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Reviews

Nancy-Lou Patterson

Glen GoodKnight

David Bratman

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Reviews

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REVIEWS

ENRICHING THE CANON

C.S. Lewis, *A Book of Narnians: The Lion, the Witch, and the Others*. Text Compiled by James Riordan, Illustrated by Pauline Baynes (London: Collins, 1994), 88 pp. ISBN 0-00-193414-9

Sublimely illustrated entirely in color and at a large size (7.5 x 10") by Pauline Baynes, Lewis' best-of-all-possible illustrator, and (shudder) "combining a text woven by James Riordan largely from Lewis' own words," this book is a short dictionary of the main characters in the Chronicles of Narnia which will delight the heart of all fans of (1) Narnia, and (2) Pauline Baynes. It makes a very agreeable accomplishment to the actual books, though I wish that Lewis' quotes had been set in quotation marks and had not been "woven" with anybody else's words at all or in any way. At least we are told up front that the weaving has occurred.

As for the illustrations, they are wonderful not only as reprises in color from the artist's original contributions to the Chronicles but as additions to the canon of Narnia made visible. I think the enchanting "Fauns Dancing" (pp. 16-17), the studious "Doctor Cornelius" (p. 28), the exquisite "Sea People" (pp. 36-37), the delightful "Seven Brothers of the Shuddering Wood" (pp. 40-41), the endearing "Animal Characters" (pp. 56-57), the incomparable "Keepicheep" (p. 61), the elegant "Dryads," (pp. 72-73), and, in her finest image of the central figure of the Chronicles, the majestic image of Aslan (p. 78) the Creator, with whom this beautiful volume appropriately concludes. Joyously recommended.

— Nancy-Lou Patterson

FOLLOWING THE ROAD

The Map of Tolkien's Middle-earth. Text by Brian Sibley. Images by John Howe. London: HarperCollins, 1994. ISBN-261-103180.

When you first see this item, you think it is a medium-large paperback book, but upon opening its covers you discover that there is a booklet glued on the left and a fold-out map glued on the right. The Map is folded in six parts horizontally by four parts vertically. Unfolded it measures 28.5 inches wide by 29 inches tall. The image area of the actual map is 19 inches wide by 15.75 inches tall. It appears to be a fairly straight rendition of the fold-out map of Middle-earth found in *The Fellowship of the Ring* and *The Two Towers*, hardbound editions, except it is done in color. The sea is blue and the land is subtly changing shades of green (even Mordor). The roads, which the originally printed map marked with dotted lines, are given as white lines. Howe embellishes the area surrounding the otherwise sim-

ply rendered map with seven insets and very nice Celtic borders. The central upper inset is a green landscape with a road leading on and into the adventure. The two large side insets are of Barad-dûr with flying Nazgûl at the bottom and Minas Tirith with Gandalf galloping on Shad-wax. There are two small cameo insets at the bottom of Gandalf and Gollum. The two upper corner insets are of Meduseld on the left and a curious castle by a river (could Howe be attempting Rivendell with circular tower and pointed turrets?).

Brian Sibley, well known as the producer of the BCC versions of *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, *Prince Caspian & The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, and *The Silver Chair*, as well as a number of books on Lewis, writes his introduction and guide to certain places in a poetic style that is easy reading, especially for first time readers of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*.

Overall the map is visually attractive and employs some of Howe's best talents in the insets. An unfolded poster version of this, suitable for framing would not be amiss. Why a new color map is necessary puzzles me, since Pauline Baynes did a very excellent one in color over two decades ago. Where Howe is darkly brooding, Baynes is illogically optimistic. Albeit it was approved by the Professor himself, a minor error or two were later encountered. With today's technology those minor errors could have been amended without Miss Baynes needing to redraw it. The Baynes map *sans* borders is 19.5 inches square, and contains ten small circular insets of various locations. It was released as a poster with two pieces of art: the Fellowship above and Sauron's minions below, making it 24 by 36 inches in size. I have proudly framed my copy and it hangs near my collection of Tolkien books.

My explanation of a new map rather than a reissue may be on the same order as publishers who change the covers of paperbacks, such as the Narnia books and *The Lord of the Rings* periodically to attract the attention of new readers and to beguile collectors like myself to acquire the new version.

