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The Monthly Bulletin of the Mythopoeic Society

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REVIEWS

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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 discussion groups.

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ABC's *Once Upon a Time* and NBC's *Grimm*: *Treading Water in the Ocean of Story*.

New fantasy television reviewed by Harley J. Sims.

Fantasy has returned to primetime network television, and twice in one week. October 23rd saw the debut of ABC's *Once Upon a Time*, a family-oriented dramatic series about fairytale figures trapped in a world where there are no happy endings—our own. The villain responsible for their exile is none other than the evil queen of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, who will face off against the adult daughter of her nemesis in the small town of Storybrooke, Maine. On October 28th, NBC responded with *Grimm*, a dark, crime-oriented drama about one of the last descendants of the Brothers Grimm. Like his ancestors are revealed to have been, Oregon homicide detective Nick Burkhardt discovers he has the ability to detect supernatural monsters hiding among, and as, everyday people. Both *Grimm* and *Once Upon a Time* are big-budget, well-performed, and penned by established screenwriters; scribes from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* are responsible for the former, while *Once Upon a Time* is the brainchild of *Lost* writers Adam Horowitz and Edward Kitsis. Before fairy-tale fans rejoice, however, they should consider some of the storytelling conventions already governing the two productions, in particular the arbitrary and unregulated use of their traditional sources.

Though generically and structurally distinct as narratives, both *Once Upon a Time* and *Grimm* are franchises of allusion, with European fairytales providing the elements of which they are built. Allusiveness is not in itself disconcerting; most fictive narratives refer to or imply material beyond their own structures. What makes the use of allusion disconcerting in *Once Upon a Time* and *Grimm* is a number of things, foremost being that the material alluded to is itself fictive. They are thus fiction built out of fiction, stories built out of stories, and not one story, but an indefinite number of tales—unstable for their oral basis—all blended into a shared world that, in *Once Upon a Time* at least, forms a backstory and an otherworld that is already a fiction formed of fiction. Prince Charming's War Council is composed of the protagonists of numerous fairytales, as well as their allies (Red Riding Hood, Pinocchio, etc.), all cohabiting and cooperating in a way that begs an inexhaustible number of questions, and which the writers will be only too happy to address, answer, and re-answer as it suits them. It seems ridiculous that Granny from Red Riding Hood sits on a War Council alongside Gepetto and other domestic figures, sug-

gesting that generic forces have subsumed the identities of these characters utterly. Done patiently, it could have been reminiscent of Michael Ende's *Neverending Story*, where the denizens of Fantasia gather at the palace of the Childlike Empress to address the threat of the Nothing. Instead, it comes across much like one of Square-Enix's *Kingdom Hearts* video games, where Disney characters on both sides have joined forces in a war of annihilation, and we get to see the Little Mermaid punching and tail-slapping her way to a happy ending.

It's certainly a spin, but such innovation is also a trapdoor into a labyrinthine house of mirrors. In the first episode of *Once Upon a Time*, Snow White's modern alter ego, Mary Margaret Blanchford, refers to "the classics; there's a reason why we all know them." This is curious coming from a character clearly based on the Disney version of the princess, and not on the Sneewitchen of the Grimms' *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*. It may sound pedantic with Snow White, but in *Once Upon a Time*, you will not only find the dwarfs with their Disneyfied Care Bear names and personas (Sleepy, Grumpy, Happy, etc.), but also Jiminy Cricket, Maleficent, and several others; Disney has apparently given the show license to use these characters—their versions of the literary originals—which establishes yet another layer of fiction, of uncertainty, for the writers to exploit. In *Grimm*, the use of traditional material is almost like a jilting, where the fairytales of the Brothers Grimm are courted by the writers to create a reality, and are then discredited within the conditions of that reality as distortions and half-truths. Neil Gaiman and Roger Avary did the same thing in writing Robert Zemeckis's *Beowulf* film, and it is all very postmodern.

Though the pilot episode of *Grimm* is premised on "Little Red Riding Hood" (a fairytale by Charles Perrault, not the Brothers Grimm) the first "big bad wolf" we really meet is a good guy who has managed to suppress his bloodthirsty nature, and who tells the protagonist, "you people started profiling us two hundred years ago ... we're not *things*." Some of the traditional lore about wolfmen—like wolfsbane—turns out to have a some sort of effect on the creatures, but when the protagonist asks if killing one of them needs "something like silver bullets," the wolfman replies, "what are you? An idiot?" It's pick-and-choose, bait-and-switch allusiveness at its worst; at the same time as the series relies on recognizable themes and characters, nothing the audience already knows about them is operative unless the writers authorize it. What's more is that the continuing series *Supernatural* has already done this sort of thing for seven sea-

sons, not to mention dozens of other series, films, literary works, and games both electronic and tabletop. These shows are to fairytale aficionados what the series *Heroes* was to *X-Men* fans; they will appeal to new or casual audiences, but to established interests will seem derivative to the point of parasitism.

