

mythPRINT

The Monthly Bulletin of the Mythopoeic Society

VOL. 47 NO. 8

AUGUST 2010

WHOLE NO. 337



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Reviews, discussion group reports, news items, letters, art work and other submissions for *Mythprint* are always welcome. Please contact the editor for details on format, or send materials to:

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The Mythopoeic Society also publishes two other magazines: *Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature* (subscription \$25/year for U.S. Society members) and *The Mythic Circle*, an annual magazine publishing fiction, poems, etc. (\$8/issue for U.S. addresses). Subscriptions and back issues of Society publications may be purchased directly thorough our web site (using PayPal or Discover card), or you may contact:

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Mythprint is the monthly bulletin of the Mythopoeic Society, a nonprofit educational organization devoted to the study, discussion and enjoyment of myth and fantasy literature, especially the works of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams. To promote these interests, the Society publishes three magazines, maintains a World Wide Web site, and sponsors the annual Mythopoeic Conference and awards for fiction and scholarship, as well as local and written discussion groups.

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A Scholar-in-Residence Report from the Kilns. By Cole Matson.

Greetings from the Kilns! I am one of this year's Scholars-in-Residence at the Oxford home of C.S. Lewis, where he lived from 1930 until his death in 1963. The Kilns, now owned by the C.S. Lewis Foundation, has been restored and turned into a Christian residential academic study centre. I am one of four current residents, including two Oxford students, a visiting English professor, and the warden. I was accepted as a Junior Scholar-in-Residence for the 2009-2010 academic year while I read for a second BA in Theology at Oxford University and work on my thesis. The topic, pending final faculty approval, is "C.S. Lewis on the moral responsibility of the artist," to be supervised by Dr. Michael Ward, Chaplain of St. Peter's College and author of *Planet Narnia: The Seven Heavens in the Imagination of C.S. Lewis*.

I first visited the Kilns in July 2008, when I attended one of the C.S. Lewis Foundation's Summer Seminars-in-Residence, during which participants are able to live in the Kilns for a week while attending daily classes led by a Lewis scholar. The seminar I attended was led by Dr. Christopher Mitchell, Director of the Wade Center at Wheaton College. The first thing I noticed about the house was that it was cheerful – "haunted by good spirits." That feeling partly has its source in the loving fellowship and hospitality that the Foundation folks have made a priority in the house, and which is quickly felt and shared by the guests. (I make no secret of the fact that I have been thoroughly impressed in all my dealings with the C.S. Lewis Foundation.) The feeling of good cheer, however, also comes from the house's history. Such a centre of Christian charity, prayer, and imaginative work can't help but leave a trace. Both Lewis and his brother Warren passed away in the house, and I can't help but want to honour their memory with my own work. Especially now that I go to sleep every night and wake up every morning just a few feet away from the spot where Lewis died, with his brother beside him, I feel a responsibility to carry on some small part of the work that he and other Christian academics and artists of his generation participated in. The bedroom in which I live and work – the so-called "Music Room," because it held a piano and served part-time as a practice room for Lewis' adopted sister Maureen – is the last stop on the tour of the Kilns given to visitors, and when I am working in it I am often asked whether I am ever visited by the ghost of C.S. Lewis. I jokingly respond that, yes, I

quite often feel the watchful gaze of an Oxford don staring over my shoulder, making sure I'm keeping up speed on the typing of my next essay. However, when I am alone in this room, trying to work through a difficult passage of Augustine or make some headway on my thesis (I am currently exploring *The Four Loves*), I won't deny that I sometimes send up a quick prayer, hoping Jack might put in a good word for me, and send me a wink back. And sometimes also, when triggered by yet another small reminder of how blessed I am to be in this place, I send up another quick prayer for the repose of his soul, and the souls of all who have lived in this house. Lewis believed in Purgatory; I think he'd appreciate it.

My days are mainly spent in Oxford proper, running from the library to lectures to tutorials, with frequent stops in between at pubs and society meetings. During term, my day begins with the bus ride into town, across Magdalen Bridge and under the shadow of that beautiful golden tower on which the schoolboys sing at dawn every May Day. The bus lets me off in front of the Exam Schools on the High Street, where I might attend lectures on topics such as "The Theology of the Western Church, 1050-1350" or "Christology and Trinity after Nicaea." Then I'll head to the university Catholic chaplaincy, where I serve as a sacristan for daily Mass, usually followed by lunch with the priests and other students and members of the chaplaincy community. In the afternoon I either work on my next essay in my college library, or once or twice a week have an hour-long one-on-one tutorial with someone who's forgotten more about the Patristic period or Old Testament Wisdom literature than I've even yet learned.

