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Abstract

The Collected Poems of C.S. Lewis: A Critical Edition. Edited by Don W. King. Reviewed by Joe R. Christopher.

Tree of Salvation: Yggdrasil and the Cross in the North. G. Ronald Murphy. Reviewed by Jon Garrad.

Anglo-Saxon Community in J.R.R. Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings. Deborah A. Higgins. Reviewed by Yvette Kisor.

Surprised by the Feminine: A Rereading of C.S. Lewis and Gender. Monika B. Hilder. Reviewed by Laura Lee Smith.

Arda Inhabited: Environmental Relationships in The Lord of The Rings. Susan Jeffers. Reviewed by Jeremy Larson.

Joy: Poet, Seeker, and the Woman Who Captivated C.S. Lewis. Abigail Santamaria. Reviewed by Crystal Hurd.

A Naked Tree: Love Sonnets to C.S. Lewis and Other Poems. Joy Davidman. Ed. Don W. King. Reviewed by Joe R. Christopher.

The Hero Enkidu. Lewis Turco. Reviewed by Nicholas Birns.

Encyclopedia of Goddesses & Heroines. Patricia Monaghan. Reviewed by Cait Coker.

The Oxford Inklings. Colin Duriez. Reviewed by Crystal Hurd.

The Fellowship: The Literary Lives of the Inklings. Philip Zaleski and Carol Zaleski. Reviewed by Crystal Hurd.

The Pilgrim's Regress: Wade Annotated Edition. C.S. Lewis. Edited and introduced by David C. Downing. Reviewed by Mike Foster.

North Wind: A Journal of George MacDonald Studies. Editors John Pennington and Fernando Soto.
Reviewed by Janet Brennan Croft.

Supernatural Studies. Special Issue: Television and the Supernatural. Editor Leah Richards; Guest editor
Marisa C. Hayes. Reviewed by Janet Brennan Croft.

Journal of Inklings Studies: Theology, Philosophy, Literature. Special Issue: Inklings and the Bible.
Executive editor Judith Wolfe. Reviewed by Janet Brennan Croft.

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Hurd, Yvette Kisor, Jeremy Larson, and Laura Lee Smith



REVIEWS

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF C.S. LEWIS: A CRITICAL EDITION. Edited by Don W. King. Kent, Ohio: The Kent State University Press, 2015. x, 485 pp. ISBN 978-1-60635-202-1. \$75.00.

Don W. King's edition of nearly all of Lewis's poems is a major accomplishment. If this reviewer counts correctly, King has collected 273 poems (including one appearing in the bibliographic notes). Some of them are trivial verses dashed off in letters, but the majority have interest and value for one reason or another (that is, if one is not limited in sympathies to free verse, for Lewis is, in current terminology, a formalist—and if one does not reject some difficult poems). King estimates that he has collected about ninety-five percent of Lewis's original poems, for other poems may be found. He also has omitted some "poetic fragments and a few minor poems" and Lewis's translation of the *Aeneid*, the latter as not being original (it has been separately published, in 2011) (4). One correction to this introduction: King says that he is collecting twelve poems for the first time—one of these, "Not for Your Reading, Not Because I Dream" (an inscription for a copy of *Dymer* given Ruth Pitter) was previously published in Kathryn Lindscoog's *Sleuthing C.S. Lewis* in 2001 (147). The poem appears here on p. 376; the claim that it is being published for the first time on p. 471. But eleven new poems are welcome and the collecting of all of the poems in one place is even more welcome.

The term "critical edition" in the subtitle is important. A critical edition attempts to establish the basic versions of the works being collected. For example, King sets up three basic rules for his edition: first, the poems are arranged chronologically (except for a final section of undatable poems), to allow for (he says) the comparison of Lewis's prose and poetry in the same periods. (This reviewer was struck by the number of poems after World War II which predicted social disaster.) Second, those poems which were published in Lewis's lifetime appear in the version originally published—in other words, it is known in those cases that Lewis approved of the text as he submitted it. Some readers may remember, in King's earlier book *C.S. Lewis, Poet*, his discussion of three versions of the sonnet "This is all flashy rhetoric about loving you" (16-19)—it reminds a reader that decisions have to be made about

