

COLLECTED WORKS

JOSEPH CAMPBELL®

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**The Fairy Tale**



# *MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT*

FROM *MYTHIC IMAGINATION*  
COLLECTED SHORT FICTION

**JOSEPH CAMPBELL**



*Moonlight in Vermont*  
*Digital Edition*

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# THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JOSEPH CAMPBELL

**A**t his death in 1987, Joseph Campbell left a significant body of published work that explored his lifelong passion, the complex of universal myths and symbols that he called “Mankind’s one great story.” He also left, however, a large volume of unreleased work: uncollected articles, notes, letters, and diaries, as well as audio- and videotape-recorded lectures.

Joseph Campbell Foundation (JCF) — founded in 1990 to preserve, protect, and perpetuate Campbell’s work — has undertaken to create a digital archive of his papers and recordings and to publish **The Collected Works of Joseph Campbell**.

Robert Walter, *Executive Editor*

David Kudler, *Managing Editor*

## THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JOSEPH CAMPBELL

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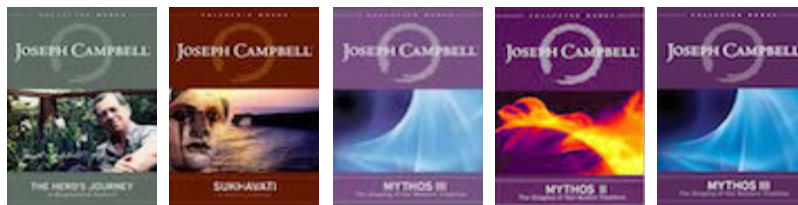




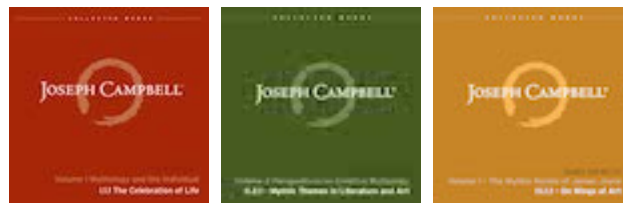
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# MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT

1.

“GET UP!” Through his sleep, Freddy Bliss vaguely heard the agitated voice, but he was unwilling to open his eyes. “Up! Up! Up! Up! Up!” A hard hand was shaking his shoulder. Freddy opened his eyes. It was that old dimwit, Carl the Finn. Somebody had switched the light on; the bulb, blaring from its wire, was dangling naked from the wooden ceiling.

Farmer George Waterford—a seasoned old fellow in his late seventies, sturdy as a bull, thick shouldered, with a severe, thoroughly honest gray eye—was wriggling his belly into his pants. “Get up, dang it!” he shouted at Freddy. That frightened the youngster, and he stirred. Old Waterford finally got his pants on and went over to the lad. “See here, Freddy,” he commanded, “you just get up out of that bunk.” He was usually grumpy, but this time his voice had a special accusation.

Freddy arose and squinted in the horrible light. He had not removed even his shoes before tumbling into bed, exhausted, only a few hours before. Taking a comb from his pocket, he began trying to do something with his naturally wavy hair.

“Now, listen, you,” Waterford said. “Just put that thing away and get out of here as fast as you can. Give Jim and Carl a hand.”

Freddy pocketed the comb and left the building, not knowing what he was supposed to do. What was going on? Cows were mooing everywhere. In the distance, he saw a flashlight swinging in the dark and heard the hoarse hollering of Jim Drayton, Farmer Waterford’s son-in-law. What had happened is that Freddy had neglected to close the gate properly that evening, and twenty-eight immense Guernseys had escaped into the corn and were now wandering everywhere in the dim moonlight, mooing, trampling down the gardens.

Carl came trotting past, herding three of the animals before him with a stick. Waterford appeared, saw Freddy standing stupidly, and struck him on the back. “Lend a hand here, dammit! Head them into the barn!” Nearby a cluster of the cows lowed, startling Freddy; then they turned and lumbered off in the wrong direction. Freddy made a feeble effort to go after them. “Over here!” he heard Waterford call. Jim Drayton’s voice and light were far away.

Chaos, havoc, wild hallooing, and one flashlight darting hither and thither crazily! After an hour of this pandemonium, the bovine marauders had finally been channeled cow by cow into their stalls in the lighted barn. Waterford regarded the scene with vinegar satisfaction, rubbed his leathery neck, and wiped perspiration from the top of his hard old head. Then he looked at Jim and Carl and asked, “Now where’s that kid?”

“Freddy disappear?” asked the Finn, his crackled face glancing about quickly. He then moved to the door and peered into the moonlight. Even now, in the middle of the



night, Carl's thin little shanks were done up in faded khaki puttees.

Jim Drayton, meanwhile, was going along the line of cows, slapping the rear end of each captured truant. The splendid animals were all at home now, standing in their individual stalls, flanks still heaving from the excitement. Drayton—a short-necked, quiet-spoken man of about fifty, clothed in chauffeur's livery—was employed on a large estate nearby and returned to the farm every night to sleep. Coming back late this evening, he had discovered the animals loose in the corn.

Carl turned back from the door and said, "Freddy's disappeared, all right."

Having concluded his examination of the stable, Drayton said abstractedly, "Don't worry about that kid."

"Gol' dang it," grumbled Waterford, his hickory head jutting forward. He turned to the door. Carl stepped out ahead of him, and the two called and halloed into the night but received no reply. "What are we going to do now?" Waterford asked, shaking his head.

"Go back to bed," Drayton replied, approaching his father-in-law with a quiet air of indifference. His chauffeur's livery had been soiled conspicuously, his polished shoes thoroughly mired. "That kid has given you trouble enough," he told the old man. "Let him go."

The three men moved wearily from the barn to the lighted, glassed-in back porch of the pretty New England farmhouse, where Jim and his wife, Susan, Waterford's only daughter, slept alone; for the old farmer, who ran the farm, liked to be in the shack with the hands. Waterford, who never drank and never smoked, had worked the farm like an ox every

day since boyhood. The fine herd of Guernseys, the fields of corn and alfalfa and clover, were his whole existence; and they supported him well. The farm was fat, the lawn before the little white house was well tended, all the roofs were in good repair.

In former years, when there had been more hands, a long table had run the length of the porch, but now there was only a short table that could accommodate five or six. Susan Drayton—a prematurely white-haired, motherly busybody—was standing by the door when her menfolk arrived. She beheld their filthy shoes and clacked her tongue.

Drayton stamped his feet at the threshold and began to remove his shoes; his wife fetched his slippers. Carl simply walked in and sat down. Waterford, visibly fatigued, moved slowly to his favorite straight-backed chair and seated himself heavily. “Well,” he sighed, “now we gotta find that kid.” Susan eyed him with concern. Forever fussing in the kitchen, she had prepared coffee, which the men drank quietly, staring across the edges of their cups.

