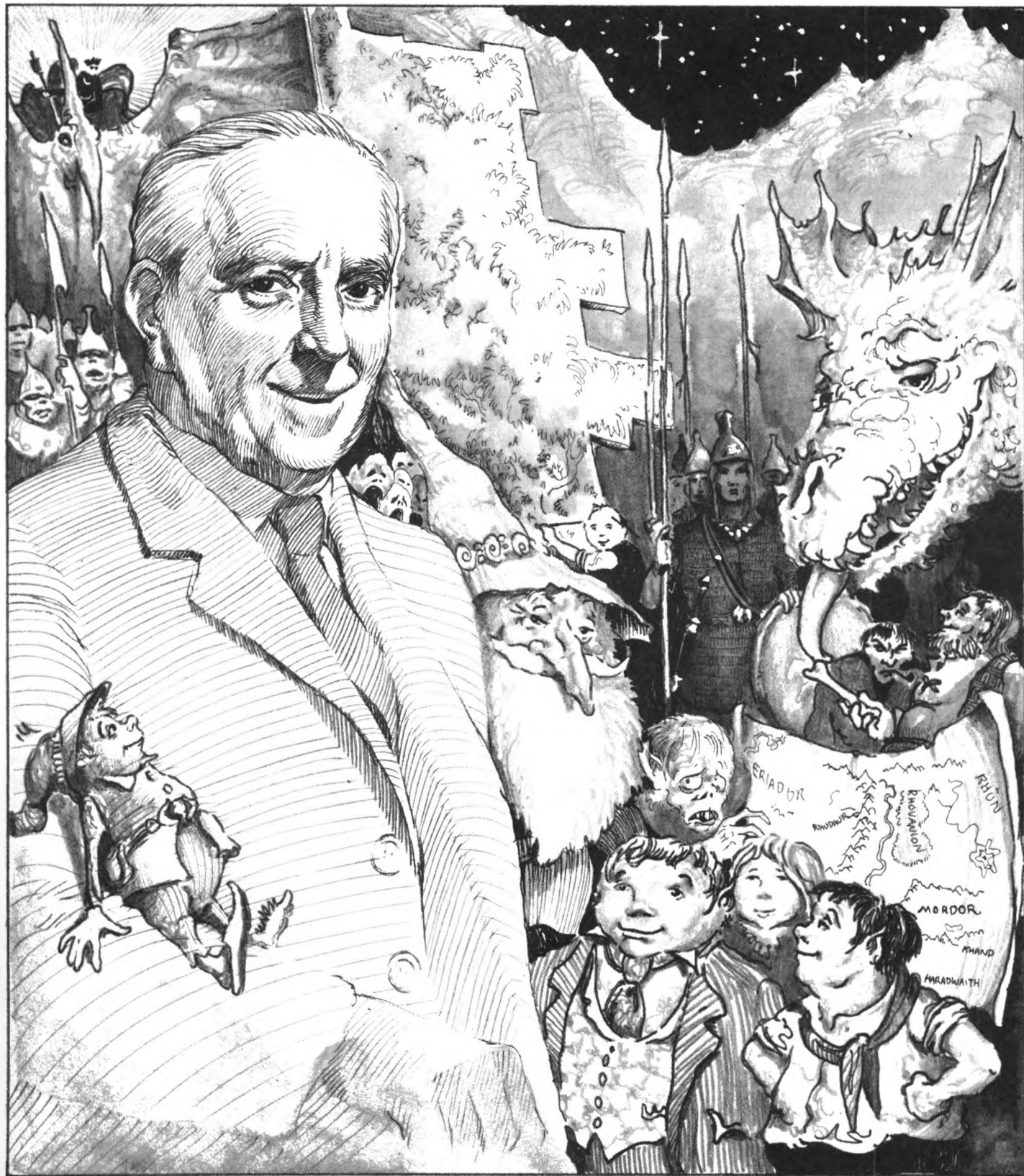


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FEATURES

The Counsel of Elrond by Glen GoodKnight	p. 2
Across the Brandywine by Bernie Zuber	3
Lore of Logres by Rand Kuhl	11
News of Special Events	12
World of Fanzines by Bernie Zuber	16
Missives to Mythlore	21
Editorial: Learning from Tolkien	23
FICTION: The Griffin by Michael Levy	10
POETRY: Utter East by Eugene Warren	10

ARTICLES

The Ecology of Middle Earth by Marcella Juhren	4
The Social History of The Inklings, J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, 1939-1945. by Glen GoodKnight	7
The Mythology of <u>Perelandra</u> by Margaret Hannay	14
"Above All Shadows Rides The Sun" by Sister Elizabeth McKenzie	18
The Great Beast: Imagination in Harness by Galen Peoples	19

ART

Cover: The figure of Tolkien by George Barr; his creatures by Tim Kirk.
Back Cover: by Tim Kirk. Jadis showing the children Charn from The Magician's Nephew by C.S. Lewis.
Page 12: by Wendy Fletcher. The White Witch from The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe by C.S. Lewis.
Page 17: Rivendell by Bernie Zuber.
George Barr: p. 20, 22.
Bonnie Bergstrom: p. 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 18, 22.
Katherine Cribbs: p. 16.
Tim Kirk: p. 13, 14, 15.
Bruce McMenomy: p. 9.
Bernie Zuber: p. 10, 19.



- (1) J.R.R. Tolkien
- (2) Perry-the-Winkle
- (3) Hobbits
- (4) Tom Bombadil
- (5) Gollum
- (6) Farmer Giles
- (7) Chrysophylax
- (8) Bill Ferny
- (9) Riders of Rohan
- (10) Niggie
- (11) Niggie's Canvas
- (12) Mewlips
- (13) Orcs
- (14) Witch-King
- (15) Misty Mts.

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The Counsel of ELROND

Glen GoodKnight

The name of this column comes from the fact that I have from the first admired the quiet wisdom of Elrond, and have tenously identified with him in the sense that I always come to the picnics as that character.

For many of you this will be the first time you have seen Mythlore, since you are receiving it as part of your Tolkien Journal subscription. There is the possibility that Mythlore may again combine with Tolkien Journal. Mythlore comes out quarterly on a regular basis, and therefore if you wish to get all future issues of Mythlore, it will be necessary to subscribe on a separate basis. If you like Mythlore, and want to subscribe, please say whether or not you are also a subscriber to Tolkien Journal when you send in your subscription. That way we will not count joint issues of Mythlore-Tolkien Journal as part of your regular Mythlore subscription.

I should briefly describe the purposes and activities of The Mythopoeic Society: the main purpose of the Society is to study and discuss the fictional and mythic works of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams. It is also interested in fantasy and myth in general and their relevance for contemporary man. Some people have wrongly taken by implication that the Society sees no value in and takes no interest in other writers. This is not so. The Society has focused on these three authors particularly because we believe they capture a feeling of ultimate joy and optimism in a very enjoyable and relevant way, almost unique in the 20th century. Many other writers and works are much discussed informally among the individual members, and starting in 1970 will be discussed in the Society as part of the new elective system.

The word mythopoeic means "myth-making" or "myth-maker." It was chosen as the best adjective to describe the three men. It is pronounced variously as myth-o-po-ay-ic, myth-o-pay-ic, myth-o-pee-ic, the last one used most commonly. It should not be pronounced myth-o-po-ic.

The main activity of The Mythopoeic Society is the monthly branch meetings. The monthly bulletin and newsletter, Mythprint, gives the locations of the meetings for the various branches, overall news of the Society and related interests. The meetings are held in the volunteered homes of members. The regular list of books discussed in the Society is found on page 23. Beginning this year the Society has made some major structural and procedural changes. Due to the increasing number of branches, it is no longer practical to continue the policy of each branch discussing the same book or topic each month. The new policy is called the Elective System. It allows for each branch to have a great amount of self-determination and local autonomy, while being united with all other members of The Mythopoeic Society in our common interests and purposes. Each branch votes among its members as to what order it want to discuss the books from the regular list. Besides this, newly formed branches have two "electives" for the first year. Electives may be used in several ways: 1) to discuss any work or author from a wide range of related interests, 2) to discuss more Tolkien, or Lewis, or Williams from the regular list, or 3) discuss other books written by the three authors. Branches older than one year will have three electives, and those of two years or older will have four electives. Since it is impossible to discuss the entire The Lord of The Rings at one meeting, the Society has approached this work by topics for discussion. Some of the past topics have been "The Hobbits," "The Elves," "Frodo, Sam, and Gollum," "The Rings of Power," and "Rohan and Gondor."

The Mythopoeic Society was founded in October 1967. The first branch is in the San Gabriel area of Southern California. The San Fernando Valley Branch in October 1968, The Upland-Pomona Valley Branch in May 1969, The West Los Angeles Branch in

July 1969, The Claremont Colleges Branch in October 1969, and in January 1970 The Santa Barbara Branch, The Orange County Branch, and the Long Beach Branch. All of the present branches are in Southern California, however there is a possibility of branches being formed in Northern California and other states. The Society has continued to grow, not only because of the interesting material we study, but the friendliness, relaxedness, and enthusiasm (but not fanaticism) of the members. It is a great personal pleasure to me to know so many diverse yet highly interesting personalities. Some might think the Society is a literary cult. In a cult, the object(s) of worship can not say or do any wrong. The purpose of the Mythopoeic Society is discussion, not worship.

Besides the monthly meetings, the Society has its special events, primarily the semi-annual picnics. Each September there is the Bilbo and Frodo Birthday Picnic. The first one was in 1967. At this picnic-party there are relay races, folk dancing, a LOTR quiz, birthday cake and mathom exchange, and costume judging with prizes given for the best Tolkien character costumes. Each year the costumes become more elaborate and well thought out. The 1969 picnic saw over 200 attending, most in costume.

In the Spring a picnic is held to celebrate two events: the Elvish New Year and the Destruction of the Ring. There are the relay races, folk dancing, quiz, and costume judging, with the day ended with the burning of the Ring. To demonstrate how colorful these picnics must look, being held in public parks, Doris Robin, a member, tells the story about the first Spring picnic held in beautiful Lacy Park in San Marino. Doris saw two middle aged ladies looking on from a distance, half hidden by shrubbery. Doris went over to them and asked them to join in. The shy women hesitatingly said "Oh no, we couldn't. We've never been to a love-in before."

Now that many more people are familiar with Narnia, there is a possibility in the future that there might be a Narnia costume picnic.

Besides the meetings and picnics, the Society participated in three special events in 1969: it ran a ring-joust booth at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire in May; a special Mythopoeic Art Exhibit at Westercon XXII (a Science Fiction-Fantasy Convention) in July; and the Narnia Conference in November (see p. 13). In 1970 the Society plans to hold a meeting and display at this year's Westercon XXIII in Santa Barbara for the 4th of July weekend.

In co-operation with The Tolkien Society of America, the Mythopoeic Society will sponsor a conference-convention called Tolkien Conference III/Mythcon I on the Labor Day weekend, September 4,5,6, and 7. Negotiations are not complete as to the location. However we can safely say it will be either Pomona College or Harvey Mudd College, both members of the Claremont group of Colleges. (See page 20.) By sending your memberships in now you are guaranteed progress reports which will give all developments and facts as soon as they are known. We invite papers on Tolkien, Lewis, Williams and other fantasy writers. Those interested should write me now with their intention and tentative subject of the paper. Arrangement can be made for those unable to attend to have their paper read in absentia.

I hope many of you in other parts of the country will attend. I would certainly enjoy meeting you, and I'm sure you will enjoy meeting all of the great people here in Southern California.

I think I should mention the article "The Great Beast: Imagination in Harness" by Galen Peoples was submitted to Mythlore unsolicited. When I first read it I did not realize the immediate relevancy it has. The danger of taking fantasy as reality expressed in the article has become even more immediate with the news that Charles Manson, who is undergoing trial for instigating the Tate and La Bianca murders, has read Strange in a Strange Land many times. A newspaper article has reported that Manson has copied much of the life style and personality aspects of the main character from the book, even to the naming one of his children after the character: Valentine Michael Smith. Without making this story anymore sensational than it is, and since the trial is still underway, I will only say it seems that Manson did not distinguish the fantasy from the reality.

It is possible from this instance, uninformed persons might attack the reading of fantasy in general. (Although I doubt they could start any kind of movement.) To blame fantasy or imaginative literature for the psychotic actions of a small few is the same as to blame book publishers for the death of someone who had been beaten to death with a book by someone else.

Across the Brandywine

by Bernie Zuber

A column dedicated to those who cross the Brandywine to the world beyond the shire.

J.R.R. Tolkien... the magic name that brought us all together. It was because of the popularity of The Hobbit and The Lord of The Rings that many of us joined the Mythopoeic Society. Later, in the discussions, we discovered that there was much more to Tolkien's works than just superficial fairy tale adventures. Tolkien was really the key to the world of mythopoeic writing. We found out about the other two writers closely associated with him, C.S. Lewis and Charles Williams, and we read and discussed their works and philosophy. When these three English writers started their literary group, the Inklings, in the late 1930's they couldn't have imagined the effect of their relationship on a group of young Americans in the late 60's. Tolkien, the only survivor of the three, would probably not want to meet us, since he has been so hounded by his fans, but I doubt that he would disapprove of the purpose of our society. We've tried to comprehend what he and the other mythopoeic writers were trying to communicate. What more could any writer wish for? Occasionally our enthusiasm has carried us off on distracting tangents but that can be expected. Any writer who goes into as much detail in his creation as Tolkien should realize his readers will also "get carried away."

The works of Tolkien, Lewis, and Williams inspired the creation of the Mythopoeic Society and the Society, in turn, has created a bond of communication and fellowship between its members. It's as though the Inklings had started a snowball which has rolled over to us from England and across the years. I think it's still rolling and growing to encompass more and more. What I'm trying to say here is based on personal experience within the Society. I found out that most members are not only devoted readers, sincerely interested in the purpose of discussion, but they are also interesting and creative individuals, who like to share their experiences with others. The majority of our membership is of the younger generation everyone is so concerned about these days, what with demonstrations, drugs, new morality, etc. I, on the other hand, am one of the members over thirty and, I suppose, part of the so-called establishment. When I first joined I wasn't sure I'd fit in, but soon found out that there was no generation gap in the Society. I even had the strange feeling I was among the same type of friends I had known when I was in school. It's true that the medieval and semi-hippie clothes worn at Mythopoeic picnics and parties make some people think ours is a group of "flower children," but it just isn't so. I really do believe our members are more impressed with the positive and creative aspects of life brought forth by Tolkien and the mythopoeic writers than they are by any talk of drugs or anti-establishment rebellion. It's also interesting to note that the families of some of our members, who have so graciously allowed the use of their homes for Mythopoeic meetings, understand the positive purpose of our discussions and they too have been encompassed in this bond of communication and fellowship I mentioned earlier. Yes, the snowball is still rolling and it's getting larger all the time.

Meanwhile, for those of you who haven't had the pleasure of attending a Mythopoeic meeting, there's Mythlore. In our previous four issues we have tried to convey some feeling of our society. To Glen, our editor and founder of the Society, goes the credit for putting Mythlore together but the variety of writing and illustration has shown that it is also a group effort. Now this, our first anniversary issue, will be distributed not only to our own subscribers but also to all the members of the Tolkien Society of America. We are pleased to introduce that many more people to our publication and to our Society.





The Ecology of Middle Earth

by Marcella Juhren

"Do we walk in legends or on the green earth in daylight?" "A men may do both," said Aragorn...."The green earth, say you? That is a mighty matter of legend."

In the making of Middle Earth, Tolkien has superimposed a Secondary, or Enchanted, World upon a strongly constructed Primary World as we see it objectively. He has portrayed this earth with deep understanding, and with as much care for detail as an ecologist would use in, say, preparing a report for his professional society---a report on a hitherto unknown land mass of some two and a half million square miles, of which about one million square miles were explored, and reported on with the thoroughness as to the biotic communities and the dynamics of the vegetation.