versions. It simplifies matters, sometimes, to have the rule about life-time publication. But it also means that titles Walter Hooper has given to poems vanish if the poem was never titled by Lewis or was collected by Hooper under a different title than that an earlier publication. For example, the narrative poem that Hooper titled "The Nameless Isle" appears here with its first line used as a title, "In a Spring Season I Sailed Away" (241), since it was not titled by Lewis; it is also indexed under the new title in the "Bibliography of Poem Sources" (467). A more popular poem that has its title changed from Hooper's decision to that of its first publication is Hooper's "A Confession" (*Poems* 1) which goes back to "Spartan Nactus" (388, 474). Not just a titular change, but one involving the final couplet also, is Hooper's "What the Bird Said Early in the Year" (*Poems* 71) and King's "Chanson D'Adventure" (322-23; 462; cf. 369.n11). The Bibliography of Poem Sources gives Hooper's title in each case. These changes may cause confusion in a few cases, but King's approach does fit the scholarly nature of a critical edition. (King does not denigrate Hooper's choices, simply goes for scholarship; indeed, the volume is dedicated to Hooper.) Third, more obviously, King has "silently corrected obvious misspellings and made occasional minor changes in punctuation."

One near inconsistency exists. King says that, since this is not a variorum edition of Lewis's poetry, he does not give differences between the drafts of the same poem (4-5); but he states, in a different paragraph, that he does give "minor variations between Lewis's holograph version and the published version" of "certain narrative poems" (5). In these instances, King evidently felt he needed to match the information on "In a Spring Season I Sailed Away" ("The Nameless Isle"), "When the Year Dies in Preparation for the Birth" ("Launcelot"), and "The Queen of Drum" which Hooper gave in *Narrative Poems*. For example, Hooper on l. 25 of "Launcelot" footnotes "through all these winter days, gave answer" with "they say, this winter season, answered" (95). King has an endnote number on the same line (261) and in the appropriate Notes section has "In the holograph, Lewis crossed out the phrase *they say, this winter season, answered* and substituted *through all these winter days, gave answer*" (309n88). According to King's notes, this is more a difference between an original version and a revised version than between the holograph, as such, and the published version.

A major decision in the volume beyond the organization of the poems chronologically is the creating of divisions within that chronology. King has seven chronological sections, although he does not discuss the reasons for his decisions for the number of years in each—perhaps he is trying to avoid forcing some attitude toward the poems in each section. At any rate, the sections begin like this: 1907-1914, 1915-1919, 1920-1925. Next comes the "poems" of just one year, 1926, followed by three groupings more like those at

first. After that is the section of "Undated Poems." Despite the plural section title of "Poems 1926," that section, which covers more pages than those in any other section, has only one poem: Lewis's longest narrative poem, *Dymer*.

As said, the rationale for the length of the sections is never made clear, and perhaps of more importance, no listing of the titles of the poems in order of appearance exists. The Contents page simply lists the sections (vii). This is a bother in using the book; one does not have an overview of the poems in a time period. Both the "Bibliography of Poem Sources" (455-458) and the indices of titles and first lines at the back of the book are arranged alphabetically.

This reviewer also wishes the information about the poems was not scattered. Immediately after each poem is its date—or dates, in the case of poems that have a known date of composition and then a date of previous publication. But then at the end of each chronological section are the endnotes for the poems in that section, mainly identifications of references or allusions in the poems, translations of foreign languages (including the whole poems in a few cases), and other general information, including very occasionally King's critical comments. And finally in "Bibliography of Poem Sources" appears a subsection giving information about original and subsequent publications, where holograph copies are available (if they are), and occasionally other information. Quite frankly, this reviewer wishes the endnotes and the bibliographic information were given directly after each poem. As a \$75 volume, this is more a scholarly book than one in which the poems have to be kept clear of annotation. Perhaps the thought was that to emphasize the scholarship might have stopped sales to some public libraries.

Some other minor objections to the treatment of materials. First, matters of lineage in one way or another. When the poem divides a verse paragraph in the middle of a line, the practice here is to count each separate half as a line; the common literary practice is to count the two half lines as all one line. For example, in "The Tale of Psyche Is Unjustly Told," this happens:

—I think it was like that.

What follows next

I take for truth; but who can read the text? (131)

According to the line numbers in the margin, "—I think it was like that" is line 29 and "What follows next" is line 30, rather than being, together, line 29. This means lines will be off in scholarly citations at times. This occurs in the same poem on the next page, ll. 63-64; in "The Silence of the Night," p. 134, ll. 57-58, p. 135, ll. 96-97, p. 136, 1333-134; and in various other places. Sometimes the text does not properly indent the second half of such split line: in "Old Kirk,