In the evenings I might take supper at Hall at my college, Harris Manchester, the newest and smallest of the Oxford colleges. Harris Manchester has Formal Hall twice a week. Gowns are required on Mondays, and both gowns and formal attire – suit and tie for men – are required on Wednesdays. Of course, I don't always have dinner in Hall. You can usually find me having a rump steak or gammon and eggs in the Eagle and Child pub a couple of times a week. Sometimes on a light workday afternoon I like to sit with a drink and a book in the Rabbit Room, in which the Inklings would meet on Tuesday mornings for beer and banter, and listen to the excitement of the Inklings fans who come in to take pictures. (Those who subsequently buy food and ale make the staff happy. Those who just take pictures might get a scowl if the place is busy.) Sometimes I'll strike up a conversation with a visitor who's just asked his friend

a question about a particular Inkling that the friend doesn't know the answer to, and I do. On a couple occasions I've even been able to delight a few visitors who didn't realize that they could actually book a private tour of Lewis' house!

Most Tuesday evenings after supper – unless I have an essay still to finish – I'll head over to Pusey House for the weekly meeting of the C.S. Lewis Society. Speakers this year have included Walter Hooper, editor of Lewis' letters, essays, and other posthumously published works; Christian apologist and senior member of my college, Alister McGrath; and Owen A. Barfield, grandson of the Inkling. At night, I'll take a late bus back to Lewis Close. A couple of times a week, I might see one or two of the small muntjac deer from the reserve behind the house, which often escape into the neighbourhood gardens. The woods and pond behind the Kilns that were formerly owned by Lewis and his family have now been turned into a nature reserve that is owned by a private trust – not related to the C.S. Lewis Foundation – and open to the public. On other occasions I'll catch a glimpse of the large red fox (who's really more of a grey colour), who likes to putter about in our neighbour's yard. (My best guess is that he's catching voles, as he seems to be having quite a feast when I watch him.)

One of the most gratifying parts of being a Scholar-in-Residence at the Kilns is meeting all the many guests that come to tour the house. Most are from the U.S., but I've also met guests from Canada, continental Europe, and Australia, as well as visitors from within the U.K. I even gave a tour once to a Texan reporter and his wife, who later reported back to me that the wife had talked about the visit to a co-worker who turned out to be my cousin! (Scholars don't generally give tours, since they're the job of the warden, but I had volunteered on this occasion to help out a pair of fellow Texans on a day on which the warden was not available.) Everyone who comes to the house is so appreciative, polite, and genuinely glad to be here. It's a pleasure to both give them information they might not have had before, and to share in our love for an author who has perhaps done more than any other twentieth-century author to make theological language both intelligible and convincing to a lay audience. Lewis never claimed to be a theologian, but he did contemplate what the writings of the great theologians meant for him, and he shared with his readers the fruits of that contemplation, so as to make those writings fruitful for them as well.

For me, Lewis' greatest legacy is that he brought

a robust Christianity into every area of his work – his apologetic writings, his academic writings, and his imaginative writings. They were all of a piece, and he was unapologetic. As a Christian student and professional theatre artist, I aim to imitate this integrity of faith in my own academic and artistic life. My goal is to earn a doctorate in Theology and the Arts, focusing on the moral responsibility of the artist, especially the Christian artist. Is art about self-expression or about service? Can the two live together in the same piece of art? Is Christian art solely about evangelisation, or is simply giving glory to God enough? Can Christians use any art forms and address any topics, or are some off-limits? What if a Christian artist wants to work solely within the secular world of art – is that acceptable? Must a Christian artist only create "Christian art"? And, as an actor, one other question is close to my heart: How can a theatre company wrestle with the spiritual nature of man in a way that will be equally compelling both to people who are religious and to people who are in no way religious at all?

These are the questions that occupy my mind as I work, live, and pray in a house that has seen its share of spiritual struggle and divine joy, of hard academic work and extraordinary artistic inspiration. I am blessed not only to have a model of integrated faith in C.S. Lewis, but also a supportive community of fellow scholars, here in this little cottage nestled amidst the rose bushes and the dreaming spires. ≡

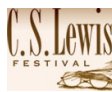
Selected Upcoming Events



Oxonmoot 2010. September 24-26, 2010.
Annual meeting of the Tolkien Society. Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.