After a time, Jim Drayton set his cup down, leaned solidly back, and addressed his father-in-law. “Listen, George,” he said with his hard voice, “you and Carl go back to bed. I’ll phone up Burns—he can help me find the kid. He can’t be lost very far.”

The farmer wearily replied. “Why, say, with that darn jitterbuggin’ head he’s got, he could be dying this minute in a ditch somewhere. Know what today?” He glanced over at Carl. “I told the kid to unhitch the team, hey, Carl?” The Finn grinned and broke off a piece of coffee cake. “Next I know,” Waterford continued, “he’s undone every gol’ dang buckle he could set his hands to, and my harness is lyin’ in two-foot lengths all over the ground!”

Drayton softly laughed.

“Right, Carl?” demanded Waterford. The Finn, still grinning, chewed and gave a nod. Waterford shook his head. “Why, say, that youngster ain’t got the common sense it takes to keep a leg clear of the reaper. Right, Carl?”

Susan interrupted. “You can’t expect the boy to learn everything at once,” she tartly told him.

“Well, now, look here,” her father answered. “I guess I got a right to expect plain common sense.”

“The boy just don’t know,” she stated. “How can you expect him to, when he never so much as seen hair nor hide of a cow before two weeks ago?”

The farmer shook his head. “These dang times,” he complained, “are the craziest I ever seen. Look here. Them O.P.A. critters down in Washington, they put it in the papers, over the radio, everywhere you turn: ‘There’s a war on. The farmer’s got to produce.’ Same time, they take away all your hands. Why, I ain’t seen a first-rate young hand now for more’n six years.” He finished off his coffee. “Carl here, he’s one year older than God; and me, I’m two. When they do send us some young blood, it’s a jitterbug from Brooklyn.” With a sudden show of good humor, he laughed. “Why, say, you know, I do believe that kid don’t know enough to unbutton—”

“Father!” his daughter reprimanded, as Carl grinned.

Jim Drayton shook his head. “Well, George,” he commented slowly, “I guess it’s tough on people in all walks.”

Susan began clearing up the plates, accompanying the work with a pert lecture. “It was a good idea they had to send

them poor kids up out of the city. All it takes to make decent hands of them is a little patience.”

Her father looked at her and widened his eyes. “Patience!” he exclaimed. His calloused hands fell heavily on the table. “Well, now, I declare, I think I’ve had a lot of patience. But see here: how you going to be patient with a gol’ darn jitterbug who don’t know enough to get his legs clear of the reaper? Give him patience and he’s dead! Right, Carl?”

The Finn, starting to nod off to sleep, didn’t reply.

The old man resumed. “I send him home to do something safe: mow the lawn. I got old eyes, but even so, I can see he ain’t mowed that lawn. Why, say, he knows just exactly where I be every minute, and the further away I be, the less he does.” He shook his head, stamping to his feet conclusively. “Well, now, I guess he’s gone and got a busted skull, and some ten-cent lawyer’ll be suin’ me for damages.”

“George,” said Jim Drayton softly, “go back to bed.”

Waterford, already at the door, wheeled around. “Bed? I’ll not sleep one cussed wink till I’ve got that kid back where I can holler at him. Come on, Carl.” He stumbled down the steps into the night. “And say, Jim,” he shouted back, “you’d better bring along another light.”

2.

THE MOON SOARED ABOVE THE CLOUDS . It was a romantic moon. Freddy Bliss had never before been at large like this, in country moonlight that he could see by almost as well as by day. The night odors of the fields were surprisingly strong, and they were kind of wonderful. Freddy was no longer falling-down tired. He was no longer hunting the cows, either. He’d gone lashing into the corn, trying to drive out a

couple of the animals, but soon found himself, unexpectedly, on the other side of the field. None of the animals were in sight, and Freddy could no longer hear the loud, aggravating hog-call voice of old Waterford or see Drayton's light. God only knew what had become of the Finn.

Freddy found a big tree and sat down to enjoy, for a moment, the romance of the light of the moon. For the first time since his departure from New York, he was feeling really happy—feeling alive. Gosh, if only he had one of his girls here! He drew from his pocket a little imitation-leather billfold that he'd bought in a drugstore before leaving and, opening it, gazed at the two high-school beauties smiling complacently from behind the isinglass—one, blonde; the other, red-headed. (It was too bad about the redhead: her hair always photographed black, so you could never really get the full effect in a picture.) Freddy found it was rather difficult to see by moonlight, so he tried squinting to make the flat cardboard physiognomies fill out into three dimensions and come to life. But it was no use. In fact, day by day it was becoming less and less easy even to remember what the two of them really looked like. All he could see anymore were these tantalizing but inadequate pictures. He fingered behind them and pulled out two other smirking little faces. Both, this time, were blonde. He squinted at these photos, trying again for that optical effect, but it did not work. It never worked.

Freddy tucked the wallet away and drew out his blue pocket comb, which was also protected by an imitation-leather sheath. He began quietly, reposefully, to comb back his hair. It always gave him confidence to do this. Freddy was a handsome kid, with good, intelligent features. In his native habitat he was popular and alert—but a little frail. Out here on this farm, though, with nothing but old people and these

animals around him, all his liveliness had been killed. Boy, that had been *some* idea of Freddy's mother's—to spend a nice, healthy summer helping the war effort, in Vermont!

Combing his hair while meditating ruefully, Freddy perceived strolling his way from the cornfield what he took to be one of Farmer Waterford's red Guernsey cows. He had never before taken much note of any of the cows, but in the moonlight this one was an oddly fascinating animal: a young cow—you could hardly see the udder—walking along at a good clip, head down, its nose barely an inch from the cropped grass. He wondered if he should bother to get up and drive it home. He was enjoying the reverie, but it was late, and he would have to be up very early in the morning.

He looked around, trying to fix in his mind all the wonderful dark forms of the dimly luminous landscape; then he shut his eyes and tried to breathe in all the field odors. Back at the farm there was nothing but the smell of dung. Never had he enjoyed just shutting his eyes like this and drinking something in. He began to feel that he was now just about as happy as he had ever been, and there were no girls or jazz or radios or movies or anything—that was the most surprising thing about it! Gosh, if he could only hang on to this moment for a while. When he opened his eyes, the cow was standing there, head lifted, regarding him with dark and gentle eyes; its exceptionally long horns curved gracefully upward like a beautiful lyre.

Freddy gathered himself, got to his feet, and tried to head off the cow. He wanted to herd it around the broad field of corn and back into the yard, but the sprightly animal kept outwitting him by always jogging in an unexpected direction. The cow seemed to know exactly where to go to avoid all the wire fences, and presently was conducting him out across a considerable field. Freddy, feeling challenged,

began to jog. They were crossing an immense pastureland with a winding stream and many little wooded places, when the cow disappeared into a grove. Freddy followed, so absorbed in his adventure that he was unafraid of the dark. When he came out the other side, he could see the young animal about a hundred feet ahead. It trotted across the lowered bars of a gate and disappeared into a stand of corn.