Like *Father Time Himself*" (129), the partial line "But mark this well: his daring reached" is not indented to follow "The word of death" (ll. 22-23 in this edition). (These are two parts of an iambic hexameter line.) In "*Le Roi S'Amuse*" (349), the final line of the fourth stanza is admittedly too long to be complete on the page (although the octometer final lines of the other stanzas do fit), but the line is divided before it needs to be and the carry-over part of the line is counted as another full line. In "March for Drum, Trumpet, and Twenty-one Giants" (382), the last lines of the three stanzas are also carry-over lines (no doubt copied from the original publication), but the lines would fit as the end of the previous line, as they should. (That the carry-over was not done deliberately by Lewis is clear from the fact that the lines are not equal metrically—the first has three metrical feet and the other two have two; also, the carry-overs do not start with capital letters.) They also are counted as separate lines in the numbering. In "The Country of the Blind" (377-378), twice two syllables that seem to belong to the previous line are given a line by themselves (and are counted as separate lines): in the first stanza, "A long" and in the fifth stanza, "'Of course.'" This reviewer reads the four-line stanzas as consisting two lines of six-beat lines followed by two lines of three-beat lines, without a regular pattern to unaccented and accented syllables.

A few unrelated mechanical problems can be added. In "Quam Bene Saturno" (30) line 15 reads "Bade whose there by chance might roam": probably "whose" is a mistake (at some point in the transmission) for "those who" — which helps the meter and the sense. In the last stanza of "The Country of the Blind" (378), the dash at the end of the next-to-last line should be a hyphen: "Dread but dear as a mountain— / Mass, stood plain to the inward eye." Mountain-mass is a compound noun. Another dash used when a hyphen is meant occurs in "Evolutionary Hymn" (384): "Value means survival— / Value" (ll. 31-32). Survival-value is the point. (Also in that same poem, in l. 14, "my" is a misprint for "may" and in l. 36, logically the period and the closing parenthesis are reversed in order.) In the first line of "After Aristotle" (390), "will" should be "with." On p. 392, a poem is titled "Experempment"; the OED does not know of such a word. On p. 393, in "Lords Coëval with Creation," one of the levels of angelic beings is misspelled; there should be an "n" in Pricedom.

Finally, some comments about materials within the editor's areas of decision. (1) The word "drum" is used in "The Silence of the Night" (135-36, ll. 107, 119, 134) and, obviously, "The Queen of Drum" (268 *passim*). It would have been useful to give the Irish and Scottish definition of "drum" from the OED: "A ridge or 'rigg,' a long narrow hill often separating parallel valleys." (Lewis seems to use it more as a hill next to a lowlands. Perhaps an Ulster meaning?) (2) The dedication of the second edition of *Dymer* to Marjorie Milne

is not mentioned; surely it should have appeared in an endnote. (3) The editorial explanation of "Olympos" is distorted: "*Olympos* is Lewis's variant spelling of *Olympus*" (372n58). Rather, Olympos is the traditional Greek spelling (in English lettering) instead of the more commonly used Roman variant spelling. (4) The publication of "March for Strings, Kettledrums, and Sixty-three Dwarfs" in the "Bibliography of Poem Sources" (470) seems absurd, based on a mis-use of the word "stanza." The "Narnian Suite" is *not* made up of two "stanzas," but two poems. A stanza is a section of a lyric (or, sometimes, a narrative) poem, but not of a collection of poems. One thinks of the OED definition of "suite" in the musical sense: "A set of instrumental compositions [...] to be played in succession." So the "March for [...] Sixty-three Dwarfs" should have appeared among the undated poems. Also, "March for Drum, Trumpet, and Twenty-one Giants" ties to the lines in *The Last Battle* in this passage:

Even Tirian's heart grew lighter as he walked ahead of them [his companions], humming an old Narnian marching song which had the refrain:

Ho, rumble, rumble, rumble, rumble,
Rumble drum belaboured. (*The Last Battle* 90)

One would think these two lines of verse would deserve at least quotation in a note in this collection of all of Lewis's poems. (Lewis also refers to "the" dwarfish marching song in *The Last Battle* [78], but he does not quote from it, so it is not of the same importance.)

(5) Presumably King does not reprint Lewis's translations of excerpts of Jean de Meun's part of the *Roman de la Rose* into Middle English in *The Allegory of Love* (147-153) on the same grounds that he did not reprint Lewis's translation of parts of the *Aeneid* into Modern English—it was not original poetry. But probably it should have been mentioned. (6) *The Great Divorce* has two songs rendered in prose, the first sung by "Nature of Arch-nature of [the] land," beginning "The Master says to our master, Come up" (94-95); and the second sung by Bright Spirits, beginning "The Happy Trinity is her home" (109-110). Whether or not they should have been collected as prose poems by Lewis is open for discussion, but surely the point should have been acknowledged.