Despite Snow White's suggestion that we all know the classics, it has been nearly twenty-five years since Shelley Duvall's *Faerie Tale Theater* last appeared on primetime television. Even so, many of these tales were subjected to Hollywood spin, some of them intolerably. Disney films, though undeniably clever and entertaining, are likewise distortions. It remains unclear where exactly mainstream modern audiences are supposed to have learned the classics, with children's books increasingly bowdlerized to remove violence and conflict. *Mary Engelbreit's Nursery Tales* has a Gingerbread Boy who doesn't get eaten, for example, and the wolf manages to escape his traditional comeuppance in both "Little Red Riding Hood" and "The Three Little Pigs." In *Grimm* and *Once Upon a Time*, there is no effort to establish the backstories upon which the front stories are projected, and from which they draw all of their prestige and appeal. With modern serial storytelling, this is both deliberate and essential, where the engine, materials, and direction of the story are all premised on indeterminacy, where it is far more important to avoid definition than it is to establish it. Those who followed the series *Lost* were subjected to this sort of narrative, where multiple timelines (some speculative), a reservoir of characters, a wandering point of view, and an unclear purpose left audiences to be baited and led week after week, year after year, until the creators finally put a bullet in them. *Once Upon a Time*, should it last, will be much worse, simply because it of its allusive basis. The second episode of *Grimm*, meanwhile, is based on "The Story of the Three Bears," which *still* isn't a Grimm fairytale.

What is certain with these series is that Hollywood will do what it does best—indulging in sadistic, psychological painfests and zooming in on the reactions to them. "You know what sucks?" Emma Swan of *Once Upon a Time* asks the ten year-old son she gave up for adoption. "My parents abandoned me on the side of a highway. They didn't even drive me to the hospital." Call it hurt-trumping, or the oneupmanship of suffering; either way, it's the chlorophyll of postmodernism's interpersonal ivy. Mary McNamara of the *LA Times* titled her review of the two shows, "Fairy tales all grown up." Taking things that work and breaking them apart ... sounds kind of childish, really. ≡

Maeve Gilmore, *Titus Awakes*, based on a fragment by Mervyn Peake. Overlook Press, 2011, 265 pp., \$25.95. Reviewed by David Bratman.

Sequels by other hands to classic novels do not have a distinguished history, though they've become common in recent years in the science fiction and fantasy field. *Titus Awakes*, a fourth book for the so-called Gormenghast trilogy by Mervyn Peake, written by Peake's widow, Maeve Gilmore, is a little different from most of these. It wasn't written to cash in on the original's fame or to appease legions of clamoring fans. Gilmore wrote it privately, even secretly, over several years as a kind of creative personal therapy for her own grief at her husband's illness and death, and never made any serious effort to publish it. After she died in 1983, only a few people knew anything about it, and nobody knew what had become of the typescript, until her granddaughter recently found it in a box in an attic. Publication promptly followed, with an explanatory introduction by Brian Sibley, one of the few people who'd read it while Gilmore was alive.

This is not a fourth Gormenghast book. Anyone who's read its immediate predecessor, *Titus Alone*, will know there isn't even a third Gormenghast book. Peake's long-term intention was not to continue the story of that crumbling castle, but to write an episodic biography of his central figure, Titus Groan. At the end of the second book, Titus leaves Gormenghast and ventures into the outside world. In volume three he finds, not an extension of the sealed decaying tradition-bound world he came from, but a strange futuristic modernism that he doesn't understand and which is accordingly described in vague, hallucinatory language.

Readers disconcerted by *Titus Alone* have blamed Peake's neurodegenerative illness for its differences from its predecessors, but rightly or wrongly, Peake knew exactly what he was doing, and more appreciative readers, starting with Gilmore, have taken it for what it is. Unfortunately the worsening of Peake's illness made him unable to write more than a couple of pages, featuring Titus dreaming about his past, of a fourth book, along with a list of what were apparently intended as chapter titles. It was enough to make clear that he intended the story to feature Titus wandering from place to place and encountering a great variety of people, and such is the story that, beginning with Peake's fragment, Gilmore has written.