Freddy was now determined to head the cow home. Pursuing it into the corn, he imagined he was on the traces of his quarry. He stopped to listen: only a slight breeze stirring the leaves. He continued on and, after a period, broke into the clear and encountered a heavysset, angry farmer confronting him with a gun.

“Well,” said the farmer, “and who are you?”

Freddy was shocked. He had never seen anybody with a gun—except in a Coney Island shooting gallery—and this hostile fellow looked dangerous. Freddy knew that if he were shot here, no cop would be around to rescue him. It was all pretty wild—like the stuff in Westerns. Freddy hurried to explain that he had been following a cow.

“Ain’t no cow in that corn,” the farmer stated.

“Well, I’m sure I saw this cow go in,” Freddy reasoned.

The farmer repeated firmly, “There ain’t no cow in that corn.” He narrowed his angry eyes. “That was my daughter.”

“Daughter!?” Freddy exclaimed. “Why, no, mister. You got me wrong; I was following a cow.” Freddy laughed nervously. “I may be green, but I can tell a cow from a girl.”

The farmer failed to smile. "That was my daughter," he repeated. "She always picks her corn at night."

Freddy wanted to insist, but the man gave the gun a stout shake, and he decided not to argue.

"Where you from?"

"I'm from just over there." Freddy pointed. "Mr. Waterford's place. George Waterford."

"Waterford? Never heard of him."

Freddy was afraid. This man was obviously trying to put him in the wrong. He began to squirm. "Mister, please, I was just out hunting for Old Man Waterford's cows. Gosh, mister, you must know George Waterford: big fellow, like a barrel. He's been your neighbor over seventy years!"

The man shook his head decisively. "I've been here seventy years, all right, but I'm hanged if I ever seen or heard of any Waterford. Guess you must'a followed that cow of yours quite a way."

Freddy was trying to figure a way out of his predicament when the man suddenly said, "Better come inside, youngster. It's mighty late, and you look like you could do with a bit of sleep."

Freddy, even more frightened by this abrupt turn to hospitality, tried to reject the invitation; but the man, insisting, herded Freddy toward a small, thoroughly dilapidated wooden house.

The door stuck, then opened with a start. Inside was a tiny, undecorated room, lighted dimly by an oil lamp standing on a splintered table. A young woman was taking fresh ears of



corn from her looped-up apron and setting them out in a row under the lamp. When the man broke in with Freddy, she paused only a moment to smile, and then went on.

“Jennifer,” the man snapped, “after supper, make up the bed under the stairs.”

Once more she turned, this time looking at Freddy with a long, deep regard that sprang everything inside him. Her eyes were dark and very large; the lashes, long and black; her hair, yellow as wheat, was drawn up to expose two delicate ears; her skin was white, like milk—so smooth that Freddy wanted to swoon against it. And her lips, he thought, were out of this world. She was the most beautiful, the most impossibly beautiful creature he had ever seen!

Without a word, she swept all the ears of corn back into her apron and departed to another room.

“Sit down,” the farmer said.

Freddy was pressed into a broken chair. The beautiful girl returned, moving on bare white feet with wonderful assurance, and set before him a small loaf of heavy bread, a pot of honey, some butter, and a large pitcher of milk. Then she deliberately looked at him, tilting her head in open friendliness, and smiled—before again retiring. Freddy was transported. Her teeth, he thought, though overlarge, were otherwise the most splendid he had ever seen: regular, perfect in their alignment, white—and covered by those lips!

“Have a bite,” the man said.

Freddy required half a second to realize the man meant that they should begin their supper. Without a word, the two set themselves to the table. The boy allowed himself to be served, and as he ate the bread and drank the warm, foamy

milk, he began to realize that his feeling of uneasiness had disappeared. He was beginning to experience within this undecorated house the quality that had enchanted him out there in the night. A breeze was coming in through the loose-seamed walls; it was laden with the rich odors of the farm. Such odors had seemed repugnant to him back at Waterford's, but they now belonged to his state of repose.

"Where you been reared?" the man asked abruptly.

With a bang, his stern voice slapped the scare back into Freddy, and the boy immediately choked on a gulp of milk.

"You don't look to me like a very good hand."

Coughing, Freddy sat back, wheezing and clapping his chest, and reached for his glass. It was empty. To Freddy's surprise, the man aptly filled it. But when the boy had recovered and settled down, the old questioner, having studied the lad somewhat covertly during the meal, scrutinized more severely than ever.

The unpleasant, wizened fellow had the leathery skin and deep neck creases behind the ears that Freddy now associated with men of the soil. He was as rugged as Waterford, but he had a leaner, longer countenance. His eyes, of no particular color, were a pair of angry-looking accusations gazing from a snarl of bushy brow.

Freddy nervously explained that he was from the big city, Brooklyn, and that his mother had sent him north for a summer in the country. The man did not reply but appeared to expect to hear some more. Freddy confessed that he had never so much as seen a cow before two weeks ago and that he'd been having a difficult time trying to learn to attend to his chores. He did not admit how little he cared for the farm but instead expatiated falteringly on the beauty of

the Vermont landscape by the light of the moon. The man's silence acted as a vacuum, sucking from Freddy everything he had. Before he was done, he had revealed more than he knew.

"So, you don't care very much for our life up in these parts," the man commented when Freddy was done. "You think we're kind of dirty; the farm animals, disgusting; our talking and dressing, kinda plain; and you don't like how we spit."

Freddy attempted to excuse himself, but the man interrupted. "Young fella, it's just a gol' dang shame you don't happen to care for this work, 'cause you're going to see one heck of a lot of it before you quit this piece of property."

Freddy's eyes grew wide.

"We ain't had a young hand 'round this house," the man went on, "for more 'n twenty, near on forty years, and there's a peck of work for you to do. "He wiped his mouth on his arm and pointed. "Now get to bed."

The shattered boy arose and went out through the door to the next room. His captor shouted, "What's your name, there, son?"

Freddy did not hear.

"Hey, you!" The man called sharply. "I said, what's your name?"

The boy turned and told him limply.

"Freddy," the man repeated. He raised a finger. "Well, Freddy, now don't you lose one more wink of sleep tonight. Your first day on this piece of property's gonna be hard."

Freddy was licked, licked and tired. Retreating to the cranny beneath the stairs, he removed his shoes and socks and lay as stiff as a mummy on the little cot that the girl had prepared for him. The house had grown silent, save for a door somewhere that was creaking, but he could not shut his eyes. A beam of moonlight coming through a split in the wall cut the darkness like a knife. Some while later, he thought he heard a squeak from the floor above. Somebody up there was walking. Could it be the girl? He could hear, almost feel, soft footsteps overhead. He heard footfall descending the stairway. Was she coming down to speak to him?