Other quibbles of one sort or another could be added about what appears in the endnotes to various poems and to Lewis's "Introductory Letter"—for example, the reference to "gathering samphire" in the latter (457, cf. 458n17) seems to be an allusion to Edgar's description to Gloucester of one who "gathers samphire" half-way down the cliff at Dover—"dreadful trade!" (*King Lear*, Act IV, Sc. VI). But the more significant points have been made.

In King's "Introduction: Why Lewis's Poetry Matters," he writes, "So, yes, I do think Lewis's poetry matters, both for biographical and literary reasons" (2). This reviewer has no objection to this statement, but an attentive reading of the following several statements about the significance of Lewis's poetry finds that they all resolve themselves into statements about the poems' contents or about their biographical importance for a poetic character of Lewis's later prose (the latter may be the "literary reasons"). One should not be surprised by this. It is difficult to make a case for poetry's literary importance *per se* when one cannot point to their literary influence on later imitators (or at least testimonials from major critics about their great artistry) or when one does not have the space to do New Critical readings. King does what he can about the poems' importance, but basically this collection of the poems is beginning point of further studies. His previous book on Lewis's poems, valuable as it is, was too much under the influence of Lewis's prose as the *real* success.

Despite all the quibbles, and despite the need for an *errata*, this publication is, in the main, very successful and extremely valuable. The Critical Edition of Lewis's poetry is certainly justified. If one ignores the nonce-verses from letters, excellent poems appear here. In the long run, those poems starting in the 1940s with their experiments in stanzas, their handling of long lines, and their startling use of enjambment will provide a model for other Formalists. Lewis's epigrams, in their tidy structures, suggest the skill of Ben Jonson (not that Lewis would have appreciated the comparison). Lewis also writes, at times, what can only called light verse with serious overtones. All of these are now collected in texts as good as possible at present—perhaps as good as possible *simpliciter*—short of a variorum edition. This is a major contribution to Lewis studies.

—Joe R. Christopher

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TREE OF SALVATION: YGGDRASIL AND THE CROSS IN THE NORTH. G. Ronald Murphy, S.J. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013. 256 pp. \$35.00. ISBN 978-0199948611.

MURPHY'S TEXT IS A LONG-TERED WORK, NEARLY TWENTY YEARS in the making, which has been encouraged by the interest of the Mythopoeic Society's members. (It won the Mythopoeic Award for Myth and Fantasy Studies in 2014; an excerpt was presented as Murphy's Guest of Honor speech at Mythcon 43 in 2012 and published in *Mythlore* 119/120, Fall/Winter 2012.) It may seem familiar to some who are reading this review: some may have corresponded with its author, in the wake of his initial moment of realization. Such moments—those when a piece of knowledge “comes home,” giving the impression that one has always known and understood the matter at hand—are the prime mover in Murphy's reflection on the Christianizing of Scandinavia. They are compelling moments, in which connections and reflections become apparent, in which new pieces of a semiotic puzzle fall into place. They are also moments of which we should be wary: in their thrall, we see reflections which may not be there, skew what we see to make connections that are not sound. Murphy's scholarship is superb, but at times his enthusiasm seems to overtake him. Nonetheless, *Yggdrasil* is such a labor of love, so rare in its holistic and poetic approach to history, and at its best so insightful into the process by which the Cross came to the North that to quibble too much seems churlish.

In Murphy's view the process of Christianizing Scandinavia rested on this idea of “coming home” (2)—letting the heathen mind take note and build upon the symbolic and narrative correspondences between the native faith and Christianity. His analysis rests on three “cultural monuments” (4)—the architecture of the Scandinavian churches, the *Dream of the Rood* and the runes of the fuþark, and the significance of the evergreen tree in Yuletide celebration. His chief sources in interpreting them are the Poetic Edda and the Elder Edda. Looming large over his interpretations and binding them together is the image of Yggdrasil as protector at the world's end, the refuge in which Líf and Lífþrasir hide in the great tree, only to emerge as the first man and woman in the new world after Ragnarok. Murphy notes the instances in which Christian artists have depicted the Cross as a—or the—Tree of Life, and argues that a metaphorical merging took place between Christ and Woden. Woden hung on the Tree, near death, to discover knowledge; Christ hung on the Cross in acceptance of his life in the world, and thus his death.

With this in mind, Murphy begins his analysis of the first “cultural monument,” to wit the earliest Scandinavian churches. These structures redefine the familiar Church architecture from elsewhere in Europe, and their

transformation is bound up with the reinterpretation of the Gospel into a Northern epic. The wooden stave churches of Sweden, for instance, each serve as a Christian Yggdrasil, “the holy wooden place of protection at the doomsday” (29), with their congregations sheltering within them as Lif and Lifthrasir would. In support of his assertion, Murphy deconstructs the shapes, portals and interiors, inspecting the allusions within the form and decoration of the churches themselves. The basis for his doing so, he claims, is that general scholarship on the stave churches has been preoccupied with the fact of their endurance: the meaning of them has been neglected.