— Glen GoodKnight

VARIETY AND POWER

Colin Manlove, *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Pattern of a Fantastic World* (Twayne's Masterwork Studies, Children's and Young Adult Literature, No. 127. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1993, 136 pp. 0-8057-8801-8.

Concluding this well-argued study, the author declares:

The Narnia Books . . . are not simple elements in the construction of patterns, but are the celebration of a country, of a land . . . that is one imperfect but affecting image of the Desirable that lies beyond all images and that drew Lewis to it all his Christian life. (p. 14)

Therefore, we are not to take his discernment of specific patterns, in his sequence of chapters devoted to the seven individual volumes of the Chronicles, as definitive. He characterizes each, compares and contrasts it with others, deftly and succinctly summarizes its plot, and identifies distinctive patterns of structure and meaning, and passes on to the text. In *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, he sets forth this understanding: "The theme of growth and expansion ... will be found through the Chronicles of Narnia. ...and all this enlargement will be preparing us for the final journey to Aslan's country at the end of *The Last Battle*, a place of living paradox," (p. 41) where "the eternity that is Aslan [is] ablaze about the coiled filament of Narnian time." (p. 42)

Each of the chapters contains striking insights, and provides essential understanding. The weakest manages to treat *The Horse and His Boy* while entirely neglecting its theme of Northerness; his best chapter address *The Last Battle*; indeed, for me, this dark work is now astonishingly illuminated! Manlove traces its pattern of enclosure from one of diminution to one of breathtaking expansion, as all Narnia shrinks to a point of darkness and then, heart-stoppingly, expands into infinite joy. In all the chapters on the individual books, the contents are brief but sharply argued, clearly presented, and genuinely revelatory.

Rather less can be said for his chapters on "Historical Context" and his "Introduction" (devoted mostly to Lewis' biography, which depends, to my mind, over much upon A.N. Wilson's acerbic biography) and "The Importance of the Chronicles" which can do little but assert that "The Chronicles of Narnia have been enormously popular." (p. 10) Much more useful is "Critical Reception," where he gives precise (not to say astringent) readings of a number of studies while saving his major praise for Kathryn Lindskoog's *The Lion of Judah in Never-Never Land* (1973): "It is small wonder that Lewis valued this book," (p. 15) he tells us. Of himself, he says modestly that "My approach may have its merits, in that it seeks to present and elucidate fresh patterns, structures, and themes in order to reveal the books dynamism and continual appeal." I agree with him. His "Conclusions" sums up his thesis about the Chronicles thus; "Their very variety is the key to their power." Manlove's skill, which is considerable, allows him to appreciate and praise this variety and so demonstrate with remarkable clarity the power in which it results. Happily recommended.

— Nancy-Low Patterson

PLAIN JACK LEWIS

Michael Coren, *The Man Who Created Narnia: The Story of C.S. Lewis* (Toronto: Lester Publishing Ltd, 1994), 140 pp, 63 illustrations. ISBN 1-895555-78-7.

A very handsome book in every way, beautifully printed and splendidly illustrated, this work by a transplanted British journalist and biographer who is now a

distinguished Canadian columnist is, as I assume its publishers intended, written in such a way as to be accessible to readers of "Juvenile literature," while being also (and happily) of interest to adults. Despite a few wobbles (some of factual detail, some of interpretation) it is a very good piece of work and suitable for every library where readers of the Narnian Chronicles are likely to go.

In praising the illustrations I am not condescending: they are really very good. They are large, easy to see, extremely well selected (some not, I think, seen before), and include not only the very best pictures of Lewis (those, for instance, which show his physical beauty as a youth), but appropriate period photos of geographical sites including the trenches of World War I. Especially delightful are excellent photographs of some of Pauline Baynes' superb original illustrations, which appear in 1994 editions of the Chronicles is a sadly decayed condition doing no credit to the exquisite penwork visible here.

There are in addition a good annotated list of reading sources, a useful index, chronologies both of Narnia and of Lewis' life, and a list of his works ending with *Letters to Malcolm* (1964). As well, the photographs have useful captions which add to the text rather than merely reiterating it, and each chapter is accompanied by an exquisitely appropriate quotation from Lewis.