When Freddy craned his neck to see, the girl was standing beside the cot. He could smell the clean-wash scent of her blouse, the fresh fragrance of milky skin.

Bending over, she asked in a whisper, "Are you awake?" Her breath caressed his face. He was in a swoon.

The unbelievable beauty gently shook his shoulder. "Wake up, young man," she insisted softly.

Freddy caught her hand, and she let him experience the texture of her skin while employing the moment to assist him to his feet. "The night is beautiful," she whispered. They were clutching each other's hands. "Come," she urged quietly, "let us wander again under the moon."

Understanding the sense of, but undisturbed by, that surprising adverb "again," Freddy allowed himself to be led out a back door and into the open night.

And what a heart-awakening joy it was to ramble freely with her, hand in hand, through the silvered reaches of the land, matching each other stride for stride, their feet bare. Feeling the dew on the grass was a new excitement for Freddy, and

as he watched the clouds racing past the moon, happiness welled up inside him and flooded his heart; and this time, here was a girl.

They wandered together through the fields, and as they ambled, she pointed out the glens and told him the names of the peaks of the distant hills. Her way of speaking so caressed everything that it was almost as though she were displaying the details of her house, as though she had collected all these things about her with affection.

“That little hillock,” she indicated a gentle rise, “is where I lie and read my poetry.”

“Poetry! You read poetry?”

“I love poetry,” she declared. “Shall we go up?”

She brought him to her place in the waving grass, and there they reposed, alone in a little nest beneath the moon. Freddy was glad she had let him keep hold of her hand. “Will you teach me about poetry?” he asked.

She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his cheek for an instant. They were cool. He could feel the entirety of their perfectly wonderful shape. Then something happened to him. It was exactly like a paper bag being snapped inside out: what formerly had been outside—the girl, that kiss—was now inside him; and what had been inside, now was out. He could not even imagine what he had wanted of life before this moment.

Freddy was still in that daze when the girl arose and lightly drew him to his feet. Again he found it miraculously simple to move with her. The land over which they traveled seemed to be inside him, together with the kiss, and the girl: it was a little crazy. As they headed back toward the stable, she

pointed out the cornfields and the alfalfa, distinguished for him the buckwheat from the wheat. The whole place was alive with her vitality and her voice—even with her loveliness—and as she showed him the farm, it was almost as though she were revealing herself to him. Every step they took, she told him something he'd never known before; and yet it always seemed, the moment she'd said it, as if he had known it all his life.

The girl brought him to the stables. The odor of manure now entirely pleased Freddy, the tang of the animals gave him a sense of joy, and he was happy to push wide the ragged door. The two entered, and she led him to the central, working area of the old building. It was ordered, dark, and deserted. Freddy could hear the heavy thumping of a dull hoof and the swish of a tail emanating from the stall of a solitary nag. They approached the old horse and patted the offered nose. The girl circled an arm around the animal's neck and clapped its shoulder, leaving Freddy with its head. He discovered that he liked the velvet feel of the nuzzling muzzle. They proceeded on to a protected stall, where a cow that had recently given birth was reclining beside her calf. Though it was impossible to see the mother in the dark, Freddy craned in with a sense of special, quiet awe.

The girl turned to him. "Let's go up into the loft now."

With constrained agitation, Freddy followed her up the ladder. Jennifer showed him the stowed hay and explained how the barn operated: the mechanics of the derricks, the racks, the gears—she made everything clear to him.

"And that place over there," she said, pointing to a pile of hay, "is where I dream."

They went over. She sat down. Freddy arranged himself beside her. He had never before been so close to a girl's body.

She asked, "May I stroke your lovely wavy hair?"

It was beyond belief: she actually took his head into her lap and gently, peacefully stroked his hair. Freddy had never before gone this far with any girl. She was so wonderful. He desired only to shut his eyes and dwell in bliss.

"Don't you think I have a lovely farm?" she whispered. She had to repeat the question before he could reply.

"It's wonderful!" he answered vaguely, rolling his cheek against her lap. Golly, but her limbs were soft; and she was larger than he might have supposed.

"You will now find it easy to do the work," she assured him.

Freddy pressed still closer and reached an arm about her waist. Her body filled him with the same relaxing peacefulness he had known while lying on the grass-padded ground beneath the tree.

"We have been waiting here for you a long, long time," she murmured, "my grandfather and I." It was like hearing some beautiful voice in a dream. "The old walls of our dear house are splitting," she went on, "and the rains come in through the roof. It is a golden, milky farm, but it lies fallow in the fullness of its strength."

The girl wrapped her arms around his shoulders and lifted him up so that his cheek was pillowed on her bosom. He opened his eyes a little and discovered her face very close to his. For a moment he had the queer illusion that he was

looking into the large, warm, dark eyes of the young cow he had followed into the corn.

“You will love my grandfather,” she was saying. “He will help you, and when he sees what a wonderful hand you are, he will be proud of you. And he will give me to you to be your bride.” She ran her fingers gently through his wavy hair. “I love your hair,” she sighed. Then she drew his mouth to her own, and they joined mouths in a kiss that went on and on and on and on—and on.

3.

WHEN CARL THE FINN DISCOVERED THE KID asleep beneath a tree, Waterford was fit to be tied. He came stamping up, hog-calling through the night. “Gol’ dang it to hellfire!” he howled. “Pity’s sake! Dang bust, if I ever did see the likes of this one!” He gave the boy a yank. “Get up, you jitterbug! Get up, you cussed pest!”

Waterford, for nearly a week, was about as angry as an old fellow could stand to be, and Freddy had a terrible time of it. The farmer was all for shipping him home immediately.

“Give the poor boy a chance,” Susan Drayton would continually plead. “He’s doing better, ain’t he? Why, Daddy, I declare, I can see it for myself.”

“Well, he ain’t much of a hand yet with a fork,” the old man would retort with a disgruntled lurch.

Day after day they would argue about it at the table, right before the boy; but then one day Carl the Finn cracked his shriveled face, patted his biceps, and gave a dramatic point in the lad’s direction. “Freddy gotta build up muscle.” He contorted his jaw and winked. “Freddy learn,” he said. “Freddy learn.”



It was the first time anybody on the farm had ever heard Carl offer an unsolicited opinion on any subject whatsoever, and it marked the conclusion of the argument. Waterford still played severe, but all the hellfire had gone out of his grousing. Freddy even began to enjoy the way the old man would thunder about his landscape like a black cloud in an extensive sky. He was now permitting Freddy to assist in the hay fields—and that was an important sign.