Murphy addresses this with his idea of architecture as mythopoeic text, deconstructed through a range of contexts. For example, he cites Pope Gregory’s direction to Augustine that the pagan temples of the North should be converted into churches (32), alongside the very materiality of the structure, the symbolic significance of the wood from which it’s built (35) and the semiotics of the portal decorations, with their narratives of Ragnarok which guide the faithful into the correct places ordained by Christian ritual (41).

The chapter moves on to survey other crosses and churches from across Northern Europe, including Bornholm’s round church and the Viking crosses at Middleton. They are assessed in similar detail and with the same emphasis on Northern depictions of Christian narratives. In all depictions, Christ’s tree is depicted as an Yggdrasil that can rescue those whose corpses have been devoured by the Nidhogg (55).

In his second chapter, Murphy focuses on the oldest poem in the English language, *The Dream of the Rood*, in which the Cross appears as a tree that is alive and aware and reacting to the Crucifixion. His reading builds on Adelheid Thieme’s observation that the Dream presents Christian faith as a “secular Anglo-Saxon experience” (127, emphasis in original); Murphy claims the poem’s images are in fact derived from pre-Christian religious experiences.

He begins with the Ruthwell cross, examining the runic Dream of the Rood appearing on it. The deconstruction is based on the shape of the Ruthwell cross, the position of the runes forming the poem, the surrounding imagery and the illustration: one circuit around the cross forms the complete narrative. His work on the narrative introduces his perspective on the runes themselves. Derived as they are from Woden’s ordeal on the Tree of Life, the gift of runic language demands a gift in return, that of the poem. The runes give the power of speech to that on which they are written or carved, making language out of inanimate material, from which Murphy derives an elegant symbolic circle. In the Latin hymns, the cross is sung to, but in *The Dream of the Rood*, the cross sings (131) in recognition of Christ’s passing from the world. In short: Woden’s gift of language empowers the cross to sing the praises of Christ.

Following similar coverage of the other two extant versions of the poem, Murphy continues with an analysis of the runes themselves. This, while impressive, is the first hint of the enthusiast's passion overtaking the scholar's clinical and critical responsibility: accustomed now to seeking references and allusions to the Gospel in the material he examines, Murphy begins to freewheel, rearranging and reinterpreting material in a manner which supports those allusions.

The interpretation of the sequence of runes in the elder fuþark has, Murphy argues, "been impeded [...] by an appeal to an unnecessarily restricted, literal and nonmythological notion of religious magic" (154), which serves to justify his more liberal and liberated attitude. His key argument is that the order of letters in the elder fuþark is a code, corresponding to a Christian message. It is inspired in part by the work of Skeat, who claims that the fuþark is an acronym for the Paternoster, beginning Father Ure Thou An Heafon. Murphy rightly notes that this falls apart under close reading of the very first line alone, and that "Skeat had to manipulate the whole prayer to get its initial Saxon letters to correspond to the rune sequence in the fuþark [sic]" (158).

However, Murphy does the same thing to the fuþark itself, with all the conviction of the conspiracy theorist. He starts from the idea that "there must be some significance behind the deviation from simply following the Greco-Roman alphabetic order of the letters [...]. Is it possible that the deliberately restructured Germanic sequence does spell out something in the rune-row of the fuþark?" (156), and having posed this question posits a "possible solution" (*ibid.*)—well and good. Having set out on this course, he claims (161) that the traditional aetts are arranged as they are for cryptographic ease only; he therefore presupposes another ordering pre-dating the aetts and decides that the aetts are a red herring, concealing a hidden message.

However well cited the argument, and at this stage Murphy is not without his footnoted fellow travelers, it begins a string of small leaps of faith and presuppositions which gradually become larger and larger, spurred on by a mindset and a discourse which are saturated with the search for connections. Such frames of mind are familiar to readers, to scholars, or—given the subject—to those who practice divination. Once one has lit upon a correspondence or a connection, the urge is to take it further, to identify all possible significances in a series of thoughts along the following lines: "if we interpret this thus, then it supports that and implies the other." The temptation is to find the perfect fit, the exact correspondence, regardless of the twists and turns one has to take along the way, and midway through his argument Murphy begins to deploy the exact qualifiers—"if this decipherment is

accurate" (164)—which signify that one has given into that temptation. Speculation is built not on solid conclusion but on further speculation.

