (yet he receives but a single stripe). And when the claws of Aslan mark Aravis with ten stripes, in The Horse and His Boy, her whole life is changed. The "throw-away" effect of Alexander's narrative diminishes its realism.

With the above comments I have exhausted my objections: they are minor in the face of Alexander's achievement, which is a major and authentic work of fantasy, and my purpose is rather to show his undoubted power at work. The aforementioned negative assertions might also be made about Gurgi—and yet he sticks in the mind—why? As C.S. Lewis said, the argument ad hominem is likely to mislead us, so I will not try to guess what Alexander meant by Gurgi. Instead, I will look at what he tells us about him.
with Gurgi: he becomes the provider, not only by finding the above-mentioned were, Taran's are hidden the secrets of human arts and sciences. He is, as it were, Taran's left hand, the means by which occult power comes to him. Always hungry (at first he even offers to eat Taran), Gurgi fears not danger but desertion: "Crunchings and munchings now, mighty prince?" asked Gurgi in a high, tiny whisper. "As I promised you," said Gwydion. "Gurgi wants the smaller one for munchings," said the creature, with a beady glance at Taran. "Do not," Gwydion said. "He is an Assistant Pig-Keeper and he would disagree with you violently." He unbuckled a saddlebag and pulled out a few strips of dried meat, which he tossed to Gurgi. "Be off now. Remember, I want no mischief from you."

Gurgi watched the food, thrust it between his teeth, and scuttled up a tree trunk, leaping from tree to tree until he was out of sight. (Book of Three, p.40)

As with Orcoch, this hunger at first extends to suggestions of cannibalism, the ubiquitous spectre in a world of primitive hunger. Readers who have noticed Gurgi's Gollum-like speech will recognize that this is more than just a passing echo of the Cookie Monster from Sesame Street. Such characters are, more or less, children of nature; who are accompanied by a dwarf who carries a hag of magic items, but by carrying a miraculous food-bag which is always full.

Here is Alexander's account of Taran's first encounter with Gurgi:

Overhead, the branches rustled. As he stopped and looked up, something fell heavily to the ground behind him. Two hairy and powerful hands locked around his throat. Whatever had seized him made barking and snorting noises. Taran forced out a cry for help. He struggled with his unseen opponent, twisting, flailing his legs, and throwing himself from one side to the other. Recovering from the attack, Taran studies his adversary: "...sprawled under the tree was the strangest creature Taran had ever seen. He could not decide whether it was animal or human" (p.36). On closer examination, he decided it was both. Its hair was so matted and covered with leaves that it looked like an owl's nest in need of housecleaning. It had long, skinny woolly arms, and a pair of feet as flexible and grimy as its hands (p.37).

An immediate explanation of Gurgi's role is provided by Northrop Frye:

The characters who elude the moral antithesis of heroism and villainy generally are or suggest spirits of nature. They represent partly the moral uncertainty of the intermediate world of nature and partly a world of mystery which is glimpsed but never seen, and which retreats when approached.

He continues:

Such characters are, more or less, children of nature, who can be brought to bear on the hero, like Cronus's Friday, but retain the inscrutability of their origin. As servents or friends of the hero, they impart the mysterious rapport with nature that so often marks the central figure of romance. The paradox that many of these children of nature are "supernatural" beings is not as distressing in romance as in logic. (pp.196-197)

As an example, Frye offers the tale of "St. George and Una in Spenser [who] are accompanied by a dwarf who carries a bag of 'needments'. He is not a traitor, like other bag-carrier Judits and Iscariots, but he is 'fearful,' and urges retreat when the going is difficult" (p.197). The original passage in Spenser reads:

Behind her farre away a Dwarfse did lag,
That lasie seemed in being ever last,
Or weald with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe.3

The dwarf's cowardice appears in Verse 13 of the same Canto:

"...the creature set up a loud and piteous whining, roUed his feet. "No, no, no!" howled Gurgi at the top of his voice, rocking back and forth and waving his hairy arms.... His face was wrinkled in misery and he shook his matted head so violently he nearly sprawled flat on the floor. "Poor Gurgi will be long and worn with whinnings and pinings!" he moaned. "Oh, he must go with master, yes! yes!"

Again there is a repetition: "To his Gurgi began snuffing loudly, whimpering and moaning more desperately than ever."