One expansive Sunday the boy was assigned to hitch the favorite bay mare, Nellie, to the buckboard; whereupon, with a gay gleam and a fine flourish, the old man climbed into the seat. “Get aboard, you two!” he ordered gruffly, giving a brief signal to Freddy and the Finn. They swung up over the tailboard, Carl grinning his crackled grin from ear to ear. “Gee-ah!” cried the master, giving the whip a great snap. He turned to the two. “Off to Nellie’s wedding!” he declaimed gallantly. And Freddy knew that at last he had made the team.

Then one evening toward the end of the summer, Jim Drayton came home from his employment driving a girl in the car. An additional place was set at the table on the dining porch, and at supper time, as the Finn was tearing himself a chunk of bread and Jim Drayton, at the head of the table, was pouring coffee into his saucer, a young woman entered bearing butter and a large pitcher of milk.

“Jenny, dear,” Susan Drayton introduced, “this is Freddy.” The soiled young man had just sat down. “Freddy boy,” she continued cozily, “this is Jenny, my daughter.” Freddy stumbled trying to arise. “Sit down!” Susan insisted. “Sit down!”

Waterford held out his plate for more potato, and as Susan served him, she explained to Freddy, “Jenny’s just come

back from the big city.” Then the two women, at last, drew out their chairs and settled.

Jenny had been placed across from Freddy, and he peered at her whenever he safely could. She had a reposeful, peaceful quality about her. Queer! Where had he seen that face before? Her golden hair, combed up from delicate ears, was braided and wrapped beautifully about her head. Her skin was smooth and milky—Freddy felt it would be marvelous to touch. He wished he could swoon against it. He was not eating very well.

Jenny, meanwhile, was surreptitiously studying Freddy. When he noticed, she drew her eyes from his naturally wavy hair and smiled at him. Though her teeth were overlarge, the jaw being somewhat heavily formed, Freddy thought them entirely wonderful: they suggested some forgotten lost delight he could not define. And when she smiled that way, deepening her eyes, he realized that he had been waiting all his days for a girl with exactly this quality. True, she was a bit plump given his former standards, but for some reason (Freddy was unable to remember why) all those standards had changed. Perhaps it was merely that he had not seen any young people for so long. On the other hand, how to account for this curious, profoundly convincing sense of recognition? Could he have seen her picture somewhere about the house—perhaps that time he’d ventured into the sitting room? He tried to think.

“Well, now, did you *like* the city, Jenny?” Waterford asked, with an inflection that strongly implied his expectation.

She swallowed something with a gulp and nodded. Her grandfather looked let down. Her father laughed. “But I like it better here,” she added with a twinkle.

Waterford revived. "Well, now," he offered, "come to think: there must be quite a pack of folks down there." He looked over at Jenny. "Why, of course," he argued, refuting himself. "And I suppose all them folks must have a point or two. Hey, Jenny?" He cast a roguish wink at Carl.

"Trouble is," Susan Drayton put in tartly, "we just don't get down there half enough. We're stuck up here, too close to this speck of a farm."

The old farmer sent another of his gay winks to the Finn. He turned to Susan and her quietly smiling spouse. "Why, look-a-here," he suggested, "we got a good young hand now, so you poor old folks, you and Jim here, you got time to do all the jitterbuggin' you like." He tossed back his head and roared with laughter.

Jenny's large eyes lifted to the young man. "Are you spending the *winter* with us, Freddy?" she asked.

He gazed into her dark, very gentle, somewhat cow-like eyes, and for a second or two, he was unable to respond. That he would be going home he had simply taken for granted; he should be heading back, in fact, in a couple of days.

The girl favored him with a particularly winning regard. "Do you like my farm?" she asked.

Freddy glanced at Waterford, who was still laughing. Then he looked back to this wonderful girl. And he knew: he would be a farmer here to his ultimate day.

# EDITOR'S NOTE

## WHERE DO STORIES COME FROM?

For every profession, there's a question people ask that isn't the real question.

When I was an actor, the question audience members asked was, "How do you learn all those lines?" when what they really meant was, "How do you get so far inside of another person's head that their words come out of your mouth?"

When I transitioned to writing fiction, the question became, "Where do you get your ideas?"

Now, I understand that readers who ask this think they're actually asking the real question. But the real question? It's "Where do stories come from?"

It's a question a lot of folks have thought about a lot — none of them harder than Joseph Campbell.


If you wanted to boil Campbell's life's work down to a single line of inquiry (something I'm pretty sure he'd have objected to mightily), I think that would be it.

Where *do* stories come from?

Campbell would have said that they spring from the same source as myths and dreams — which is to say, the human unconscious. As he said in *The Power of Myth*, his wonderful interviews with Bill Moyers,

*They come from the imagination, don't they? The imagination is grounded in the energy of the organs of the body, and these are the same in all human beings. Since imagination comes out of one biological ground, it is bound to produce certain themes. Dreams are dreams. There are certain characteristics of dreams that can be enumerated, no matter who is dreaming them" (49).*

So any artistic creation — from painting to poetry to dance to fiction writing — is an act of mythopoesis that brings what is deep within the artist and births it, squalling and screaming, into the light of the everyday world. “For nature, as we know, is at once without and within us. Art is the mirror at the interface. So too is ritual, so also myth. These, too, bring out ‘the grand lines of nature,’ and in doing so, re-establish us in our own deep truth, which is one with that of all being” (Joseph Campbell, *The Inner Reaches of Outer Space*, 101).

 JOSEPH CAMPBELL, c. 1943 DISCUSSING THE SKELETON KEY TO FINNEGAN'S WAKE WITH HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

Joseph Campbell, c. 1943 discussing *Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* with Henry Morton Robinson

It shouldn't be surprising that Joseph Campbell, someone who spent his life contemplating the origins and lineaments of narrative, should himself have explored the art of fiction writing. Nor should it be a surprise that the stories that he produced were, at their hearts, explicitly mythic explorations of moments when the mortal world met the eternal. During the first four decades of his life, Campbell dedicated himself to creating fiction — almost entirely short stories and novellas. Although only one of his stories was ever accepted for publication, this great student of myth himself engaged in many — probably dozens — of acts of mythopoesis. Unfortunately, only a few of those survive.

In 2012, I worked with JCF President Robert Walter (who had served as Campbell's editor through the last decade of the mythologist's life) to bring out the seven of Campbell's stories that still existed in *Mythic Imagination: Collected Short Fiction*. It was humbling and exciting to work on these explorations of mythic themes in modern settings. In each story, most of which were written in the years preceding the publication of *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, a very human protagonist receives a call to adventure, comes into contact with some ineffable force, and is either transformed or destroyed by the experience. A romantic Hawaiian debutante encounters the Buddha. A cynical GI enters an earthly paradise. In the story you've just read, a young farmhand discovers one of the now-it's-there-now-it's-not fairy houses of the *sidhe*. *Metamorphoses* for the modern world.