H.P. Lovecraft Film Festival and CthulhuCon.
October 1-3, 2010. Hollywood Theatre, Portland, Oregon.



The 7th Annual C.S. Lewis Festival.
Running throughout October, 2010 in Petoskey, Michigan.



3rd Conference on Middle-earth. March 26, 2011.
Westford Regency Inn & Conference Center, Westford, Massachusetts.

Finduilas, Túrin, and the Incest Motif. By Romuald I. Lakowski.

As with his other creative writings, Tolkien's use of earlier dragon lore is complex and sophisticated. The "Túrin Saga" is in many ways a complete inversion of the traditional fairy-tale dragon-slaying accounts. In the fairy-tale tradition, the hero saves a kingdom that is under attack by slaying the dragon, acquiring its hoard of treasure and, in the process, gaining the right to marry the king's daughter (who more often than not has been offered in sacrifice to the dragon), and to become king after the old king's death. At the heart of the "Túrin Saga" is a failed dragon quest: the hero through his pride and folly "betrays" the kingdom of Nargothrond and its king Orodreth to the dragon; he abandons the king's daughter Finduilas to the tender mercies of the Orcs and is tricked by the dragon into going off on a vain search for his mother and sister, whom he has hardly thought about up until this point; and, as a result of Túrin's desertion of Finduilas, the dragon acquires a hoard in the now ruined Nargothrond. Although Túrin gets a second chance to fight the dragon and this time he slays it, he has also doomed himself and his sister through their unconscious incestuous relationship, and he has also doomed to destruction the people of Brethil whom he was supposed to be defending.

The introduction of the incest motif into the Túrin Saga represents another radical and, as far as I know, unprecedented departure from traditional dragon lore. Tolkien himself admitted that incest motif was derived from the tale of hapless Kullervo in the *Kalevala*, and from *Oedipus Rex*: "There is the *Children of Húrin*, the tragic tale of Túrin Turambar and his sister Níniel — of which Túrin is the hero: a figure that might be said ... to be derived from elements in Sigurd the Volsung, Oedipus and the Finnish Kullervo" (*Letters* 150). However, there is no dragon in the tale of Kullervo, and although Oedipus does defeat the Sphinx in a riddle game, the Sphinx is not a dragon, and Oedipus does not slay her. However, it is possible to explain the deep psychological link between the dragon-slaying and the incest motif in Jungian terms using the theory of Uroboric Incest put forward by Jung's disciple Erich Neumann in *The Origin and History of Consciousness* (1970). The archetypal dragon fight represents the struggle of the Hero to separate himself from the maternal womb of the unconscious. The Dragon represents the negative, devouring aspects of the Archetypal Mother, and the

incestuous desire of the Hero to return to the womb even though that would mean his death. The transfer of the incestuous longing from the Mother to the Sister represents an incomplete separation from the Mother, which in time must be replaced by an exogamic relationship (represented by the Princess) in order for the Hero to achieve true individuation.

There are three separate encounters with the Dragon in different versions of the "Túrin Saga": the first, between Túrin and the Dragon after the sack of Nargothrond; the second, between Túrin's mother and sister, Morwen and Nienor, and the Dragon, when they go in search of Túrin; and the third, between Túrin and Níniel (Niënor) and the Dragon at the end of the story.

In the first encounter Túrin meets the dragon at the sack of Nargothrond. Only Túrin can withstand the initial attack of Glaurung. When he saves Gwindor, Gwindor's dying wish is that Túrin save Finduilas, the daughter of Orodreth: "And this I say to you: she alone stands between you and your doom. If you fail her, it shall not fail to find you" (*CH* 177). In most versions of the "Túrin Saga", Finduilas's love for Túrin is unrequited. In *The Children of Húrin* Túrin treats her like a sister: "you are queenly ... I would I had a sister so fair" (162). He even sees her at one point as a mother figure: "he holds me in awe as I were both his mother and a queen" (169). However, in "The Sketch of the Mythology" (1926-30), the earliest 'Silmarillion', we are told that Túrin gains the love of Finduilas and loves her "against his will" because she had been betrothed beforehand to Flinding/Gwindor (*HME* IV:29, cf.125). In "The Sketch" when Túrin goes back to face the dragon, he comes under the spell of the dragon's eyes, who taunts him: "Glóring then offers him freedom either to follow seeking to rescue his 'stolen love' Finduilas, or to do his duty and go to rescue his mother and sister who are living (as he lying says) in great misery in Hithlum. Túrin forsakes Finduilas against his heart (which if he had obeyed his uttermost fate would not have befallen him) and ... goes to Hithlum" (30).