Finally, in The High King:

His companion Gurgi, shaggier than the pony he rode, pulled his weathered cloak around him, rubbed his frost-nipped ears, and began groaning so wretchedly that Taran at last reined up the stallion.5

Gurgi's fearfulness (which gives overt expression to that which Taran not only feels, but fears to feel), is accompanied by his ever-present hunger:

"...Crunchings and munchings now, mighty prince?" asked Gurgi in a high, tiny whisper. "As I promised you," said Gwydion. "Gurgi wants the smaller one for munchings," said the creature, with a beady glance at Tarun. "Do not," Gwydion said. "He is an Assistant Pig-Keeper and he would disagree with you violently." He unbuckled a saddlebag and pulled out a few strips of dried meat, which he tossed to Gurgi. "Be off now. Remember, I want no mischief from you."

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The dwarf's cowardice appears in Verse 13 of the same Canto:

"For great lord," murmured Gurgi, "Gurgi is not hungry for crunchings and munchings today."

Taran looked at the eager face of Gurgi. For the first time they smiled at one another. (Book of Three, p.126)

He is rewarded by Gwydion in the end of the first book in a manner appropriate to the vengeful, faithless and vainglorious Gurgi shall be given a valiant of food which shall be always full. Guard it well; it is one of the treasures of Prydain" (p.218).

An effort to discover the possible source of this "treasure of Prydain" yielded the following: its "Pevy" Prince of Prydain, "Shinnen" or "Shinnen" willow a magic bag with these words: "...and ask nothing but the bag full of food; and I will bring it about," said she, 'that if what meat and drink are in these seven cantricks were put in to it, it would be empty, can never be full; it is used as a means of entrapment in which a man, thinking he will become its owner, ends by being


ties up inside. The same theme of trickery and enclosure appears in "Branwen Daughter of Llyr," when the Irish plan a ruse in which armed men are hidden inside bags affixed to pegs on each of the hundred pillars of the house. The plotters are defeated when Efinnis sniffs at the head of Morgenla (smelling boiling oil on the forty thieves in the jars) and remarks, "There is in these bags a flour of a sort" (p. 36).

The hiding of the Indian by the Windigo's brother, the hiding of Jack by the Beanstalk giant's wife (he was going to grind Jack's bones to make his dinner), the hiding of the hundred pillars of the house. The plotters are defeated by elaborate social means, of which the telling of the Windigo story—fight desperately against the awful temptations of starvation, and take a vigorously moral and suppressing attitude toward cannibalism. People control their emotions by elaborate social means, of which the telling of the Windigo stories is an example.

There is a "primitive," however, of which what Jung says is perfectly true: it is that other side of ourselves which we refer to as "demon" or "monster," and which Jung called the "Windigo." Gurgi embodies Taran's own fear, as we have seen, and also his hunger, which is more than physical. We may approach this understanding through the motif of the bag, which can be given a Freudian interpretation, as it is by Anton Ehrenzweig:

"It may be that defensive magic accepts the castrated male as a true equivalent of the devouring mother of whom he stands in excessive fear. The cunning unheroic companions of the hero also stand for the threat of oral castration."

For "castrated," one may read "fearful." For "causing," we read in The Book of Three, "A crafty look gleamed in Gurgi's close-set little eyes" (p. 38). He knows his own nature: once away from the Crochan, Gurgi regained some of his spirits. "Crafty Gurgi found it! He cried. "Oh, yes! He always finds what is lost! He has found piggies, and now he finds a great cauldron of wicked doings and brewings! Kind master will honor humble Gurgi." Nevertheless, his face wrinkled with fear.

He is afraid because the cauldron can cook dead men back to life. Not surprisingly, it is in the possession of the three enchantresses: the Mother Goddess (who often appears in triple form) gives not only the first life of man from her womb, but the second life, from the tomb. The "fear of oral castration" can be seen as a figure for death, in which the tomb's mouth devours the reveries: the Mother Goddess (who often appears in triple form)—which is sometimes suggested as the greatest hero-quest theme—has a will honor humble Gurgi." Nevertheless, his face wrinkled with fear.

Ehrenzweig, discussing the companion figure in his most extreme form—the devil—says, "They are terrifying, cunning, and in possession of magic knowledge, but at the same time they are clumsy, ridiculous and possibly mutatiled. The reason for this contradictory aspect of the demon is the evil necessity of their castration symbols, such as bags... (p. 246).