What more could one ask? Well, I will tell you! This book contains something very much more than one might have anticipated, something, one now sees, absolutely necessary for contemporary readers, especially young ones. Very carefully, the author has taken the trouble, in Chapter 1, "Beginnings," to explain exactly what is meant by saying (on page 12) that as an isolated schoolboy, Lewis "began to embrace Christianity." Pages 12-14 contains a very accurate, lucid, and precise description of that Christianity, written for readers to whom the very existence, indeed, the very concept, of Christianity may be — in the most literal sense — news (not to say Good News)!

It is very much to Coren's credit that the details, the tone, the very taste of this information has a freshness and lucidity equal to what Lewis himself achieved in pursuing the same task, without the least whiff of pastiche. "The religion that Lewis embraced is one of the world's great faiths, originating 2,000 years ago in what we now call Israel," the authors explains. "As a Christian, Lewis believed that Jesus Christ, a Jewish leader, was the son of God and was sent to Earth in human form by his Father to show all men and women the way in which to lead their lives, and also to reveal the path to heaven." (pp. 12-13) The complete passage, comprising no more than 300 words, is worth the price of the book by itself; near its conclusion, the author adds, "This belief — that the son of God should die for all people — including plain Jack Lewis — was central to Lewis' life," Coren says, just before his concluding discussion of the Resurrection. All the other books about Lewis assume in their readers some under-

standing (often some very particular understanding, including, from book to book, understandings quite different from each other) of Christianity. Writing in Post-Modern, indeed, post-Christian North America, Coren not only recognizes that this assumption (these assumptions) cannot in any way be made, but he potently, elegantly, simply, and precisely supplies that deficiency in his reader's education. He is in this, especially as regards Narnia, a very good disciple of Lewis. Highly recommended.

— Nancy-Lou Patterson

LANDMARK BARFIELD

A Barfield Sampler: Poetry and Fiction by Owen Barfield, edited by Jeanne Clayton Hunter and Thomas Kranidas. State University of New York Press, trade paperback, 181 pp., 1993.

Unheralded on its appearance, this volume is a major landmark in Inklings studies. It is the first-ever collection of the poetry and adult fiction of Owen Barfield, the fourth major Inkling. Barfield is usually considered the philosopher of the group, and is best-known for his works on his theories of language, thought, and reality, such as *Poetic Diction*, *History in English Words*, and *Saving the Appearances*. A few of these books, such as *Worlds Apart* and *This Ever-Diverse Pair*, are presentations of ideas in a semi-fictional format, roughly comparable to C.S. Lewis's *The Screwtape Letters* and *The Great Divorce*. Barfield wrote a considerable amount of poetry and fiction in the 1920s, but until now his only fiction to make it between book covers was an early fairy-tale called *The Silver Trumpet*. This sampler offers readers the opportunity to try out some of this work, some of it published in magazines long ago, and other pieces previously unpublished and more recent.

The poetry reminds me to some degree of C.S. Lewis': thoughtful lyrics paved with literary allusions, occasionally rising to a memorably asperic denunciation of modernism in thought and deed. The poems occupy about a third of the book.

The rest is taken over by five stories. The first two are appropriately hazy character portraits illustrating Barfield's thesis that the "reality" we see around us is more a mental construct than anything truly existing. The characters in these stories experience the dissociation from that consensus reality that Barfield himself must glimpse. Perhaps there will be readers who feel the same shock of recognition in these stories that others do when encountering Charles Williams.

The next two stories are less successful. One is a dimly-focused satire of the Bloomsbury Group and its social pretensions. The other is an extremely long, disjointed, and badly written parable with intense but completely undefined allegorical connotations. It forms the conclusion to Barfield's magnum opus, an unpublished novel. After reading this part, I had no doubt as to why the novel remains unpublished.

The last and longest story, "Night Operation," is the

finest. Like some of Barfield's other works, it is really more of a philosophical argument in fictional clothes than a real story. But it is as carefully dressed in those clothes as are *The Great Divorce* and Tolkien's "The Notion Club Papers," and works well on its own terms. The subject is a young man raised in a regimented and repellent future society, dwelling in the remnants of our underground sewers. In a wild extrapolation from some 1960s and 1970s fringe cultures, this society teaches its youngsters to love ugliness and depersonalization. But our hero can see something beyond that. He rediscovers fundamental morality through studying the old meanings of words, and, in a classic science-fiction cliché, becomes the first person in ages who dares to go Outside. A product of Barfield's late 70s, "Night Operation" has all the breezily caustic anti-modernism of the better poems, so reminiscent of Lewis, combined with Tolkien's love for rooting around in the depths of language. Barfield has a close affinity to both his fellow authors, and this story may never be surpassed as an opportunity to see their special concerns invoked together, by someone who knew and appreciated them both.