Although it follows Peake's intentions, it doesn't read at all like a Peake novel. Though Gilmore, like her husband, was an artist by profession, *Titus*

Awakes is less intensely visual than Peake's works, and Gilmore doesn't even try to reproduce his elaborate way with the English language. It's much more plainly told, and in some ways clearer, though the settings are just as vaguely described as in *Titus Alone*. There are no fantasy elements, but it can't be called realistic either. The second half of the book has a contemporary setting: several characters, like *Titus Alone*'s Muzzlehatch, drive cars; trains and telephones are mentioned; artistic fashions are those of the mid-20th century. But we're given no concrete geographic or current events cues, and the first half's setting is much harder to pin down. Most of the people Titus finds himself among in the first half speak no language, or at least none that he can recognize. It's something of a shock in chapter 20 when, having escaped from a small regiment of soldiers who seem to want to inveigle him into servitude, Titus is taken in by the talkative and witty artist Ruth Saxon. This is the turning point of the book, the change from the primitive and brutal world of the first half to the more sophisticated, though at times no less brutal, world of the second half.

Titus, too, changes. The problem with Titus as a central character in all four books is that he's too passive and surrounded by far more color than he himself possesses. Gilmore tries to mitigate this by making Titus a wanderer by creed. He declares to himself that he cannot commit to staying with anyone. He leaves the nameless, speechless woman who bears his child in chapter 9. He leaves the dog, for long his only continuing companion, whom he refuses to name to demonstrate his lack of commitment. He leaves Ruth, who became his lover, when circumstances take him away. He leaves other friends who never expected him to stay long. He leaves, with more alacrity, the soldiers and several others who try to force him to stay. Thus the episodes of the book — there are about a dozen, most of one to three chapters — are driven along.

Up through the turning point at the middle of the story, when he meets Ruth, Titus often thinks of his past and is eager to tell his personal story to anyone he meets who can understand his speech, though

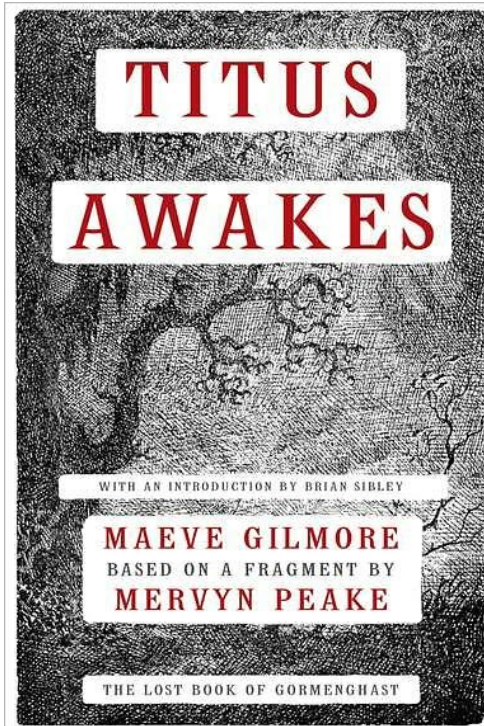
he warns them they might not believe it. (There is no recapitulation in the text of *Titus Awakes* itself, but reading the earlier books is not necessary to follow the plot.) Afterwards, though, the memory of Gormenghast drops off the story's mental map, and Titus, half-unaware of what he's doing, embarks on a new quest: to meet his literary creator, Mervyn Peake, which he suspects is the final goal of his journey. It's not spelled out explicitly, of course; Peake's name is

never mentioned, and Sibley's introduction helps spell it out. But it's clear that the large episode set among Ruth and the other members of the artist's colony has Gilmore's personal experience behind it. The episode has a vividness of narration denied to anything earlier in the story.

Almost immediately afterwards, Titus takes a job as a ward orderly at a mental institution. There he cares particularly for one patient, an artist who eventually utters one word, Titus's name. That patient is Mervyn Peake, and the institution is a description of one where the terminally-ill Peake was kept for a while. Later, Titus stays at a restful priory, and sees another guest, a man with haunting eyes who does not fit in. This too is Peake, and the priory is another place

where Peake stayed, earlier on. At the very end of the story, Titus takes a boat to an island, his goal to meet a man there whom he sees accompanied by three children. The island is Sark, where the Peakes lived idyllically for a few years, and the Peakes had three children. As Sibley points out, Titus is traveling backwards in Peake's life; Gilmore is using the story as emotional therapy to return to the happy, healthy portion of her married life.

It's not clear if the three figures in the story are the same man; even Titus can't entirely put his finger on why they feel important to him. And the episodes are interrupted by others that are caustically satirical: encounters with a gang of nihilistic teenage thugs and with a monstrously egoistic man who writes repulsive poetry. But Titus's previously random journey now has a focus, and once the reader realizes the significance of the man with the three children, Titus's sight of him becomes an appropriate closing for this peripatetic journey. ≡



The Words of Middle-earth

The Status of the Khuzdul Tongue in Middle-earth.