As Bob pointed out, the stories eerily anticipated the Magical Realism of Bórges and García-Marquéz with its blending of the metaphysical and the mundane. *Mythic Imagination* serves as a fascinating porthole into Campbell's mind as he was exploring the very ideas that would become the basis for his better known non-fiction. The stories are also terrific, thought-provoking tales by a man who was himself a great storyteller.

So where do stories come from? With Campbell, I have to say they flow from "the secret opening through which the inexhaustible energies of the cosmos pour into human cultural manifestation" (*The Hero with a Thousand Faces*,1). And in *Mythic Imagination*, we get to see Campbell himself tapping into that inexhaustible flow.

Best regards,

David Kudler

# ABOUT JOSEPH CAMPBELL



Over one hundred years ago, on March 26th in 1904, Joseph John Campbell was born in White Plains, NY. Joe, as he came to be known, was the first child of a middle-class, Roman Catholic couple, Charles and Josephine Campbell.

Joe's earliest years were largely unremarkable; but then, when he was seven years old, his father took him and his younger brother, Charlie, to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. The evening was a high-point in Joe's life; for, although the cowboys were clearly the show's stars, as Joe would later write, he "became fascinated, seized, obsessed, by the figure of a naked American Indian with his ear to the ground, a bow and arrow in his hand, and a look of special knowledge in his eyes."

It was Arthur Schopenhauer, the philosopher whose writings would later greatly influence Campbell, who observed that

...the experiences and illuminations of childhood and early youth become in later life the types, standards and patterns of all subsequent knowledge and experience, or as it were, the categories according to which all later things are classified — not always consciously, however. And so it is that in our childhood years the foundation is laid of our later view of the world, and there with as well of its superficiality or depth: it will be in later years unfolded and fulfilled, not essentially changed.

And so it was with young Joseph Campbell. Even as he actively practiced (until well into his twenties) the faith of his forbears, he became consumed with Native American culture; and his worldview was arguably shaped by the dynamic tension between these two mythological perspectives. On the one hand, he was immersed in the rituals, symbols, and rich traditions of his Irish Catholic heritage; on the other, he was obsessed with primitive (or, as he later preferred, “primal”) people’s direct experience of what he came to describe as “the continuously created dynamic display of an absolutely transcendent, yet universally immanent, mysterium tremendum et fascinans, which is the ground at once of the whole spectacle and of oneself.” (*Historical Atlas of World Mythology*, I.1, p. 8)

By the age of ten, Joe had read every book on American Indians in the children’s section of his local library and was admitted to the adult stacks, where he eventually read the entire multi-volume Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology. He worked on wampum belts, started his own “tribe” (named the “Lenni-Lenape” after the Delaware tribe who had originally inhabited the New York metropolitan area), and frequented the American Museum of Natural History, where he became fascinated with totem poles and masks, thus beginning a lifelong exploration of that museum’s vast collection.

After spending much of his thirteenth year recuperating from a respiratory illness, Joe briefly attended Iona, a private school in Westchester NY, before his mother enrolled him at Canterbury, a Catholic residential school in New Milford CT. His high school years were rich and rewarding, though marked by a major tragedy: in 1919, the Campbell home was consumed by a fire that killed his grandmother and destroyed all of the family’s possessions. Joe graduated from Canterbury in 1921, and the following September, entered Dartmouth College; but he was soon disillusioned with the social scene and disappointed by a



lack of academic rigor, so he transferred to Columbia University, where he excelled: while specializing in medieval literature, he played in a jazz band, and became a star runner. In 1924, while on a steamship journey to Europe with his family, Joe met and befriended Jiddu Krishnamurti, the young messiah-elect of the Theosophical Society, thus beginning a friendship that would be renewed intermittently over the next five years.

After earning a B.A. from Columbia (1925), and receiving an M.A. (1927) for his work in Arthurian Studies, Joe was awarded a Proudfit Traveling Fellowship to continue his studies at the University of Paris (1927-28). Then, after he had received and rejected an offer to teach at his high school alma mater, his Fellowship was renewed, and he traveled to Germany to resume his studies at the University of Munich (1928-29).



It was during this period in Europe that Joe was first exposed to those modernist masters — notably, the sculptor Antoine Bourdelle, Pablo Picasso and Paul Klee, James Joyce and Thomas Mann, Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung — whose art and insights would greatly influence his own work. These encounters would eventually lead him to theorize that all myths are the creative products of the human psyche, that artists are a culture’s mythmakers, and that mythologies are creative manifestations of humankind’s universal need to explain psychological, social, cosmological, and spiritual realities.

When Joe returned from Europe late in August of 1929, he was at a crossroad, unable to decide what to do with his life. With the onset of the Great Depression, he found himself with no hope of obtaining a teaching job; and so he spent most of the next two years reconnecting with his family, reading, renewing old acquaintances, and writing

copious entries in his journal. Then, late in 1931, after exploring and rejecting the possibility of a doctoral program or teaching job at Columbia, he decided, like countless young men before and since, to “hit the road,” to undertake a cross-country journey in which he hoped to experience “the soul of America” and, in the process, perhaps discover the purpose of his life. In January of 1932, when he was leaving Los Angeles, where he had been studying Russian in order to read War and Peace in the vernacular, he pondered his future in this journal entry:

I begin to think that I have a genius for working like an ox over totally irrelevant subjects. ... I am filled with an excruciating sense of never having gotten anywhere — but when I sit down and try to discover where it is I want to get, I’m at a loss. ... The thought of growing into a professor gives me the creeps. A lifetime to be spent trying to kid myself and my pupils into believing that the thing that we are looking for is in books! I don’t know where it is — but I feel just now pretty sure that it isn’t in books. — It isn’t in travel. — It isn’t in California. — It isn’t in New York. ... Where is it? And what is it, after all?

Thus one real result of my Los Angeles stay was the elimination of Anthropology from the running. I suddenly realized that all of my primitive and American Indian excitement might easily be incorporated in a literary career. — I am convinced now that no field but that of English literature would have permitted me the almost unlimited roaming about from this to that which I have been enjoying. A science would buckle me down — and would probably yield no more important fruit than literature may yield me! — If I want to justify my existence, and continue to be obsessed with the notion that I’ve got to do something for humanity — well, teaching ought to quell that obsession — and if I can ever get around to an intelligent view of matters, intelligent criticism of contemporary values ought to be useful to the world. This

gets back again to Krishna's dictum: "The best way to help mankind is through the perfection of yourself."

