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; Bg Callahan
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 Mytestprint. Her first novel, Escalibur, 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 monstruosus:

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. Sometimes a very minor element in a work of literature can exert a compelling power upon the reader quite out of balance with the space afforded to it, and when this happens, archetypal criticism can help to explain why it does.

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-nosing 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 than a simple incident intended to lend drama and colour to the tale. The same motif becomes one of intense pathos when Taran is mercilessly lashed by captors dragging him before the enchantress Achren in The Return of the King (yet he receives but a single stripe). And when the cliffs 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.

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 Dallben 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 munificent. Even the splendidly-conceived triple Goddesses—Orddu, 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, the doughty poet, 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 Eilomwy, 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.

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RIFLY STATED, Gurgi is a monster, of a species well known in literature and folklore. He is an ambivalent being, half animal and half human, half enemy and half friend. When he first meets Taran he attacks him, but in the end of The Book of Three it is he who finds the oracular pig, Hen Wen. He also finds the miraculous cauldron for which The Black Cauldron is named, and in The High King he finds the coffers in which 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), he becomes the provider, not only by finding the above-mentioned 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.1

Recovering from the attack, Taran studies his adversary:

"...sprawled under the tree was the strangest creature Taran had ever seen. He could not be sure 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 grisly 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 neutrality of the intermediate world of nature and partly a world of mystery which is glimpsed but never seen, and which retreats when approached.2

He continues:

Such characters are, more or less, children of nature, who can be brought to serve the hero, like Crusoe’s Friday, but retain the inscrutability of their origin. As servants 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 as distancing 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 ‘needsments’. He is not a traitor, like that other bag-carrier Judas Iscariot, but he is ‘feareful,’ and urges retreat when the going is difficult” (p.197). The original passage in Spenser reads:

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That laisie seemed in beeing ever last,
Or read with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe.3

The dwarf’s cowardice appears in Verse 15 of the same Canto:

Fly fly (quoth then
The fearfull Dwarfe:) this is no place for living men. (p.12)

Gurgi exhibits the same behaviour in The Book of Three:

"...the creature set up a loud and piteous whining, roulled his eyes, and beat the ground with his palms," and again, "the creature wailed" (p.37). In The Castle of Llyr, we read, “Gurgi flung himself to the ground, covered his head with his hands, and whimpered gibber.”

The motif is expressed most forcefully in Taran Wanderer, where Gurgi fears not danger but desertion:

Before he could finish the door burst open and a shaggy figure sped across the chamber and flung itself at Taran’s feet. “No, no, no!” bellowed 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 lone and lorn with whinings and pinings!” he moaned. “Oh, he must go with master, yes! yes!”

Again there is a repetition: “To his Gurgi began snuffling loudly, whimpering and moaning more desperately than ever…”(p.14).

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.4

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 Taran.

“Do not,” Gwydion said, “he is an Assistant Pig-Keeper and he would disagree with you violently.” He un buckled 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 snatched 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.60)

As with Orgoch, this hunger at first extends to suggestions of cannibalism, the ubiquitous spectre in a world of primitive hunger. Readers who have noticed Gurgi’s Collum-like speech habits will not be surprised that he becomes one of his appetite. The motif appears extensively in the folklore of hunter peoples where the fear of death by starvation is omnipresent: note the following quotation from a Windigo story told among the Ojibwa of Canada (the complex layers of ambivalence and cross-identity will become apparent later).5

Once upon a time an Indian was in his canoe,... He came to a great big camp, and a man came out of the camp and said to him, “I would not do anything to you myself, but my brother is the one who kills all the Indians. I tell you what we’ll do. We have a big dish and I will hide you under it. I will put it upside down.” As soon as the Indian hid under this big dish the big Windigo came. His brother was outside the camp, he said to his brother, “There’s somebody here. Now, I tell you what we’ll do, we will have a wrestle, and if you don’t defeat me I will believe you, that there is nobody here.” They wrestled, and the kind-hearted man put this big Windigo (his brother) down, and the Windigo said, “I believe you now; there is no one here.” So next morning he went away again to look for somebody that he’d kill to eat.

One thinks of the Collum/Smeagol conflict in The Two Towers. When he eats, Gurgi’s delight is fulsome: “Gurgi, sitting cross-legged, devoured his food with so many outrites of pleasure and loud smackings of his lips that he seemed to be eating twice as much as he really did.” (Book of Three, p.105) There is a touch of the Windigo Monster from Sesame Street (not by direct influence, of course).