By Edward Kloczko.

Mystery surrounds the odd race of the Dwarves and secrecy their strange tongue. In Moria Gandalf tells the Fellowship that the Dwarves have a name for *mithril*, which they do not utter in front of strangers. Gimili didn't deny it. To this day I still wonder how it would sound in Khuzdul.

Key to a knowledge and power of divine origin, the Dwarvish language was protected and cared for as the true treasure of that strange race (see esp. HOME XII, p. 297), not the least because it originated from the teaching lavished on their seven Fathers by their creator, called *Mahal* in Khuzdul, Aulë by the High-Elves.

Khuzdul was originally rather poorly looked on by the Quendi. The early Elvish philologists shared no interest in the language (see esp. *Letters*, n° 25). It was seen as being much too complicated. But to say, as the scriptor of the *Lhammas*, that the Elves did not want to learn it is grossly exaggerated, for it is thanks to the labour of two Elvish philologists that we know something of it. On the other hand, it seems that no Human philologist ever bothered to write anything about Khuzdul.

According to *Quendi and Eldar*, Fëanor learned Khuzdul directly from Aulë (see *Vinyar Tengwar*, n° 39). This was later regarded as just another Elvish legend; still one of our informants is Prince Curufin. In the First Age sharing the same taste for philology as his father he was one of the few Noldor to gain the friendship of the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains.

Our second informant is Pengolodh, the wise of Gondolin. In the Second Age, he had the rare privilege of staying for some time in the vast mine-city of Moria. There he learned not only Khuzdul but also some *iglishmëk*, the sign-language of the Dwarves. Each of the seven Houses or Tribes of the Dwarves had its own sign-language. Millennia later, Professor Tolkien was able to use the work of these two philologists, or at least of what has been preserved of it in the traditions of Middle-earth.

The "true" secret of Khuzdul lay most probably in the taboo of the "inner" or "true" names. For neither the names of the Dwarf-cities nor those of their people were ever kept secret. True names are an important principle of the Dwarvish civilization, and probably of the Dwarven "religion" as well. For the Dwarves, whoever knows the "true name" of a thing or person can control it. The taboo connected with

the "right names" of persons and things does not belong to the Dwarves alone. The Ent Fangorn is also very much surprised when the hobbits Pippin and Merry reveal their "right names" to him so easily. And even the Valar refused to reveal to the Elves the "true name" which they gave to Eru, the One God (see *Quendi and Eldar*).

In Middle-earth some major civilizations thought that there was a "right name" for each person or thing in the Universe. According to *Quendi and Eldar* each Vala has a "right name" in the Valarin tongue. The right name defines the essence, summarizes it, contains it, and identifies itself with it. To know a right name gives to its possessor a power over the person, the matter, or the object. It is therefore quite possible that those Khuzdul names which were kept secret were mostly or only these "right names". Names drawn directly from the "pure" form of the tongue taught to the seven Dwarves by the Vala Mahal.

In the *Narn i-chîn Húrin*, Mîm the Petty-dwarf tells that the Dwarves never taught their language to strangers. This we know to be untrue. His statement is loaded with an ancestral hatred for the Grey-elves. In the First Age, in the Far-East the Dwarves did not refuse to teach their language to Humans. The Petty-dwarves of Beleriand were made of outcasts and renegades driven from their original houses. Their linguistic habits might well have very peculiar indeed. For instance, they used Khuzdul names in public: "Mîm is my name", we read in the *Narn*. According to *Of Dwarves and Men* the Dwarves uttered their Khuzdul names only in solemn moments, and did not inscribe or carve it on their tombs of stone (the Dwarves were buried in stone whenever possible) fearing it might be seen, read, and uttered by complete strangers.

According to the *Grey Annals*, the Elves of Beleriand and the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains met officially in the year 1250. But the Elves of Beleriand had known for decades the "Petty-dwarves" of Beleriand, whom they called *levain tad-dail* "two-footed animals" in Sindarin and hunted for game! This is most certainly the origin of the feud which lasted for ages between Elves and Dwarves. Remember that the murder of Elu Thingol by Dwarves in Menegroth was conceived by Christopher Tolkien alone, and is not therefore authorial. [See also the review of Douglas Charles Kane's *Arda Reconstructed*, later in this issue. — Editor]

