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## Reviews

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## Reviews

### Abstract

*The Return of the Shadow: The History of The Lord of the Rings, Part One.* J.R.R. Tolkien. Reviewed by Wayne G. Hammond.

*The Taste of the Pineapple: Essays on C.S. Lewis as Reader, Critic, and Imaginative Writer.* Bruce L. Edwards, ed. Reviewed by Nancy-Lou Patterson.

*The C.S. Lewis Hoax.* Kathryn Lindskoog. Reviewed by Nancy-Lou Patterson.

*The C.S. Lewis Hoax.* Kathryn Lindskoog. Reviewed by John D. Rateliff.

*The Hobbit.* J.R.R. Tolkien. Reviewed by Wayne G. Hammond.



# REVIEWS



## Casting Important Shadows

J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Return of the Shadow: The History of The Lord of the Rings, Part One*, [edited by] Christopher Tolkien, Vol. 6 of *The History of Middle-earth* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1988), xii+497 pp., 1 color plate. ISSN 0-395-49863-5.

In the foreword to the first edition of *The Lord of the Rings* J.R.R. Tolkien reflected,

if the labour has been long (more than fourteen years), it has been neither orderly nor continuous. But I have not had Bilbo's leisure. Indeed much of that time has continued for me no leisure at all, and more than once for a whole year the dust has gathered on my unfinished pages.

Christopher Tolkien now begins to document his father's long labor, and to illustrate how in spite of disorder and discontinuousness *The Lord of the Rings* became a masterpiece. In this, the first of at least two columns on *The Lord of the Rings* in *The History of Middle-earth*, he traces the writing of *The Hobbit* sequel from December 1937 until late 1939, including revisions made between those dates. He divides the labor of this period into three "phases" and a continuation. The "first phase" carries the story, in terms of the final chapter headings, from "A Long-expected Party" (Book I, Chapter I) to the beginning of "The Council of Elrond" (Book II, Chapter 2). Then follows a set of "queries and alterations," or notes by J.R.R. Tolkien for revisions in addition to those he had already made, and on details he had not yet resolved. (Did Bilbo take his sword Sting with him when he left Bag End? Why was Gandalf hurrying to Rivendell? Should the Elves have Rings?) In the "second phase" the text is revised from "A Long-expected Party" through part of the Tom Bombadil episode (final Book I, Chapter 7). The chapters from Hobbiton to Rivendell are revised again in the "third phase," and the story continues through "A Journey in the Dark" (final Book II, Chapter 4). There, by Balin's tomb in Moria, Tolkien "halted for a long while."

His journey began with tentative steps. He wrote four versions of the opening chapter before proceeding. In the earliest of these Bilbo Baggins "flabbergasts" the guests at his birthday party by announcing that he is to be married. The reader used to the final text is no less stunned. The party sequence "merely serves to explain that Bilbo Baggins got married and had many children, because I am going to tell you a story about one of his descendants..." Tolkien says in the paternal narrator's voice he had used in *The Hobbit*. It is an awkward way to take Bilbo out of the picture, and becomes mired in details:

[Bilbo] had blown his last fifty ducats on the party... Then how could he get married? He was not going to just then... [but] he thought it was an event that might occur in the future—if he travelled again amongst other folk, or found a more and more beautiful race of hobbits somewhere.

The first draft was not satisfactory, but it was a foundation of which to build, by the fourth version of the chapter, a story with Bilbo's adopted cousin Bingo Bolger-Baggins as the central character.

Once Bingo's journey has started the basic structure of the tale quickly takes shape. All of the essential narrative elements of the final text spring up one by one in the drafts: the elves in the Woody End, Maggot's farm, Willow-man, Tom Bombadil, the Barrow-wight, Bree, Weathertop, the flight to the Ford, the council of Elrond, the failure on Caradhas (here "Cris-caron"), the Mines of Moria. Tolkien more readily created the bones of his narrative than he put flesh on them. Indeed, he foresaw "moments" of plot years before they could be used. It was more trouble for him to assemble a final cast of characters. Bilbo, Gandalf, and Elrond, to name three, were carried over from *The Hobbit*. Other characters had to be invented, or evolved. Bingo Bolger-Baggins is equivalent to the later Frodo Baggins in the first and second "phases" and is permanently re-named in the "third phase." Merry Brandybuck at first is called "Marmaduke." Pippin Took develops by a "strangely tortuous" route which extends beyond the pre-1940 drafts. Trotter, the "queer-looking, brown-faced" hobbit in wooden shoes (!) whom Bingo meets in Bree becomes at length the man Strider/Aragorn; his final transformation too occurs after the period covered by *The Return of the Shadow*. Sam Gamgee enters in the "second phase" fully conceived in name and personality. Boromir is not introduced until almost the end of the volume, Legolas and Gimli not at all. The shire hobbits, J.R.R. Tolkien's special love, multiply and are re-named with each revision.

Christopher Tolkien painstakingly notes such changes of *dramatis personae* as they occur. He comments also on the development of Middle-earth geography, on maps, on poems and songs, on the Rings of Power. He documents the creation and refinement of countless details. He does not transcribe every word of every extant draft, nor every alteration his father made in the course of writing. He wisely chooses to use his expert judgement as to what material to include and how best to present it; perhaps the ideal alternative, color photographic reproduction of the manuscripts with commentary, would be difficult and very expensive. But the transcriptions therefore only suggest the complicated manner in which J.R.R. Tolkien wrote

and revised. The editor admits that the drafts in fact

were put urgently to paper just as the first words came to mind and before the thought dissolved, whereas the printed text ... inevitably conveys an air of calm and ordered composition, the phrasing weighed and intended.