Why did Tolkien describe objectively, as a Primary World, the mountains and plains, forests and animals of Middle Earth? For one thing, I believe he thought it a solid foundation on which to create Fantasy. He says, in his essay "On Fairy Stories," "It (Fantasy) does not... obscure the perception of scientific verity. On the contrary. The keener and clearer is the reason, the better fantasy it will make. ... For creative Fantasy is founded upon the hard recognition of fact, but not slavery to it".... "For Faery, too, "holds the seas, the sun, the moon, the sky; and the earth, and all things that are in it; tree and bird, water and stone, ...and ourselves, mortal men, when we are enchanted." But in that state, men may perceive things differently. So the Walkers, as they traversed the Misty Mountains, Eregion, the Emyrn Muil, ---ordinarily saw the land as it normally was: with elms, oaks, squirrels in the sheltered valleys, pines on the stony upland slopes, briars and fire-weed starting to regenerate burned woodland, the various kinds of birds where those kinds should be. But sometimes the natural order went awry: pines died of cold winds, that should not kill pines; birds traveled suddenly in great flocks though not migrating; wolves behaved un-wolf-like. This sort of thing signalled the intervention of an other-worldly power; the evil of Sauron, perhaps; or, where leaves remained golden all the year, the gentle beneficence of Lorien. Thus the normality of Middle Earth serves as a backdrop to show forth lucidly the workings of a Secondary World.

Another reason why Tolkien gave so faithful a portrayal of our ordinary Earth, may simply have been that he likes it for itself, and finds it full of interest. His Middle Earth has beauty and charm in full measure, even without the enrichment of elves and dragons. His love for trees and all living, growing things is obvious; and he would have man respect them, not senselessly destroy them.

Understanding is the key to respect; and Tolkien

shows an understanding that could only have resulted from years of close and thoughtful observation of nature. Because he liked it, he could give descriptions that are not dull. He describes, not the static communities, as a rule, but the transitions from one to another (which requires more knowledge to do), and this sustains the sense of movement throughout the story. For instance, "the high western ridge fell away, and they came to scattered groups of birch, then to bare slopes where only a few gaunt pine trees grew" and firs rose to the furthest ridge...a peak sharp and white beyond.. .. They could see the forest falling away down into the grey distance....There far away was a pale green glimmer that Merry guessed to be... the plains of Rohan."

To further illustrate, and in the hope that it might be fun to take a trip through Middle Earth in a new, if less adventurous way, suppose we take the information we have, and organize it more or less as an Ecologist might, if he had found the Red Book, and wished to prepare a report from it, on the ecology of Middle Earth (perhaps thinking to present it at a meeting or send it to the journal of his society). It is, at the very least, an excellent survey of a land-mass, or sub-continent over two million square miles in extent.

This land mass no longer exists, or exists in an altered form; and as to its exact location, and the geological period in which it existed in the form described, we can only speculate, or at best make some educated guesses.

We know that the Shire, or "region inhabited by the hobbits in the Third Age, and in which they still linger, ...was in the Northwest of the Old World, east of the Sea".... but "the shape of all the lands has changed." (I BB p.21). We would assume, then, that the time of the Third Age was long enough ago that there has been raising and subsidence of land, which we know at various times connected the British Isles to the Continent, and the Continent by narrow bridges, to North Africa. Since there is little in the way of artifacts, if anything, left from the sophisticated civilizations of that time (far beyond the Neolithic, even), we must suppose submergence and glaciation obliterated them. The land north of the Weather Hills corresponds in aspect, to land recently recovered from glaciation. One of the interglacial periods in which the climate was rather similar to the present one in that part of the world, seems indicated.

If we measure the distance from the source of the Anduin to its mouth, we find it to be about 1,000 miles. If in Europe we measure along a parallel, 1000 miles takes us across about 15° of latitude, or from latitude 58° N. to 43° N., which latter is that of southern France. If we journeyed from northern Scotland to, say, Toulon, France---which is about 43° and is south-east of Scotland, as was the mouth of the Anduin from

the Shire-- we would encounter today similar climatic changes, and pass through the same great regional "climax" types of vegetation, as we would have encountered in the journey down the Anduin in the Third Age, or through the same degrees of latitude in those lands, during an interglacial period when the British isles were connected to the Continent and the climate was warming up. The types of vegetation would be seen now only here and there, as vestiges, for man has greatly disturbed them. But Middle Earth, too, had been disturbed by man, orcs, and even Hobbits. The ancestry of some of the oldest forests in Britain, and that of St. Pilon, in France, is as old as that of Fangorn. The Mediterranean woodland, between the mouth of the Rhone and Toulon, is very like that of Ithilien. Both arose by the Pliocene, with elements from an earlier era. It would be hard to find there anything like the grasslands of Rohan, for the right sort of place for it-- the central plain of Europe-- has been too long given to cities and to agriculture.

But to get on with our report of Middle Earth: it is usual to begin with physical features (and we have a map for that),-- then average annual precipitation (rain, or snow), temperatures, and prevailing rain-bearing winds. We do not have quantitative data on the last three, but we can deduce them from the nature and location of the plant climaxes, and these are very fully described. Animals, too, where not fully listed, can be arrived at with fair certainty since their habits depend on the shelter provided by the plants.

Northern Tundra belt: North of the Great East Road there are short, turfing grasses (probably *Poa* species), sedges, tussocks, small streams running into undrained bogs and marshes; pools half filled with reeds and rushes, in which lived small, warbling birds; and overly supplied with gnats, midges, flies and "necker-breakers" In such a land the rainfall is always rather low, and what precipitation there is, falls partly as snow. The average is 5 to 10 inches a year.

Still further north a more colorful tundra would be expected; one brightened with campion, daisies, saxifrages with expanses of the pearl-gray reindeer moss. But this was not the case. Abruptly, snow-and-ice-covered wastes began. The unnatural condition was explained by the effects of the reign of Morgoth, and so represents an intrusion of the Secondary World.

Deciduous Forest: South of the tundra lay a belt once covered with the great forests of mixed conifers and hardwoods which had developed by Pliocene times, seven million years ago. These forests had retreated southward before advancing ice-sheets, only to return north in the warm periods between glaciations. Now, in the Third Age, it had been cleared in large sections of Eriador, and in the valley of the Anduin. Some, according to Treebeard, had sunk beneath the sea. But portions of it remained in Fangorn, Mirkwood, the Old Forest, the Druadan Forest. Forests also remained on the lower slopes of the Grey Mountains, and along the east slopes of the Misty Mountains, north of Fangorn.

Forests require a high rainfall, at least 30"/year at latitude 47°. From the position of the forests, we may conclude that the prevailing rain-bearing winds came from the northeast and the north, decreasing toward the south. The east wind that seemed to blight the trees on the Emyr Muil, however, was not a wind of the Primary World; for pine trees do not die of that.

Grassland: In a country with less rainfall than is required by a forest, a grassland may develop. The grassy plains of Rohan were what we in this country would call a tall-grass prairie. We are told that the grasses in many places were up to the knees of the riders. They were doubtless perennials. This is a true "climax" grassland, and it is remarkable that the Rohirrim had used it more than 500 years without damaging it.

The grassland to the north on the Wold, and those in the valley of the Anduin consisting of short, turfing grasses were not climax forms, but were kept in grazing land by the continuous, or at least recurrent, pasturage of herds.

A "climax" is the highest form of vegetation which can grow in a given climate. Once established, it tends to remain stable. It has a number of plant species which control the kinds of plants which can grow under them, and these are called "dominants". In a forest, trees are dominant, and only those smaller plants which can thrive in their shade can endure. In a grassland, grasses are dominant, for it is difficult for shrubs, though they also can subsist in low rainfall and warmth, to get a start among thick grasses.

Starting from bare rock, several stages lead to a climax; first there are lichens, then mosses, ferns, later come flowering plants, shrubs, and finally trees. Or from a pond, or a quiet backwater, pondweed, then sedges and rushes, iris, etc. may lead to a meadow and thence to a grassland climax; or if a climax is wetter, to willows, alders, and finally a forest. These are called "successions" or "seres."

Sometimes, as in the Shire, the activities of man keep the successions in a stage just before the climax; this is called a "sub-climax," and so would be classed the open woodland, interspersed with meadows, in the Shire. The Stockbrook and the Withywindle had many spots which were filling with waterlilies, rushes, and sedges to form successions leading to forest or meadow. These are called hydroseres; successions from rock or from dry land whose vegetation has been removed by fire, flood, or other devastation, are called xeroseres. The nature of the soil has an influence on the kind of plants that can start to repair the damage, and on how long it will take.

Not a great deal has been reported about the soils of Middle Earth. In the northern part of the Misty Mountains, north of Rivendell, there were red rocks and clays; for the River Hoarwell was red; these red clays are highly erodible, which fits in with the dissected nature of the country Bilbo crossed when he approached Rivendell. Obviously, the rocky peak of Caradhras was red; porphyry is another red rock I can think of besides red sandstone, but is a volcanic rock, and if I were to make a wild guess I should say that the Misty Mountains resemble more a great fault-block, such as our Sierra.



In that case, some, at least, of the pools dotting the area where the River Running joined the Forest River might be sag ponds. The filling of these in a flood, is one of the few cases, if not the only case, in which we are left in doubt as to whether an agency of the Primary World-- an earthquake-- or of the Secondary World-- Smaug-- was operating.

The limestone formation of the portage at Sarn Gebir may well have extended west across East Emnet, accounting for the 10 mi. wide sunken area, and continued east and south to Ithilien; for the layers of hard limestone and of softer, more porous limestone, marls or chalk might account for the fountains in Ithilien. This is speculation, of course; the record does not say.

As to animals, the most exciting were the wolves and bears of the Misty Mountains. The wolves were sometimes of the enchanted world, and sometimes just wolves. In America we rarely if ever think of wolves as a danger to man, not unless attacked; but European literature is full of fear of wolf-packs; and it is hard to tell whether the Rohirrim thought normal wolves were carrion eaters, which they are not; or only that all wolves had been influenced by Orcs.

Foxes and squirrels lived in the woods-- and rabbits, of course. Deer are mentioned in the forests, as are huge moths, butterflies, and spiders; bees and hornets in the flowering meadows. Eagles lived in the Misty Mountains, but the great race of eagles was in the Grey Mountains to the north. Herons and swans lived in the reedy marshes along riverbanks; Tom Bombadil sees, along the Stockbrook, otter, brown water-rat, dailchicks, willow wrens, water boatmen, fish, and blue king-fishers. In underground

streams were bats, eyeless fish; in the Dead Marshes, snakes and worms. Swallows, crows, finches and starlings are mentioned, and it is noted that the two latter are non-migrating species. Hawks came out of Dunland, ravens and crows from Erebor. The thrush of Erebor was of magic (he could not have found much to eat there). Bats lived among the rocks, which implies insects. The insects of the tundra have been mentioned.

The absence in Rohan of the antelope of our own prairies may seem strange, but this species actually was missing in Europe during the Pleistocene.

As studies in "Human Ecology"-- the newest branch of the science-- we could consider the Shire and Rohan, in distinction to northern Rhovanion and Mordor.

In the Shire, although much forest had been cleared and replaced by farmland, much was left. There was no wanton destruction. Men, or Hobbit, had struck some sort of balance with wild nature, a balance mutually satisfactory; pleasant to man and not too destructive to animals and plants. If there were fewer trees, there were more of the small flowering plants, and more birds. Thick forest was left along the streams, so there were no erosion losses.

Such an arrangement will yield a comfortable living indefinitely if the farmer observes sound practices, but only for a certain number of men and their animals per acre. In northern Rhovanion this number came to be exceeded. Sheep were grazed there as well as cattle. The Rohirrim then migrated to the south, to Rohan, where they had kept their herds in balance, with the resources of the land for over 500 years at time of record. Presumably their population had not greatly increased.

In stark contrast to this was Mordor, where volcanism, evil beings and man at his worst combined to make an utterly sterile land. Food was produced in a restricted, intensely cultivated region, by slave labor. Apparently other needs were met by subterranean factories. Probably there was not enough, especially as Sauron kept bringing in more inhabitants. Life was not satisfying and no hope remained but to pour forth and conquer other lands.

Our report cannot treat of Lorien, because it is not at all of the Primary world; men had no part in it. We have tried to keep the two worlds separate, as much as possible, and according to the cues that Tolkien gave us. Yet at the last, the two worlds did blend, in the final summer of the Third Age, in the Shire. Then all that grew in the Primary World, grew with the glow and vigor of the world of Enchantment. There was "beauty beyond that of mortal summers" and "all were happy except those that had to mow the grass." Here the two earths blended in a mixture which is Tolkien's own brand of magic-- the Eucatas-trophe which is so rarely achieved.



Plants of Principal Phyto-Geographic Regions of Middle Earth

Mixed Deciduous Forest Climax

Mirkwood beech, oak in north; fir in south, but abnormal in growth (influence of Dol Guldur). Alder by streams.

lichens, fungi, ivy; small herbaceous plants but no edible berries.

(Note: a very dark forest, insects and animals with protective coloration; black. Magical doe was white).

Old Forest no species named (all abnormal in growth) but willow. Willow by Withywindle probably *Salix fragilis*, called "Crack willow" or "Withy."

Fangorn beech, oak, chestnut, ash, rowan (in this country called "mountain ash"), linden. Silver birch in drier spots, firs on ridges.

Woodland Sub-climax

Shire to Rivendell Trees same as above, plus hickory. Shrubs: hazel thickets; willow thickets, probably *Salix aurita* and/or *S. purpurea* (osier). Other sp., not named. Ground Covers: fern, ivy, brier-rose. Mushrooms, grasses.

(Note: more species and thicker growth found in open woodland than in dark forests as the above).

Rivendell pines on high places, beeches and oak in lower ground. Grassy glades.

Valley of the Anduin elm, oak and willow along streams. Long-grass and short-grass grazing lands, shorter toward north. Clovers.

Mediterr. type Woodland Climax

Ithilien olive, cedar, holm oak (*Quercus ilex*), ash, probably "manna" ash (*Fraxinus ornus*) or "small-leaved ash," (*F. parviflora*). Trees small, resinous.

Tree-like shrubs: myrtles, bay, boxwood, terebinth (*Pistacia lenticus*), filbert brakes.

Small shrubs, ground cover: bushy thyme, marjoram, sage, parsley, anemone, hyacinth, saxifrage, primerole, asphodel, wother sp. lily, bracken.

Fire Successions

Old Forest wood parsley, rife-weed, thistle, nettles, hemlock probably water-hemlock (*Cicuta*), though possibly the poison hemlock (*Conium*).

South Ithilien: Briar, eglantine, trailing clematis.

Montane Province

Misty Mountains In foothills, blackberries, whortleberries, sorrel, hart's tongue, bracken, yellow rockrose (*Helianthemum*). Above foothills on east-facing slopes, a pine belt; short firs, nut trees. At Dimrill Dale, fir, birches, ground cover of heather, whin. Higher elevations, Alpine Climax apparently missing, or not described because unexplored except in snowstorm.

(Elevation appears to be on the order of 5,000 ft., and was above timber line).

Ered Nimrais Conifers, lebethron. Grasses extended far up the slopes.

Ephel Duath Thornbush, low scrubby trees, p. not named. Brambles, a coarse grey grass, mosses. White-flowered, ill-smelling plant, suggests *Stapelia*, but may have been a plant of Enchantment.

Hydroseres

Midgewater Marshes
Junction R. Running & Forest River
Entwash borders, where was sunken land
W. bank Anduin at Brown Lands
Withywindle, Stockbrook, Swanfleet
along borders in quiet water

These all marshes in reedswamp stage of progression toward either meadow of forest. Rushes, reeds. (Withywindle also had spots in floating stage-- waterlilies). Sedge-meadow stage; blue flag, flowering reeds.

Gladden Fields

West Emnet Near Entwash Dead Marshes

Sedge-bog stage, not drained, algae, reeds. Peat bog at south end Dead Marshes. Marsh gas possible cause flickering lights.

Xeroseres, or Degraded Lands

Portage around Sarn Gebir (limestone, boulders and pits)----- small shrubs, brambles, briars, weeds.

South Downs-----stunted trees, shrubs grey grass

Weather-top area-----short grass, hael thickets, bilberry brush, ATHELAS

The Social History of the Inklings, J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, 1939-1945

by Glen GoodKnight

In 1939 Europe again was to plunge the world into war. The period of the war, 1939-1945, provides that time span and backdrop for this article. Oxford, that ancient town and university, provides both the scenery and furniture for the movements of the three men that the Mythopoeic Society was founded to study and discuss.