In Murphy's reconstruction of the fuþark, the U is put in, basically, because it has to go somewhere if the fuþark is to function as an alphabet, and because a vowel has to appear there for euphony's sake (163). The poetic resonance of the fuþark depicting its own letters as "sticks that speak" (165) is compelling, but it is based on too many instances of supplying missing letters and re-interpreting the significance of others. Murphy's conclusion is that the fuþark has a double meaning, if parts of it are overwritten in Greek to produce a Christian message, and that this overwriting is done onto an earlier coded mention of Christ by a "fuþark poet" who foresaw that this significance would one day fall out of understanding (170).

It is exciting, but far-reaching and perhaps far-fetched. The application of Occam's Razor to the historical process Murphy describes might suggest that the fuþark was re-contextualized during the evangelical process in much the same way as Nordic myths were incorporated into Christian art and architecture. This seems more stable than the reading based on presupposed authorship, cryptographic re-arrangings and substitutions, which are a little too reminiscent of the very Skeat who Murphy ends up partially redeeming as "in a sense prescient" (187).

In his third and last chapter, Murphy turns to the evergreens of Christmas, charting a middle way between the insistences that the Christmas tree is a pagan idol with no place in a Christian household, and that it is a purely Christian invention with nary a trace of the pagan in it. He approaches the tree indirectly, via the pagan festival of Yule and the customary wreaths associated with it. Murphy identifies these as a solar wheel, celebrating the return of the sun and shared at the darkest period of the year, and corresponding to the nativity of Christ, the "New Year that will never end" (198).

He ascribes a similar meaning to the Christmas tree, but also identifies it as another form of Yggdrasil, protecting Life and Life-Giver through the longest winter, with the dual symbolism justified through the reminder that Pope Gregory the Great commanded that pagan temples, feasts and feasting be retained and repurposed wherever possible (206). The evergreen tree is therefore, through symbolism and through the stories Murphy concludes by analyzing, associated with "those Christians who were inculturating their faith, adapting to the local Germanic religious customs and iconography, treating the evergreen as prophetic, and building stave and round churches" (207-8).

The process is almost taken for granted now: the idea that Christianity came to the Germanic and Nordic lands by careful degrees,

incorporating what it could and abolishing what it could not, is a matter of record. What Murphy achieves is a studious, insightful and erudite description of how this might have been done. On rare occasions his thinking comes across as wishful, but his engagement with the artefacts and architecture of the Northern lands is deep and thorough, and his conclusions in relation to the mythopoeic resonance and purpose of concrete objects are highly convincing. As said at the beginning, *Tree of Salvation* is a labor of love: a love which is palpable and apparent throughout its pages.

—Jon Garrad



ANGLO-SAXON COMMUNITY IN J.R.R. TOLKIEN'S *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*. Deborah A. Higgins. Oloris Press, 2014. 198 pp. 9781940992037. \$14.99 (softcover).

THIS IS A PHYSICALLY BEAUTIFUL VOLUME with cover art by Ted Nasmith and color illustrations by Danielle Storey. The interior illustrations are done in the style of medieval illuminations but recall scenes from Tolkien's fiction. Each chapter begins with a larger illustration relevant to the chapter's topic; in addition, historiated initials open chapters and smaller design motifs close them, and the art often includes the interlace patterns typical of Anglo-Saxon art. These illustrations are not only lovely to look at, but encapsulate the author's main argument: that Tolkien both inhabited and reproduced Anglo-Saxon community through his fiction.

The book includes a forward written by Colin Duriez, a writer focused on the Inklings. The first chapter serves as an introduction that presents the thesis, the idea of Tolkien's special relationship with Anglo-Saxon community, and lays out the plan of the book. Chapter Two, "On Fairy-Stories and Monsters," focuses on two seminal essays of Tolkien's: "On Fairy-stories," which gives a theoretical underpinning to his concept of the fairy-story, and "Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics," his ground-changing essay on *Beowulf*. Higgins summarizes each essay in detail, quoting liberally from both. In particular, she emphasizes Tolkien's concept of the "Cauldron of Story" to discuss both his view of how ancient fairy-stories (such as *Beowulf*) were constructed and his own technique. While her point here is clear, at times she quotes excessively, or repeats the same quotes in different contexts for emphasis, leaving the reader sometimes wishing for more of her own work in

tying things together. She also focuses on the “Northern theory of courage” both as discussed by Tolkien (in the context of *Beowulf*) and as exemplified in his own work, tempered by his Christian viewpoint and his notion of eucatastrophe. This chapter largely serves to lay the groundwork for the main thrust of her work.