Scholars interested in the finer stylistic points of the writing of *The Lord of the Rings* will still need to study the original manuscripts of the work at Marquette University.

Most readers will not find *The Return of the Shadow* wanting. Christopher Tolkien has performed an invaluable service. He has assembled scattered drafts, some only fragments, some whose scrawled words cannot even be guessed at, and has made sense of them. He has written intricate notes without which the reader would be lost in a maze of evolving ideas and alternative texts. He has given to lovers of *The Lord of the Rings* a welcome new visit to Middle-earth, and to students of J.R.R. Tolkien a work which informs and inspires.

— Wayne G. Hammond

## The Level Gaze

Bruce L. Edwards, Editor, *The Taste of the Pineapple: Essays on C.S. Lewis as Reader, Critic, and Imaginative Writer*. Preface by Owen Barfield (Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green State University Press, 1988), 246 pp. ISBN 0-97972-406-4, paper; 0-87972-407-2, cloth.

This book is not, or at least most of it is not, intended for skimmers; it has preoccupied my reading from Lent II to Easter VII, and I put it down with a sense of satisfaction, not as one who has at last completed a long task, but as a feasted guest who rises from the table of an attentive host. The title essay by Jerry L. Daniel discusses the love Lewis felt for the quiddity of things, and his genius for defining the flavor of a writer's work; when he reviewed Charles Williams' *Taliessin Through Logres* in *Oxford Magazine*, Lewis said that this volume poetry "is like the pineapple... once you have tasted it, you know you can get it from no other book in the whole world." (p. 12) As the essays in the *Taste of the Pineapple* prove, a reader who craves the taste of the pineapple Lewis is in luck; whole shelf-fulls of books exist which can satisfy that taste!

The promise of the subtitle well describes three of the four sections of this collection: "Lewis as Reader" refers to Part I, "C.S. Lewis and the Critical Enterprise," in which Daniels' perceptive study, "The Taste of the Pineapple: A Basis for Literary Criticism," introduces all three categories — "Lewis the Reader," "Lewis the Literary Critic," and "Lewis the Imaginative Writer." Bruce L. Edwards' own essay, "Rehabilitating Reading: C.S. Lewis and Contemporary Critical Theory," discusses Lewis' "rehabilitative stance," (p. 30) defined as "a profound propensity for recovering and preserving lost values and ideals." (*Ibid.*) On the other hand, Robert B. Meyers in his essay, "... the

Abstractions Proper to Them": C.S. Lewis and the Institutional Theory of Literature," confesses himself to have found Lewis' *Experiment in Criticism* "perplexing." His closely argued study concludes that "Despite a good deal of partial or misleading analysis, *Experiment* does substantially relocate the perspective from which to ask vital questions about literature, particularly literature as it is received from posterity. As much, Lewis' book constitutes an unexpected contribution to a critical dialogue that is very much alive today." (p. 55) thus furnishing as pretty an example of chronological snobbery as I ever read!

Part II, "C.S. Lewis: The Practice of Criticism," corresponding to the term "Critic" in the subtitle, contains four strong essays, two on specific subjects addressed by Lewis' criticism, and two on his critical style. Margaret P. Hannay begins the discussion with a magisterial essay, "Provocative Generalizations: *The Allegory of Love* in Retrospect," weighing Lewis' "three generalizations" about the Bower of Bliss and the Garden of Adonis in Spencer's *The Faerie Queen*, "that the Bower is created by art and the Garden by nature; that art in *The Faerie Queen* is usually bad; and that the Bower shows sterility and the Garden fecundity." (p. 60) As she summarizes her findings, "he made a faulty generalization about art ... and overstated the art/nature contrast," but "he was the first to distinguish the two places," and he "established the sterility/fecundity contrast which ... is quite valid." (p. 74)

Paul Piehler, in "Visions and Revisions: C.S. Lewis's Contributions to the Theory of Allegory," surveys the historic development of allegorical theory and crowns his discussion by attempting to define "the achievement of Lewis's work that so transcends its theoretical inconsistencies." (p. 81) The essay is not an act of faint praise but a high compliment of argument, face to face, with a peer: Piehler's own book, *The Visionary Landscape: A Study in Medieval Allegory*, is a major work of scholarship. He concludes that in Lewis' study of Allegory, he "opened up routes for the recovery of what is arguably... the greatest of western cultural achievements and indisputably its most undervalued." Critics who are embarrassed by readers who look for allegory in Lewis' imaginative writings might ponder that sentence to their profit.

David H. Stewart's "Style and Substance in the Prose of C.S. Lewis" and Paul Leopold's "Fighting 'Vicide' and Sounding Old-Fashioned: Some Notes on Lewis's Use of Words" are both constructive and useful analyses of Lewis' style and vocabulary, and explore these accurately and perceptively (in Stewart's case) and wittily and trenchantly (in Leopold's).