In 1939 C.S. Lewis was 41 years old, a Fellow of Magdalen College for 11 years, and had established a modest but admirable reputation with the publication of Pilgrim's Regress in 1933 and the prize-winning The Allegory of Love: A Study in Medieval Tradition, a book of literary criticism in 1936.

J.R.R. Tolkien, then 47, was Lewis' best friend. He was Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford University and a Fellow of Pembroke College, and had established a respectable and moderate reputation in literary criticism with Sir Gawain and the Green Knight (edited with E.V. Gordon) in 1925, Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics in 1936, and his classic fantasy The Hobbit in 1937. Tolkien had been a friend before Lewis' conversion from Atheism to Christianity in 1929 and had been a factor in its fruition. In Lewis' autobiography he described that the initial friendship in 1925:

...marked the breakdown of two old prejudices. At my first coming into the world I had been (implicitly) warned never to trust a Papist, and at my first coming into the English Faculty (explicitly) never to trust a philologist. Tolkien was both." 1

At the beginning of the war these men were fairly well known within academic circles; the most productive and stimulating period of their lives was about to begin.

Alice Hadfield, a close friend and biographer of Charles Williams, wrote "darkness was creeping over Europe and England, the old darkness of chaos and separation, the rejection of love, exchange and coinherence. Life withdrew to its bases." 2 As insanity and death took the world, Oxford continued to be one of the bases where rational and creative life continued.

Lewis and Tolkien belonged to a circle of friends which met frequently, known as the Inklings. Each of the members were in some way connected with the academic community. But the most interesting phase of their history was just starting. Unknowingly the group was to meet a man who was to be a kind of creative catalyst. In a letter to his brother, dated 10 September 1939, Lewis wrote:

Along with these not very pleasant indirect results of the University Press has moved to Oxford, so that Charles Williams is living here." 3

The catalyst had arrived.

Charles Williams was then 53, and employed at the Oxford University Press in an editorial capacity. Because of his family's financial inability when he was young, he had found it unable to finish college, yet his natural genius and his wide independent reading were more than sufficient to overcome this difficulty. Very few of his new companions thought himself superior, except perhaps in the accumulation of sheer fact. Lewis commented here:

On the ancients and on the early Middle Ages there were one or two present with whom he could not compete, nor had he an exact knowledge of any of the great philosophers; but in history, theology, legend, comparative religion, and (above all) English literature from Shakespeare down, his knowledge was surprising. 4

None of the three men were natives of Oxford. Lewis was born in Belfast, North Ireland; Tolkien in Bloemfontein, South Africa. Williams was a native of London. He never seemed to be entirely at home in the more rustic and provincial Oxford. His wife and son also tried to settle in the city, but like many preferred London to exile and soon returned. Because of his position, there was no choosing. Except for weekends with his wife, or to lecture, he never left Oxford again.

His qualifications as a scholar and poet were quickly recognized by the University. Within three years of arriving, he was lecturing in the University, acting as tutor in St. Hilda's College, and was given an honorary M.A. degree. The city also

accepted him, inviting him to speak to all kinds of groups, both religious and secular. As Lewis and Tolkien found this period most stimulating, to affect their later lives, Williams found his abilities and recognition had finally arrived. This was to be the last and greatest chapter of his life.

The Inklings

The majority of the contacts these three men had with one another were in and through the Inklings. Lewis' brother, Warren H. Lewis, described the Inklings as "neither a club nor a literary society, though it partook of the nature of both." 5 The group met every Thursday evening after dinner in C.S. Lewis' magnificent private rooms at Magdalen College, which included a big sitting room on the first floor of the New buildings, looking out on the Grove, and another smaller sitting room and a bedroom, looking across to the Cloisters and the Tower. Lewis had to furnish these rooms at his own expense, and as a bachelor he did so in "perfunctory and notably economical style." 6

The meetings did not begin or end at any set hour, though there was an understanding that no one would consider arriving after ten-thirty. Even though there was no formal structure, there seemed to have been an unvarying ritual. W.H. Lewis described it:

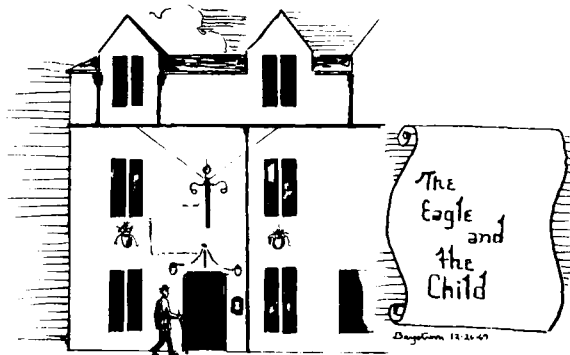
When half a dozen or so had arrived, tea would be produced, and when pipes were well alight, Jack [as C.S. Lewis preferred informally to be called] would say, 'Well, has nobody got anything to read us?' Out would come a manuscript, and we would settle down to sit in judgement upon it - real unbiased judgement, too, since we were no mutual admiration society: praise for good work was unstinted, but censure for bad work - or even not-so-good work was often brutally frank. To read to the Inklings was a formidable ordeal, ... 7

In a letter dated 11 November 1939, Lewis described to his brother one of the meetings:

On Thursday we had a meeting of the Inklings - You and Coghill absent unfortunately. We dined at the East-gate. I have never in my life seen Dyson so exuberant - 'A roaring cataract of nonsense.' The bill of fare afterwards, consisted of a section of the new Hobbit book from Tolkien, a nativity play from Ch. Williams (unusually intelligible for him, and approved by all), and a chapter of the book on the Problem of Pain from me.... 8

The Inklings during the war years were: C.S. Lewis, Warren H. Lewis, Fr. Gervase Mathew, J.R.R. Tolkien, Charles Williams, Colin Hardy, Adam Fox, and Lewis' physician - Robert Havard. Others, who attended less frequently, and for one reason or another were not fully entered into to group were: Nevil Coghill, David Cecil, H.V.D. Dyson, Owen Barfield, C.L. Wrenn, John Wain, and rarely, Dorothy Sayers.

As a group, the Inklings is difficult to describe in any precise way because of the differences of the member's intellectual interests and occupations. Lewis described the diversity of the group in passing in a letter to his brother dated 3 Feb. 1940: We had an evening almost equally compounded of merriment, piety, and literature. Rum this time again. The Inklings is now really very well provided, with Adam



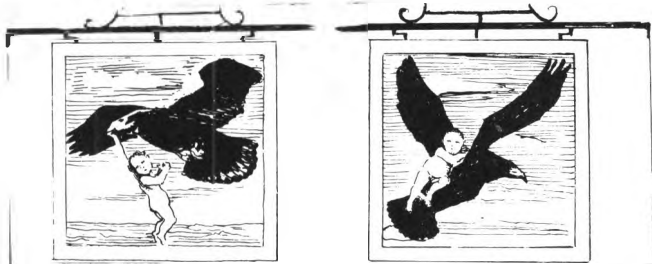
Fox as chaplain, you as army, Barfield as lawyer, Harvard as doctor - almost all the estates - except of course any who could actually produce a single necessity of life - a loaf, a boot, or a hut.... 9

Besides the Thursday evening meetings, there was another 'ritual' gathering, which was, as it were, a supplement to the Thursday meetings. The group met every Tuesday morning an hour or so before lunch in a place Lewis called "the best of all public-houses for draught cider, whose name it would be madness to reveal." 10 However his brother later disclosed that it was the "Eagle and Child" in St. Giles', better known as the "Bird and Baby." 11 The meetings were actually held in the tiny private room of the pub. These gatherings must have achieved some fame; in a detective novel of the time a character says "It must be Tuesday - there's Lewis going into the Bird." 12

There was a difference in the two meetings. The Thursday meeting was inclined to be slightly more formal, more structured, not in the sense that the discussions ever kept any procedural rules, but that generally one of the group read, or a single topic such as a novel or a book of the Bible, or a literary problem, would take up the whole evening. Straying from the topic seldom occurred both because of the small size of the group at any given time, usually not more than six, and the guiding mind of C.S. Lewis.

The Tuesday morning meetings were much more informal. The atmosphere of the pub was always a commotion with people going in and out for beer, and always laughing. There was no structure to these sessions; the talk ranging widely in subject matter and mood. Lewis said his best recollection of Williams came from these meetings:

That face - angel's or monkey's - come back to me most often seen through clouds of tobacco smoke and above a pint mug, distorted into helpless laughter at some innocently broad buffoonery or eagerly stretched forward in the cut and parry of prolonged, fierce, masculine argument and the "rigour of the game." 13



Both sides of the shingle hanging outside The Eagle and Child.

The meetings of the Inklings, both on Tuesday and Thursday, had the quality of always being intellectual, never practical or in any sense personal. Lewis writing on "Friendship" in The Four Loves, which is surely, in part, an autobiographical description of the Inklings, makes this clear:

...of course we do not want to know our Friend's affairs at all. Friendship, unlike Eros, is uninquisitive. You become a man's friend without knowing or caring whether he is married or single or how he earns his living. What have all these 'unconcerning things, matters of fact' to do with the real question. Do you see the same truth? In a circle of true friends each man is simply what he is: stands for nothing but himself. No one cares twopence about anyone else's family, profession, class, income, race, or previous history. Of course you will get to know about most of these in the end. But casually.... That is the kingliness of Friendship. We meet like sovereign princes of independent states, abroad, on neutral ground, freed from our contexts. This love (essentially) ignores not only our physical bodies but that whole embodiment which consists of our family, job, past, and connections.... It is an affair of disentangled, or stripped minds. Eros will have naked bodies; Friendship naked personalities. 14

Charles Williams was a conversational catalyst with the Inklings. As a nun once said, "Mr. William's manners implied a complete offer of intimacy without the slightest imposition of intimacy. He threw down all his own barriers without even implying that you should lower yours." 16 This, plus his naturally elaborate courtesy had a beneficial yet not dominant effect. As Lewis remembered:

Tough he talked copiously one never felt that he had dominated the evening. Nor did one easily remember particular 'good things' that he said: the importance

of his presence was, indeed, chiefly made clear by the gap which was left on the rare occasions when he did not turn up. It then became clear that some principle of liveliness and cohesion had been withdrawn from the whole party: lacking him, we did not completely possess one another. 17

Despite the importance of that last sentence, it does not mean that Williams received unqualified acceptance. His almost oriental richness of imagination was referred to as "clotted glory from Charles" by H.V.D. Dyson.¹⁸ Williams' lack of complete critical writing ability, particularly in his earlier years, made Lewis somewhat apologetic. This is reflected in a letter to Dom Bede Griffiths that Lewis felt it necessary to state "I'm proud of being among his friends." 19 Warren Lewis has said that his brother "had a near fanatical devotion to Charles Williams, but when Williams wrote a bad book Lewis readily described it as 'bloody awful.'" 20

Lewis, Tolkien, and Williams did meet at times by themselves outside the context of the Inklings, to read to each other their respective works as they progressed. During one period Lewis was working on Perelandra, Tolkien on The Fellowship of the Ring, and Williams on his Arthurian poetry: Taliessin through Logres and Region of the Summer Stars. In the introduction to Arthurian Torso, Lewis described one of these times, where Williams read the Figure of Arthur to the other two:

The two first chapters had been read aloud by the author to Professor Tolkien and myself. It may help the reader to imagine the scene; or at least it is to me both great pleasure and great pain to recall. Picture to yourself, then, an upstairs sitting room /Lewis' rooms/ with windows looking North into the 'grove' of Magdalen College on a sunshiny Monday morning in vacation at ten o'clock. The Professor and I, both on the Chesterfield, lit our pipes and stretched out our legs. Williams in the armchair opposite to us threw his cigarette into the grate, took up a pile of the extremely small, loose sheets on which he habitually wrote... and began.... 21

By 1945 Charles Williams was 59 years old. The years of success at Oxford, with their fantastic pace; the financial worries that never ceased; William's physical frailty, were all having their effect. When he visited his mother and sister that March, his sister Edith noticed, without commenting, how tired and ill he looked. 22 He was not exactly sick, but nearly worn down.

The war drew to its close. On Tuesday, 8 May, the hope for news of peace was expected the next day. Williams met Fr. Gervase Mathew on the street, and in the conversation asked him if he would say a Mass "for anyone I have ever loved in any way." Mathew sensed strongly that Williams felt he was soon going to die. 23 The Mass was said.

On Wednesday, 9 May, the announcement came that the war was over. That evening, with a friend, Williams walked the streets of Oxford by the light of the victory bonfires.

On Thursday he was seized with pain. After cancelling his commitments, he rested in his room. He did not get better. By the next day he was worse. His wife was sent for and came up from London. He was taken to Radcliffe Hospital, and on Monday, 14 May, he was operated on for internal trouble of an undisclosed nature, it was however a recurrence of trouble he had had eleven years earlier. He never completely regained consciousness, and died the following day, Tuesday, 15 May. He was buried in St. Cross churchyard in Oxford "where lie also the bodies of Kenneth Grahame and F.V.M. Benecke." 24

Lewis said that he and the other members of the Inklings "had had no notion that he was even ill until we heard that he was in the Radcliffe Infirmary; nor did we then suspect that the trouble was serious." 25 It seems odd that Lewis was unaware of Williams' condition those last months - perhaps it was the general anticipation for the end of the war, perhaps it was Williams' reluctance to burden his good friend with his declining spirits and health. As it has already been mentioned, conversations about personal matters seldom occurred in that company.

It was a Spring morning, Tuesday 15 May, when nature was so alive and the news of the Peace was still very fresh in the air, before the regular Tuesday morning meeting, that Lewis walked to the hospital. He had a book he wanted to lend Williams, and expected to take messages from Williams back to the group. Lewis said he learned of the death at the hospital itself:

...expecting this news that day as little (almost) as I expected to die that day myself.... When I joined them with my actual message - it was only a few minutes' walk from the Infirmary but, I remember, the very streets looked different - I had some difficulty in making them believe or even understand what had happened. The world seemed to us at the moment primarily a strange one. The sense of the strangeness continued with a force which sorrow itself has never quite

swallowed up.... No event has so corroborated my faith in the next world as Williams did simply by dying. When the idea of death and the idea of Williams thus met in my mind, it was the idea of death^{was} changed. 26

Only after Williams' death did the Inklings realize "what a small and late addition we were to the company of those who loved him, and whom he loved." 27 Though the "principle of liveliness and cohesion" had gone, the Inklings continued to meet due mainly to the reasons that drew them together and the direction of C.S. Lewis. The most memorable quality of the Inklings was its principle of regularity of getting together, for week after week for a long span of years.

The Inklings are assured a prominent place in the annals of literary history as an entity almost ideally fulfilling its purposes, where "merriment, piety, and literature" were equally experienced from the basis of true friendship.

Writer's Note

In this article I have concentrated on the social history of the Inklings. The material has seemed to concentrate on Charles Williams because the materials on him are less accessible than on the other two men, and his story is to me a strangely interesting one. Much else could be written on Lewis, even during the war years. The reader will pardon the lack of more references to J.R.R. Tolkien. The biographical and anecdotal material available on him could nearly be typed on half a sheet of paper. I would very much like to see a real biography on the man.

I have written the article to give a brief background on the Inklings, and to show that the three men were meeting regularly for a long period of time, discussing, among other things, their works in progress. This social aspect is only one that relate these men together. In the third issue of *Mythlore*, I submitted an article on Comparative Cosmology of the three author's mythic worlds. In the next issue of *Mythlore* I plan to cover the personalities, temperments, and faith of the three men. I also hope to show how the men influenced each other in their writings, a topic of controversy and debate, especially when it comes to J.R.R. Tolkien.