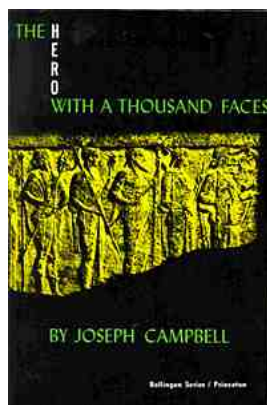
His travels next carried him north to San Francisco, then back south to Pacific Grove, where he spent the better part of a year in the company of Carol and John Steinbeck and marine biologist Ed Ricketts. During this time, he wrestled with his writing, discovered the poems of Robinson Jeffers, first read Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*, and wrote to some seventy colleges and universities in an unsuccessful attempt to secure employment. Finally, he was offered a teaching position at the Canterbury School. He returned to the East Coast, where he endured an unhappy year as a Canterbury housemaster, the one bright moment being when he sold his first short story ("Strictly Platonic") to *Liberty* magazine. Then, in 1933, he moved to a cottage without running water on Maverick Road in Woodstock NY, where he spent a year reading and writing. In 1934, he was offered and accepted a position in the literature department at Sarah Lawrence College, a post he would retain for thirty-eight years.



In 1938 he married one of his students, Jean Erdman, who would become a major presence in the emerging field of modern dance, first, as a star dancer in Martha Graham's fledgling troupe, and later, as dancer/choreographer of her own company. Even as he continued his teaching career, Joe's life continued to unfold serendipitously. In 1940, he was introduced to Swami Nikhilananda, who enlisted his help in producing a new translation of *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna* (published, 1942). Subsequently, Nikhilananda introduced Joe to the Indologist Heinrich Zimmer, who introduced him to a member of the editorial board at the Bollingen Foundation. Bollingen, which had been founded by Paul and Mary Mellon to "develop

scholarship and research in the liberal arts and sciences and other fields of cultural endeavor generally,” was embarking upon an ambitious publishing project, the Bollingen Series. Joe was invited to contribute an “Introduction and Commentary” to the first Bollingen publication, **Where the Two Came to their Father: A Navaho War Ceremonial**, text and paintings recorded by Maud Oakes, given by Jeff King (Bollingen Series, I: 1943). When Zimmer died unexpectedly in 1943 at the age of fifty-two, his widow, Christiana, and Mary Mellon asked Joe to oversee the publication of his unfinished works. Joe would eventually edit and complete four volumes from Zimmer’s posthumous papers: *Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization* (Bollingen Series VI: 1946), *The King and the Corpse* (Bollingen Series XI: 1948), *Philosophies of India* (Bollingen Series XXVI: 1951), and a two-volume opus, *The Art of Indian Asia* (Bollingen Series XXXIX: 1955).

Joe, meanwhile, followed his initial Bollingen contribution with a “Folkloristic Commentary” to **Grimm’s Fairy Tales** (1944); he also co-authored (with Henry Morton Robinson) **A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake** (1944), the first major study of James Joyce’s notoriously complex novel.



His first, full-length, solo authorial endeavor, **The Hero with a Thousand Faces** (Bollingen Series XVII: 1949), was published to acclaim and brought him the first of numerous awards and honors — the National Institute of Arts and Letters Award for Contributions to Creative Literature. In this study of the myth of the hero, Campbell posits the existence of a Monomyth (a word he borrowed from James Joyce), a universal pattern that is the essence of, and

common to, heroic tales in every culture. While outlining the basic stages of this mythic cycle, he also explores common variations in the hero's journey, which, he argues, is an operative metaphor, not only for an individual, but for a culture as well. The Hero would prove to have a major influence on generations of creative artists — from the Abstract Expressionists in the 1950s to contemporary filmmakers today — and would, in time, come to be acclaimed as a classic.

Joe would eventually author dozens of articles and numerous other books, including *The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology* (Vol. 1: 1959), *Oriental Mythology* (Vol. 2: 1962), *Occidental Mythology* (Vol. 3: 1964), and *Creative Mythology* (Vol. 4: 1968); *The Flight of the Wild Gander: Explorations in the Mythological Dimension* (1969); *Myths to Live By* (1972); *The Mythic Image* (1974); *The Inner Reaches of Outer Space: Metaphor as Myth and as Religion* (1986); and five books in his four-volume, multi-part, unfinished *Historical Atlas of World Mythology* (1983-87).

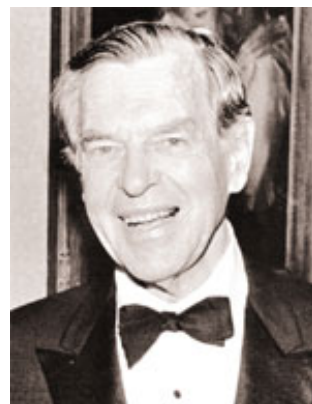
He was also a prolific editor. Over the years, he edited *The Portable Arabian Nights* (1952) and was general editor of the series *Man and Myth* (1953-1954), which included major works by Maya Deren ( *Divine Horsemen: the Living Gods of Haiti*, 1953), Carl Kerényi ( *The Gods of the Greeks*, 1954), and Alan Watts ( *Myth and Ritual in Christianity*, 1954). He also edited *The Portable Jung* (1972), as well as six volumes of *Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks* (Bollingen Series XXX): *Spirit and Nature* (1954), *The Mysteries* (1955), *Man and Time* (1957), *Spiritual Disciplines* (1960), *Man and Transformation* (1964), and *The Mystic Vision* (1969).

But his many publications notwithstanding, it was arguably as a public speaker that Joe had his greatest popular impact. From the time of his first public lecture in 1940 — a talk at the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Center entitled “Sri Ramakrishna's Message to the West” — it was apparent

that he was an erudite but accessible lecturer, a gifted storyteller, and a witty raconteur. In the ensuing years, he was asked more and more often to speak at different venues on various topics. In 1956, he was invited to speak at the State Department's Foreign Service Institute; working without notes, he delivered two straight days of lectures. His talks were so well-received, he was invited back annually for the next seventeen years. In the mid-1950s, he also undertook a series of public lectures at the Cooper Union in New York City; these talks drew an ever-larger, increasingly diverse audience, and soon became a regular event.

Joe first lectured at Esalen Institute in 1965. Each year thereafter, he returned to Big Sur to share his latest thoughts, insights, and stories. And as the years passed, he came to look forward more and more to his annual sojourns to the place he called "paradise on the Pacific Coast." Although he retired from teaching at Sarah Lawrence in 1972 to devote himself to his writing, he continued to undertake two month-long lecture tours each year.

In 1985, Joe was awarded the National Arts Club Gold Medal of Honor in Literature. At the award ceremony, James Hillman remarked, "No one in our century — not Freud, not Thomas Mann, not Levi-Strauss — has so brought the mythical sense of the world and its eternal figures back into our everyday consciousness."



Joseph Campbell died unexpectedly in 1987 after a brief struggle with cancer. In 1988, millions were introduced to his ideas by the broadcast on PBS of Joseph Campbell and The Power of Myth with Bill Moyers, six hours of an electrifying conversation that the two men had videotaped over the course of several years. When he died, Newsweek magazine noted that "Campbell has become one of the rarest of intellectuals in American

life: a serious thinker who has been embraced by the popular culture.”