In *The Children of Húrin*, we are told that while he was under the dragon's spell, Finduilas "held out her arms to Túrin and called him by name" in vain, and Glaurung only released him his gaze after she was gone that "he might not stop his ears against that voice that haunted him after". When Túrin attempts to kill Glaurung, the Dragon further mocks him: "No heed did you give to the cries of the Elf-woman. Will you deny also the bond of your blood . . . And if you tarry for Finduilas, then never shall you see Morwen

take her to Brethil, where she learns to speak again and is given the name Níniel, maid of tears, by Túrin who has himself taken the name Turambar, master of doom. Níniel now becomes almost an avatar or reincarnation of Finduilas. However, the proper order of things has become inverted. Finduilas had been like a sister to him. Now Túrin unwittingly takes his sister as his lover and wife in place of Finduilas and she conceives a child by him.

Even in death, Finduilas continues to be interwoven in tantalising ways with the fates of the Children of Húrin. When Glaurung prepares to attack Brethil and avoids the Crossings of Teiglin, Túrin wonders: “can it be that one so evil and fell shuns the Crossings ... Haudh-en-Elleth! Does Finduilas lie still between me and my doom? (229). When Glaurung dies, having told Niënor that Turambar is her brother, she did not “forget any of those things that had befallen her since she lay on Haudh-en-Elleth. And her whole body shook with horror and anguish” (243). After Túrin had slain Brandir when he told him of Glaurung’s words to Niënor, Túrin departed for the Crossings of Teiglin: “as he passed by Haudh-en-Elleth he cried: ‘Bitterly have I paid, O Finduilas! that ever I gave heed to the Dragon. Send me now counsel!’” (253). Finally, in a note to the text of *The Narn* in *The Unfinished Tales*, Christopher Tolkien: “It was indeed my father’s intention to alter the narrative so that Túrin slew himself not at Cabed-en-Arras but on the mound of Finduilas by the Crossings of Teiglin; but this never received written form” (*UT* 193,n.28). =



Reviewed by Alana Joli Abbott.

Jules is a complex and caring narrator, concerned with friendship as well as her rank among her peers. She rebels against certain restrictions but believes in her calling, in her inheritance from her mother — and doesn't want to doubt what she believes to be the truth. In that way, the novel deals with the nature of faith, and truth, and what to do when the two come into conflict. It's also a spooky adventure, full of action, treachery, and danger. ≡

Discussion Groups

The Mythopoeic Society has members throughout the U.S. and in several foreign countries; the lucky ones are able to find other people interested in the Inklings, myth, and fantasy literature close enough geographically to meet on a regular basis. The Society sponsors Discussion Groups in several different states in the U.S., with a number of additional groups in the process of forming and active.

Starting with this issue, only **active** groups are listed here. Groups that wish to be listed in the active category should regularly update the Secretary with their meeting and discussion plans. Groups are also encouraged to share reports of their activities with the Secretary for inclusion in *Mythprint*. Groups that wish to become active should contact the Secretary and inform her of their first meeting, topic, time, location and contact person. Groups that have not yet chosen to become Chartered, or those who are interested in creating a new Mythopoeic Society-sponsored discussion or special interest group, please complete our group charter form at www.mythsoc.org.

Marion VanLoo
Membership & Discussion Group Secretary

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles/Pasadena: *Mydgard*

Lee Speth, [REDACTED]
Aug. 22: *The Princess Bride*, by William Goldman. At the Callahans' home, 3771 Alzada Rd., Altadena; 2:30 PM.

San Francisco Bay Area: *Khazad-dum*

Amy Wisniewski & Edith Crowe, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Sept. 12: *The Legend of Sigurd & Gudrun*, by J.R.R. Tolkien. In Berkeley. 2:00 PM.
Dec. 4: The Annual Reading and Eating Meeting. At Edith and Amy's.