— David Bratman.

THE GLORY OF HIS TIME

Doris T. Myers, C.S. Lewis in Context. Kent, Ohio: Kent State University press, 1994, 248 pp. ISBN 0-87338-497-0.

Let me say up front that I've awaited this book with enormous anticipation and am delighted to announce that it is a smashing success. If you thought everything had already been said about C.S. Lewis, think again! Dr. Myers has taken Lewis at his word, in every sense of the word, in this richly innovative and insightful study of the author-scholar in the context of the great literary and philosophical conflicts of his time, which prove, as I suppose one ought to have known, to be exactly the conflicts still boiling in "our" time as well; as she says, Lewis "often pointed out that the early twentieth century [the "context" of his thought and writings] would turn in become a 'period' like all the others." (p. ix). That has proven to be true. We call it the "Modern Period." And, she adds succinctly, "What Lewis foresaw has now happened." (*Ibid.*) I wish I could convince my readers that this fate will eventually befall the Post-Modern period in its turn, but I suppose that would be asking too much.

It is Dr. Myers' thesis that Lewis' work — all of it, scholarly and literary works alike — can best be understood in the context of the greatest debate of his time, "about the nature of language," particularly as it was embodied in "The Meaning of Meaning" by G.K. Ogden and I.A. Richards." (p. 4) This book, no longer widely read but responsible for much of what I now realize I was taught in my first year university English classes, will best be understood by my fellow non-English major readers (or at least those who are familiar with Lewis) as its teachings were reiterated in what Lewis called "The Green Book," *The Control of Language* (1939) by Alec King and Martin Kately, better known to readers of *The Abolition of Man* as Gaius and Titius.

And what did these various writers teach? The exact opposite of what Dr. Myers says that Lewis taught: "C.S. Lewis in his generation defended the meaningfulness of language and its reference to a meaningful universe as the very basis of a truly human life." (p. 214) They taught, contrariwise that language about anything other than what you see, hear, touch smell, or feel, is meaningless, and that anything that you can see, hear touch, smell, or feel, is meaningless too. I know, it's impossible to imagine anybody thinking this. But they do, trust me, they do! And they want you to believe them when they tell you so, using, of course, language. After all, since "truth" is one of the things you can't see, hear, touch, smell, or feel, there is no reason why, in terms of these teachings, that we should believe they can tell us anything useful about it, let alone persuade us that anything they have to say is itself, in any meaningful way, true. But I digress.

For literary critics, who have to study words whether they (the words) are meaningful or not, the problem is that language is inherently metaphorical. As Dr. Myers so potently says, "language ... [is] a relationship, manifesting itself through metaphor, between the human mind and the universe." (p. 87) Consequently the first section of her book is called "The Context of Metaphor," and addresses (as well as defends) C.S. Lewis' maiden apologia, *The Pilgrim's Regress*, which she illuminates with a detailed reading of the multitudinous characters from early 20th century cast of literary and philosophical personages, a very useful service to the reader who would otherwise find much of this book not only gnomic but downright unreadable; even Lewis thought so, since in a later edition he supplied his own copious notes!

In her second section, "The Context of Literary Criticism and Genre," she addresses *Out of the Silent Planet* and *Perelandra* as both unabashed and superb examples of the genre we know as science fiction, showing that the first of these novels is Lewis' reply to (and improvement upon) H.G. Wells' *The First Men in the Moon*, and the second, ditto, upon Wells' *The Time Machine*. This approach is not as dry and esoteric as you might imagine, partly because though Wells' works have dated badly, Lewis' have become classical.