Part III, "C.S. Lewis: the Critic as Imaginative Writer," completes the contents described in the subtitle. Margaret L. Carter in "Sub-Creation and Lewis's Theory of Literature" explores not only Lewis' but Sayers', Tolkien's and even Plato's theories: Lewis concludes, she says, that "literature may be uniquely well-suited" as "one path to the

Beatific Vision." (p. 136) Robert Boering, in "Critical and Fictional Pairing in C.S. Lewis," shows how Lewis' critical works relate to his creative works, matching and relating a long series these; he is not the first to do so and certainly does not provide as copious discussion of any particular pairings as has been done elsewhere, but the point is well made. I do wonder, however, if he has things in the right order for modern readers: "read Milton before *Perelandra*, Bunyan before *The Pilgrim's Regress*, and Dante before *The Great Divorce*." (p. 146) Maybe, but I doubt if I would have read *Paradise Lost*, *The Pilgrims Progress* or *The Divine Comedy*, if I haven't read Lewis first!

Kath Filmer in "The Polemic Image: the Role of Metaphor and Symbol in the Fiction of C.S. Lewis" elegantly defines and discusses the tropes of metaphor and symbol, as Lewis used them in his masterworks, the Ransom Trilogy and the Chronicles of Narnia. She concludes that "By approaching his mythopoeic art with an understanding of the power of language, and of metaphorical and symbolic language in particular, Lewis has imbued his polemic with magic, and raised its persuasive power to the level of sacrament." (p. 163)

Now we come to what is, to use an Americanism, "quite simply" the best essay I have ever read on *That Hideous Strength*. Joe McClatchey's "The Affair of Jane's Dreams: Reading *That Hideous Strength* as Iconographic Art." He finds his method in Lewis' *Spenser's Images of Life*, and produces a superb study which does full justice to Lewis' masterpiece. His meticulous and elegant eight pages of footnotes are a treat in themselves, and the whole essay would justify this volume all by itself, forming a delicious conclusion to a splendid banquet of ideas.

On that analogy, I think I can use why Part IV, "C.S. Lewis and His Critical Milieu," seems a little slight. Maybe it was intended as a dessert, or maybe as the savoury the British so oddly serve at the conclusion of a formal dinner. The section begins well, with Kathryn Lindskoog's and Gracia Fay Ellwood's elegant and piercing essay, "C.S. Lewis: The Natural Law in Literature and Life," reminding the reader that what matters most in Lewis goes far beyond either criticism or literature. Alzina Stone Dale provides a useful context for this matter in "C.S. Lewis and G.K. Chesterton: Conservative Defendants as Critics," a nicely argued consideration of each writer which concludes, deliciously, with a quote from Jerry Daniel imagining "a bouncy fat man" (Chesterton) and "a ruddy, pipe-smoking Professor" (Lewis) (p. 127) dancing with David before the Ark. This characterization of Lewis will never, I think, be complete without remembering that out of those middle-aged eyes there always looked, in words used by Owen Barfield in his Preface, "the level gaze, of a shabby dressed undergraduate who bicycled in from Headington and met me... in November 1919." (p. 2)

The review, and the volume, might best have concluded here. Instead we are offered John Martin's Chester-

tonian pastiche, a speck of puff pastry touched with salted marrow: "Voices of Fire: Eliot, Lewis, Sayers, and Chesterton." If you a specialist in any of the four you will probably find yourself annoyed; if you are not, you will find yourself either illuminated or informed in a way to match the other essays in this volume, by this essay's heavy-footed jocularity.

So as not to leave this otherwise pineapple-flavored volume on a sour note, I conclude with David H. Stewart's succinct and diamond-sharp characterization of C.S. Lewis' method. He calls it: Lewis' assumption about how great writing gets done; "this task is accomplished, Stewart says, in what is a voice of fire, 'by yolking the exalted to the homely.'" (p. 99) Nobody does this better than Lewis.

— Nancy-Lou Patterson

## The Unity of All the Books

Kathryn Lindskoog, *The C.S. Lewis Hoax*, illustrated by Patrick Wynne. Portland: Multnomah Press. 175 pp. ISBN 0-88070-253-3.

In 1977, a book edited by Walter Hooper was published: *The Dark Tower and Other Stories*, which combined Lewis works published during his lifetime, such as "Ministering Angels," a short story that appeared in *Fantasy and Science Fiction* (January 1958), a copy of which I bought myself from a newsstand, as well as previously unpublished works like "The Dark Tower." In his Preface to that book, Hooper made the following Statement: "A book, once I have read and handled it, has always seemed to me an inevitable part of life – an open-and-shut case of fact, the origins of which grow dimmer as time passes." (C.S. Lewis, *The Dark Tower and Other Stories*, edited by Walter Hooper [London: Collins, 1977], p. 14.)

The question raised by Kathryn Lindskoog's *The C.S. Lewis Hoax* is this: is "The Dark Tower," of which Hooper says he guessed that "Lewis began writing... almost immediately after completing *Out of the Silent Planet*" (Lewis 1977:8), genuinely "an open-and-shut case of fact," and *have* its origins – described as a rescue from a "bonfire which burned steadily for three days" (Lewis 1977:7) grown dimmer as time passes, so that, perhaps, there was no bonfire at all?