COLORADO

Denver area: *Fanuidhol* ("Cloudy Head")

Patricia Yarrow, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Sept. 12: *The King of Elfland's Daughter* by Lord Dunsany
Oct. 10: *The Owl, the Raven and the Dove* by G. Ronald Murphy
Nov. 7: *Storied Treasure* by Bailey Phelps
Dec. 12: Recent works by Terry Pratchett

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington & Suburbs: *Knossos*

Mimi Stevens, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Jul. ? : Knossos Film Festival. At Bill Hussar's, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

HAWAII

Oahu: *Sammath Naur*

Steve Brown, [REDACTED]
Or, Ken Burness- [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Sept. 18: *Garlic and Sapphires*, by Ruth Reichl
Oct. 16: *A Game of Thrones*, by George R.R. Martin
Nov. 13: *South of Skye*, by Steven Goldsberry.

ILLINOIS

Peoria: *The Far Westfarthing smial*

Mike Foster, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

IOWA

Decorah: *Alfheim*

Doug Rossman, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis-St. Paul: *Rivendell*

David Lenander, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
TBA: *Thirteenth Child*, by Patricia Wrede.
TBA: *The Magician's Book*, by Laura Miller.

NEVADA

Reno: *Crickhollow*

Joanne Burnett, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

NEW YORK

New York: *Heren Istarion: The Northeast Tolkien Society*

Anthony Burdge & Jessica Burke, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Aug. 15: Summer Harvest Picnic.
Sept. 26: Tenth Anniversary Celebration.
Oct. 3: *The Two Towers*, Book/Film/Concert Discussion.

OREGON

Portland: *Bywater Inklings*

Gary Lundquist, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh: *Fantasy Studies Fellowship*

Lori Campbell, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

WASHINGTON

Seattle: *Mithlond*

John D Rateliff, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: *The Burrahobbits*

Jeffrey & Jan Long, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Note: *Burrahobbits* is currently full to overflowing with members. If you live in the Milwaukee area and would like to be a part of a discussion group, why not start your own? Contact the Discussion Group Secretary for more details.

Bradford Lee Eden, ed. *Middle-earth Minstrel: Essays on Music in Tolkien*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2010, paperback, 207 pp., \$35.00, ISBN 978-0-7864-4814-2. Reviewed by David Emerson.

This is an uneven collection of essays, and not all are about “music in Tolkien”, *per se*. The relevance of the individual papers to the topic ranges from high to almost non-existent. Many pieces are actually about poetry rather than actual music, with the implication that the poems in Tolkien’s works were intended to be sung, at least by characters in the stories, if not readers in the primary world, so they might or might not fall under the definition of music, depending on individual interpretation.

The most successful explorations of the topic, to my mind, are Amy Sturgis’s “Tolkien Is the Wind and the Way,” which describes how she uses Tolkien-related music in support of her teaching Tolkien in academic settings; and David Bratman’s “Liquid Tolkien,” a comprehensive survey of music which may have inspired Tolkien, music which could be used as soundtracks to reading Tolkien, and music created in response to Tolkien. Both reveal a broad knowledge of the field on the part of both authors.

On the other hand, there are several essays here which, although interesting in themselves, have little or no reference to music in Tolkien. Amy Amendt-Raduege writes of how heroic actions in Anglo-Saxon culture and *The Lord of the Rings* are motivated by the desire to be remembered in song. Peter Wilkin discusses the exile of the Eldar in Middle-earth, only referring to a few poems to point the way into his topic. Darielle Richards describes Tolkien’s creative process without any mention of music at all, outside of her title. Deanna Delmar Evans talks about the “Lay of Luthien” [*sic*] and the Middle English *Sir Orfeo*, but only deals with the content of these poems and ignores any musical qualities they might have.

Occupying a middle ground are several good essays with various approaches to the topic. Jason Fisher focuses mainly on alliterative verse (Rohirric and Anglo-Saxon) but also points out instances of musical instruments and rhythms cited in the text of *The Lord of the Rings*. John R. Holmes, reminding us of Tolkien’s philological talents, looks at the phonaesthetics of the Professor’s prose, demonstrating the musicality of the very words in the text. Editor Eden’s own contribution compares the use of musical metaphors and allusions in Tolkien and certain Victorian writers and poets. Keith W. Jensen develops an interesting argument using the musical concept of disso-

nance and its place in the “Ainulindalë” to address the theological problem of evil.