Dr. Meyers' third section, "The Context of Language Control," discusses, first, *The Abolition of Man*, Lewis' powerful essay against the idea that language can only name phenomena and never point beyond to denominate meaning (and, in turn, against attempts based on this notion, to force untruths and non-meanings upon hapless hearers); and second, *That Hideous Strength*, as an expression, in the form of Lewis' richest novel, of these concerns in a work of art. Her close reading of this work is superb and highly recommended. She illuminates the whole fecund, flowering system of meaning so extravagantly cultivated in this novel, and does it as carefully as the very best gardener by keeping strictly to her avowed intention to discuss the "Context of Language Control," producing a wonderfully rewarding read, as well as reading.

So far, so good, All is decorous, careful, safe for the most cautious literary scholar or critic to read; it is Lewis, after all, who takes all these heretical positions and makes all of these subversive moves; our author merely points out his hostility to the received wisdom of Modernism (not to say that of Post-Modernism). Readers who do not want their world unmade are advised to put the book — or my review — down now. Read on at your peril, because in her next section, "The Context of Christian Humanism," Dr. Myers turns to the views of language and meaning that Lewis that held! In this superb discussion of the Narnian Chronicles, which she fruitfully compares to *The Faerie Queene*, she explains Christian Humanism, which is, of course, not in any kind of way what they teach children in their schools instead of Plato. It "consists of the wisdom of Greece and Rome and the interpretation of it in European Christian culture. Christian humanism asserts that the knowledge of non-Christian, even non-religious, literature and philosophy is compatible with leading a Christian life." (p. 113) What is more, "The Christian Humanist agrees that Christ the Word is Lord of all human culture, and that all human learning is valuable because it contains hints and foreshadowings of the Incarnation." (*Ibid.*)

Included in this extremely inclusive agenda are the virtues celebrated in *The Faerie Queene*: "holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, and courtesy," (p. 124) and Dr. Myers finds these virtues embodied, enacted, exhibited, and inculcated by the Narnian Chronicles. In doing so, she divides these seven books (classics from the day they were written, destined to be read with joy when everything else from the 20th century is read as an antiquarian duty) into three groups. *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*, *Prince Caspian*, and *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* deal with "sanctification ... and temperance." (p. 124) *The Silver Chair* and *The Horse and His Boy* deal "primarily with the right use of language," along with "love and friendship" and "the workings of God's Providence." (p. 124) And *The Magician's Nephew* and *The Last Battle* "depict the forces seeking the abolition of man." and "deal with justice and courtesy." (*Ibid.*) These three subsets are, respectively, stories reflective of childhood, adulthood, and old age. I can't possibly do justice to in this space to this truly radical reading, which reaches to the root of all that Modern era wished to expunge from human life by saying that the virtues listed above are merely words, but I found it not only engaging and rewarding, but also convincing and moving.

And now for the last and most subversive reading of all: in "The Context of Myth and Mistory," Dr. Myers proposes the absolutely revolutionary thesis that *Till We Have Faces* is exactly what Lewis says it is, a telling of the myth of Psyche and Cupid as an historical novel (that's right, not a fantasy at all!). It is almost as if, she says, "all that stuff about the Union of the Soul with Love" (p. 190) were true. Furthermore, just as we read Psyche as Soul, so we may read Love as God, and not simple as a God, like

Cupid, but as the God, and in I John 4:8, which states flatly that "God is love."

Dr. Myers makes this stunning argument in the context of yet another essentially literary debate, the one on the historicity of the Gospels. "Lewis' conclusion is that the Jesus of the Gospels is basically historical, and Bultmann's call to eliminate the mythological, unhistorical elements simply cannot be carried out." (p. 189) While approving textual criticism and agreeing that "verbally identical [passages] cannot be independent," nevertheless, "Lewis is ready to accept the Gospel accounts as they stand." (p. 189)

In this spirit, Dr. Myers gives a detailed analysis of Lewis' invention, the Kingdom of Glome, its period, geographical setting, and other elements of the genre of the historical novel, so richly imagined in *Till We Have Faces*. Glome is the setting where Orual, Psyche's eldest sister, lives out her life and attains her understanding of God; as Dr. Myers puts it: "the replacement of the pagan Gods with Christ is mythic, but Lewis presents it on the sensory level of historical realism, drawing the reader into Orual's story." (p. 199) Interestingly, a later historic period is also invoked: that of Elizabethan England, whose resemblance to Glome Dr. Myers describes as "subliminal." The closed reading in this section includes attention to the rhetorical devices Lewis gives to Orual's narrative, and Dr. Myers offers the potent insight that the language in question is *not* that of Lewis, but of the character who, in the fictional world of Glome, has written it. "Her struggle with the god was a struggle with language." (p. 203) Exactly.