In his later years, Joe was fond of recalling on how Schopenhauer, in his essay *On the Apparent Intention in the Fate of the Individual*, wrote of the curious feeling one can have, of there being an author somewhere writing the novel of our lives, in such a way that through events that seem to us to be chance happenings there is actually a plot unfolding of which we have no knowledge.

Looking back over Joe’s life, one cannot help but feel that it proves the truth Schopenhauer’s observation.

For more information on the works of Joseph Campbell, [click here](#).



# ABOUT THE JOSEPH CAMPBELL FOUNDATION

The Joseph Campbell Foundation (JCF) is a not-for-profit corporation that continues the work of Joseph Campbell, exploring the fields of mythology and comparative religion. The Foundation is guided by three principal goals:

- JCF preserves, protects, and perpetuates Campbell's pioneering work. This includes cataloging and archiving his works, developing new publications based on his works, directing the sale and distribution of his published works, protecting copyrights to his works, and increasing awareness of his works by making them available in digital formats on JCF's website ([www.jcf.org](http://www.jcf.org)).
- JCF promotes the study of mythology and comparative religion. This involves implementing and/or supporting diverse



mythological education programs, supporting and/or sponsoring events designed to increase public awareness, donating Campbell's archived works, and utilizing JCF's website as a forum for relevant cross-cultural dialogue.

- JCF helps individuals enrich their lives by participating in a series of programs, including our global, Internet-based Associates program, our local international network of Mythological Roundtables, and our periodic Joseph Campbell-related events and activities.

○

*For more information on Joseph Campbell  
and Joseph Campbell Foundation, contact: Joseph Campbell  
Foundation [www.jcf.org](http://www.jcf.org)  
PO Box 705  
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United States of America*



# ENDNOTES

## CHAPTER I: THE FAIRY TALE

- \* Some four years after the brothers had come to know her, she abruptly fell into poverty and sickness, and in another few months had died.
- † The Wilds were six daughters and one son, the Grimms five sons and one daughter.
- § Ludwig Hassenpflug married Lotte Grimm.
- \*\* Deeper meaning lies in the fairy tale of my childhood than in the truth that is taught by life (*Die Piccolomini, III*).
- \* In German criticism the terms *Sage* and *Legende* are commonly distinguished. *Sage* designates any little, local story, associated with this or that specific hill or grove, pond or river. By a people inhabiting a spirit-haunted and memory-haunted landscape, the *Sage* is conceived to be a recitation of fact. The *Sage* may be developed into the *Kunstsage*, or "Literary saga." *Legende*, on the other hand, denotes the religious tale associated with some specific shrine or relic. It is a later and more elaborate form than the *Sage*. The "Children's Legends" of the Grimm collection bring fairy-tale motifs to play around elements of Christian belief. But the term "legend," as used above, is more general. It includes both *Sage* and *Legende*, and also the materials of Chronicle and Epic.
- \* Throughout the Old World, repetition is commonly in threes; in aboriginal America, in fours.
- \* The literary folk tale can be rendered in either verse or prose. In eighteenth-century Germany, Johann Musäus (1735-1787) composed in prose, Christoph Wieland (1735-1813) in verse. The huge Hindu collection of the *Kathāsaritsāgara*, "Ocean of the Streams of Story" (c. 1063-1081), is entirely in verse; the Arabian *Thousand Nights and One Night* (eleventh to fifteenth centuries) is in prose.
- \* Some of the Jatakas, or tales of the early lives of the Buddha, are fables that half pretend to be little legends. Buddhist and Jain fables teach religious lore; Aesop and the Brahminical *Panchatantra* teach the wisdom of life.
- \* For examples, see the Appendix, *infra*, pp. 187-90.
- † Magic formulae betraying features of the early Germanic verse-style stand to this day in the Grimm collection:

*Rapúnzel, Rapúnzel,  
Lass dein Haár herúnter.* (Number 12)

*Éntchen, Éntchen,  
Da steht Grétel und Háensel  
Keín Stég und keíne Brúecke  
Nimm úns auf deínen weíssen Rúecken.* (Number 15)

- \* How much Hellenistic and Roman material had infected the German tribal mythologies during earlier centuries, before and after the fall of Rome, remains a question; it is certain that much of the Balder and Woden imagery is not “primitive Aryan.” (Cf. Franz Rolf Schröder, *Germanentum und Hellenismus* [Heidelberg: Carl Winter’s Universitätsbuchhandlung, 1924]; *Altgermanische Kulturprobleme* [Berlin and Leipzig: Walter de Gruyter & Co., 1929].)
- † The youth of Siegfried, Brynhild’s sleep, the sword in the tree, and the broken sword, are motifs adopted from the Celtic tradition. The Icelandic Sagas and Eddas were powerfully influenced by the bards of Ireland. In the classification in the Appendix, the tales under heading IV, *Chivalrous work of the Middle Ages*, represent this body of matter as it was reworked under the influence of twelfth-century romance.
- \* On the basis of a garbled story from the East, the Buddha was canonized by the medieval Church as Saints Barlaam and Josaphat, Abbots; Feastday, November 27. Following the work of the nineteenth-century folklorists, these names were expunged from the calendar.
- \* The technique was perfected by the Finnish School, but was independently developed by scholars in several quarters; for example, in America by Franz Boas, in Denmark by Axel Olrik, in France by Gaston Paris and E. Cosquin, in Germany by Johannes Bolte, William Herz, Ernst Kuhn, and Theodor Zachariae, in Russia by L. Kolmachevski.
- \* A second edition, improved and enlarged, appeared in 1849. Translated into German (1852), it came under the eyes of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was inspired to attempt a similar deed in the same meter for the American Indian; result: “The Song of Hiawatha.”
- \* Antti Aarne’s work has been translated, brought up to date, and greatly enlarged by his distinguished American collaborator, Dr. Stith Thompson of Indiana University, in *The Types of the Folktale*, Folklore Fellows Communications (Helsinki, second edition, 1964), No. 184. A second work, of even greater use and range, is Dr. Thompson’s monumental *Motif-Index of Folk Literature* in six volumes (Copenhagen and Bloomington, Ind., 1955–1958).
- \* “Reflection and enquiry should satisfy us that to our [savage] predecessors we are indebted for much of what we thought most our own, and that their errors were not wilful extravagances or the ravings of insanity, but simply hypotheses, justifiable as such at the time when they were propounded, but which a further experience has proved to be inadequate. It is only by the successive testing of hypotheses and rejection of the false that truth

is at last elicited.” (Sir James G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, one-volume edition [New York and London: The Macmillan Company 1922], p. 264.)

\* See below, p. 28.

\* The Babylonian astrological mythology, as described by Hugo Winckler, is a local specification, amplification, and application of themes that are of the essence of mythology everywhere.