Footnotes:

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2. Alice Mary Hadfield, An Introduction to Charles Williams. London: Robert Hale, 1959. p. 183.
3. C.S. Lewis, Letters of C.S. Lewis, edited, with a memoir by W.H. Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace, and World. 1966. p. 168.
4. C.S. Lewis, editor, Essays Presented to Charles Williams. Grand Rapids: William B. Eerdmans, 1966. p. xi.
5. Lewis, Letters of C.S. Lewis, p. 13.
6. *Ibid*, p. 15.
7. *Ibid*, p. 13,14.
8. *Ibid*, p. 170, 171.
9. *Ibid*, p. 14.
10. Lewis, Essays Presented to Charles Williams, p. 14.
11. Lewis, Letters, p. 14.
12. *Ibid*, p. 14.
13. Lewis, Essays, p. x.
14. C.S. Lewis, The Four Loves. New York: Harcourt, Brace, and World. 1960. p. 102,103.
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17. *Ibid*, p. xi.
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19. *Ibid*, p.179.
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21. Charles Williams, Arthurian Torso: containing the posthumous fragment of the Figure of Arthur by Charles Williams and a commentary on the Arthurian Poems of Charles Williams by C.S. Lewis. London: Oxford University Press. 1948. p.2.
22. Hadfield, Introduction to Charles Williams, p. 208.
23. *Ibid*.
24. Lewis, Essays, p. xiv.
25. *Ibid*, p. xii.
26. *Ibid*, p. xiv.
27. *Ibid*.

A Valuable Additional Source

Charles Moorman, The Precincts of Felicity: The Augustinian City of The Oxford Christians. Gainesville: University of Florida Press. 1966.



The Ecology of Middle Earth, continued from page 6

Brown Lands (abandoned gardens of Entwives)-----twisted birch and fir, dying out.

Nan Curunir-----brambles, weeds, thoms

West of the Morannon-----a heath of ling, broom, cornel, other small shrubs. A few pines.

(Note: Degrading due to fighting, burning, and in some cases overgrazing).

** Holly bushes in Hollin may be a Shrub Climax in a climate too dry for forest, too cold for Med. woodland.

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4. Gleason, Henry A. and Arthur Conquist, The Natural Geography of Plants, Columbia University Press, N.Y. and London, 1964.
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Editor's note: Marcella Juhren has been interested in the problems of pollution and ecology for over 25 years. She has her M.A. degree in Botany from Western Reserve University. She has candidly told me why she never got her Ph. D. When she was younger she was more interested in getting directly into research. When she was at CalTech doing research in plant physiology and ecology, they didn't give women credit. "You could go to the classes, do the work, and even give seminars your self, but not credit!" As a scientist the facilities and intellectual climate kept her there. Later a marriage and family kept her busy. But she did do more research work. She worked with the L.A. County Air Pollution Control and did study on the effects of smog on plant tissues at the L.A. County Arboretum. At the Dept. of Botanical Sciences she did research on Ecology and Cyto-genetics, and independent work on the ecology of some Mediterranean shrub species. In 1968, after her retirement, she spent the summer working as a Technician for the U.S. Forest Service, San Joaquin Experimental Range, studying Mediterranean grasses grown on U.S. Ranges.

She has also done illustrating for scientific journals and two books: *A Natural History of Marine Life and Modern Primitive Art*, both published by McGraw, Hill Co.





The Griffin

By Michael Levy

Dawn. A reddish gleam appeared along the hills. Pale haze swept over the frozen slopes, catching on the gaunt pines that made the forest, twisting, rippling apart and reforming. The thick snow clung forlornly to the ground and the trees. It was very cold.

The griffin padded quietly, yet swiftly through the snow, her ugly snout-beak testing the air before her, her rudimentary wings pressed tightly to her back. The trees towered above, gaunt in their winter coat of brown-green needles. Their tops hung lost in the mist. Everything, save only the moaning, ever shifting wind was silent.

The scent which the griffin sought reached her from across the waste. Man! And something else. The beast's snarl of hatred sent beaked lips writhing back. Her long, poisoned fangs gleamed in the dim light and the feathers between her wings rose. Cautiously she followed her trail.

Cresting a hill, she looked down. A house was there, a cabin, with a shed and, and there, there in that enclosure by the shed... She began softly to hum a spell of sorts for capture and death, she sang slaughter. Murder incarnate, the griffin slipped silently down the slope.

"Why'r them horses screaming so?" complained the Old Woman as she bent by the hearth frying her Old Man's breakfast.

"Can't say that I know!" he snapped back. He stood up slowly and paced over to the door, pulling up the door covering. "They're actin' might odd," he said, scratching his head, "pawing around. I suppose it might be a bear. But they aren't usually that bold. I don't know."

"Goodman... Squire O'Neal's son said he saw a, a griffin over Connacht way. You don't think...?"

"Hell no! The last griffin 'round here died fifty winters ago. Bears is bad enough without no damn griffin!"

"Goodman, there's a sound on the wind. Do you hear it? A singing of sorts." He moved to the door, pulling on his great coat. "Goodman, when a bear or other natural beast

attacks or hunts, it makes no sound!"

"Where's my axe? I'll take a look around."
Weapon in hand, he trudged out into the snow.

The griffin stood panting against the fence. The great muscles of her back and neck rippled with expectation. The hideous tune she sang and the strange vitality of her eyes hypnotized her prey. Occasionally a horse whined nervously.

Screaming the griffin attacked. Her small wings spread wide and slammed down, forcing her up and over the fence. Her hellish jaws which could rend a wolf or a man tore into the paralyzed horses. The animals shrieked wildly, but were hopelessly trapped by her spell. Try as they might, they couldn't move.

Death followed swiftly and horribly.

"Damn monster! I'll get yeh!" The old Man swung wildly. The axe bit deep into the griffin's back.

There was a scream and a huge black shape spang up from the torn, red carcass of a horse. Wildly it twisted about howling, and attacked. The Old Man swung again, opening its skull before it destroyed him. The monster fled over the fence and away. Soon nothing of it was left save a distant echoing howl, and a faint trail of blood flying off into the mist.

"Old Man," she screamed from the door, "how do you?"

Redness and pain. She dragged herself slowly up the hill. Home, she must get home. Her hind quarters useless, one wing torn off, the griffin crawled forward on two legs. Bleeding from two great wounds, each enough to kill a man or any other beast, she clung tenaciously to life. She crawled on, with her last strength pulling her home. She tried, but even her fantastic vitality wasn't enough. The griffin died there, on the hill crest. Her eyes set on the wilderness and home. Without her to feed them, her chicks would soon die too.

Utter East

by Eugene Warren

That was a Narnian breeze,
from somewhere beyond
the Lone Islands,

from the last reach
of the Dawn Treader's voyage
into Utter East.

And it blew precisely thru
this Missourian window,
carrying the scent of lilies
from the Silver Sea (where

Reepicheep cast away
his sword

& entered the Lion's
exhilarating Land).



LORE OF LOGRES

by Rand Kuhl

Logres is associated with the Arthurian legend, and it represents the essence or spiritual core of Britain. If any men reflect the spirit and splendor of Logres, beyond time and on the borders of Faerie, and glow with their own light as well, J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and Charles Williams certainly are among them. The primary concern of this column is to bring before the reader the nonfiction work of these three men who have come to be known as the Oxford Christians.

In Touch With Joy

"It was in fairy-stories that I first divined the potency of words, and the wonder of things..." So says J. R. R. Tolkien in "On Fairy-Stories" (included in The Tolkien Reader, a \$0.95 Ballantine paperback) which was an Andrew Lang Lecture delivered at the University of St. Andrews in 1938. This essay gives us insights into Tolkien's mind, art (particularly the LOTR), and faith as he introduces us to fairy-stories, not as a professional student of folklore would, but as one who loves them for what they are and what they point to. He embraces a threefold task: defining the fairy-story, discussing its origins, and determining its present values and functions.

In defining what the fairy-story is we discover what fairies are and are not as well as what types of tale should not be classified as fairy-story. Although fairies have often been thought of as supernatural and small (Cf. the OED), they "are natural, far more natural than man", and they have a stature that is hardly diminutive except in some instances of literary fancy. Also, many stories termed fairy-stories do not really belong to the genre: e.g. traveller's tales (A Voyage to Lilliput), dream tales (Alice in Wonderland), and beast fables (Reynard the Fox). But here is a positive statement of what a fairy-story is:

"... fairy-stories are not in normal English usage stories about fairies or elves, but stories about Fairy, that is Faerie, the realm or state in which fairies have their being. Faerie contains many things besides elves and fays, and besides dwarfs, witches, trolls, giants, or dragons: it holds the seas, the sun, the moon, the sky; and the earth, and all things that are in it; tree and bird, water and stone, wine and bread, and ourselves, mortal men, when we are enchanted. ... Most good 'fairy-stories' are about the adventures of men in the Perilous Realm [Faerie] or upon its shadowy marches."

As for the beginnings... "to ask what is the origin of the stories is to ask what is the origin of language and of the mind," because the stories are as old as man. Thus it is probably better to speak of the elements of fairy-stories. Tolkien suggests that history, myth, Faerie, etc have been and are still boiling in the "Cauldron of Story" together with the fairy-story elements (which include love-at-first-sight; stepmothers; cannibal witches; enchanted bears, bulls, and pigs; prohibitions; and taboos on names) waiting for something to attach to like Britain's real Arthur. Yet once we have dissected the fairy-story, once all the elements have been explained "as relics of ancient customs once practised in daily life, or of beliefs once held as beliefs and not as 'fancies' — there remains still a point too often forgotten: that is the effect produced now by these old things in the stories as they are." These stories now produce "a mythical or total (unanalysable) effect, an effect quite independent of the findings of Comparative Folklore, and one which it cannot spoil or explain..." This effect speaks to certain primordial human desires: such as surveying the depths of space and time, and communing with other living things. And it is Faerie's goal to achieve this effect, "... the primal desire at the heart of Faerie [is] the realization, independent of the conceiving mind, of imagined wonder."

And who is being affected — only children? It is one of Tolkien's chief regrets that fairy-stories have come to be identified solely with children. A natural identification comes from being human and having human tastes; some children, but not all, like some adults enjoy fairy-stories. An aspect of enjoyment is the power of a work to encourage belief, literary belief. Here Tolkien makes what I feel is one of his greatest contributions to literary criticism by making a positive proposition where we had a negative one before:

"Children are capable, of course, of literary belief, when the story-maker's art is good enough to produce it. That state of mind has been called 'willing suspension of disbelief'. But this does not seem to me a good description of what happens. What really happens is that the story-maker proves a successful 'sub-creator'. He makes a Secondary World which your mind can enter. Inside it, what he relates is 'true': it accords with the laws of that world."

Thus more is accomplished than a mere 'suspension of disbelief', belief in a Secondary World (the Primary World is what we call Reality) is the positive goal of the story-maker. (W. H. Auden, taking up this approach, has recently written a book of essays called Secondary Worlds.)

But children have also been unnaturally identified with fairy-stories in that some noxious sentimentalism has been exhibited about children and childhood.

Children do have a certain humility and innocence, but there is also a severity involved in those virtues; as Tolkien quotes Chesterton, "For children... are innocent and love justice; while most of us are wicked and naturally prefer mercy". Tolkien sums up this way: "If fairy-story as a kind is worth reading at all it is worthy to be written for and read by adults".

The next question is what are the values and functions of this kind of fairy-story today. First, they have value as literature, but they also have some very particular values as a genre: Fantasy, Recovery, Escape, and Consolation. Fantasy is Art, therefore, one must not "stupidly and even maliciously confound fantasy with Dreaming, in which there is no Art; and with mental disorders, in which there is not even control..." "creative Fantasy is founded upon the hard recognition that things are so in the world as it appears under the sun; on a recognition of fact, but not a slavery to it. So upon logic was founded the nonsense that displays itself in the tales and rhymes of Lewis Carroll. If men really could not distinguish between frogs and men, fairy-stories about frog-kings would not have arisen." Fantasy is difficult to do well. "To make a Secondary World... commanding Secondary Belief, will probably require labour and thought, and will certainly demand a special skill, a kind of elvish craft. Few attempt such difficult tasks. But when they are attempted and in any degree accomplished then we have a rare achievement of Art: indeed narrative art, story-making in its primary and most potent mode." This last is applicable to the achievement in The Lord of the Rings. "Fantasy remains a human right: we make in our measure and in our derivative mode, because we are made: and not only made, but made in the image and likeness of a Maker."

Recovery is a fresh, expanded, excited vision that makes the world alive and vibrant. "We need... to clean our windows; so that the things seen clearly may be freed from the drab blur of triteness or familiarity — from possessiveness." Escape is a positive value and nothing to be ashamed of in Tolkien's view. Here our deep desires spring to the surface: the desire to fly in silence, to explore the deeps of the sea, to escape from the isolation of ourselves and communicate with other living things, and, of course, "there is the oldest and deepest desire, the Great Escape: the Escape from Death."

"But the 'consolation' of fairy-stories has another aspect than the imaginative satisfaction of ancient desires. Far more important is the Consolation of the Happy Ending." Tolkien coined a word to express this condition, Eucatastrophe — the good catastrophe, "the sudden joyous turn". "... it is a sudden and miraculous grace: never to be counted on to recur. It does not deny the existence of dyscatastrophe, of sorrow and failure: the possibility of these is necessary to the joy of deliverance; it denies (in the face of much evidence, if you will) universal final defeat and in so far is evangelium, giving a fleeting glimpse of Joy, Joy beyond the walls of the world, poignant as grief."

The epilogue that concludes the essay is one of the most unique and exciting affirmations of the Christian faith in literature for it tells us of the man himself and informs us of the assumptions on which he bases his work, whether it is this essay or The Lord of the Rings. Earlier he had said that the highest function of the fairy-story is the "eucatastrophe" — "the Consolation of the Happy Ending." But by what right, by what hope can he utter this? In the epilogue the basis for this hope, this joy is found in Reality and in History. "The peculiar quality of the 'joy' in successful fantasy can thus be explained as a sudden glimpse of the underlying reality or truth. It is not only a 'consolation' for the sorrow of this world, but a satisfaction, and an answer to that question, 'Is it true?'" Hopes, dreams, wishes, prophecy, history, and reality all struck at one moment in time. "God redeemed the corrupt making-creatures, men, ... yet redeemed Man is still man. Story, fantasy, still go on. The Evangelium has not abrogated legends; it has hallowed them, especially the 'happy ending'. The Christian has still to work, with mind as well as body, to suffer, hope, and die; but he may now perceive that all his bents and faculties have a purpose, which can be redeemed." What was the mode of Redemption, how was it accomplished?