Chapter Three, “Tolkien Enters the Anglo-Saxon Community Through the Mead-Hall Building,” focuses on Tolkien’s entry points to the Anglo-Saxon community, primarily language and secondarily the mead hall. Higgins discusses the physical structure of the ancient mead hall as well as its function in Anglo-Saxon (or more broadly, Germanic) society. Given its focus on the physical structure of the mead hall, this section would benefit from a diagram or more detailed illustration. She focuses on the Rohirrim as Tolkien’s approximation of Anglo-Saxon culture, an idea she expands on in Chapter Four: “The Role of the Lord, Comitatus, and Gift-Giving within the Mead Hall.” Some of this is a bit repetitive, and much of her initial discussion in this chapter is hardly new territory, but her detailed analysis of the feast motif (drawing heavily on Magennis’s *Image of Community in Old English Poetry*) is helpful once applied to *The Lord of the Rings*, and especially as she moves away from Rohan to look at how Tolkien adjusted the feast motif to the elven and hobbit cultures. Her final chapter, “Lady with a Mead Cup: The Lady and Her Role as Cup-bearer, Ambassador, Wife, and Warrior,” moves on to focus particularly on Galadriel and Éowyn. The discussion of Anglo-Saxon examples is quite thorough and the application to Tolkien’s fiction interesting. The discussion of Galadriel is helpful as far as it goes, but in emphasizing the ways in which Galadriel exemplifies aspects of the Anglo-Saxon lady (and I agree that she does), Higgins at times does not go far enough in underlining the ways in which Galadriel goes beyond them, particularly in how she embodies her own authority that does not derive from Celeborn. The discussion of Éowyn draws some interesting parallels with Galadriel as well as the Anglo-Saxon models; of particular interest is the cup-bearing ritual at the departure of Aragorn and company, which Higgins notes shares some features with the betrothal oath described by Enright (*Lady with a Mead Cup*), though it could also be understood as a version of the more usual cup-bearing ritual in which Éowyn occupies the roles of both lord (standing in for Théoden) and lady (bearing the cup).

A word should be said about Higgins’s use of outside scholarship. While clearly not writing for an academic readership, scholarly support is often present, particularly when she is discussing the Anglo-Saxon elements, and she frequently provides footnotes (conveniently located at the bottom of each page rather than at the end of the chapter or volume) to provide opportunities for following up or exploring further. However, at other times,

particularly when she is discussing Tolkien's work rather than the older material, little scholarly support or opportunities for follow-up are provided; oftentimes these are areas where much work has already been done, but it is not here acknowledged. She quotes in Old English and provides translations, which works well; she also quotes in Middle English without providing translation, which works less well given her likely audience. Factual errors and editing mistakes are few and far between (though Gandalf's wearing of Narya is in fact revealed in the final chapter of *The Lord of the Rings*, not only *The Silmarillion* as stated [93] and Frodo is not, strictly speaking, Bilbo's sister-son as claimed [97n.44]).

This is a book I would recommend to students looking to explore more fully how Tolkien's knowledge of Old English literature and culture informs his fiction. While some of this is well-trodden ground, the final two chapters, particularly the detailed explorations of how Anglo-Saxon feast rituals are adapted to cultures of Middle-earth and how the lady and cup-bearing ritual associated with her are similarly adapted, are quite interesting. I am not sure the central conceit, that Tolkien did not simply explore and apply the notion of Anglo-Saxon community, but actually participated in it, is particularly helpful, but the idea of the importance of Anglo-Saxon community to Tolkien's fiction is certainly valid. This beautiful volume is well worth the low cost and would make an excellent addition to the library of any Tolkien reader, particularly one interested in the sources of Tolkien's fiction.

—Yvette Kisor



SURPRISED BY THE FEMININE: A REREADING OF C.S. LEWIS AND GENDER. Monika B. Hilder. Preface by Christopher W. Mitchell. New York, Washington, D.C./Baltimore, Bern, Frankfurt, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna, and Oxford: Peter Lang, 2013. Studies in Twentieth-Century British Literature series, Vol. 12. 207 pp. including notes, bibliography, index. US\$84.95. ISBN 978-1-4331-1989-7.

GENDER FLUIDITY IS AT THE CORE OF MONICA HILDER'S argument in this third and final volume of her critical re-examination of C.S. Lewis and gender issues. Hilder insists that "Lewis does not conflate biological sex with gender metaphor" (145; see also *id.* 22, 120, 155). Rather, "As the narrator states in *Perelandra*, 'Gender is a reality, and a more fundamental reality than sex. Sex is,

in fact, merely the adaptation to organic life of a fundamental polarity which divides all created beings” (22-23, quoting Lewis). One of the more intriguing aspects of her argument involves Lewis’s apparent willingness to appropriate and apply gender metaphor across the lines of biological sex. For example, Hilder suggests that Lewis unabashedly embraced descriptions of himself as “old woman” or “housewife,” compared women who work outside the home to soldiers in active combat service, and otherwise drew freely on cross-gender analogies in his writings (6-7, 10).