This reading alone would make C.S. Lewis in *Context* worth reading and reading again, as the most direct and explicit ever attempted, let alone successfully argued, about the clear intent, purpose, meaning, and success of *Till We Have Faces*. But all the readings here are worth reading and reading again. As I said above, Dr. Myers concludes her study by saying that "C.S. Lewis in his generation defended the meaningfulness of language and its reference to a meaningful universe as the very basis of a truly human life." For that, she says, "in his own way he was the glory of his time." (p. 214) Amen! This book is most highly recommended.

— Nancy-Lou Patterson

Epistemologically Speaking

Cynthia Marshall, *Essays on C.S. Lewis and George MacDonald: Truth, Fiction, and the Power of the Imagination*, Studies in British Literature, Vol. 11 (Lewiston, New York: The Edwin Mellon Press, 1991), 115 pp. ISBN 0-88946-494-4.

While its contents are few and uneven, this volume will interest readers of its subject, though (disappointingly) only the Introduction and one essay pertain to George MacDonald. The Editor devotes her Introduction equally

to comparison between C.S. Lewis and his avowed mentor, MacDonald, and to comments upon the enclosed essays, but the imbalance of five essays to one is not overcome by her efforts.

I shall take the essays in the order given to them in the book. Walter Hooper's contribution, "C.S. Lewis: The Man and His Thought," is one more in the long series of anecdotal memoirs about his acquaintance with C.S. Lewis. He begins by telling us modestly and accurately that if C.S. Lewis was a dinosaur, he was a *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, while Hooper is "only a Mesozoic Mouse." The contents of his essay are as charming as ever, and contain one passage that I found illuminating in my attempts to understand the purpose of Hooper's on-running memoirs. He tells us that Lewis explained to him the meaning of *A Grief Observed*, which "supposedly consists of a series of reflections." (p. 22) It is, Hooper says, actually "a carefully constructed work of Christian apologetics in which the author tries to imagine what reactions and follies each of us is likely to commit when we lose someone we love." Hooper continues "Lewis told me that he felt he had to make the book sound autobiographical if it was to help the average man and woman..." (p. 22) Perhaps Hooper's memoirs are also to be understood in this light. Since there is no source given for this essay other than the note that it is Copyright C.S. Lewis Pte. Ltd. 1991, I assume that it has not been previously published.

The following essay, very much in contrast in every possible way, is Ann Loades' "Some Reflections on C.S. Lewis's *A Grief Observed*," first published in *Literature and Theology* 3.1 (1989). She is a distinguished British theologian whose superb annotated anthology of the spirituality of Dorothy L. Sayers I have already reviewed. She interprets *A Grief Observed*, rightly, I think, as one of a series of books which express Lewis' experiences of Joy, his wife, including *The Four Loves* and *Letters to Malcolm*. The knowledge of human experience expressed in these works is knowledge based directly upon Lewis' mature experience of love, marriage, and bereavement.

Professor Loades takes *A Grief Observed* seriously, both as an accurate account of grieving and as a genuine effort to understand the meaning of a specific death (there are no other kinds of death) in the context of the saying that "God is Love," and concludes, among other things, that "Lewis's marriage... had enabled the pair to become fully human, led out beyond their senses." (p. 42) Her essay is the best work I have read on *A Grief Observed* and perhaps the best essay in this volume, making me glad I had gone to the trouble of acquiring it. [Continued on next page]

MILESTONES

Since the last issue two notable marriages have taken place among Society members: Wayne Hammond and Christina Scull; Mike Glycer and Diana Pavlac. We give them our warmest wishes for their new happy lives together.