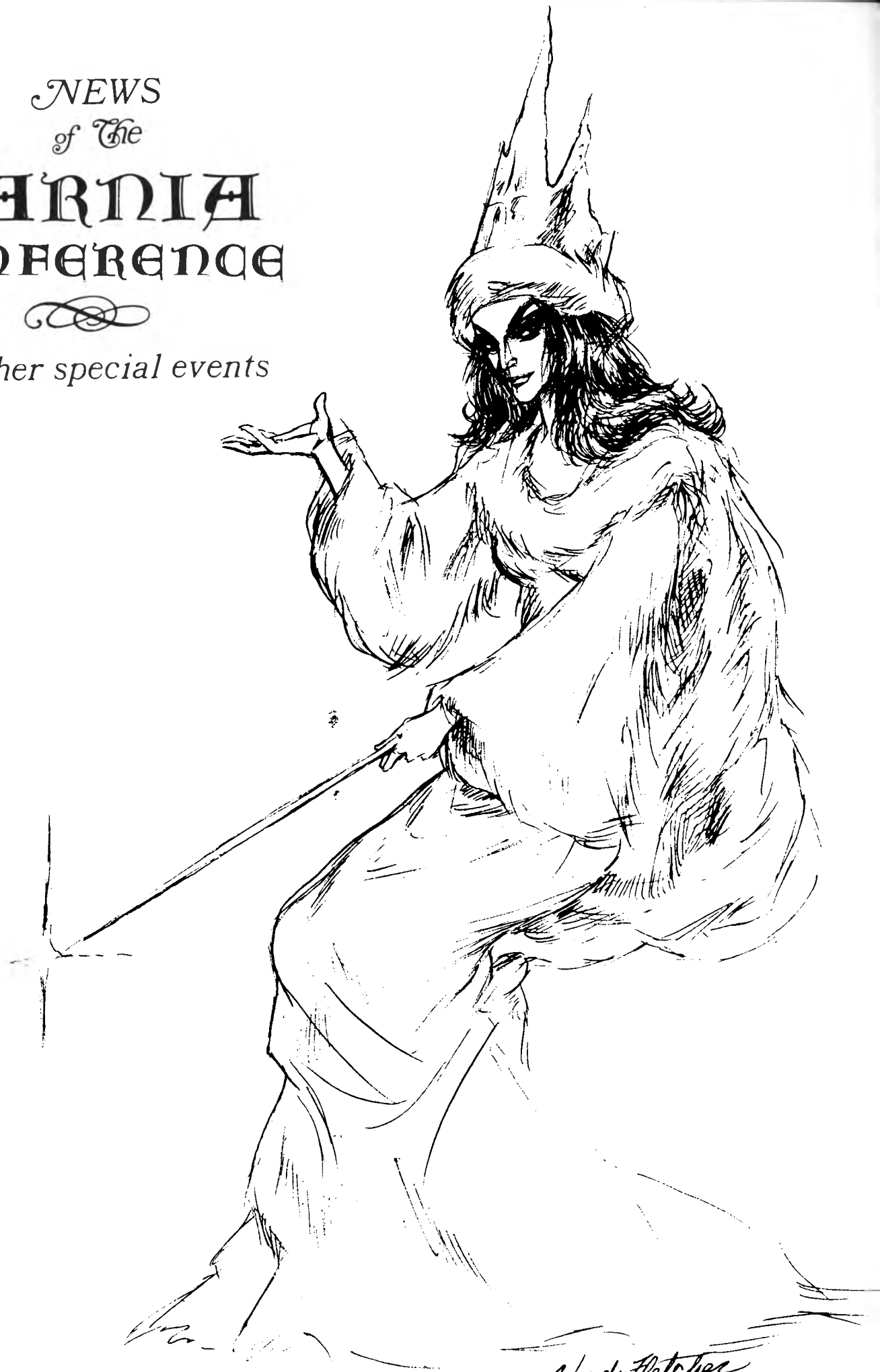
"The Gospels contain a fairy-story, or a story of a larger kind which embraces all the essence of fairy-stories." Listen as Tolkien continues: But this story has entered History and the primary world; the desire and aspiration of sub-creation has been raised to the fulfilment of Creation. The Birth of Christ is the eucatastrophe of Man's history. The Resurrection is the eucatastrophe of the story of the Incarnation. This story begins and ends in joy. It has pre-eminently the 'inner consistency of reality'. There is no tale ever told that men would rather find was true, and none which so many sceptical men have accepted as true on its own merits. For the Art of it has the supremely convincing tone of Primary Art, that is, of Creation. To reject it leads either to sadness or to wrath."

"... this story is supreme; and it is true. Art has been verified. God is the Lord, of angels, and of men — and of elves. Legend and History have met and fused."

NEWS
of The
NARNIA
CONFERENCE



& other special events



Wendy Fletcher

Narnia Conference

On 29 November 1969, the 71st anniversary of the birth of C.S. Lewis, and one week after the sixth year of his passing - 22 November 1963 - The Mythopoeic Society held a Narnia Conference. It was held in the Theatre of Living Arts Building of Palms Park in West Los Angeles. The Conference officially began at 10:15 am and ended at 5 pm. Glen GoodKnight gave introductory remarks which included some quotes from Lewis on how he wrote the seven Chronicles of Narnia. The first paper was read by Doris Robin on "An Introduction to Middle Earth and Narnia." The next paper by Sybil Caszander, "What is Narnia," was read in absentia by Glen GoodKnight. Bruce McMenomy then read his paper on "Arthurian Themes in the Narnia Books," followed by the reading of Lewis' own two Narnian poems: "Dwarves' Marching Song" and "Giant's Marching Song." Gracia-Fay Ellwood read her paper "Which Way I Flie is Hell," which deals with the self-hell in the minds of Edmund, Eustace, Uncle Andrew, and the dwarves in The Last Battle. A lunch break was held, with the conference reconvening to hear a tape-recording of C.S. Lewis reading from the original manuscript of The Four Loves. (These tapes can be rented from The Parish of the Air, P.O. Box 11711, Atlanta, Ga. 30305., for \$1.50 per tape, \$12, set of 10) Cathy Case then gave her paper on "Tash to Ka the Appalling - An Evil Papallel?", folled by "Lilith in Narnia" by Glen GoodKnight. Two original Narnian poems were presented: "Narnia" (a triolet) by Sybil Caszander and Utter East" by Eugene Warren (printed in this issue). Dave Hulan read his paper on "Narnia and the Seven Deadly Sins," followed by a paper on "The Lord of the Beasts: Animal Archetypes in C.S. Lewis" by Nancy-Lou Patterson, read in absentia by Gracia-Fay Ellwood. David Ralph then read "A Comparison of the Calormenes with the Arabs, Turks, and Ancient Babylonians. The last paper was read by Glan GoodKnight for Peter Kreeft entitled "Narnia as Myth."

The papers were varied, as the titles imply and received good response from those attending. The papers are available as proceedings of the Conference along with a short bibliography of Narnian criticism, and special artwork by Bonnie Bergstrom, Susan Chandler, Phil Heiple, and Tim Kirk. The proceedings are available for \$1.50 from Glen GoodKnight (see bottom of page 2).

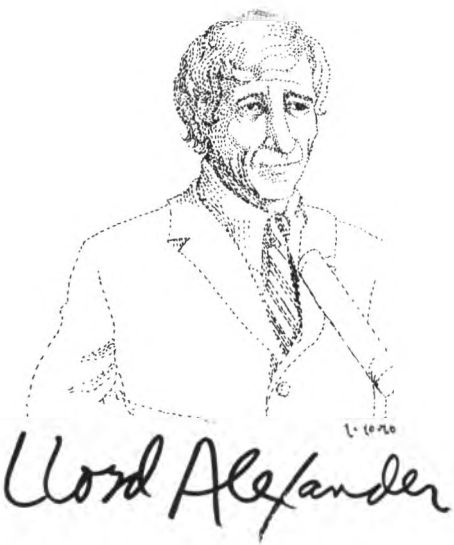


Mr. Ed Meskys, Professor of Astronomy and Physics at Belknap College in Center Harbor, New Hampshire, Editor of the Hugo-winning fanzine Nickas, and Thain of The Tolkien Society of America, and Miss Nancy Miles, his secretary, were married on 20 December 1969. We wish for them much happiness.

On 15 November 1969 at a meeting of the CCL at Pasadena College, Dr. Glenn Sadler spoke on Mervyn Peake. The CCL (Conference on Christianity and Literature) is composed primarily of Professors and Instructors of English from both public and private Colleges and Universities. The West Coast Chapter covers the greater Southern California area. This was the same group that arranged for C.S. Kilby in October 1968 and Owen Barfield in May 1969 to speak in various institutions.

Sadler, who did his Doctorate Thesis on George MacDonald, and is well versed on The Inklings, spoke on another of his favorites - Mervyn Peake. He told several biographical anecdotes and related little-known background information on Peake. Sadler brought a huge amount of Peake's books and folios of published artwork for display. During his talk, a tape recording was played of a radio program which featured a dramatic reading from Titus Groan.

Dr. Sadler has joined the faculty of Westmont College in Santa Barbara, and will be active in the new Santa Barbara branch of the Mythopoeic Society.



On 10 January 1970 Lloyd Alexander spoke to the Southern California Council on Literature for Children and Young People at the new Pasadena Art Museum auditorium for their ninth annual Awards Program and Reception.

The audience of over five hundred, mostly middle-aged and older people, were both professional and very warm. One felt one was in the presence of people who had evidently worked long for what they believed valuable. One speaker said their purpose was to encourage children "to delight upon the humanity of literature."

Lloyd Alexander, who wrote to Mythlore in the second issue to agree with the Editorial of the previous issue on "Fantasy and Personal Responsibility," is a self-effacing, very humorous and friendly man. When I met him before the meeting began, this man who had won the Newberry, for 1969 for The High King, spoke of Nan Braude and Mythlore. While I was speaking to him, he was approached by several women to sign some of his books. To facilitate, I took his notebook, holding it as a desk for him to use. Then being approached by some other arriving members of the Society, I later went off to speak with them, only to find I was being rapidly followed by Alexander to retrieve his notebook which contained his speech for the evening!

His speech "Here and Now, Nowhere and Never," I found very relevant to the current human condition. He feels an artist is primarily a human being, who comes to grips with his times (here I thought of Tolkien and Lewis - especially That Hideous Strength). He feels children have data but not sufficient experience to process it. The experience of fantasy affirms and confirms reality, and that fantasy and reality both grapple with the feelings of humanity, despair and hope. Alexander concluded with a looking forward to the emerging "new humanism," which will hopefully give modern man a way out of his technological lack of self-identity. — ed.



On 27 December 1969 The Mythopoeic Society held a Yule Moot at the home of Paula Sigman. Because of the many activities at this time of the year, only about seventy members were present, but we did have a very enjoyable time. A painting done by Bonnie Bergstrom, showing the gnomes falling back into Bism, a possible scene from The Silver Chair by Lewis, was raffled off. Paula Sigman won. There were Middle Earth songs (to familiar tunes) written several years ago by Scott Smith, sung. Several games were played, such as try outs for Lobelia, Shelob, and Barliman Butterbur, for the forthcoming movie. Several Mad-lib and Round-Robins were going around. Bernie Zuber showed slides of the highlights of the last two years of Mythopoeic activities. Most of those attending came in costumes, mainly Tolkien characters, but Ethel Wallis came as Jadis, the White Witch of Narnia.



The Mythology of Perelandra

by Margaret Hannay

C. S. Lewis' novel *Perelandra* is a myth for our time. It is a reworking of Christian, Arthurian, and Greek myths into a cosmic whole. Lewis has developed a fanciful but internally consistent world view that embraces space ships and talking beasts, fallen Man and men from Mars.

Perelandra opens with Ransom's journey and return as told by his friend Lewis. Thus we see through the eyes of the uninitiate the appearance of the Oyarsa, whose presence seemed to abolish the earthly horizontal. Malacandra himself seemed to stand straight by some different system of reference; he made the room appear aslant. When Lewis first perceived this being he instantly knew it was 'good,' but began to doubt whether he liked goodness as much as he had supposed. The division between natural and supernatural had broken down, and only at its disappearance did Lewis realize what a comfort it had been. This abolishing of earthly systems of reference has a two-fold function in the novel. It immediately establishes a sense of "otherness" in the eddila, and it serves to demonstrate that the earth, Thulcandra, is out of harmony with the rest of the universe. It is the earth, not the Oyarsa, who is aslant.

Ransom's arrival in *Perelandra* is set down as related to Lewis after his return. He said that the smells of the floating island where he found himself created a new type of hunger and thirst, "a longing that seemed to flow over from the body into the soul and which was heaven to feel." (PERE, 41) This example of *sehnsucht* is the theme of the entire novel. It is the sense of inconsolable loss experienced on earth and the necessity to prevent that loss on *Perelandra*. This desire was heightened after he awoke on the Forbidden Land and caught the night-breath on the floating islands drifting toward him:

The cord of longing which drew him to the invisible isle seemed to him... to have been fastened long, long before his coming to *Perelandra*, long before the earliest times that memory could recover in his childhood, before his birth, before the birth of man himself, before the origin of time. (PERE, 103)

C. S. Lewis related that he began the composition of the novel by "seeing pictures" of the floating island. The story came later, for something had to happen on that island if he were to write a novel. Lewis said that the story could have been quite different

than "paradise retained" except that he was interested in that myth on other grounds. (DOW, 37) Because the theme or soul of *Perelandra* is Paradise and the action only a means to capture that soul, Lewis employed an abundance of mythic references to give the "feel" he intended.

The first of these occurs when Ransom awakes after his first night on *Perelandra*. There was a tree of heraldic color, with silver leaves and golden fruit, and around its base was curled a dragon. "He recognized the garden of the Hesperides at once." (PERE, 45) Note that nothing happens in this mythic reference. The garden was in itself a myth without Herakles to steal apples. Ransom wondered "Were all the things which appeared as mythology on earth scattered through other worlds as realities?" (PERE, 45) And the thesis of the trilogy seems to be that indeed they are. Ransom himself had the feeling he was not "following an adventure but...enacting a myth." (PERE, 47)

Lewis developed original myth in the Forbidden Land. Preparation for it begins when Ransom finds berries with a satisfying taste. But occasionally one of the berries had a red center and was delicious to the point of ecstasy. He reflected that on earth the red-centered berries would be specially produced; they would become terribly expensive; men would steal and kill to get them. Perhaps this desire to unroll life, to repeat a pleasure, was the root of all evil. Of course money is the root of all evil, but perhaps it is chiefly valued as a power to recapture pleasure, as a defence against chance. (PERE, 43) This was the temptation of the Fixed Land--to own things and know where to find them, to know where one would be the next morning, to control one's own destiny rather than trusting Maleldil.

The Edenic Myth

There are three central myths in *Perelandra*, all scriptural. The first is the Edenic myth, complete with a masterful temptation scene that surpasses Milton in understanding; the flaws which Lewis lists in his Preface to *Paradise Lost* are the very things which he has successfully avoided. Lewis' Satan is never magnificent (as Milton's Satan is in the first two books). After Ransom is kept awake for hours by the Unman saying "Ransom...Nothing" he perceives the falsity of the old maxim that Satan is a gentleman. The Unman demonstrates none of the suave Mehistopheles or the sombre Satan from *Paradise Lost*, but only imbecility whenever away from the Green Lady. His intelligence seemed overpowering in debate, but it was

to him merely a tool to be cast aside like his pretended interest in the descendants of Eve. He delighted in petty injuries and silly physical obscenities. Ransom's first real glimpse of the Unman ripping up frogs with his fingernails was a revelation of an evil as far beyond vice as the lady's innocence was beyond virtue. The sight of that pure evil caused him to faint. On recovery he agreed with the old philosophers and poets that the sight of the devils could be one of the worst torments in Hell. One Face beheld gives unspeakable joy; one face gives misery from which there is no recovery. (PERE, 128) Another myth had become fact.

Dr Kilby suggests that the best part of the entire novel is the fact that we are not supposed to believe that the Fall was a quick and unreasoned affair but rather "the result of a nice balancing of dialectic in which the ego and will of man concluded to reject the notion of their dependence upon God."¹ Eve learned that the Fixed Land was forbidden only because it was Fixed. To be sure, to command where she would be, to reject the wave, to remove her hand from Maleldil's--this was the temptation. (PERE, 288)

Charles Moorman contends that the temptation turns on the question of the fortunate fall.² This is a valid point. After the Unman had expounded that doctrine to the Lady, Ransom had the feeling that the whole universe waited for his answer. There was so much truth in the charge, and just enough falsehood to be treacherous. His reply is the climax of the argumentative part of the struggle:

Of course good came of it. Is Maleldil a beast that we can stop his path, or a leaf that we can twist his shape? Whatever you do, He will make good of it. But not the good He had prepared for you if you had obeyed Him... (PERE, 121)

The Redeemer Myth

At this point John Brinini charges that Lewis used Ransom as *deus ex machina*, rescuing an Eve who is too weak to stand alone. He states that this leads to another weakness in the plot--Ransom is hailed by Adam and Eve as the Savior of Perelandra.³ Mr Brinini, however, has missed the point of the entire novel in dismissing the savior image as a weakness of plot. For the physical combat was but the second stage of the struggle and brought into focus the second major theme of the novel, the Redeemer myth. It is essential to realize that Perelandra is not Eden revisited. Ransom found that his own parallel of the situations broke down because Bethlehem came between them. The universe had turned a corner, and now God works through man. (PERE, 144) Ransom did feel horror at the crudeness of physical combat. "It would degrade the spiritual warfare to the condition of mere mythology." (PERE, 143) And this yields another significant statement on the nature of myth:

Ransom (was) becoming aware that the triple distinction of truth from myth and of both from fact was purely terrestrial--was part and parcel of that unhappy division between soul and body which resulted from the Fall. (PERE, 143)

Sacraments were a reminder on earth that the Incarnation was the beginning of its disappearance, and on Perelandra the distinction was completely without meaning. Anything that happened there would seem like myth on earth.