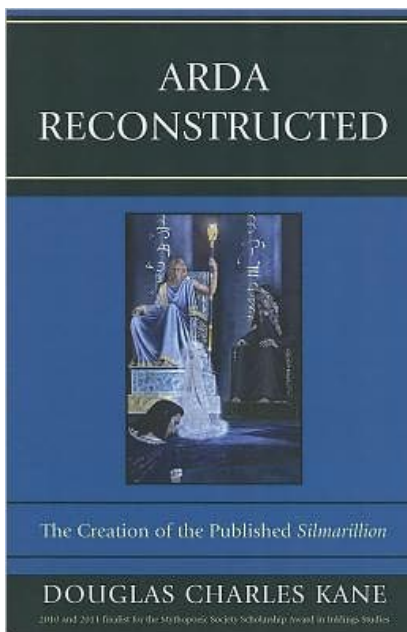
The "secret" surrounding the language of the

Dwarves of the Blue Mountains originated, I think, in the racist attitudes of the Grey-elves of Beleriand, who repeatedly displayed disgust toward the physical ugliness of the Dwarves. The first Sindarin name for a member this race was *Nogoth*, which meant “a stunted or ill-shapen thing or person”.

Khuzdul was often judged by the Elves to be inharmonious. To the anonymous annalist of the *Grey Annals*, probably of Númenórean origin, Khuzdul is an “unlovely” language (see HOME XI, p. 10). The Naugrim of the Blue Mountains, faced with these degrading attitudes, came quite understandably to be more and more reserved. They developed a reticence to use their tongue before strangers which was interpreted as a mark of some dark secret that the Dwarves themselves were eager to develop, being of a stubborn and mistrustful nature.

The trading Dwarves of Beleriand learned the tongue of the Sindar and spoke it fluently while keeping a very characteristic Dwarvish accent (like rolling the *r* in a very “French” fashion!). They stopped using Khuzdul in front of strangers. In the First Age, the eastern Dwarves of Middle-earth who did not suffer the racist attitudes of the Sindar taught their tongue to the Humans they encountered. And later these Men came to Beleriand. Adúnaic depicted strong marks of this Dwarvish influence.

Not all Elves living in Beleriand showed a xenophobic attitude toward the Dwarves. Eöl, whose ethnic origin is debatable but who most probably was not an Elf of the Third Clan, and his son Maeglin were quite friendly to the Dwarves. They were guests of the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains. Some of the High Elves, like the prince Curufin and Galadriel, interested themselves in this strange people and learned some of their tongue. Finally, when Galadriel used Khuzdul in front of Gimli at Caras Galadhon, the Dwarf was very much surprised, and happy, hardly offended as he would be if Khuzdul was really felt to be a “secret tongue”. ☺



Douglas Charles Kane, *Arda Reconstructed: The Creation of the Published Silmarillion*, Lehigh UP, 2011, 280 pp., \$32.95. Reviewed by Holly Ordway.

In *Arda Reconstructed*, newly available in paperback, Douglas Kane takes on a difficult but worthwhile task: documenting the changes made to Tolkien’s vast body of unpublished work by his son and editor, Christopher Tolkien, as he prepared *The Silmarillion* for posthumous publication. *Arda Reconstructed* is a useful and (for the right reader) fascinating book, though with a limited audience.

Although the book’s subtitle, “The Creation of the Published *Silmarillion*,” suggests it might cover the literary history of *The Silmarillion* more broadly, in fact the book is tightly focused on the editorial changes. Kane notes that there are two different mistaken assumptions about *The Silmarillion*. One is “the impression that it was essentially written by the editor from the author’s notes”, and the other is “the impression that they are basically reading what Tolkien himself wrote, with only minor editorial interference” (24). Kane sets out to demonstrate that the reality is somewhere between the two — and is perhaps all the more mysterious for it.

The work of *Arda Reconstructed* can best be summed up as *painstaking*: each chapter of *The Silmarillion* is evaluated, usually paragraph by paragraph, with source material cross-referenced to the twelve volumes of *The History of Middle-earth*. Kane is specific about the changes, indicating where multiple sources have been combined; where one source was preferred over others; and where material has been moved, deleted, rephrased, or expanded with editorial additions. Detailed charts are provided for each chapter, listing primary and secondary sources for each paragraph, cross-referenced by page number to *The Silmarillion* and to the other texts.

Kane’s approach for coding the changes looks cumbersome but turns out to be highly effective. I was able to cross-reference easily between *Arda Reconstructed*, *The Silmarillion*, and *Morgoth’s Ring* (and in the process confirm the accuracy of a sample of Kane’s comparisons). As tedious as the numbering and repetition may seem to the casual reader, they are invaluable to anyone who wishes to use *Arda Reconstructed* as a guide for further work.