The really odd duck in all this is Anthony Burdge’s “Performance Art in a Tunnel,” a panegyric about a New York City performance artist self-named “Thoth,” who claims to be influenced by Tolkien and creates works set in a secondary world of his own. Burdge seems to be trying to demonstrate a unique connection between the two creators using the concept of “sub-creation,” but his reliance on new-age concepts makes his argument less than convincing.

On the whole, this collection seems to lack an overall cohesiveness. Since I see no evidence that any more than two of these essays have been presented elsewhere, I can only assume that the editor solicited contributions for the book. If that is indeed the case, then one wonders why some of them were accepted at all. I also found an annoying inconsistency in the format of citations and footnotes, which made things confusing at times. More stringent editing seems to have been called for. The topic of music in the world and works of Tolkien is well worth study, and this collection might be seen as a beginning attempt, but it leaves this reader wishing for something better. =

Ilona Andrews. The Kate Daniels Series. New York: Ace Books. Reviewed by Berni Phillips Bratman.

Magic Bites. 2007. ISBN: 978-0441-01489-7, pb, \$7.99
Magic Burns. 2008. ISBN: 978-0-441-01583-2, pb, \$7.99
Magic Strikes. 2009. ISBN: 978-0-441-01702-7, pb, \$7.99
Magic Bleeds. 2010. ISBN: 978-0-441-01852-9, pb, \$7.99

These days, a book buyer in the SF section is confronted by an overwhelming selection of urban fantasies featuring a hot babe on the cover in a challenging pose, brandishing some weapon. Often there will be an equally hot dude or animal in the background, signifying that the love interest is a werebeast of some kind. Ilona Andrews’ Kate Daniels series is no exception. The competition for these series must be intense. With such similar covers, authors must come up with innovative ideas to make their series stand out from all the rest. Andrews accomplishes this well by drawing us into her post-apocalyptic fantasy set in Atlanta.

It’s twenty years in the future, and the future is not what it used to be. Kate Daniels’ world is one in which magic and technology both prevail in random succession. When magic is dominant, your car won’t work, you have no electrical power, and maybe the

phone will work and maybe it won't. Your transportation is likely to be a horse or, less glamorously, a mule. Magic is also unkind to what technology has built, resulting in an Atlanta of crumbling skyscrapers and twisted mazes of former trailer parks. Regardless of whether you can work a spell or use your toaster, there are vampires, werewolves, and other things that go bump in the night.

Andrews does not go in for traditional with her vampires. No sexy Draculas or Angels are found here. Her vampires are undead corpses "piloted" by the People, skilled navigators of the undead and generally creepy folks to be avoided. If the People are one corner of the triangle of the power in Andrews' Atlanta, another corner is the Pack, the conglomeration of the various *were* animal clans. The tip of the triangle is the Order, a sort of magical FBI, bureaucratic and dogmatic. Which brings us to our heroine, Kate Daniels.

In the first book, *Magic Bites*, we meet Kate Daniels, a professional mercenary with a powerful sword named Slayer. She is mourning her mentor, Greg, a Knight of the Order, who has been brutally and mysteriously murdered. The Order grudgingly and condescendingly permits her to join as a sort of junior member (despite her having dropped out of the Order's training school some years earlier) as a last favor to Greg.

In the course of her investigations, she brushes up against Curran, the were-lion Beast Lord, leader of the Pack. They fight a lot, as is standard in these types of books, but you can tell from the lion's head on the book's cover that he is intended to be the love interest. (One quibble I have about this series and many of its kind is that the lovers fight more than is believable.)

What I like about these books is that they are well-paced and have a definite arc. Reading them in immediate succession, it's easy to see both the evolution of Kate as a person, changing as she interacts more with people, and as a character about whom the author gradually feeds us more and more information. Kate is not quite what she appears to be. The reader finds out who Kate really is as Kate is bound by circumstances to progressively uncloak her heritage and abilities. At the same time, Kate is compelled to turn her back on her training which stressed the importance of not letting people into her heart. Kate not only feels love for Curran, she also feels motherly towards orphaned Julie and has a best friend for the first time in her life with Andrea, a Knight of the Order.

Andrews plays with the pantheons of many cultures. In *Magic Burns*, Kate runs into figures from Celtic mythology as she does some work for the Pack. She also acquires her foster daughter, Julie. *Magic Strikes* gives us some Norse creatures and Indian rakkshasas and a titillating story of Kate being forced to fight in an arena as if she were a Roman gladiator. In *Magic Bleeds* we are treated to the explanation of the first vampire, a twist on a familiar Bible story, as Andrews brings her series to an apparent end.