As Ransom began to take on the role of the redeemer he began to see just how much the Incarnation had altered the universe; Maleldil never repeated Himself. Once God had become man and made men part of His body He worked through men. (PERE, 143) The voice told him "It is not for nothing that you are named Ransom." (PERE, 145) This seemed the more striking to Ransom as a philologist, for he knew that his name was derived from "Randolph's son." He began to perceive that the accidental and the designed are another distinction meaningless outside of earth, once one sees the large pattern. The old controversy about free will and predestination became meaningless, even silly. (PERE, 145) (Later we learned that Dr Ransom's first name is also significant--Elwin, friend of the eldila). Then the Voice said "My name is also Ransom," and Ransom knew that if he failed to prevent the Fall another way would be provided, a way more costly and more wonderful than even the Incarnation on Tellus.

The Christ image of Dr Ransom is more potent than Lewis realized when he wrote the volume. Lewis himself stated that Ransom was like Christ only in the sense that all men are called upon to enact Christ; fiction just chooses spectacular examples. But the parallels to

scripture are too numerous to warrant that conclusion. Ransom is wounded in the heel; he smashes the Unman's head with a rock to fulfill the Genesis prophesy that "He (Christ) shall bruise your head, and you (Satan) shall bruise his heel."⁴ Ransom's descent into the earth and the region of fire parallels Christ's descent into Hell. Ransom was apparently in the earth about three days, and emerged into a scene of breathtaking spring beauty that recalls the resurrection. He "ascended" at the end of the novel, carried in the white coffin back to earth. In the next volume he rules in Logres, as Christ ruling over the faithful. In That Hideous Strength the Christ image is continued, with Ransom eating only bread or wine (the elements of the Sacrament) and later truly ascending into Heaven, or Lur.



The Apocalyptic Myth

The third central myth is the apocalyptic. In the introduction we learned that the Black Archon was planning an attack on Perelandra. The attack came in the person of Weston, and Ransom is called upon to enact the part of the Redeemer for the planet. In the temptation the Green Lady is the unfallen Eve. But after the triumph she and the King are hailed in all their ceremonial names: "Oyarsa-Perelandra, the Adam, the Crown, Tor and Tinidriel, Baru and Baru'ah, Ask and Embra, Yatsur and Yatsurah." (PERE, 206) For the first time Ransom saw the actuality of Man as animal rationale--"This living Paradise, the Lord and Lady as the resolution of discords, the bridge that spans what would else be a chasm in creation, the keystone of the whole arch." (PERE, 206) They united the beasts with the eldila, the corporal with the spiritual. This was the morning day, the beginning--or not even the beginning. It was the "wiping out of a false start in order that the world may then begin." (PERE, 212) What we call the apocalypse they called the beginning, when the siege is raised and the heavenly powers fall upon the moon which is the shield of the Dark Lord of Thulcandra. The moon will be broken; its fragments will fall into the world and cause a great smoke to arise and blot out the sun. Evil will show itself stripped of disguise--plagues and horrors will cover the earth for a time. But all will be cleansed when Maleldil Himself descends unveiled. That will be the Morning, the Great Dance. And yet even now is the Great Dance in which Ransom saw revealed the harmony of the cosmos. This is myth that cannot be forgotten, the great hymn of praise to Maleldil:

There is no way out of the center save into the Bent Will which casts itself into the Nowhere. Blessed be He... There seems no plan because it is all plan: There seems no center because it is all center. Blessed be He! (PERE, 216)

Classical and Biblical Allusions

Perelandra is full of tantalizing hints and queries that are never further developed. For instance, on his ride on the fish Ransom saw mermen and mermaids that were of human form, but not human. They were irrelevant to humans. But did the King and Queen physically have a marine ancestry? Was there really a time when "satyrs danced in the Italian woods?" (PERE, 102 and 161) Under the earth Ransom found a vast cathedral space with two great thrones--completely unexplained. He was passed by great earth beetles pulling a flat car on which stood a mantled form of "Insufferable majesty."

He wished he could renew the pagan practice of propitiating local gods, not in insult to Maleldil, but merely as an apology for trespass. (PERE, 176) After he came out of the cave Ransom went through a forest for dwarfs and saw mountain mice the size of bees, horses the size of mice, and singing beasts. (PERE, 189)

The mythic element is heightened in the final triumph of the novel. The rejoicing of Revelation is apparent in the cry "Today is the morning day." (PERE, 196) The Oyarsa reveal themselves in tornadoes of light, in the wheels of Ezekiel, and finally as huge white human-like forms, with colors pulsing through and around them. The Oyarsa of Mars was a "cold and morning color, a little metallic--pure, hard, bracing," while the Oyarsa of Venus "Glowed with a warm splendor, full of the suggestion of teeming vegetable life," (PERE 196) Their faces were primitive like "archaic statues from Aegina." They revealed the true meaning of gender of which sex is only an adaptation. The one was masculine, not male; the other feminine, not female. They were Mars and Venus, Ares and Aphrodite. Ransom asked how they were made known to the poets of Tellus: (this knowledge comes) a long way round and through many stages. There is an environment of minds as well as of space. The universe is one--a spider's web wherein each mind lives along every line, a vast whispering gallery where (save for the direct action of Maleldil) though no news is exchanged yet no secret can be rigorously kept. In the mind of the fallen Archon under whom our planet groans, the memory of Deep Heaven and the gods with whom he once consorted is still alive. Nay, in the very matter of our world, the traces of the celestial commonwealth are not quite lost. Memory passes through the womb and hovers in the air. The Muse is a real thing. A faint breath, as Virgil says, reaches even the late generation. Our mythology is based on a solid reality than we dream: but it is also at an almost infinite distance from that base.

And when they told him this, Ransom at last understood why mythology was what it was--gleams of celestial strength and beauty falling on a jungle of filth and imbecility, (PERE, 201-202)

This quotation is one of the most significant statements that Lewis made on mythology. The last phrase is often (and validly) quoted as a synopsis of his theory of mythology: it is "Gleams of celestial strength and beauty falling on a jungle of filth and imbecility."

Thus the novel ends with a combination of classical images. Lewis made reference to the fact that Ransom will not find it easy to die after living in Perelandra; for was it not true that earlier generations on earth, closer to Paradise, had lived for centuries? Ransom replied that "Most take it only for a Story or a Poetry"--but it was revealed as very Truth. There is a mention of Lur, the place where Maleldil taught Tor of good and evil, and the very mention of that name seemed "Not an observation but an enactment." (PERE, 210) This mention of Lur is preparation for the next volume, That Hideous Strength, which adds the Arthurian myth to Lewis' own cosmic myth. Out of the Silent Planet was the first stating of the cosmic myth, but only in Perelandra was it fully developed. In creating his mythic framework Lewis employed a wealth of Biblical and classical allusions--notably the Edenic, the Redeemer, and the Apocalyptic. In the world of Perelandra, myth has become fact.

Footnotes

- 1 Clyde S. Kilby, The Christian World of C. S. Lewis (Grand Rapids, Michigan: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 1964), p. 154.
- 2 Charles Moorman, "Spaceships and Grail: The Romances of Williams, Lewis, and Tolkien," College English, XVIII (May, 1957), 402.
- 3 John Brinini, "Perelandra," The Commonweal, XL (May, 1944), 90-91.
- 4 Genesis 3:15.

World of Fanzines

by Bernie Zuber

This review column is to acquaint readers of Mythlore with fanzines, the publications of science fiction and fantasy fans. I have placed some emphasis on Tolkien-oriented fantasy fanzines because I felt our readers' interest would obviously be in that direction. A review of the Tolkien Society of America's Tolkien Journal would have been most appropriate but I haven't read a new issue. #10 is out as I write this but I haven't received it yet and there's another reason I couldn't review it. This issue of Mythlore is also issue #12 of Tolkien Journal so it would be rather awkward for TJ #12 to review TJ #10, wouldn't it? Well, so much for that review.

Unicorn, Vol. 1, No. 4, Fall-Winter 1969, is published by Karen Rockow (1153 E. 26th St., Brooklyn, NY 11210). Its 26 pages are beautifully printed for only 50¢ a copy (plus 10¢ postage) or four issues for \$2.00. This issue, however, was limited to 300 copies and the one I read was numbered 287, so I don't know if any others are available. Future issues should be worthwhile though, so you should try to subscribe.

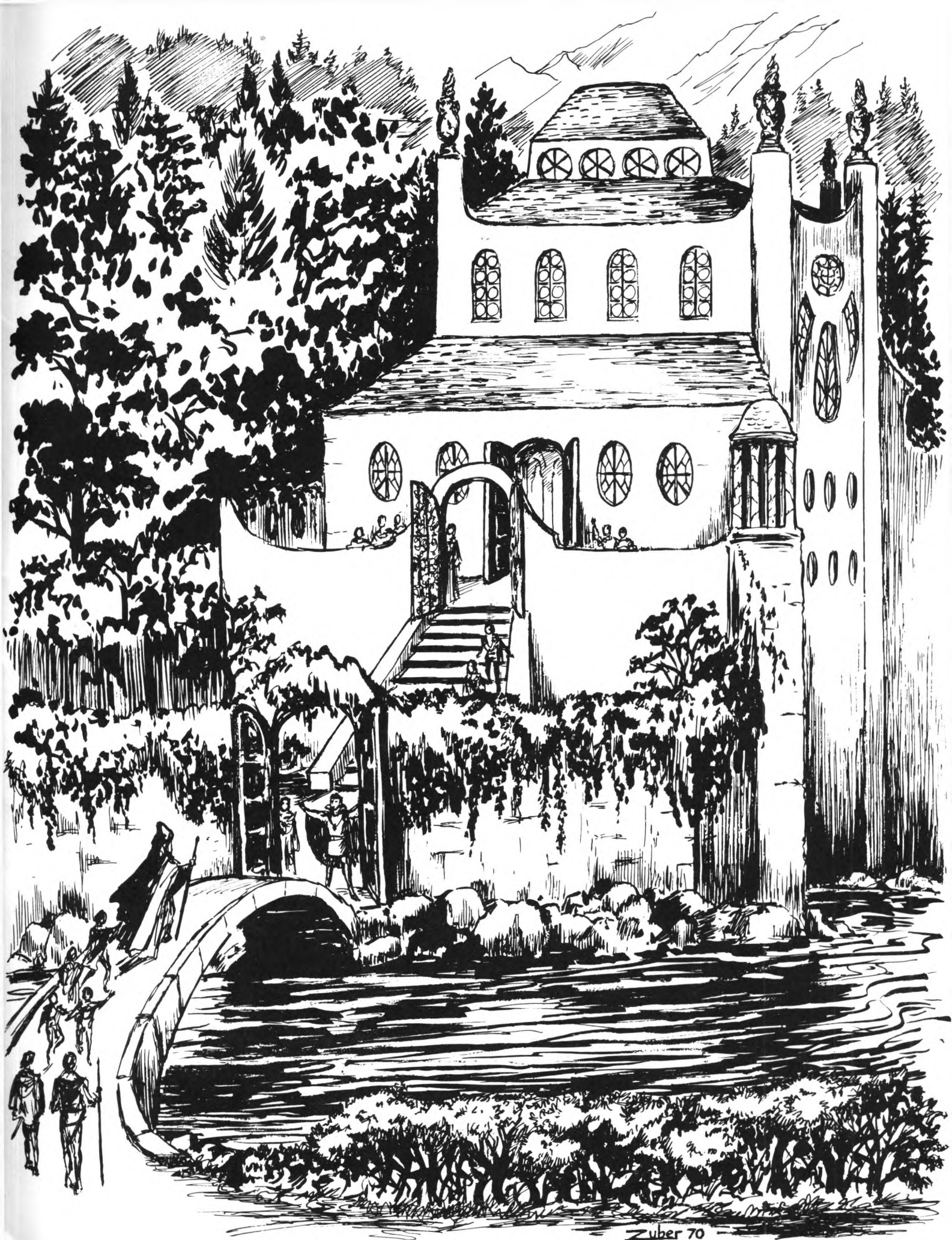
I had thought that Unicorn was strictly a fantasy fanzine, but I found out that it is exactly what the editor calls it, an independent miscellaneous journal. The highlight of this issue consists of excerpts from a speech given by I.F. Stone at Harvard for a Vietnam Moratorium. This speaker publishes a paper in Washington, D.C. called I.F. Stone's Weekly. It is usually quite critical of administration policies, particularly about the Vietnam war. Although I found these excerpts from his speech quite informative, I felt that Mr. Stone is another one of these people who are very good at criticism but somehow fail to explain in detail exactly what should be done. It isn't until the very end of his speech that he makes a broad statement asking the Harvard students to work toward uniting the people of the world.

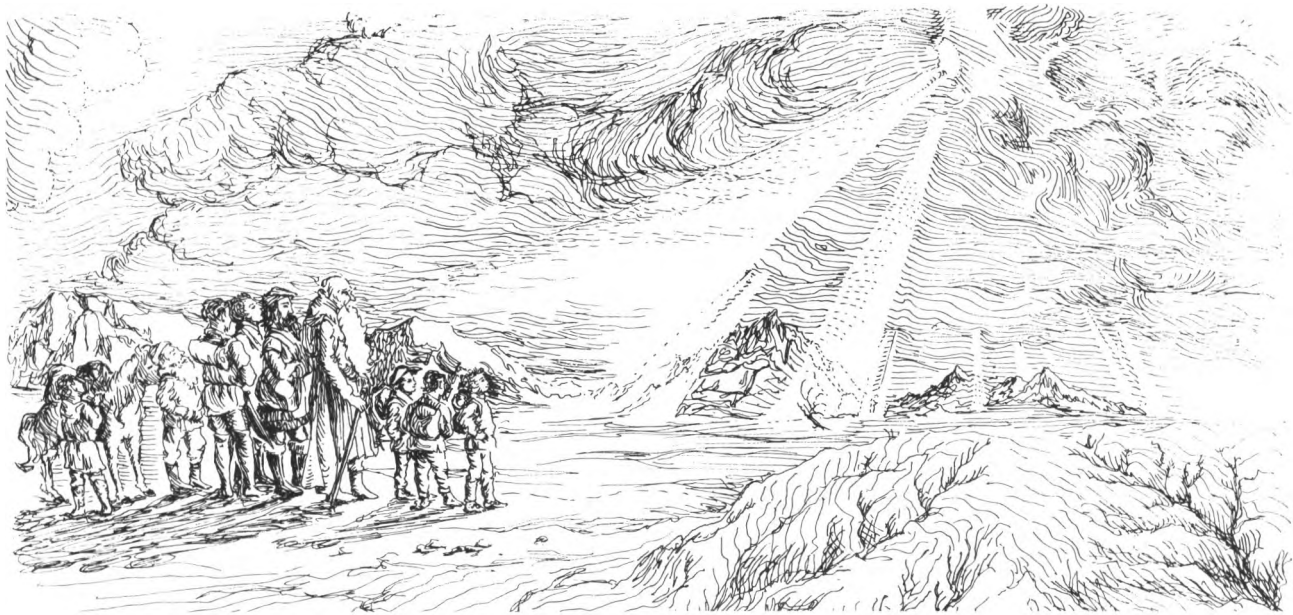
The second most interesting piece in this issue is an article about the rise and fall of the Knights Templar. I found it fascinating to read that this order of knights originally sworn to protect pilgrims traveling through the Holy Land, gradually disintegrated, in a period of about 200 years, to a point where they were so unpopular that their extermination became easy. It occurred to me that this historical tale of an organization whose ideals become warped through a period of years would be a great model for a science fiction story about such an idealistic group in the future.

The issue also contains an article about Dorothy Sayer's detective stories, a review of modern art galleries, four poems, a review of rock music opera, an Idiotic Questions quiz, a letter column, and Karen's three-part editorial "The Unicorn." The second part, subtitled "Voice from the Barrow," reviews the Harvard Lampoon's Bored of the Rings, Lin Carter's book on Tolkien, and briefly mentions Tolkien and the Critics. Karen also promises to review Carandraith and Mythlore.

The most attractive thing about this issue of Unicorn is Tim Kirk's art. Tim, who is Karen's art editor by long distance, has done front and back covers featuring a very funny unicorn. His illustration for one of the poems far surpasses the poem itself. There are three other artists represented in this issue, but Tim is still my favorite.







