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Lost Tales of Narnia

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both the first and last volumes of the prestigious Bollingen Series are Campbell's work (the first, Where The Two Came to Their Father, published in 1943; the hundredth, The Mythic Image, published in 1974), when one notes his pervasive influence, then one must insist that if mythology supplies "the symbols that carry the human spirit forward," it is Campbell who has done more than anyone else in living memory to aid in that endeavor. Joseph Campbell died on October 31, 1987.

Lost Tales of Narnia

...at the age of fourteen, I embarked on my first book: a set of twenty imaginary-world stories, more or less connected, set in the same world as Narnia, though my characters never actually ventured into C.S. Lewis's territory. I wrote C.S. Lewis, asking if I could use his world this way; and he very nicely wrote back, saying I could.

— Sanders Anne Laubenthal (1973)

What Secret wonders have not seen their print: what princesses were kidnapped, lost, or strayed; what prince fought in wars of high intent: what mythic creatures danced or loved or hid; what talking animals, in woody haunt, told tales of even older days of need?

What noble prince, at time of need, threw off her skirt with swans in silver print, and, dressed in leggings, fled the social haunt? Perhaps she followed where the centaurs strayed, a herd of them; perhaps, near lemur hids in leafy boughs, she pitched her grass-green tent.

What noble prince, in sloth of soul's content, feeling for great adventure nary a need, a third son of an evil king who hid in dungeon's depth a map, a jewel, a print — what youth was stirred by a sudden thought which strayed most oddly, wondering if ghosts the cellars haunt?

What leprechaun has left his misty haunt, going a-cobbling with concealed intent, wandering from hamlet to hamlet, as if he strayed with but regard to monetary need? Perhaps he sought a signet to imprint an ancient seal; perhaps a sword long hid.

What waltzady, with secret message hid within her pocket, bounced, as if from haunt, across the grasslands? What wildcat scratched clawprint in villain's hand? What goat, intent on climbing mountain heights at sacred need, leapt far to far, without a balustrade?

All these and more, the twenty tales now strayed might tell, but their high secrets are long hid: who hears a pelican sing its lonely need; who dared the graves invade of ghoulish haunt; who failed and who proved glorious competent — all these are lost, for never finding print.

And did a hidden Lion's paw imprint on those far, haunted regions, where strangers strayed a-questing, a needed, numinous content?

— Joe R. Christopher

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