Kane provides a running commentary on the effects of the edits, summing up in a final chapter the patterns which have emerged: the “reduction of the importance of female characters in the story,” (252), “the elimination of much of the philosophical speculation” (252); the “condensing” of portions of the

tales (253); the “virtual re-creation of the story of the ruin of Doriath”; and “removing the contexts in which these stories were placed” (253). Because Kane’s closing assessment of the changes is uniformly negative, it is worth noting that he does praise certain specific editorial decisions, even when that decision meant abandoning a more recent revision in favor of an older version of the story, as with the setup for Fingon’s death in “Of the Fifth Battle” (190).

Arda Reconstructed abounds with examples of changes that seem to shift the *Silmarillion* away from JRRT’s original vision. For instance, in the chapter “Of Fëanor and the Unchaining of Melkor,” Kane notes the removal of twelve paragraphs dealing with Finwë’s desire to remarry after the death of Míriel. Not only does this deleted section develop the characters, but it “also introduces the critical concept of Melkor’s ‘marring’ of Arda and how death first entered into the world as a result of that marring ... and provides a good example of the interplay between fate and free will” (80–2). The narrative is weakened as well, since the edited text now shifts abruptly from Finwë to Fëanor, and from Finwë’s grief to (now only three paragraphs later) Finwë’s remarriage.

In addition to noting numerous smaller cuts, Kane documents the total omission of the *Athrabeth*, which JRRT had specifically labeled for inclusion as an appendix to *The Silmarillion* (250). The *Athrabeth*, a dialogue on death, immortality, and hope that includes references to the Incarnation, is a fascinating piece that shows JRRT’s ability to explore Christian theology through fantasy. It is a shame that it was not included in the published *Silmarillion*, but since it can now be read in full in *Morgoth’s Ring*, Kane has done readers a service by calling attention to its existence.

Kane’s careful comparative analysis suggests a possible reason for a problem that I experience with *The Silmarillion*: that although it is beautiful, it is not as engaging as *The Lord of the Rings*. Kane documents extensive manipulation at the level of word choice and phrasing, including frequent modernization of JRRT’s archaic vocabulary and sentence structure (261)—a type of change I find particularly baffling—and the removal of descriptive detail. For instance, Kane shows the significant loss of detail in a passage in “Of the Silmarils and the Unrest of the Noldor”:

In the first sentence, ‘Fëanor strode into the chamber’ is reduced from ‘suddenly Fëanor appeared, and he strode into the chamber tall and threatening,’ and ‘A fire of anger was in his eyes’ is removed before ‘and he was fully armed.’ The last sentence—“Then turning upon

Fingolfin he drew his sword, crying “Get thee gone, and take thy due place!”—is reduced from “He would not wait for the council, where all words would be heard by all, and answered. He would speak against me in secret. This I will not brook!” he cried, turning upon Fingolfin. “Get thee gone, and take thy due place!” Then as a flash of flame he drew his sword. “Get thee gone and dare my wrath no longer!” (90)

Could the cumulative effect of these edits have been sufficient to change JRRT’s prose style for the worse? Kane’s answer seems to be yes.

The only real criticism I have of Kane’s useful book is that it has a slightly amateurish feel. Although Kane had to address the problem of referring to two Tolkiens, his solution (to call Christopher Tolkien by his first name throughout) feels inappropriately casual. A few typesetting errors also appear in the text. I also felt that the illustrations, though technically competent, had a “fan-fiction art” style that detracted from the seriousness of the book. These are small flaws but unfortunate ones, given that fantasy literature is not always taken seriously in the academic community.

Overall, Kane makes a convincing case that the published *Silmarillion* is best described as a posthumous collaboration between JRRT and his editors. How then should we evaluate *The Silmarillion*, given this new understanding of the process of its creation?

Immediately after reading *Arda Reconstructed*, I was ready to declare that the published *Silmarillion* was too compromised to be a genuine example of JRRT’s work, and that we should instead read and study the original texts (*The History of Middle-earth*). A period of cooling-off, however, led me to wonder whether the relentless focus in *Arda Reconstructed* on editorial changes might have influenced my judgment. I do hope for a new edition of *The Silmarillion*, revised with less intrusive editing, but I also think that the question of the published *Silmarillion*’s literary merit (as compared to the original versions) remains open; we need a study that assesses the work as a whole, in context. *Arda Reconstructed* is not that work, but it is a necessary precursor to it.

In the meantime, thanks to Christopher Tolkien’s ongoing editorial work, more and more of JRRT’s original material is available to the public; thanks to Douglas Kane’s labor of love in *Arda Reconstructed*, we have a useful guide to help us critically re-examine both the published *Silmarillion* and the sources behind it. ≡

Paul A. Trout, *Deadly Powers: Animal Predators and the Mythic Imagination*, Prometheus Books, 2011, 325 pp., \$26. Reviewed by Emily E. Auger.