“ABOVE ALL SHADOWS RIDES THE SUN”

There appears to be in literature in general an emphasis on what is best in man, and it seems that writers are also saying that whatever rises converges, for what is best in man leads him to love, to unity within himself, and with others and all of creation, and with God. A man is small in his journey toward community, and he feels even smaller as he finds his purpose opposed by the powers of disunity. It has been my experience that communicating with the thought of others in literature has helped me to a clearer awareness of creation's growing unity, and to a deepening sense of identity with its pursuit. Some authors I think, speak with more clarity of vision than others. Among those who appear to aim explicitly at unity is Tolkien.

As I see it, the theme of his central work, The Lord of the Rings, is that the strength of those who love, because they love, is greater than the strength of those who hate. The theme shows itself in many ways-- in the peopled dealings with friends and enemies, in their treatment of non-rational creation, and in the story as a whole. I would like in this paper to point out some instances of weakness which come about as a result of selfish concern, and compare them with examples of strength brought about by loving concern.

On the one hand are the orcs, the servants of Sauron, the Dark Lord of Mordor. They are physically strong beings, yet they are ineffective as a group, for they have never learned to care for anyone but themselves. Two of them show their lack of concern as they discuss the fate of one of their comrades who was caught by the flesh-eating monster Shelob:

"D'you remember old Ufthak? We lost him for days. Then we found him in a corner; hanging up, he was, but he was wide awake and glaring. How we laughed. She'd forgotten him, maybe, but we didn't touch him-- no good interfering with Her."

This dissipation of the orcs' strength in their unconcern for their fellows can be compared to the growing strength of the Ents, the ancient people who herd trees. When one of their number is burned in the battle against Saruman, the wizard who has turned evil, the Ents band together in even greater force to overthrow Saruman's power.

The strength of the opposing camps is shown in perhaps even higher relief in their treatment of prisoners. The orcs, to feel safe, have to confine Frodo, small and weak as he is, to a room with no escape in the top of the strong, high tower of Cirith Ungol, and even then whip him to stop him from singing. Frodo, however, later on in the Shire, has Saruman as a prisoner. Saruman makes an attempt to kill Frodo, and yet Frodo lets him live and go free.

"He has not hurt me. And in any case I do not wish him to be slain in this evil mood. He was great once, of a noble kind that we should not dare to raise our hands against. He is fallen, and his cure is beyond us; but I would still spare him, in the hope

that he may find it."

Tolkien's people also treat the non-rational elements of Middle Earth in a way according to their respect for life, that tends to their destruction or to their strengthening. The land of Mordor, on the one hand, is desolate-- the sun doesn't shine, water doesn't flow, except a little from the tops of the western mountain boundary, there is no wholesome plant or animal living there; food has to be imported from tributary lands. The land that has been made a desert is also pathless. No unity exists, except that of the power of the dark lord.

This, compared with the love which has built the elves' land of Lothlorien, where the light is such that even after sunset, the grass "was green, as if it glowed still in the memory of the sun that had gone;" where water is clean and washes away "stains of travel and all weariness;" where the elves make food and give it to the travelers for strength on their journey; and where the paths are soft and smooth, in the midst of trees and grass, "upon which there was no stain." Sam says, "I feel as if I were inside a song, if you take my meaning." Here the travelers are "healed of hurt and weariness of body," and here the ancient friendship of elves and dwarves, a unity that had been lost for many ages, is re-knit.

The plot of the story as a whole is geared toward the same end, that love is a living, strengthening force. The story is of the ring of evil power which has been found and which needs to be destroyed in order to keep it from Sauron, who made it and lost it, and who, if he had it could dominate the whole of Middle Earth. Gollum is a wretched, small creature who possessed the ring for many ages, and who sneaks, grasps, whines, and murders to get it back. Throughout the story there are many who have the opportunity and would like to kill him, and yet who love him enough to let him live. Gandalf, who initiates and guides the action to destroy the ring, says:

"Do not be too eager to deal out death in judgement. . . I have not much hope that Gollum can be cured before he dies, but there is a chance of it."

The community effort, the effort to love, on the part of the members of the fellowship, is the real power that destroys the ring, for none of them alone has the power to destroy it-- even Gandalf was afraid to attempt it, and Frodo, the one most likely to be able to do the deed, after all his effort, gave in to the ring's power, and refused, when he had the chance, to throw it to the fires at the Crack of Doom. It was only Gollum, wretched, but through "pity and mercy" alive, who inadvertently did the deed. The power of Sauron was overthrown by the only power which was stronger than his.

This work of Tolkien's has made me see in a more colored and three-dimensional manner the power of love over evil. There is much else in The Lord of the Rings; many other concepts are illustrated and colored and given a third dimension. But this is the one I see as central.

Sister Elizabeth McKenzie

THE GREAT BEAST

Imagination in Harness

by Galen Peoples

"Mad?... You don't go mad this way... I've got something that doesn't go mad... But I want the ointment." — Charles Williams, War in Heaven.

The difficulty of justifying a taste for fantasy - apart from the equivocal, "To each his own," and the next-to-hopeless protestation, "But really, it's good; you ought to try it some time" - is my first motivation for writing this essay. My second, more immediate motive is the mass of daily-accumulating detail concerning the recent ghastly Tate/Manson murders, and the strongly occult milieu which apparently spawned them.

One Los Angeles newspaper recently carried a story from Santa Cruz, California, which affirms the supposition that many young people are engaging in witchcraft. (This essay will not admit to the possibility of a functional witchcraft.) Even if the article was untrue, evidence from other sources seems to substantiate the existence of witchcraft here, today. As one worker at a narcotics-rehabilitation center noted, superstition is the natural companion/successor to drug-taking.

The psychological craving that might lead a young person to join a "coven" - at least to the same degree of likelihood as the other possible explanations (lust for power or "anti-establishment" sentiment) - is the need for an imaginative outlet, manifested in its darkest, most perverse form. Thus on this level, the "coven" is an antithesis, less to church orthodoxy than to (don't laugh yet) such organizations as The Tolkien Society and The Mythopoeic Society.

According to the newspaper article, in the Santa Cruz area, a number of dogs have been found skinned, with the blood drained from them. Fire-dances and blood-drinking have been reported; LSD has been introduced into the sacramental wine in order to convince prospective converts of their own supernatural faculties. Young people are convinced that they have been "hexed." Of course, all this is nonsense, from either of the two possible viewpoints: (a) atheist-pragmatic, or (b) theological: (a) if there is no God, there is no Satan; (b) if there is a God, He is by definition superior to any Satan.

However, faith in witchcraft depend not on rational thought-processes, but on the a priori assumption, "It works." This, in turn, can be (and reportedly is) induced by narcotics, by a form of mass hysteria, and foremost, by the incalculable power of the unharnessed imagination, which is acted upon by - and, in turn, abets - the other stimuli. But, even granting this, I think it is safe to suggest that such a faith in witchcraft requires that one want to believe, consciously or sub-consciously; that this want is a psychological craving for "the myth come true," of which Tolkien speaks: "the word made flesh": the black fantasy suddenly become real. The occultist desires to credit what is literally incredible; thus, the dichotomy of the Judeo-Christian faith and witchcraft.

I think it is probable that a good number of Mythopoeic Society members, and an even larger percentage of fans in general, were once (or are still) interested in occultism. It would be odd if none was: both areas of interest rely upon a similar appeal to the imagination. Indeed, one of the chapter-headings for Richard Cavendish's fine study The Black Arts (Capricorn, 1968) is taken from The Lord of The Rings. Williams, who authored a historical-theological study of witchcraft (Witchcraft, Meridian Books, 1959), was once a member of the Order of the Golden Dawn.

Among the readers of occult literature, one can distinguish at least two levels of mentality, whose reactions to the veracity of the material - "the myth come true" - are exactly opposite:

(1) The Non-Philosophical, e.g., the reader who devours avidly all occult/science fiction/fantasy products from comic books to astrological charts. The possibility that such fantasies may be true only increases his vicarious pleasure. Never would he participate in a blood-feast or a living sacrifice (and if he did, he would certainly be incapable of comprehending its implications); his belief in supernatural machines is more on the level of the hoax-theology Scientology, "Bridey Murphy," or Argosy's monthly revelation (The Bermuda Triangle! The Missing Link! The Loch Ness Monster!).

(2) The Philosophical, e.g., the reader who enjoys the fiction, but realizes that the fun must cease when the fantasy becomes reality. In the involuted psychological complexities of the occultist, he may recognize his own dark capacity for the perverse. "The fun must cease": this dictates not only that he abandon his fantasy where necessary to avoid succumbing to an undesirable view of life (i.e., the immoral), but also that he clear it aside where necessary to make way for the comparatively desirable view (e.g., Tolkien's). Nor is this necessarily a conscious process. Let me illustrate.

The precise distinction between "literature" (or "art") and non-literature (or non art) is the degree to which reality is reflected, whether depicted or symbolized. Two contrasting examples are The Lord of The Rings and Robert E. Howard's "Conan the Conqueror" series. To a point, Howard is enjoyable to read: his stories are actionful and exotic - nowhere connect with even the most rudimentary realities. Tolkien, however, leads us into the fields of Anglo-Saxon, Norse, Germanic, and Celtic myth; (purportedly) intentional political symbology; and particularly into Christian theology - all of which Howard is incapable of doing. One may readily read The Lord of The Rings after "Conan"; who would want to read "Conan" after The Lord of The Rings - at least, until one's remembrance of the latter was somewhat dimmed?

As Donald L. Reinken has stated, in an article re-printed in Tolkien Journal (Afterlithe, 1966): "Whosoever truly journeys with Frodo... cannot say in his heart, 'There is no God.'" The fantasy-cosmos of Middle-Earth leads us to the moral reality of Religion: "the myth come true." Howard's work is thus inferior, not because his style is atrocious, his plots interchangeable, and his characters one-dimensional - all of which are true - but because we have exceeded his grasp. We have been led by Tolkien to a point at which the fantasy impinges on our own world - much like Lord Dunsany's characters who, "gazing over their familiar lands, perceived that they were no longer the fields we know." (This might be called the reverse-process.)

As far as we have proceeded, Tolkien's view - hence his "secondary world," as he terms it - is essentially desirable. (As each of us progresses further into his chosen sphere - religion, politics, economics - and refines his personal predilections, it may well become increasingly less desirable.) Howard's world brought to life would be unbearable. And similarly - to return to our starting-point - as soon as we become aware that there exist real witches who drink human blood, our enjoyment in occult literature (hopefully) diminishes.

Here, I believe, is where such authors as Tolkien, Lewis, and Williams - and such organizations as The Tolkien Society and The Mythopoeic Society - become necessary, as alternative and preferable outlets for the imagination.

Some observers (Edmund Wilson, for example) have questioned whether fantasy has any value; some genuinely consider it unhealthy. One is tempted to assign them to the First Circle of Hell, in which Dante placed the ancient Greeks whose imaginations did not aim high enough. But that would be an over-simplification: these critics



do not attack all aspects of the imaginations, only its most blatantly symbolical manifestations. They may even praise the more obviously utilitarian examples of the same property: advertising design, architecture, and space technology.

Of these, fantasy is the philosophical counterpart. Like them, it reflects man's condition and demonstrates his capabilities. As an example, Shakespeare's Caliban does not merely frighten or disgust us (we may, withal, pity him); he represents the ultimate potential ugliness of man - and Ariel, man's ultimate potential beauty. A similarly dichotomous, although more pessimistic, example is H.G. Wells' Morlocks and Eloi ("Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"). Fantasy moves us, accosts us, warns us, inspires us - not statistically or syllogistically, but in images - naturally so, as it is the purest form of imagination.

I feel it is imperative that we recognize the appeal of this imagination, and consciously expend it on intentional, and moral, fantasy. Otherwise, the fantasies which beckon to us may be disguised. Witchcraft is not the only instance of the onslaught of imagination when little expected. Witness the Salem witch trials; the Spanish Inquisition; the horrors of Dachau and Belsen; the McCarthy years; all war propaganda; and, in certain quarters, contemporary anti-war propaganda. In all cases, a select set - witches; heretics; Jews; Communists; "the enemy"; the so-called stooges of the "military-industrial complex" - become Calibans: mythical bogeys. In all cases, substantial horrors, usually conceived and gestated in the mind, grow uncontrollable, become the reality behind the fantasy has become inseparable from it. And in most cases, the affected parties tend to be paupers of the imagination, members of a society that hold it suspect.

An exception is the Nazis. Here, like a black apocalyptic vision, we see the attempted fulfillment of "the myth come true" - the superiority of the Aryan race. "Rising on the wings of their own terrific dream," to abuse Williams' metaphor from The Greater Trumps, they are soon incapable of distinguishing their high-flown fantasy from the ghastly reality.

The unharnessed imagination may be likened to the beast-archetypes of The Place of The Lion: phenomenal power evoked without controlling intelligence. Such groups as The Mythopoeic Society and the authors whom they represent, harness this power to a proper yoke. Readers of Tolkien, Lewis, and Williams can be made conscious of the potency of the imagination and, further, of the realities beyond any imaginative projection. And by viewing reality through fantasy, one through the other, they can be made aware that the two are separable: the symbolic and the actual.

As the angel of George MacDonald advises Lewis, in the final chapter of The Great Divorce:

And if ye come to tell of what ye have seen, make it plain that it was but a dream.... Give no poor fool the pretext to think ye are claiming knowledge of what no mortal knows...."

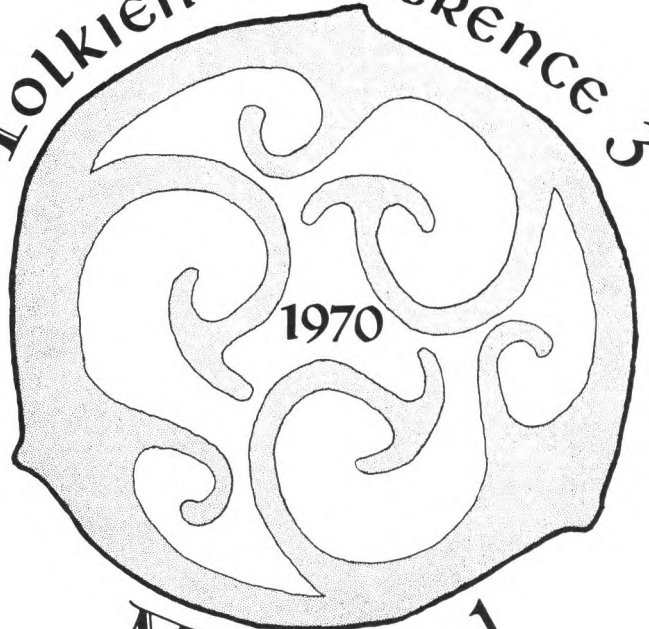
"God forbid, Sir," said I, trying to look very wise. "He has forbidden it. That's what I'm telling ye."

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This will be more than previous Conferences. The many activitied Tolkien Conference III / Mythcon I will combine the best elements of scholarly conferences on the one hand and the enjoyable variety of Science Fiction/Fantasy conventions on the other. As this issue goes to press, arrangements are currently being worked out with a well-known College in the Southern California area for the site of the Convention. A nearby suitable hotel will be used for accomodations.

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William Linden 83-33 Austin St., Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415

What about parallels between the ents and the seroni? Similarities between Augray carrying Ransom to Meldilorn and Fangorn carrying the hobbits to Entmoot are obvious. And in one of his letters Lewis mentions a planned collaboration with Tolkien. Does anyone have information about that?

I would like to comment at some length on "A Comparison of Cosmological Geography." I question your islanding of Carbonek. First, Carbonek, is a castle, not a country, and there is no traditional reason to make it an island. The only support is the description of Broceliande as a "sea-wood." Taliessin reaches Broceliande overland. I picture Broceliande and the accompanying eerie regions as covering the western reaches of Britain - the old Wales-Cornwall-Somerset heartland. (Inasmuch as it has any spatial location.) I make Sarrae an island corresponding to your "Carbonek." It jares to make the city of Sarrae a whole continent. P'o-L'u is not in the Orient. The description of it as "antipodean" would place it in the Southern Hemisphere. Presumably it is the antipodes of Sarrae; I imagine this would somewhere near the real location of New Zealand.