Robert Hoyer's "The Epistemology of C.S. Lewis' *Till We Have Faces*," first published in *Anglican Theological Review* 70.3 (July 1988), is a close match for Professor Loades' essay, and an excellent addition to the subject of the difficulty of understanding God's intentions. It precisely and effectively fulfills the promise of its title. Epistemology, which Webster's rather ploddingly defines as "the theory or science of the method and grounds of knowledge," is indeed the subject of this essay and is indeed, as the essay well establishes and well details, a central theme of *Till We Have Faces*. In words that could be equally applied to *A Grief Observed*, Hoyer says that "What Orual [who is the purported author of her own story] has to report is not leisured and dispassionate theological reflection, but events that are highly charged personally." (p. 55) And, he adds that

Epistemologically, what lies at the heart of *Till We Have Faces* is the belief that holy places are dark places. The darkness of the Divine is, in Lewis' view, the result of the ambiguity of the signs of its presence and the mystery of its ways. (p. 59)

The single essay on MacDonald, Frank P. Riga's "From Time to Eternity: MacDonald's Doorway Between," apparently published for the first time here, addresses the role of dreams in *At the Back of the North Wind*. "I wish to argue," he says, "that MacDonald intended the fantasy portions of the work to be largely a series of dreams." (p. 84) In this travel "from time to eternity... the doorway between is almost always the dream." (p. 84) I have to admit that I cannot discuss this particular book from a purely analytical and/or critical viewpoint, because it has literally formed the furniture of my psyche, having been read aloud to me by my second grade teacher and understood by me from then to now as an account of exactly what happened to Diamond, but I will try. Riga's essay carefully states that "MacDonald's concept of dreams... is more expansive [than Freud's], embracing not only the self and the phenomenal reality, but also a transcendent reality that enlarged human spiritual possibilities." (p. 84) So far, so good. On this basis, he explains that "Diamond's journeys with North Wind are dreams, and these encounters and the other announced dreams [like Nanny's trip to the moon], including Diamond's journey to the back of the North Wind, make up the major portion of the novel's fantasy." (p. 91) They, he says, are a form of "spiritual education." For one who visited the Earthly Paradise (as Dorothy L. Sayers interprets the setting of Dante's *selva antica*, which she translates "sacred wood") with Diamond long before visiting it with Dante, this pedantic language is simply not enough. It has, despite all Riga's excellent efforts, a whiff of that deadly concept embodied in the phrase "it was only a dream." Probably, for the less besotted, Riga's approach will be not only illuminating but a sophisticated and convincing aid in making this children's novel accessible to contemporary readers, and in this spirit I heartily commend it.

The final essay, "From Fairy Tales to Fairy Tale: the Spiritual Pilgrimage of C.S. Lewis," by W.E. Knicker-

bocker Jr., also evidently published here for the first time, is a reiteration, mostly based upon long quotes from Lewis, of what has been said in more detail and to greater effect elsewhere, but works well enough here as a defense of Christianity and of Lewis as its defender. Even so, there is a certain candy-flavored stickiness in referring to "the greatest fairy tale of all, the myth-bearing fairy tale of Jesus Christ, which is also fact." (p. 113) For those who would prefer a more magisterial phrasing of this idea, J.R.R. Tolkien's essay "On Fairy-stories," is recommended.

— Nancy-Lou Patterson



Charles Williams 1886-1945 In Memoriam 50 Years Ago

It was a Spring morning, Tuesday, May 15, 1945 — when nature was so alive, and the news of the end of World War II in Europe was still very fresh in the air — before the regular Tuesday morning meeting of the Inklings, that C.S. Lewis walked to the Radcliffe Infirmary. He had a book he wanted to lend Williams, and expected to take messages from Williams back to the others. Lewis said he learned of the death at the hospital itself:

... expecting this news that day as little (almost) as I expected to die that day myself.... When I joined them with my actual message — it was only a few minutes' walk from the Infirmary but, I remember, the very streets looked different — I had some difficulty in making them believe or even understand what had happened. The world seemed to us at that moment primarily a *strange* one. That sense of strangeness continued with a force which sorrow itself has never quite swallowed up.... no event has so corroborated my faith in the next world as Williams did simply by dying. When the idea of death and the idea of Williams thus met in my mind it was the idea of death that was changed. (Essays Presented to Charles Williams, C.S. Lewis, editor, Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1966, p. xiv. underlining of words added for emphasis.)

Now, fifty years later, for those who know Williams though his works, find him to continue to change their view of both death and life. *Mythlore* invites papers that assess the both rich contributions and an overview of what Williams has uniquely given us.

— Glen GoodKnight