Paul A. Trout, now retired, was an associate professor of English at Montana State University. His *Deadly Powers: Animal Predators and the Mythic Imagination* is an argument that animal predators and the fear they engendered in humans inspired the prehistoric development of narrative, particularly myth and ritual. *Deadly Powers* itself was inspired by Joseph Campbell, the much published and widely read author who believed that the myths of different cultures form the parts of a single monomyth. Unlike Campbell, however, Trout remains focused on predators and fear in relation to cultural development. He draws on anthropology, archaeology, philosophy, psychology, and studies of religion, myth, folklore, literature, and art in support of his theory and makes extensive use of ethnographic comparisons between the documented aspects of the traditional ways of life and storytelling arts of aboriginal peoples and the lesser known aspects of Paleolithic life and art.

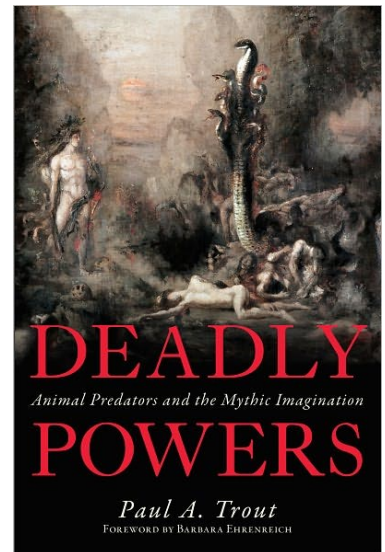
Chapter one of *Deadly Powers* presents the book's essential argument regarding predators and fear in relation to life and culture. Chapter two describes the various predators that threatened Paleolithic humans on the ground, in the water, and from the air. Some of these animals continue to endanger people's lives today. Chapter three is about fear and the triggers of fear: the predator's eyes, gaping mouth, and teeth; their sounds, signs, and menacing motions; and the darkness that obscures their presence. It also addresses the survival instincts that fear arouses. Chapter four, "Performing the Predator," considers mimetic storytelling and its role in human survival. Chapters five, six, and seven relate storytelling to myth by the ways in which predators facilitated the development of the "myth-making mind," by the appearance of the predator as a "mythic monster," and by the understanding of the predator as a god. The anthropomorphized predator is shown as "kin, friend, protector, and benefactor" in chapter eight



and chapter nine shows how predators thus became "exemplar[s] and object[s] of envy." Chapter ten is a concluding statement, which, like the opening chapter, cites various contemporary films as continuations of the narrative traditions that began with ancient predators.

Deadly Powers may be productively read in conjunction with Allen A. Debus's *Prehistoric Monsters: The Real and Imagined Creatures of the Past That We Love to Fear* (2010), in which literary and filmic monsters are discussed in relation to prehistoric fossils. More interesting, however, is a comparison with Charles De Paolo's *Human Prehistory in Fiction* (2003). De Paolo, also a professor of English, discusses the problem of authenticity in fictional representations of prehistory in works by H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Lester Del Rey, William Golding, Arthur C. Clarke, Jean Auel, and J. H. Rosny-Aîné. His closing chapter analyzes the critique of the authenticity of some of these works offered by anthropologists and he notes that prehistoric humans have become a kind of cultural "Other" in fiction. Trout shares the anthropologists' interest in authenticity. As for the Other, Trout's concern is with what is central and paramount and yet largely ignored, even by Joseph Campbell and reputable scholars of prehistory. De Paolo retraces the significant factors influencing each of his exemplary narratives. Trout's goal is comparable, but his emphasis on prehistory requires different methods of analysis and, rather than addressing a multiplicity of factors in relation to a selection of specific narratives, he aims to show the overwhelming significance of a single factor on the development of narrative itself.