There are plenty of other unpleasant possibilities and distressing questions raised in *The C.S. Lewis Hoax*, but these are the bitter kernels at the heart of its very tough nut. Its chief pleasure is in the witty, sly, and superbly executed illustrations by Patrick Wynne, which greatly enhance the experience of reading the book. There is also a thoughtful Foreword by Joe R. Christopher.

Kay Lindskoog is the author, among much else, of a thesis which elicited, in 1957, the following response for Lewis himself:

...you (alone of the critics I've met) realize the connection

or even the unity of all the books – scholarly, fantastic, theological – and make me appear a single author, not a man who impersonates half a dozen authors which is what I seem to most.

Although she sees "the unity of all the books" published in Lewis' lifetime, she suspects that other authors indeed have impersonated C.S. Lewis after his death. The arguments on which she bases this distressing and unsettling conclusion are complex, and when added all together they do indeed raise doubts. Whether individual readers will be convinced is up to them; my mind in not made up either.

The central thesis, that certain works published as Lewis' may not be Lewis', would be, if true, a matter of genuine importance and concern. It would bear upon Lewis' literary development, on the way he wrote his books, on his mind and thought insofar as we can know them through his writing. Until the manuscripts recently made available have received sophisticated professional study over a goodly period and by a number of scholars, we cannot finally know for sure. For myself, I hope the works prove to be authentic, but most of all I really want to know the truth. Truth is essential, and those who seek after truth in this particular matter deserve our respect, no matter what answers their questions finally receive, and no matter how many emotions they have aroused in their search.

— Nancy-Lou Patterson

## The Kathryn Lindskoog Hoax: Screwtape Redux

Kathryn Lindskoog, *The C.S. Lewis Hoax*. illustrated by Patrick Wynne. Portland: Multnomah Press. 175 pp. ISBN 0-88070-253-3.

This is an appalling book. That it should ever have been written at all is distressing; that it should be issued by a Christian publisher festooned with a broadside of apparently laudatory comments from old friends of Lewis (Dom Bede Griffith, George Sayer), Lewis scholars (Joe R. Christopher, Douglas Gilbert, Nancy-Lou Patterson), and professional Christian writers (Sheldon Vanauken, Frederick Beuchner, Walter Wagnerin) is nothing short of amazing. For this is simply an attempt by one Lewis scholar to completely discredit the work of another. Since it presents itself as an argument, it is only fair to adjudicate it as such; to judge it by how well it presents its case and the quality and persuasiveness of its evidence.

Lindskoog's thesis, as presented here and in her earlier essay "Some Problems in C.S. Lewis Scholarship," which appeared in the Summer 1978 issue of *Christianity and Literature*, is clear enough: Father Walter Hooper is a fraud – a man who has lied about his (shaky) academic credentials, an editor not above tampering with a text to intrude his own ideas into it, a forger who has personally written virtually all of the books that have appeared posthu-

mously under Lewis' name, a thief who purloined valuable manuscripts from Lewis' brother and then concocted a bogus story of rescuing them from a bonfire which (she believes) never took place, an opportunist who wormed his way into they dying Lewis' affection, displacing more worthy folk from their rightful role as guardians of the Lewis legacy, and finally a man who has consistently and deliberately misrepresented the strengths of his ties with Lewis, presenting himself as an intimate friend and confidant when he was in fact only a casual acquaintance.

It should be clear from this brief synopsis that Lindskoog's chief purpose is argument *ad hominem*. A mere review cannot hope to address, much less answer, all of her charges, but in view of the initial favorable response her book seems to be getting among Lewisians in this country, and the mere fact that it is being taken seriously at all – Joe R. Christopher, in his Foreword, calls upon all Lewis scholars to spread her accusations to as wide an audience as possible until each of her points has been "slowly and fully" answered (p. 11) – a closer consideration of her charges is clearly in order. The question then is where to start. Her claims are of crucial import for anyone interested in Lewis, and her style is the same no matter how important or insignificant the point: she once takes Hooper to task for comparing himself to Lincoln's dog, when it should have been his horse (p. 99). She is very careful throughout to avoid stating her conclusions straightforwardly, always couching them in a haze of "seems," "appears," and "perhaps," prompted – perhaps – by a scrupulous desire to avoid going beyond the evidence (either that, or a salutary fear of a libel suit). For the rest of this review, I would like to take a closer look at her evidence for one specific claim: that the unfinished novel "The Dark Tower," along with several other of Lewis' posthumous works (including "The Man Born Blind" and parts of the *Boxen juvenilia*) are forgeries written within the last twenty years.

"The Dark Tower" is, in Lindskoog's opinion, "an embarrassment" (p. 34), a work of "almost unrelieved nastiness" (p. 36), and her goal is to "absolve Lewis of responsibility" for it (*Ibid.*). Her main reasons for believing it could not possibly have been written by Lewis are fourfold: (a) it is too poorly written, (b) it is unpleasant, unlike Lewis' other works, (c) one scene in it is mirrored in a book written late but published first, and (d) there is no prior record of its existence. At first glance, these accusations look damning indeed, but upon closer examination they fall apart. To take these points in order:

### (a) Style

"The Dark Tower... is vastly inferior to all of Lewis' authentic fiction" (p. 42), "talky" (p. 34), and full of "turgid prose" (p. 40) in Lindskoog's opinion; moreover, a computer prose analysis [printed in *Mythlore* 57, pp. 11-15] – or rather a preliminary study for one which its author admits is *not* "a legitimate indicator of a writer's style" (p. 44) – which compared "The Dark Tower" with the Ransom

trilogy suggested the former was "a divergence from Lewis' normal style" (p. 39). Lindscoog jumps to the conclusion that Lewis therefore could not have written this tale (assuming, in essence, that he was only capable of writing in a single style), backing up her claim by quoting several sentences from the book and saying how awful each is (she uses the same technique a few chapters later with "The Man Born Blind"). There is no arguing about taste, certainly, but the mere reason that Lindscoog dislikes this style of writing can hardly be taken as proof that Lewis never wrote it, especially since sentences just as 'bad' can be found in "The Shoddy Lands" and "Ministering Angels," two stories published in Lewis' lifetime whose authenticity no one has ever doubted. Her elaborate efforts to prove that the rough and sometimes awkward prose of the novel fragment is unlike that of, say, *Out of the Silent Planet*, are oddly beside the point: all she succeeds in showing is that the draft of a story abandoned by its author lacks the polish of that same author's re-written and revised published work. To have a valid basis of comparison one would have to set "The Dark Tower" along side the original draft of another of Lewis' novels, not the final product, and since Lewis unobliquely destroyed the manuscripts of [almost] all his published works [except those of *The Screwtape Letters*, which are now at the New York Public Library], this is most difficult. One might note, however, as supporting evidence for the idea that Lewis did a fair amount of re-writing, J.R.R. Tolkien's testimony in a letter (4 March 1938) to Stanley Unwin that the original draft of *Out of the Silent Planet* as read to the Inklings had problems with "narrative style (Lewis is always apt to have rather creaky stiff-jointed passages), inconsistent details in the plot, and philology," all of which were removed before the book found its way in print (*Letters*, p. 32-33). There is no reason to doubt that the same held true of the original drafts of Lewis' other books. One of the main functions of the Inklings, in fact, was as a forum of acute listeners able to spot weaknesses in one another's writings and suggest improvements – even Tolkien, that notorious bandersnatch, once changed a line of dialogue in *The Lord of the Rings* at Charles Williams' suggestions; it would be strangely naive to assume Lewis, a notably impressionable man, never availed himself of the same opportunity.

#### (b) Content

Lindscoog's second charge – that "The Dark Tower," unlike Lewis' other work, is unrelievedly gloomy, presenting a picture of an aggressive and predominant evil unbalanced by any positive force for good; the N.I.C.E. without St. Anne's, as it were – again overlooks the essential nature of the fragment. If we had only the opening third of *Out of the Silent Planet*, up until Ransom's meeting with the *hross*, it would be easy to draw the same (false) conclusion about that work. But in fact Lindscoog is in error, and here as elsewhere makes her case by omitting all evidence which does not support her theory – in this case the paladins called the White Riders who are mentioned repeatedly through out the final section of the fragment (DT p. 66, 71-72, 81, 89). Far from being a world fallen into

the clutch of unmitigated evil, the villains of the Dark Tower are a beleaguered lot, driven to their last refuge (DT p. 72), on the verge of being wiped out by the forces of good (the very reverse of the situation of the moon-folk as reported in *That Hideous Strength*), and even within their sphere of influence we find gentle, brave, and loving people like Camilla and Michael (before his unwilling transformation into the Stingerman) – Ransom, who must surely be trusted, observes that most of the folk of that world look to him like "decent, happy people" (DT p. 49). As for the related charge that Lewis could never be responsible for the savage characterization of a homosexual like that of Knellie, this story's elderly, prissy, pornography-loving don (note his tendency to quote "poor Oscar" – i.e., Lewis' fellow Irishman Wilde), Lindscoog has clearly forgotten the eunuch (castrato) Filostrato in *That Hideous Strength*, not to mention "Fairy", Hardcastle, the lesbian sadist who serves as security officer for the N.I.C.E. in the same book. Other parallels to Lewis' work abound: MacPhee not only occurs here but, to my mind, he appears to much greater advantage in the fragment than in *That Hideous Strength*; here he is sharp, witty, and perceptive; not the buffoon he becomes in the later book. In the conception of 'Othertimes,' parallel world through which people (usually children; DT p. 89) can pass, only to discover that the othertimes are full of what in their own worlds were considered mythological creatures (DT p. 88), it seems clear to me that we have the first anticipation of Narnia (Scudamour even enters the alternate world by jumping through a picture; cf. *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*). The Stingerman here reminds one strongly of the Unman of *Perelandra*; one could even see in a passing reference to a 'diabolical civil service' (DT p. 50) the first glimmerings of an idea that would shortly become the basis for *Screwtape*. One of the primary rules of argumentation is that to reach a valid conclusion, one must consider all the evidence, and Lindscoog fails to do this time and time again, forgetting the dictum that a one-sided argument is no argument at all.

#### (c) Borrowing

Lindscoog's best point in her whole discussion of "The Dark Tower" is a brief comparison (p. 35-36) of a scene in it with a scene in Madeline L'Engle's *A Wrinkle in Time* (1962), in which she points out a number of interesting parallels between the two, concluding that the scene in Lewis' book is obviously based on L'Engle's and that "The Dark Tower" must therefore have been written not in 1938, as internal evidence would strongly suggest, but sometime after 1963, the year L'Engle became famous for winning the Newberry Award. The parallel is certainly interesting, but less striking in the original than Lindscoog's paraphrase suggests: curiously enough, she omits the most important parallel, that the force behind Lewis' Dark Tower is quite literally an evil mastermind, the "Big Brain" (DT p. 68), whereas L'Engle's "It" is a disembodied human brain.