Gurgi is both "clumsy."—"Gurgi waved his arms so wildly he nearly tumbled from the saddle"—and agile—"Before Eilonwy had finished speaking he was worrying his own文书 sheets as if they weren't worth a twig, popped up at the window, and with great agility clambered over the sill." The extension of the companion's ambivalence to the point of the devil figure is explained by J.R.R. Tolkien in his classic essay on Beowulf:

Monsters of more or less human shape were naturally liable to development on contact with Christian ideas of sin and spirits of evil. Their parody of human form...becomes symbolic, explicitly, of sin, or rather this mythical element, already present in pre-Christian stories, is emphasized. Beowulf's adversary Grendel (of whom more below) is nevertheless not yet a devil or malignant spirit but an "ogre, a physical monster," according to Tolkien (p. 38).
but in Grendel change and blending are, of course, already apparent" (p. 36). Grendel is driven mad by the sound of the harp recounting the story of the Creation, while he is "lurking joyless in the dark without" (p. 28) and he is ravenous for human flesh, "the grim and greedy demon" (Beowulf, p. 29)—his hunger is thus both psychic (his intolerable loneliness) and physical (his awful and illicit hunger).

Both aspects symbolize his essential dependence upon mankind which at once rejects him and serves him for food: Beowulf is necessary to Grendel and he is necessary to Beowulf. The image of the lighted hall of Heorot eventuates in yielding a misnomer, in which he strives in rage, depicts the human condition, in which the small lighted interior of the conscious mind flickers on the edge of "the moors and mist-ridden fells" (p. 43). When Grendel bursts into the hall, that light reflects in his "horrify-fire eyes" (p. 44) and his "conception of the conscious ego with its own shadow. Beowulf destroys Grendel by literally dis-arming him, but in the end of the poem, of an even more terrible being from the other world—a dragon, not man-like at all—destroys him.

ERHAPS THE OLDEST of stories about the companion as friend is The Epic of Gilgamesh. The hero Gilgamesh first does battle with Enkidu, breaking doorposts and shaking castles until Enkidu turns and they embrace and become friends. The hall-wrecking battle of Beowulf and Grendel comes to mind, and the reader may refer back to Taran's first encounter with Gurgi, given above. Enkidu's chief trait is his hairiness:

His body was rough, he had long hair like a woman's; it waved like the hair of Nisaba, the goddess of corn. His body was covered with matted hair like Samugan's, the god of cattle. He was innocent of mankind; he knew nothing of the cultivated land. This hairiness, of course, is a trait of Gurgi as well: Taran "was covered with Gurgi's shedding hair, in addition to the distressing odor of a wet wolfhound" (Book of Three, p. 37). Fflewddur refers to Gurgi as "your hairy friend" (p. 125), and Doli calls him "a shaggy what-is-it" (p. 11), while in The Castle of Llyr, "Shaggy-haired Gurgi, astride his pony, looked as mournful as an owl with a stomach ache" (p. 28). When Grendel bursts into the hall, that light reflects in his "horrify-fire eyes" (p. 44)—it is an "social physiological race"—which describes the development of "Homo sapiens" and many monstrousities—strange combinations of forms—"one-eyed beings and so on. These beings always lived on the outer edge of known lands.

In The City of God St. Augustine dealt with the question of the reality of such beings. If, he wrote, the stories about monsters are not plain lies, such beings either are not men at all or, if they are men, they are, like other men, descendants of Adam. St. Augustine tended to favor the last possibility (p. 115). Other later writers suggested that such beings had degenerated by diabolic action: Nebuchadnezzar had become a "beast-like creature," they noted. Still others thought they had been created separately by the devil. "It was understood that monsters had monstrous habits: they were naked, lascivious, promiscuous and filthy; they had a bad smell and no religion" (p. 115).

To the fifteenth century, of course, the most far-away place was the New World, which some of its early discoverers thought was the uttermost East. Although Columbus reported that the Indians were "well-made men who were...generous with their possessions" and "handsome and fierce race" (p. 115), he also solemnly reported monstrous dog-headed races. The latter motif continued to appear in reports of the New World and is reflected in the sixteenth century in the character of Caliban, in Shakespeare's The Tempest (Malefijt, p. 117). He is "a monster", he is "the race", he is "the nature", he is "the thing", he is "a monster"—that is, a Caribbean—"the New World area thought to have "dog-headed beings in it. Gurgi's doggish characteristics have already been noted, and will be referred to again below: he is "faithful" and smells like a wet wolfhound.