Deadly Powers is a clearly written, carefully organized, and well-documented argument about fear as the principal reason narrative became part of what it means to be human. While it may—necessarily—fall short of absolute proof and ethnographic comparisons always provoke argument and controversy, it is a worthwhile read for any author or scholar concerned with the origins of prehistoric culture and the continuities of that culture in the present day. ≡



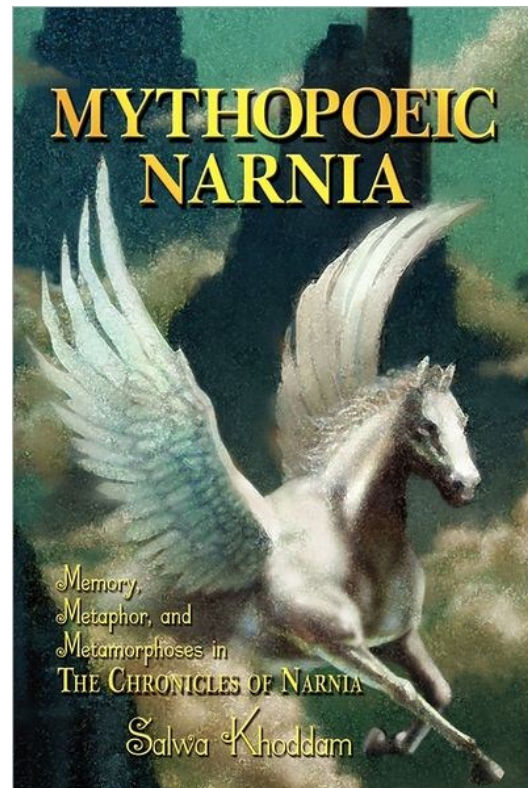
Salwa Khoddam, *Mythopoeic Narnia: Memory, Metaphor, and Metamorphoses in The Chronicles of Narnia*, Winged Lion Press, 2011, 286 pp., \$16.99.
Reviewed by Katherine Sas.

In my junior year of college I wrote a paper contrasting the writings styles of J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis. My basic argument was that Tolkien began creative endeavors with a word, and Lewis with an image. I wish I'd had Salwa Khoddam's excellent new book, *Mythopoeic Narnia: Memory, Metaphor, and Metamorphoses in The Chronicles of Narnia*, on my shelf at the time. In an exhaustive study of Lewis's iconographic imagery in *The Chronicles of Narnia*, Khoddam proves piece by piece that the concepts of memory, metaphor, metamorphoses, and are ingrained in Lewis's theology and literary imagination, informing every part of the seven chronicles. As she writes in the introduction, "The archetypal metaphors [in the *Chronicles of Narnia*] form the fabric of Lewis's chronicles, culled from his memory, to construct his plots, in order to achieve his purpose in this work: metamorphosis/*thêōsis*." As Lewis's characters experience metamorphosis, and as Lewis hoped to affect change in his readers, so Khoddam's new work of scholarship seeks to transform the way readers approach Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia*.

After an introduction to the terms introduced in the subtitle of the book (namely: "Memory, Metaphor, and Metamorphosis"), Khoddam's book guides the reader through the archetypal images that Lewis uses most memorably in the chronicles. These include the images of cities (both heavenly and man-made), light and sunlight, gardens, sea voyages and monsters, among others. Drawing on Lewis's scholarship as well as his fiction, Khoddam shows how he utilized his vast store of knowledge of Biblical, Classical, and pagan traditions in writing these supposedly simple "children's books." Learned in these areas herself, Khoddam is able to show how Lewis combined the multifarious perceptions of each image from an array of traditions to maximize the potential for symbolic meaning to greatest effect. The best example of this is in her chapter on the image of the sea as represented in *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*. Throughout the book, Lewis presents the sea in all its diversity of archetypal meaning, ranging from the medieval and Classical fear of its wildness and danger, to its positive portrayal as a source of rejuvenation, adventure, and calmed tempests as found in the New Testament and post-Renaissance travel narratives. Khoddam demonstrates how Lewis's liberal mind was able to utilize and synthesize both poles, combining them to

show the truest and deepest significance of the sea. Khoddam effortlessly spots and explains Lewis's nuances and subtleties throughout the book.

Though I wish *Mythopoeic Narnia* were organized a little more clearly as it can occasionally seem a little scattered, Khoddam's writing is lucid, readable, and easy to follow. While her scholarship is detailed and extensive, I would confidently recommend this book to readers with only the most basic knowledge of the texts she discusses. For readers whose primary exposure to these motifs and images is Lewis himself, *The Chronicles of Narnia* plus *Mythopoeic Narnia* will serve as an excellent introduction to such foundational writers as Spenser, Dante, Milton, and Plato, as well as to the history of Western Literature. It is not, however, only valuable for beginners to literary studies. *Mythopoeic Narnia*, like Michael Ward's recent *Planet Narnia*, encourages readers to look closely at Lewis's imagery in critical interpretations of his works. This trend, which demands that Lewis's writing hold up to in-depth critical scrutiny, will certainly contribute to *The Chronicles*, and Lewis's work in general, finding the respect they deserve in literary scholarship. Appropriately enough for a book all about metamorphosis, Khoddam's *Mythopoeic Narnia* may help to contribute to the change in readers it describes. ≡



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