It is the motif of hunger which provides the transition of the ambivalent Gurgi from enemy to friend:

Only a leaf lay Gurgi’s tiny portion of honey-comb.4

“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 his faithful and valiant service. Gurgi shall be given a wallof food which shall be always full. Guard it well; it is one of the treasures of Prydain” (p.218).

An attempt to discover the possible source of this “treasure of Prydain” yields the following: “Pey! Prince of Diffendine, thine servant Shinnon shall give all a magic bag with these words: ‘and ask nothing but the bag full of food; and I will bring it about,’ she said, ‘that if what meat and drink are in these seven tins were put into it, it would be eaten over before it was placed in the bag’.” This bag, instead of never being empty, can be filled at will; it is like the omniscience in which a man, thinking he will become its owner, ends by being

SHADOW FIGURES

...in which armed men are hidden inside bags affixed to pegs on each of the hundred pillars of the house. The plotter are defeated when Finnían seizes the head of the manner of Morgiana by pouring boiling oil on the forty thieves in the jars) and remarks, "There is in these bags 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 powder for his wife to have before the sort), the entrapments within a bag of inadvertent human food in the Mabinogion: all these give evidence of a folklore source for Gurgi's bag, its food, and (perhaps) the faint whiff of cannibalism. As Jung says, "the contents of the collective unconscious are invariably archetypes that were present from the beginning." He states that "On this lower level with its uncontrolled or scarcely controlled emotions one behaves more or less like a primitive, who is not only the passive victim of his affects but also singularly incapable of moral judgement" (p.9). I would have to point out that the "primitive" to which Jung is referring is an archetypal one, for real primitive people—for instance, the Ojibwa who originated the Windigo story—fight desperately against the awful temptations of starvation, and take a vigorously moral and suppressing attitude toward cannibalism. Such people control their emotions by elaborate social means, of which the telling of 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 refuse to confront and which, therefore, afflicts us. 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 homo may accept the castrated male as a true equivalent of the devouring mother of whom he stands in excessive fear. The cunning unholy companions of the hero also stand for the threat of oral castration." (p.240)

For "castrated," one may read "fearful," for "cunning," 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 tripe 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 hero "chicken" he is. (p.360).

Gurgi is both "clumsy"—"Gurgi waved his arms so wildly he flattened the three beings whose chicken he is. 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 mutilated. The reason for these contradictory aspects is the extent of their castration, or castration symbols, such as bags... (p.240).

The term "cleric" devil is also the poor silly devil who gets himself trapped in various castration symbols, such as bags... (p.240). Gurgi is both "clumsy"—"Gurgi waved his arms so wildly he nearly stumbled from the saddle"—and agile—"Before Iffonow had finished speaking Gurgi was over the bridge, covering naked and madly whirling about. "Yes, oh yes! Bold, clever, faithful, and once he found a lost piggy and once he found evil black cauldron! Now he finds mighty secrets for kind master!"

Taran smiled at the excited Gurgi (p.299).

That, incidentally, is the last we hear or see of Gurgi in the Prydian cycle.

Fiedler is especially interested in the racial aspects of this symbol—he writes, "Cooper tells precisely the same sort of truth about the Indian that Mrs. Stowe was to tell about the Negro, in each it is guilt that speaks, the guilt of the whole community" (p.181). Nevertheless he gives attention to the wider symbolic elements in the figure of Nigger Jim in Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn—which is sometimes suggested as the greatest hero-quest-romance in American literature: Jim is all things to him: father and mother and playmate and belover, appearing naked and beautiful, and interesting. It is as if the author's search for his parents is concentrated upon his father; perhaps the role of his Mother is taken by the three beings whose "chicken" he is.

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The complexity of this ambivalent image of love and hate has found rich expression in the whole history of romance, from earliest times. As enemy, the above-mentioned figure of Grendel is perhaps most compelling:

The grim demon who was called Grendel, a notorious ranger of the borderlands, who inhabited the fastnesses of moors and forests. This unhappy being had long lived in the land of monsters, because God has damned him along with the children of Cain.15

Tolkien says that Grendel is not an allegory (though he represents the chaos ready to break into the uneasy order wrought by men): rather, he "inhabits the visible world...he enters their houses by the doors" (Beowulf, the Monsters and the Critics, p.23). Nor is he, as has been supposed, "merely a devil." The changes which produced (before AD 1066) the medieval devil are not complete in Beowulf, 11 Lloyd Alexander, The Black Cauldron, Dell, Yearling Book (New York: 1969), p.146.

Lloyd Alexander, The Black Cauldron, p.5.