A pupil of Linnaeus subdivided the monsters and depicted them as part of a "logical system" but in fact they survived the development of evolutionary theory and the science of genetics in the popular notion of a "missing link," and many laymen do not yet know that "the ancestors of men are not Homo sapiens" (Malefijt, p. 118). That is, they are not descended from any of the apes. The idea of the monster persists in the Abominable Snowman and his New World relative the Sasquatch, and has, of course, been successfully transplanted to the New peripheral of mankind's world, the planets, where the little green men and the bug-eyed monsters and the "intelligent Sasquatchery" contain a concern for the racist overtones or implications of this kind of thinking, just as Friedel's book does. That particular element is not part of my argument, except in a general way.

IN JUNG'S THOUGHT, the Shadow "involves recognizing the dark aspects of the personality as present and real" (Alow, p. 8). People who cannot bear to face their own lesser selves are condemned to do exactly that, for they project the traits they have rejected into other people, especially into people whose appearance (colour, race, nationality, what-have-you) are different from their own. Jung continues, "Closer examination of the dark characteristics...the inferiorities constituting the shadow—reveals that they have an emotional nature, a kind of autonomy, and accordingly an obsessively or, better, possessive quality" (p. 9). Gurgi expresses the emotions which Tarzan wishes to suppress in himself. Jung states that the shadow "is always of the same sex as the subject" (which accounts for the "homosexual" element in the companion figure) and "represents first and foremost the personal unconscious" (p. 10). Thus, "with a little self-criticism one sees through the shadow and is conscious of his personal" (p. 10). Jung continues, "But when it appears as an archetype, one encounters...difficulties...In other words, it is quite within the bounds of possibility for a man to recognize the relative evil of his nature, but it is a rare and shining experience for him to gaze into the face of absolute evil" (p. 10). This shattering experience is that of Beowulf confronting Grendel; it is not
asked of Taran. In his final encounter with Arawn Death-Lord in
*The High King*, Taran merely cleaves a serpent in twain. His
shadow has been suited to his size.

Gurgi embodies, then, Taran’s self-emasculating fear, his
hunger (for self-knowledge and identity)—of which being a
pig-keeper is perhaps an echo, for the prodigal son, far from
his birthplace, and starving, became a swineherd and ate husks
with his pigs—and his doglike dependency: “had Gurgi owned a
tail, Taran was sure he would have wagged it frantically” (Book
of Three, p. 38). When Taran reaches maturity, Gurgi (and the
other magical—that is to say, unconscious—companions) withdraws:

“Yeah, yeah!” shouted Gurgi. “All go to the land of no sighings
and no dyings!” He bounded joyously and waved his arms in the
air, shedding a good portion of what hair remained to him.

“Yes, oh yes! All together forever! And Gurgi, too, will find
what he seeks. Wisdom for his poor tender head!” (The High
King, p. 282.)

Jolande Jacobi discusses making conscious the unconscious contents
(of which the shadow figure is actually the most shallow and
immediate)—the symbol may be brought to a certain level of
consciousness “but without being wholly fathomed, so that it
continues to be ‘alive’ and effective;” it may be “completely
fathomed and explored.” becoming “a mere allegory, a ‘sign,’ or
a conceptually unambiguous content of consciousness” (Complexy/
Archetype/Symbol, p. 121); (“shedding,” as it were, “what hair
remained”) or it may “not be understood at all,” resulting in
an “autonomous splinter psyche...that is, in all kinds of
neurotic and psychotic symptoms” (p. 121)—such a being as
Grendel. Whatever the result, the shadow must be reckoned with.
Taran must agree with his hairy adversary, and take him along as
a companion. As Alexander says in introducing his second book,
“readers who have already journeyed with Taran are assured...that
Gurgi, despite shakings and quakings and fears for his poor
tender head, insisted on joining this new adventure” (The Black
Cadilvon, Intro, n.p.).