These books (like most of my preferred reading) are not great literature, but they are entertaining, rousing brain candy. They fulfill the requirements for Bechdel's rule. (A work should have at least two females who talk to each other about something other than men. It's charming to see Kate experience having a BFF years after most women do.) They kept me wanting to turn the pages and eager for more. What else could a reader want? =

Call for Applicants for Secretary of the Mythopoeic Press

The Secretary of the Mythopoeic Press serves as the project manager for all operations of the Press as serves as a member of the Council of Stewards. In consultation with the Mythopoeic Press Editorial and Advisory Boards, the Secretary chooses new book projects, oversees the editing of manuscripts, ensures that the necessary rights have been secured and royalties paid, and oversees the printing and production of the books. The Secretary also works with the Press distributor on order fulfillment through the Society website, Amazon.com, and other channels, and works with the Society treasurer on the financial and sales records. Possible new area to explore include electronic book publishing and joint ventures with other Society publication departments such as *Mythlore* or with other organizations.

About the Mythopoeic Press: The Press publishes material by and about writers of mythopoeic and fantastic literature. We are especially interested in the Inklings, as well as those who influenced or who were influenced by their work. Works under consideration include out-of-print materials, collections of short articles and essays, scholarly items, and books that have not found a publisher before.

For more information, please see:

2010 Mythopoeic Awards: Acceptance Remarks

1. *Mythopoeic Fantasy Award – Adult: Jo Walton*

This was my ugly stepchild book
It never seemed to work at all
Just lurched along from flight to fall
And seemed to crumple at a look.
Domestic fantasy is tough
The form seems to require a quest
Not complex families at rest,
Quiet magic never seems enough.
The Inklings mean a lot to me
I am delighted and surprised
You like my quirky fantasy,
Sans king, sans dragon, dwarf, or elf,
but Mythopoeically prized!
Thanks for the lion for my shelf.

2. *Mythopoeic Fantasy Award – Children: Grace Lin*

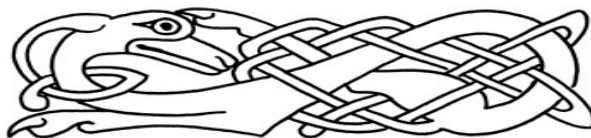
Dear Mythopoeic Society,

Thank you so much for this amazing honor! I was so surprised when I received the news, I think one of the reasons why I didn't attend the conference was because I felt sure of an embarrassing academy-award losing moment when the winner was to be announced (also, I have a horrible deadline that I'm already late for). Considering your list of past and present honorees, as well as your extremely neat Aslan statue, this was a glorious surprise.

As a child, I loved the Narnia series, as a teenager I loved *The Lord of the Rings* and as an adult I loved both. Strangely, I remember reading those books during the brightest times of my life, but also at the darkest. What I read in those books was thrill of adventure that filled me excitement, but also the determination against despair that gave me courage.

And those books were amongst the many inspirations that convinced me to attempt to write *Where the Mountain Meets the Moon*. Writing the book was not an easy journey, but Frodo and Reepicheep helped keep me on the path.

Which is why receiving this award from Mythopoeic Society is especially touching. It is a true honor that you think that my work carries on the traditions of those very books I so admire. Thank you very much!



Mythopoeic Scholarship Award – Inklings Studies: Dimitra Fimi

I am absolutely delighted and very honoured to accept this award.

My book started its life as a Ph.D. thesis, comprising three years of frantic reading and annotating Tolkien's extended legendarium. I was lucky to study Tolkien's manuscripts at Marquette University and in the magnificent Bodleian Library in Oxford. I also spent a long time researching the intellectual and cultural context of Tolkien's work. To all the people who helped me along the way, a very big thank you.

In the midst of all of this, I was also trying to catch up with the ever-augmenting corpus of Tolkien scholarship! The books honoured by this very award during the last few years opened the way for further insights into Tolkien's mythopoeia – my book wouldn't have been possible without them!

What I hope my book will do is encourage new scholars to look at Tolkien's legendarium (not just *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*) in a serious way. Reading *The History of Middle-earth* series is a daunting venture, but ultimately so rewarding in terms of insights, and the brilliant moments of inspiration and creativity expressed. There is still so much to be said about Tolkien's grand mythological project, especially so in light of the on-going publication of yet more of his scholarly and linguistic manuscripts.