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, where Grendel lurks in misery, and into which he strides in rage, depicted the human condition, in which the small lighted interior of the conscious mind flickers on the edge of "the moors and mist-ripped fells" (p.43). When Grendel bursts into the hall, that light reflects in his "fire-reflecting eyes" (p.43), it "is a confrontation of the conscious ego with its own shadow. Beowulf destroys Grendel by literally disarming him, but in the end of the poem, 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 meets with Enkidu, breaking doorposts and shaking sacred trees until Enkidu-bookends them and they embrace and become friends. The hall-wrecking battle of Beowulf and Grendel comes to mind, and the reader may recall Taral'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.14

This hairiness, of course, is a trait of Gurgi as well: Taral "was covered with Gurgi's shedding hair, in addition to the distressing odor of a wolfhound!" (Book of Three, p.37). Fflewddwr refers to Gurgi as "your hairy friend" (p.125), and Doli calls him "a shaggy what-is-it" (p.181), while in The Castle of Llyr, "Shaggy-haired Gurgi, astride his pony, looked as mournful as an owl with a storm about its head" (p.100). It seems that at least one source for this hairiness in The Mabinogion, in "Culhwch and Olwen:" "Morfran son of Tegid (no man placed his weapon in him at Camlan, so exceedingly ugly was he; all thought he was a devil helping. There was hair on him like the hair of a stag" (p.100). The many animal comparisions—"owl," "cattle" for Gurgi, "cattle" for Enkidu, and "stag" for Morfran—remind us of the possible origin of the devil image, or at least for his hairiness, in the ancient beast-gods of Paleolithic Europe (and, elsewhere).

In commenting on the idea of a hairy monster, in particular the Sasquatch, who is a Pacific Northwest relative of the Himalayan Abominable Snowman, the yeti, Mary Young writes:

Social scientists have long been aware of the linkage which can exist in the minds of people between the strange habits and physical appearance of those removed from them in space, and by social structure. The characteristics which have been attributed to "monsters" are also often applied to such groups; lasciviousness, promiscuity, lack of religion and a bad smell.15

The first of these three traits are expressive of that "moral neutrality" (as Frye calls it) which in some figures grows into the devil-image, but the "bad smell" is precisely Gurgi: "Taran came to his senses on a pile of dirty straw, which smelled as though Gurgi and all his ancestors had slept on it" (p.126). When Taran and Gurgi become friends, "the wet wolfhound odor did not seem as objectionable as before" (p.126). Mary Young's source for the idea of monsters which she uses in discussing the Sasquatch is Annemarie de Waal Malefijt's article, "Homo Monstrous," which describes the development of the motif:

When Carl von Linné (Linnaeus) worked out his monumental systematization of natural things in the 18th century, he included the species Homo monstrosus. By Homo monstrosus he meant a species related to Homo sapiens but markedly different in physical appearance. To do Linnaeus full

justice, he was quite aware that there were men on all continents who belonged to the species Homo sapiens. He nonetheless believed, as many of his contemporaries and predecessors did, that in remote areas there were manlike creatures with weird characteristics.16

According to this account, the idea persisted for two thousand years and was presented in the Bible. Hermes lists many monstrousities—strange combinations of forms—on page 113.

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...governcther with their possessions and "handsome of face and figure and in intellect and in beauty and...smell like a fish, and is mistaken for a devil. His name is explained by Annemarie de Waal Malefijt as an anagram of "can[n]ibal," which derives from "caribal,"—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 "men without other", but in fact all the indications 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 represented among contemporary ape species" (Malefijt, p.118). That is to say, man is 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 periphery of mankind's world, the planets, where the little green men and the bug-eyed monsters of "catastrophes" and "monsters" are depicted as "men without other", and "men without other" no doubt were sought. "Man without other" is, they say, the "missing link," and "monsters"17 contain a concern for the racist overtones or implications of this kind of thinking, just as Fiedler's book does. That particular element is not part of my argument, except in a general way.

N JUNG'S THOUGHT, the Shadow "involves recognizing the dark aspects of the personality as present and real" (Aion, 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, or what-have-you) are different from their own. Jung continues, "Closer examination of the dark characteristics— that is, the inferiorities constituting the shadow—reveals that they have an emotional nature, a kind of autonomy, and accordingly an obsessiveness, or, better, possessive quality" (p.9). Gurgi expresses the emotions which Taral 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 can see through the shadow far as its nature is personal" (p.11). 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 shattering 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 individuation)—of which his 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:

"Yes! yes!" 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 fathom ed, 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" (Complex/Archetype/Symbol, p. 121); ("sheding," 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 Cauldron, 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 1753, 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 worthy 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 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 selectiveness 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 aggress 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 unlitery friend. He may be full of goodness and good sense but he inhabits 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 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 do.

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, especially 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