There are, it seems to me, four possible explanations for

the similarities Lindscoog notes beside the theory she advances, i.e., that "The Dark Tower" must have been written after Lewis' death by someone familiar with L'Engle's work: (1) L'Engle was influenced at some remove – possibly through the medium of the Severed Head scenes in *That Hideous Strength* – by Lewis. (2) "The Dark Tower" was influenced by L'Engle, in which case it was written in 1962 or later – it could still, note, be a genuine Lewis work *set* earlier, just as Conan Doyle wrote Holmes stories which he said had taken place many years before. (3) The similarity is, as so often with parallels between literary works, coincidental (the simplest explanation by far and hence, according to Occam's Razor, the one likeliest to be true). For example, old Knellie is like no other character I know of in fiction I know of as Prof. Urky McVarish in Robertson Davies' *The Rebel Angels* (1981), but this seems to me to prove nothing beyond that chance, happenstance, synchronicity – call it what you will – does in fact sometimes occur. (4) the parallels are due to both works being influenced by a common, as yet unidentified, source. Since Lewis is known for his borrowing – *That Hideous Strength* draws heavily on the work of Tolkien, Williams, and Barfield, and the debt of *Out of the Silent Planet* to Lindsay's *A Voyage to Arcturus* has never been adequately recognized – this scenario has a good deal in favor of it as well. Beside the Lindsaysque 'chronoscope,' the choice of psyche transference as the mode of time travel à la Tolkien's *The Lost Road* (important because it was probably Tolkien's abandonment of this story in late 1937-early 1938 that led Lewis trying his own hand at the same theme in "The Dark Tower." The same theme also occurs in a story by H.P. Lovecraft (d. 1937) and most recently in Peter S. Beagle's *The Folk of the Air*. There is Spenser's Scudamour and Amoret (and Vergil's Camilla), Orpheus/ Orpheus' role in assisting the journey to the Otherworld/ Underworld – one more borrowing would not be very surprising; like Shakespeare, Lewis achieved his originality primarily through creative borrowing.

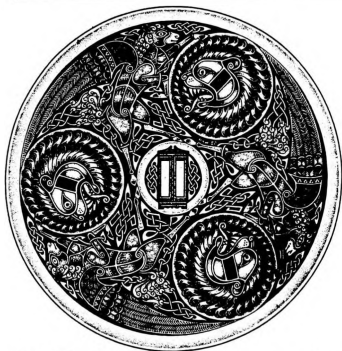
#### (d) Provenance

Walter Hooper states that "The Dark Tower" and several other manuscripts of Lewis came into his possession when he rescued them from a bonfire Lewis' brother had ordered in April 1964; Lindscoog states that no such bonfire ever took place. However, she admits (p. 49) that the Major burned a number of papers he and Owen Barfield (one of Lewis' literary executors) had sorted through and that the Major felt to be of no value or literary significance. Notably Lindscoog, who laments the fact that so many of Lewis' friends have passed away and are unavailable to confirm her suspicions, has avoided asking Barfield about this, who at ninety is not only alive but very alert (he still drives his own car, has just written a new novel out in a few months, and occupies his spare time editing Coleridge's philosophical notebooks). Is she afraid Barfield might confirm Hooper's story? She says that Major Lewis would never destroy any of his brother's papers, yet it is a matter of public record that in the mid-1930s when he had completed his edition of *The Lewis Papers*, a ten-

volume selection from family archives (including, among other things, Lewis' correspondence with his father), he destroyed all the originals, so that today only the transcribed excerpts survive. It is also recorded in the Major's diary that he considered his brother's forty-five year correspondence with Barfield of no interest and hadn't even bothered to ask for it when originally compiling his edition of *Letters of C.S. Lewis*. It is quite conceivable that the Major's definition of 'unimportant' papers 'of no literary merit' might not be the same as Walter Hooper's – or ours either, for that matter. It is also likely that the famous 'three-day bonfire' (which Lindscoog claims would have had to lasted from dawn to dusk on three consecutive days to merit the name) was nothing more than three batches of papers to be burned at the end of three separate days, that Barfield had approved the destruction of only the first lot, and that Hooper happened by on the third day before Paxford (the gardener) got around to burning that day's lot, and finding out what was going on, put a stop to it and carried off the surviving materials for safekeeping. Such a scenario fits all the known facts, even to Lindscoog's citation of Paxford saying 13 years later that he did not remember any bonfire that lasted three whole days and didn't think the Major would deliberately burn valuable manuscripts of his brother's.