There is one last place to look for light on Gurgi, the
shadow, and ourselves: this is a superb Little Golden Book,
*The Monster at the End of This Book,* which stars “lovable, furry
old Grover,” one of a race of monsters familiar to the audience
of Sesame Street. In this story Grover reads the title, and
exclaims “Did that say there will be a Monster at the end of
this book???’ IT DID? Oh, I am so scared of Monsters!!!”

After a series of desperate attempts to prevent the reader from
turning the pages and reaching the last page, Grover makes his
discovery: “Well look at that! This is the end of the book and
the only one here is...ME. I, lovable, furry old GROVER, am the
Monster at the end of this book.” This sums up my thesis admirably:
we are ourselves the monsters, whether we know it or not.
The shadow we cast is our own.

NANCY-LOU PATTERSON
Feast of St. Philip and St. James
AD 1973, Waterloo, Ontario

An Enlargement of Being
(continued from page 9)

the Society’s fuller maturity as a literary organization—balanced,
united in intellectual honesty, and worthily fulfilling its stated
commitment. What I say is not in any way directed toward specific
individuals, because I recognize that no single person that I know
of personally is an embodiment of either error. Rather, real
people are constantly and subtly altering their own positions on
these and many other questions. I believe there is a reason for
literary experience—whether or not the individual acknowledges
a link with spiritual experience—in which I hope we may and can
all find agreement. In giving a justification for reading great
literature, C. S. Lewis says in the Epilogue of An Experiment in
Criticism:

What then is the good of—what is even the defence for—

occupying our hearts with stories of what never happened and
entering vicariously into feelings which we should try to avoid
having in our own person?... The nearest I have yet got to an
answer is that we seek an enlargement of our being. We want
to be more than ourselves. Each of us by nature sees the whole
world from one point of view with a perspective and a selective-
ness peculiar to himself. And even when we build disinterested
fantasies, they are saturated with, and limited by, our own
psychology.... We want to see with other eyes, to imagine
with other imaginations, to feel with other hearts, as well as
our own.... The primary impulse of each is to maintain and
aggrandize himself. The secondary impulse is to go out of the
self, to correct its provincialism and heal its loneliness....

Those of us who have been true readers all our life seldom fully
realize the enormous extension of our being which we owe to
authors. We realize it best when we talk with an unliterary
friend. He may be full of goodness and good sense but he in-
habits a tiny world. In it, we should be suffocated. The man
who is content to be only himself, and therefore less a self, is
in prison.... Literary experience heals the wound, without
undermining the privilege, of individuality. There are mass
emotions which heal the wound: but they destroy the privilege.
In them our separate selves are pooled and we sink back
into sub-individuality. But in reading great literature I become
a thousand men and yet remain myself. Like the night sky in
the Greek poem, I see with a myriad eyes, but it is still I who
see. Here, as in worship, in love, in moral action, and in
knowing, I transcend myself; and am never more myself
than when I go.

Notes on This Issue

The last issue took a great deal of time to become fact.
This was in part due to my personal saddening resulting
from the death of J. R. R. Tolkien, a man I, along with many
others, respected and admired deeply. Nevertheless the
issue needed to be finished, and gradually my own personal
feelings were forced to come to a head as I wrote the editorial
“Death and the Desire for Deathlessness.” Its writing was a cathartic experience, and no longer held back by the inertia of bereavement, I could look again look forward.

I realized Mythlore needed a larger staff, in order to
publish it, hopefully with greater frequency. I asked
Laurence Krieg, Gracia Fay Ellwood, and George Colvin
to join the staff, and they agreed. Laurence Krieg would
undertake the role of Managing Editor in a similar fashion
as he had done previously with Mythprint. As a result,
credit goes to him for the organization, arranging of art,
and layout of most of the interior of the issue (pp. 3-7, and
10-31). I am directly responsible for the content of the
two covers, pages 2, 9, and the lower half of this page. I
regret I was not able to follow the Managing Editor’s policy
of not continuing ends of articles later in the issue. Gracia
Fay Ellwood made the arrangements for page 8. I express
my thanks to all the staff for their vital assistance, es-
pecially Laurence Krieg, in getting this issue into facthood.

Plans are nearly finished on the working out of a new way of
producing Mythlore on a regular basis. I have learned not
to make premature promises in print, but do both hope and
expect that you will be seeing the next issue sooner than
you may expect. — GLEN H. GOODKNIGHT