Being Greek, I cannot help but be moved by Tolkien's use of my language: "eucatastrophe", the term "angelos" for the Istari, "ecumene" for Middle-earth. But my favourite word is "mythopoeia", a word that has become part of many scholars' standard vocabulary when studying fantasy and the fantastic in literature, from William Blake to *Harry Potter*. I am sure that the Mythopoeic Society will continue to promote the study of this ever-evolving genre, and encourage younger scholars such as myself to join a long-established community of students of the works of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams, and many other writers.

I wish I was among you tonight, to accept this award in person! I hope to be able to attend Mythcon at some point in the future! Thank you very much once more!

Dear Council of Stewards, Dear Members of the Mythopoeic Society,

I'm deeply honored to accept the 2010 Mythopoeic Award in Myth and Fantasy Studies. Mythopoeic fantasy has always been close to my heart and I'm grateful to the Society for recognizing *One Earth, One People* as a worthy contribution in the field of research on myth and fantasy.

I accept this award tonight also on behalf of those friends, advisors and well-wishers without whose help *One Earth, One People* might not have been written. They are too many to name, but to my friend Devin Brown, a contagiously inspiring Lewis scholar, and to the Fulbright Foundation I owe my special gratitude.

As a teenager growing up in Communist Poland I had known the liberating and transformative potential of mythopoeia long before I chose the study of literature as my career. To my generation, living on the cusp of liberty yet still in the shadow of soon-to-collapse Communism, *The Chronicles of Narnia* and *The Lord of the Rings* offered an amazing reading experience. Narnia came first. Even though I was only eleven I emotionally linked the White Witch's attempt to freeze Narnia in eternal winter with the introduction of the martial law in Poland in December 1981—a winter that lasted almost two years. My father, an active member of Solidarity, like the political opponents of the Witch, was "turned into stone" by being arrested for months at a time between 1982 and 1985. When I was 14, during one of the police searches of our apartment, an officer who was looking through my room picked up a copy of *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. "You read *this*?" he asked with a sneer. As he condescendingly tossed the book on my bed, he added "fairy tales," as if implying that these are foolish books for foolish people. But I knew freedom was not a foolish dream. I sensed that he was afraid of it—of imagination and change—and that his disdain was an attempt to mask that fear. I knew that Aslan was on the way.



My experience with *The Lord of the Rings* was different, but also life-altering. I first read it when I was 16 and it helped me understand how even small choices can lead to great changes. From *The Lord of the Rings* I learned the courage not to comply, to stick to what I know is right despite external pressure to do otherwise. I learned that even the smallest person matters for we can never know what will tip the balance of affairs larger than ourselves. This, I later learned from reading Madeleine L'Engle, is called "the butterfly effect" and I feel I am part of it now.

Today, over twenty years later, I realize that I would never have done what I was able to do was it not for a deeply transformative experience of reading *The Chronicles of Narnia* and then *The Lord of the Rings*. Back in 1980s I would not have believed that the fascination with Lewis and Tolkien would take me where I am now. It did, and it enriched my life in more ways I can tell.

What I aimed to achieve in *One Earth, One People* was to describe mythopoeic fantasy and suggest its transformative potential for the contemporary world. I believe our 21st century globalized planet needs mythopoeic literature more than ever; we need such literature to help us dream ahead, with courage and responsibility, about what makes human life worthwhile and about how best meet challenges facing us today as One People on One Earth. Mythopoeic literature is not about the past but about now. It does not preach about brotherhood of man—it lives and describes it, on every page.

There is no other professional organization like the Mythopoeic Society: a voluntary organization of people who help promote and study mythopoeic literature; literature which transforms people's lives by helping them find spiritual and moral bearings. And there is no other award like the Mythopoeic Award: the most important award for the study of mythopoeic fantasy. It is thus both humbling and exciting to know that *One Earth, One People* may become a useful resource for other scholars in the field.

I regret that I am unable to join you tonight, but I cherish the award and I thank you all for this most meaningful honor. =

The Mythopoeic Society

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Monsters, Marvels, and Minstrels: The Rise of Modern Medievalism

The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque
July 15–18, 2011

Author Guest of Honor:
Catherynne M. Valente

Scholar Guest of Honor:
Michael D.C. Drout