Aside from the bonfire story, Lindscoog finds the most suspicious feature about "The Dark Tower" to be the fact that no one seems to have heard of it until long after Lewis' death. The same is true, of course, of other Lewisian pieces e.g. the Narnian fragment published in "Past Watchful Dragons" – but since she believes these are all forgeries from the same pen (or perhaps several different pens; she is not very consistent on this point), she discounts their example as contributory evidence. Some of the previously unpublished pieces she accepts at face value, others she rejects outright, and the double standard she applies is worth investigating. Thus "After Ten Years" is allowed to pass unchallenged because Roger Lancelyn Green vouched for it, but "The Man Born Blind" is pronounced fraudulent even though J.R.R. Tolkien remembered Lewis reading him a variant of it and Owen Barfield not only recognized the tale but remembered the date and circumstance of its composition (DT p. 9-11). It is distressing throughout her book to see evidence of Inklings like Tolkien, Fr. Gervase Mathew, and Barfield being suppressed, ignored, or discredited while that of housekeepers, correspondents, and casual acquaintances is given precedence (one of her favorite witnesses is the man Lewis' stepson reports was caught looting Major Lewis' still-warm corpse – see *Lenten Lands* by Douglas Gresham, p. 212). The testimony of Fr. Mathew who not only recalled "The Dark Tower" clearly but was able to give a pithy summary of the Inklings' responses to it when it was read to them shortly after its composition, she dismisses as the unreliable memory of a sick old man (p. 37), yet only seven pages later she cites in support of her own theories a letter written by a terminally ill R. L. Green four





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months before his death. In her original article ten years ago she implied that Owen Barfield was too old and frail to have any knowledge of Hooper's activities or ability to restrain him; Barfield promptly replied in a letter to the editor (published in *Christianity and Literature* 28, Winter 1979, p. 9-10) which corrected a number of her errors and criticized her whole piece for its inaccuracies, insinuations, and "waspish innuendo." As a result, Lindscoog has in this book added a number of passages which attack Barfield, attempting to discredit him by quietly implicating him in Hooper's misdeeds. It is painful indeed to witness this.

The long and short of it is that Lindscoog's book makes a great many very serious accusations, none of which she offers convincing proof for, although she asserts such proof exists, but unpublished. Through the careful selection (and omission) of evidence – that Green read the book

with "interest" does not mean that he agreed with it any more than Kilby's suggestion she write down her ideas implies his assent to her thesis – she attempts to build a sense of consensus, a false impression that her theories are held by a large body of Lewis scholars. Another tactic towards the same end is the number of references to 'a friend of Lewis' or 'the author of a book on Lewis' or 'a correspondent of Lewis' who have questioned Hooper's credibility on this or that point in the past. One suspects most, if not all, of these anonymous Lewisians are Lindscoog herself.

As an argument, this book demonstrates almost every flaw argumentations can have: suppressed or distorted evidence, personal attacks, reliance upon the testimony of unreliable witnesses, assertion and opinion stated as facts, *et. al.* As a work of scholarship it falls short due to misquotations, inaccurate or altogether absent bibliographic notes, assertions that proof exists which she does not deign to give us – *e.g.*, that Hooper and Lewis have identical handwriting, a point easily demonstrated by reproducing samples of each man's script, which she does not do. The only thing this reviewer can single out for praise in the book is something quite extraneous to Lindscoog's argument: the illustrations. These are by the Mythopoeic Society's own Patrick Wynne, who has outdone himself: they represent in my uninformed opinion his finest work to date, although one regrets seeing them grace such a project as this. Multnomah Press also, although I question the wisdom of their publishing such an uncharitable book as this as part of their 'ministry,' has done a fine job on typeface and layout, etc.; it is a handsome book despite its contents.

Is Hooper the greatest forger since T.J. Wise, a usurper who seized control of the Lewis estate (alas for her argument, with full approbation and continued support of Lewis' heirs, executors, literary agent, and publisher)? Or is he the trusty servant who has taken five talents and returned them tenfold and a hundredfold? Or is he simply a scrupulous scholar who believes in Lewis' importance and is doing his best to keep him before the public eye? One need not approve of Hooper's handling of the Lewis estate nor praise his scholarship in every particular (I most certainly do not) to perceive that this book does him a gross injustice. Lindscoog states in her preface that her goal is "to report facts (without malice)" (p. 14) She fails to do so. In the end it is not Hooper or Lindscoog but Lewis whose reputation will suffer for this. Who remembers today that Lizzie Borden was acquitted on all charges? The general impression that will remain behind in the public's mind after all the fuss from this mess has died down is likely to be that the Lewis legacy is one of fraud, forgery, jealousy, and bickering. Screwtape would be delighted.

— John D. Rateliff

### Tolkien Talks

J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit*, adapted by Michael Kilgarriff (London: BBC, 1988), 8 parts on 4 audio cassettes.

J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit*, adapted and performed by Rob Inglis (London: Chanticleer, (1987)), 1 audio cassette.

Tolkien took a dim view of dramatized fantasy, in particular of his own works of fantasy transformed by screenwriter or playwright. He argued in "On Fairy-Stories" that fantasy is "best left to words, to true literature," that it hardly ever succeeds as Drama. The 1955-56 BBC radio production of *The Lord of the Rings* justified that opinion as far as its author was concerned. More recently the animated films of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* have been notable triumphs of Cash over Art. But other adaptations of works by Tolkien have not been without merit. Among these are the BBC *Hobbit* radio play, first broadcast in 1968 and now available on cassette, and the solo *Hobbit* by Rob Inglis, first performed at the Edinburgh Festival and recently recorded in studio.