On the Third Age: I picture the flat world with Valimar at one end and America at the other. The Atlantic should be the true edge rather than the Pacific; America is joined to Asia by the Islands. This eliminates identification of America with Valinor, which is to me unthinkable in view of its present state. Then, at the ending of the Fourth Age (I do not agree with the view that we are still in it; further epochal events must have destroyed the Edain civilization and removed the Undying Lands), a warping of space brings the present spheroid shape, the Atlantic joins to America, and the Undying Lands vanish. The existence of antipodes, of course, implies a spherical world for the Taliessin cycle.

((Whether Carbonek is a castle, island or what ever, is not the essential point; rather the metaphysical state of consciousness. Carbonek is a castle in Malory. My understanding of Williams leads me to think P'o-L'u is located in Indonesia. I agree with the theory that the flat world of Middle Earth has been warped into a present sphere.))

Louis Marvick, 10499 Wilkins Ave. Los Angeles, Cal. 90024.

I am strongly opposed to all visual depiction of the people or scenes in the works of any serious fiction writer, fantasy or otherwise. When an author designates certain physical traits of his characters, irrespective of their detail or extent, he allows for some free-play in the mind of the reader. I believe this sketchy specification to be one of the unique qualities of literature, and no artist should have the right to publish his or her interpretation of those characters in a literary journal, no matter what it is called. I am reluctant to single out the work of any one such "contributor" to Mythlore as inordinately self-imposing, but the grossly stylized efforts of George Barr seem to me especially ludicrous.

((As editor, I seldom, if ever, totally agree with the art work published in Mythlore, but I gladly publish it because even though I have my images from the books more or less clear in my mind, I enjoy, and I think the readers will enjoy, seeing how the books have created images in the minds of the artists.

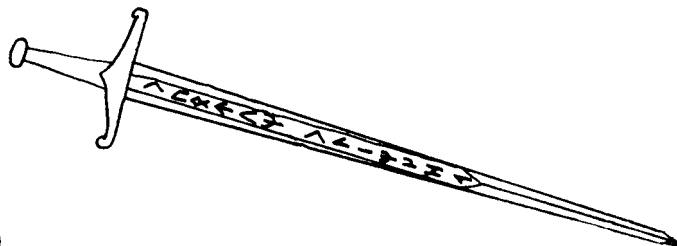
Did you read George Barr's two page explanation of his illustration? He concluded by saying: "I don't expect anyone at all to agree with my depiction of Gollum... I can draw him as I want him; you can picture him however you please. And neither of us can prove the other wrong."))

Molly Titcomb, Rt. 1, Box B-140, Nevada City, Calif. 95959.

I don't think Tolkien's Undying Lands are metaphors of heaven. They have closer parallels in such traditions as the Elysian Fields, although Tolkien himself would probably insist that they are what he says and not metaphors at all. This is not to say that God and Heaven are not hinted at - remember Man's Doom and also Man's Gift? Aslan's country is clearly Heaven with a capital H. But even if you don't mean that, since I notice your article writes it with a small h, the undying land would still be quite different - they seem to have room for imperfections (Galadriel was banished) and you have to be alive to go there, whereas you can't stay in Aslan's country while you're alive - although Lewis does make the passage in Narnia not so obviously death (as with Reepicheep, isn't it, who rows off at the end of Dawn Treader?), so it does seem like the voyage to the Undying Lands in at least one book. I agree that you've found some interesting parallels and strong ones.

There is a book by a psychologist named Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being for any who'd be interested in exploring further your ideas in the editorial titled "The Affirmation of Joy." If Maslow's right, Glen, you are really on to something which can be confirmed by clinical psychology as well as just personal experiences and speculations. Apparently human nature may be proven to be basically good!

((Despite your kind letter, I still do believe the Undying Lands is a metaphor of heaven, but it is a metaphor seen through the lens of Celtic metaphysics. In my next article comparing similarities of the three author works, I plan to mention a hither to unstated parallel between the Undying Lands and Aslan's Country.))



Joe Pearson Jr., 13727 Oxnard St., Van Nuys, Cal. 91401.

Congratulations are in order for the truly outstanding job that you have done on Mythlore. When I think of what the Mythopoeic Society, and the several long phone conversations I have put you through, have meant to me, they conjure forth emotions that only Lewis can fully express. I am proud to share in even a little bit of your dream and vision.

The third issue of Mythlore was the best yet, although the other two far surpassed my wildest expectations. The art that especially appealed to me in the third issue were the front and back cover. George Barr's picture of Gollum was the closest any illustration has come to my personal picture of him. Tim Kirk's illustration of Aslan at the hands of his enemies was the perfect picture of evil. His figures really looked gleeful at being able to torment their arch-enemy. All of the inside illustrations were good. Bernie Zuber showed a remarkable sense of humor in his myriad masterpieces. Bonnie Bergstrom was up to her usual excellent standards of art.

A comparison of Cosmological Geography was well thought out and presented nicely. I would enjoy seeing you do another article on the similarities between the fall and breakup of the Roman Empire and the fall and breakup of Numenor. The Editorial was good in that you had something to say, unlike many other fanzine editorials.

"A Lost Page From The Red Book of Westmarch" was much too flowery and heavy. Tolkien to me at least wrote with a much lighter style. "The Punishment of Sauron" was fair, but I personally prefer short fiction such as "The Simple Prince" from the second issue.

One of my favorite sections of Mythlore is Bernie's two informal columns. They're sort of a combination book, artist, fanzine, and prozine review column, topped off with general information on what's going on in Fandom today.

Unlike many Tolkien fans I did not think that it was so disastrous when you announced that The Lord of the Rings was to be made into a movie. Personally I feel that a good movie can be a great way to introduce Tolkien to the masses. On the other hand, a bad movie can do just as much harm. I feel that if United Artists take the advice and offered aid from the Mythopoeic Society and the Tolkien Society, and make it as big a production as they did Hawaii they could make The Lord of The Rings into a first class production. I would prefer to see them do an animated version over a real life version because it gives them a wider and more imaginative field to work with.

It was in this frame of mind that I sat through an animated movie on television titled "Alakazam the Great." Aside from the plot which was ridiculous the movie was very interesting, largely due to excellent animation. In the grand finale a whole kingdom of darkness is destroyed, largely due to the efforts of a magnificent volcano which resembles Mt. Doom. The animation was done in Japan with painstaking care. It was released here by American International. With good animation like that done by Japanese, and a much higher budget United Artists could do possible justice to The Lord of The Rings.



Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

The editorial on chronological snobbery made a lot of sense. But I remain unconvinced that the "generation gap" is perceptibly worse today, either an abstract situation or for the effects on how people behave, than it was a quarter-century or a half-century or a century ago. It's just one of those subjects that are in the public eye because all the newspapers and magazines and broadcasters are constantly talking about the subject. I don't know what possesses all the media to come to an unspoken agreement to play up one subject or another and eventually to discard it for another, but it happens. In the first years after World War Two, it was the threat of atomic war that was hammered home endlessly and today you hear very little about that threat even though it's obviously much greater today with more nations possessed of atomic weapons and all nations owning fresh, undecimated generations of men of fighting age who haven't been selectively thinned out by a global conflict. Highway dangers are out today with the media; drugs are in. The liquor problem is out; racism is in. Changing fads in women's clothing are out; changing taste in young people's music is in. Why did all the newscasters and reporters suddenly start running around hunting up people who were willing to complain over the expense of the space program, during the Apollo 11 flight, after all those previous space shots had been reported with little effort to play up criticism? The Lewis quote which you use to introduce the editorial is absolutely true, but it's true of any time, not just today.

((It seems to me this kind of snobbery is one of the congenital immaturities of our species, which never-the-less we should seek to outgrow, and be wary of its appearances. -ed.))

One of the few ways in which I consider myself superior to most humanity involves this matter of filmed versions of novels. I'm blessed with the ability to enjoy the printed and the pictorial form of the same creation to whatever degree the quality of the respective versions permits, without the awful side effects that so many people experience - chronically nagging thoughts all during the movie over how the screen version should be doing this in such a way instead of that way, whether they'll be able to enjoy the book as of old now that they've seen the movie, a sense that one's private world of the imagination has been violated by this entirely different pictorial form that the story took in Hollywood. So I don't have the same worries about a movie version of LOTR as most Tolkien fans will suffer. I suspect that my print-oriented mind is responsible for this state of affairs. I don't really see in imagination the events that I'm reading about. I comprehend them in an abstract sense but I rarely gain mental concepts of what the characters look like, special qualities in the sets where the action goes on, and so on. So when I see a movie based on something I've read, there is little or nothing to clash between this film and the mental notions, and when I turn back to the book again after the film, the book reminds me of the movie only in the spots where the two are identical in atmosphere, direct quotations and bits of action.

((That's alright for you, but what about those of us for whom the detailed descriptive imagery of Tolkien has created a correspondingly vivid mental pictures in our mind?))

The art work is a series of joys and beauties throughout. The back cover of Mythlore 4 impressed me most of all. There is something about the eyes and lips that lends tremendous significance to the way the left hand of Thrain is about to draw the weapon and use it for some dreaded but inevitable purpose. As usual, my main criticism on fanzines with art as fine as that of Mythlore is directed toward the size of many sketches. It seems criminal to run something as beautiful as Errantry on page 30 in such a postage stamp dimension. ((Note: Mr. Warner won the 1969 Hugo for best fan writer.))



EDITORIAL

LEARNING FROM TOLKIEN

Many of us can share anecdotes about ourselves on our coming to read Tolkien, or our first reaction to it.

I first read The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings in 1957-58 when I was a Junior in High School. I had been a quiet and introspective adolescent, who had begun an enjoyment of science fiction, and had as friends a small group of science fiction readers at my high school. I was nearly the last one in the group to read Tolkien. I had neither much read nor much liked fantasy before then, having absorbed our culture's general distrust of fantasy as being "irrational" and "escapist" of our "realistic" problems. I also was very reluctant to start a work with The Hobbit as a kind of prologue to the main body, three volumes long!, my attention span up to then capable only of the short stories in science fiction magazines.

The Hobbit had a quality to it I had never read before, and sufficiently motivated me to go ahead and take the plunge. All the time the others in our small coterie of about eight were encouraging me, talking about all I was to yet meet: the Nazgul, Bombadil, Moria, Lorien, Rohan, Gondor, and Mordor.

I count the reading of The Lord of the Rings as the first in the series of experiences that one would call pivotal; one of those larger-than-life things that you know will affect you from then on.

I won't try to give a detailed description of my initial reaction to Tolkien. For many reasons I was not equipt to handle what I read, being definitely not socially aggressive; more sheltered than not, and naive. Tolkien reached me, but much of it by-passed the intellectual process and went directly to the subconscious where the impressions were weighed in the balance by a kind of inner sense of honesty and objective reality that seems to inately reside there.

Tolkien captured a quality I had never read before, yet my inner-knowing identified with it. My imagination was excited. I eagerly read all the other-world fantasies available, but they didn't quite have that certain essence and quality Tolkien had. Then one of the friends in the group recommended the Narnia books by C.S. Lewis. My adolescent snobbery was reluctant to "lower myself" to read children's books. (I had justified The Hobbit on the basis of a prologue.) But my imaginative curiosity could not be restrained. How strange it was to re-discover the secret and incommunicable thread of delight in Lewis' Narnia books and soon after in the "Ransom" trilogy, which I had only known before in Tolkien. It was not until years later that I found that Lewis and Tolkien were very close friends for all of their adult life. From Lewis' other writings, he introduced me to several writers who also had this thread of special "joy."

One of the very major things that impress me about Tolkien is his intense and deep integrity. It is evident to me from his writing. A man who took fourteen years to finish his magnus opus, his world-view, is the furthest from the "hack" writer that I can think of. It is obvious he wrote neither for fame or money.

We, by the way, owe a great deal to C.S. Lewis, for it is highly probably without his agency that we would have never read Tolkien. It was Lewis who unceasingly urged and prodded Tolkien to submit The Hobbit to a publisher. Tolkien was sure no publisher would be interested. Lewis has told us that his best friend is a "perfectionist and procrastinator," and that "you have no idea with what laborious mid-wifery we got the Lord of the Rings out of him!"

I sense that Tolkien wrote The Lord of the Rings because he had to. That is an inner sense kept him going to express a distilled version of all the experiences and knowledge and learning that life had poured into him. He created, much in a way that all artists create: to bring out and say, what is very real to them inside. Those who have interviewed or written Tolkien to ask what is the meaning behind his work, he has denied any hidden meaning. He has to say this to politely put down the impertinent blindness of the question. Those who ask have missed the glorious forest while inspecting the detailed trees. Tolkien is right; there is no hidden meaning. The meaning is in the experience of reading. Some find it; some do not.

I have wondered what he must have felt when back in the middle 50's he was greatly praised and suddenly made popular. Then again I wonder what he thought when his books finally came out in paperback, and there occurred what we call now the "Tolkien phenomena" or explosion, and people we writing articles in popular magazines wondering what was happening to their children. He probably finds his youthful admirers in America incomprehensible, since I think he probably has

not kept up with the social and political changes in this nation in the last fifteen to twenty years, nor is it that important to him. I fear he thinks that the real essence of his work has not been grasped in our chaotic condition, and who could blame him, with all the sophomoric popularization that has gone on. But what he has to say is comprehended by many here, and will have many healthy reverberations in ways we do not yet fully know.

To me, The Lord of the Rings is a sustained impersonal and professional statement of the man's personal philosophy and belief. What is implicit in The Lord of the Rings is explicit in his essay "On Fairy-Stories."

When I first read Tolkien, it was the prolonged suffering of Frodo and the later resultant joy, that helped me break an all-encompassing sense of bitter cynicism and adolescent sense of futility, and made room in my mind for the possibility of eucatastrophe. For that I shall be eternally grateful.

READING LIST

A LIST OF FICTIONAL AND MYTHIC WORKS BY THE THREE AUTHORS
DISCUSSED IN THE MYTHOPOEIC SOCIETY

J.R.R. TOLKIEN

- The Hobbit. London: Allen & Unwin. New York: Houghton Mifflin; Ballantine*.
- The Lord of the Rings. Vol. I, The Fellowship of the Ring; Vol. II, The Two Towers; Vol. III, The Return of the King. London: Allen & Unwin. New York: Houghton Mifflin; Ballantine*.
- "Leaf by Niggle," a short story, being the second half of Tree and Leaf, which also contains his essay "On Fairy Stories." London: Allen & Unwin. New York: Houghton Mifflin; Ballantine*, (as part of The Tolkien Reader).
- Farmer Giles of Ham. London: Allen & Unwin. New York: Houghton Mifflin; Ballantine* (appearing both in The Tolkien Reader and Farmer Giles of Ham and Smith of Wootton Major).
- The Adventures of Tom Bombadil. New York: Houghton Mifflin; Ballantine* (as part of The Tolkien Reader).
- Smith of Wootton Major. London: Allen & Unwin. New York: Houghton Mifflin; Ballantine* (as printed in Farmer Giles of Ham and Smith of Wootton Major).

C.S. LEWIS

- The Chronicles of Narnia
- The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe. London: Geoffrey Bles; Puffin*. New York: Macmillan.
- Prince Caspian. London: Geoffrey Bles; Puffin*. New York: Macmillan.
- The Voyage of The Dawn Treader. London: Geoffrey Bles; Puffin*. New York: Macmillan
- The Silver Chair. London: Geoffrey Bles; Puffin*. New York: Macmillan.
- The Horse and His Boy. London: Geoffrey Bles; Puffin*. New York: Macmillan.
- The Magician's Nephew. London: Bodley Head; Puffin*. New York: Macmillan.
- The Last Battle. London: Bodley Head; Puffin*. New York: Macmillan. Note: This one is the last of the series, and should be read only after reading the other six.
- The "Deep Space" or "Ransom" Trilogy
- Out of the Silent Planet. London: Bodley Head; Longmans (with introduction and notes by David Elloway). New York: Macmillan*.
- Perelandra. London: Bodley Head. New York: Macmillan*.
- That Hideous Strength. London: Bodley Head. New York: Macmillan*.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

- The Novels
- Many Dimensions. Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans*.
- The Place of the Lion. Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans*.
- War in Heaven. Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans*.
- Shadows of Ecstasy. Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans*.
- Descent into Hell. Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans*.
- The Greater Trumps. New York: Avon*.
- All Hallow's Eve. New York: Avon*.

* Paperback edition.