The BBC production fits most of *The Hobbit* into roughly three and one-half hours' running time. It is a skillful abridgement which does a minimum of damage to its source. Even so, many details in the book are omitted from the play, and others are unaccountably made different. To cite only a few examples in the play, the riddle contest is initiated by Gollum spontaneously, without the threat of Bilbo's sword, and is reduced from ten riddles to only four; Gollum does not shriek but states his answer, "String, or nothing!"; Balin, not Dori, drops Bilbo in the goblins' cave; Thorin and Nori, not Thorin and Dori, approach Beorn's house together; there is no auction at Bag-End.

Incidental narration is read in the first person by Bilbo – an appropriate device if *The Hobbit* is derived from Bilbo's diary – or in the third person by the "Tale Bearer" (Anthony Jackson). The introduction describing hobbits is cleverly shared by Bilbo and the Tale Bearer in conversation. Paul Daneman plays Bilbo superbly; good-natured, exuberant, with a childlike innocence and tendency to prattle, he is a quintessential hobbit. Heron Carvic as Gandalf is properly overbearing but has an annoying nasal quality to his voice which seems ill-matched to an old and powerful wizard. The remaining voices are adequate except for the smaller birds'; these, electronically processed to sound birdlike, instead sound merely electronic. *Gandalf* is pronounced variously gān-dālf, 'gān-dālf, or 'gān-dālf, *Thorin* is thōr-ēn though Bilbo lapses into thōr-in and through 'ba-lin, 'dwa-lin, etc. *Gondolin* gān-dō-lēn, *Beorn* 'bē-ōrn, *Gollum* gā-lūm! The music by David Cain, performed by voices and instruments, is sympathetic to the tale. The BBC dwarves sing with appropriately deep throats but off key.

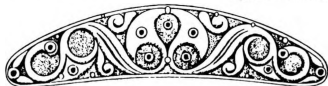
Rob Inglis, with only one hour and one set of vocal cords at his disposal, reduces large parts of Tolkien's book to narration by Bilbo. The encounters with trolls, the elves at Rivendell, goblins, wolves, eagles, spiders and Beorn, and the death of Smaug, are abridged to only a few sentences. The "unexpected party," the riddle contest, the escape from the wood-elves, Bilbo's conversation with

Smaug, and the Battle of Five Armies, however, are played relatively intact. Though Inglis omits much detail he retains and even accentuates *The Hobbit*'s charm and wit. "What a cheek, in me own house," says Bilbo, preferring like his fellow characters *me* for *my*.

As five of the thirteen dwarves Inglis is wonderfully versatile. The voice of Thorin is vaguely Churchillian, those of Fili and Kili comically octaves apart. Thorin and company even sing together by the magic of tape overdubbing. As Gollum Inglis is whining and sibilant but fails to "gollum" in his throat. As Smaug (pronounced smōg) he has "rather an overwhelming personality" indeed. He speaks, he growls, he guffaws, and after a meal of dwarf-ponies he burps contentedly! Inglis-Smaug's conversation with Inglis-Bilbo is faithful to the book, the dialogue extracted nearly verbatim, and is performed as Tolkien wrote the scene, with more humor than fire. In contrast, the BBC Smaug is merely ill-tempered; all of his banter about delivery, and cartage, and armed guards and tolls left out of his script.

It would be unfair to compare the two recordings further. They are both legitimate if very different interpretations of *The Hobbit*, each within its limits of time and cast. Both capture at least the substance and spirit of the book, though little of its vividness and beauty. Either recording will provide the listener with an hour or more of entertainment – and perhaps also a desire to read Mr. Baggins adventures yet again.

— Wayne G. Hammond



(Quenti Lambardillion, continued from page 30)

Tolkien including *A Working Concordance*, *A Working English Lexicon*, *A Working Tolkien Glossary* (7 vols.), *A Working Reverse Dictionary* (2 Vols.), and *Unpublished Materials Index*. For the benefit of the Elvish Linguistic Illuminati (ELI): yes, I did have the Richard Plotz letter in front of me as I worked through this article, using it as a guide but not depending upon it. I really wish that someone would get permission from RP and the Tolkien Estate to publish the letter in its entirety together with the noun declensions of *cirya* and *lasse*. There are some problems with it, however, in terms of the bracketed linguistic terms, in its present form, and the holograph ought to be carefully presented.

3. Abbreviations for the works of J.R.R. Tolkien follow my usual convention: *The Hobbit* (H), *Fellowship of the Ring* (I), *Two Towers* (II), *Return of the King* (III), *The Silmarillion* (S), *Unfinished Tales* (U), *Book of Lost Tales* (LT), *Book of Lost Tales, Vol.2* (LT2), *The Lay of Beleriand* (LB), *The Shaping of Middle-earth* (SM), *The Lost Road* (LR), *The Return of the Shadow* (RS), *The Monsters and the Critics* (MC), *The Road Goes Ever On* (R), *The Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien* (L).

4. The letter from J.R.R. Tolkien to Richard Plotz includes a declension which shows this to be the case.

5. The material on Finnish Grammar was taken from classroom materials developed for the Language Training Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints located in Provo, Utah. Most of the information used is in a section entitled "Finnish Grammar". I take personal blame for the "bagel-Glen-Paul" examples.

6. David Breslow, et al. *Latin: Our Living Heritage Book I* (Columbus, Ohio: Charles E. Merrill Publishing Co., 1968), p. 30.