Hilder here focuses on Lewis’s lesser-known works, “from his earliest poetry and prose, such as *Dymer* (1926) and *The Pilgrim’s Regress* (1933), to his last novel *Till We Have Faces* (1956)” (2).¹ She suggests that Lewis is “not sexist but instead a culture critic of sexism,” and that he “offers a critique of cultural chauvinism so deep-going and profound that it has, for the most part, been overlooked” (2).

It is a slim volume. In Chapter One, “The Old Western *Enfant Terrible*” (1-31), Hilder provides an overview of the critics’ arguments about Lewis and gender, and maps out her thesis. In Chapter Two, “Old Wives, Virgins, and Tempresses; Their Husbands, Lovers, and Tempters” (32-92), Hilder tackles disparate works of prose and poetry spanning three decades, analyzing male and female characters thematically by character type. She largely focuses on whether and to what extent each character is a “classical” hero or antihero, as opposed to a “spiritual” hero.² Chapter Three (93-148) analyzes *Till We Have Faces*, and Chapter Four, “Eve’s Last, Best Word” (149-57), provides the conclusion.

I admire the project Hilder has undertaken, and I largely agree with her instincts about how best to read or interpret Lewis. Her discussion of *Till We Have Faces* is particularly satisfying, and I would strongly encourage

¹ Narnia and the space trilogy are referenced only in passing, as Hilder addressed them in her first two volumes. Of the works Hilder covers here, I am most familiar with *The Great Divorce*, which shaped my understanding of Christian theology. I had also previously read with careful attention *The Screwtape Letters*, *Till We Have Faces*, the “Northern Dragon” poem from *The Pilgrim’s Regress*, “The Shoddy Lands,” and a fair number of the essays Hilder discusses. However, many of the narrative poems and shorter fictional works are new to me, as I first read them in preparation for this review.

² Hilder defines and contrasts two heroic models in western thought (11-18). In her terminology, the “classical” hero is an active hero who is “motivated by egocentric pride in the effort to dominate others” (20) and will be admired for qualities such as self-reliance and forcefulness. A “spiritual” hero, by contrast, is “motivated by theocentric humility to release love which may empower others” (*id.*), and may be characterized by qualities such as cooperation and meekness. Hilder repeatedly returns to the contrast between an “ethos of pride, conquest, and autonomy” and an “ethos of humility, receptivity, and interdependence” (152).

anyone who is open-minded about the received criticisms of Lewis to read the book in its entirety. Hilder offers a nuanced and careful discussion of many “sticking points” and provides some significant correctives as well as food for thought. Throughout the book, for example, she takes care to note relevant statements Lewis made before he encountered Joy Davidman, as a counterpoint to the narrative that Lewis’s views on women softened with age and marriage.³

Unfortunately, as a defense of Lewis against charges of sexism, the book falls somewhat flat. The problem may lie in the first chapter, which sets the stage for Hilder’s subsequent analysis. It is here that she must persuade readers to consider her suggested interpretation, even as she provides an overview of commonly expressed arguments and evidence on the topic of Lewis and gender. She carefully defines her contrasting heroic models (*supra* n2), and explains the concept of “theological feminism” (19-24)⁴ as well as the hierarchical worldview that undergirds it (*id.* 24-30). It is, from the start, an uphill battle, because even if we admit that Lewis was engaging in a counter-cultural theological feminism which sees *humanity itself* as “feminine” in relation to the “masculine” divine, so that humility, submission, and obedience to the divine are the natural order of things, we should not expect feminists to embrace Lewis as a long-overlooked ally. That is, if Lewis is saying that all humans, male and female, must submit to God and are elevated through their submission to the divine, this would seem (at most) merely to complicate the discussion of Lewis and gender, rather than to “redeem” him. For the gender analogy to work as Hilder suggests, there must be some idea that lesser beings (whether women or children or uneducated people) are elevated through submission to their natural superiors (perhaps men or parents or the learned).⁵ Indeed, Hilder acknowledges that the ethos of “simultaneous submission and authority” inherent in a Christian-inspired Medieval vision of hierarchy is “not comprehensible when seen only from a Marxist or related socio-political lens”

³ Lewis first received a letter from Davidman in 1950 (Gresham 44), and they met in 1952 (Green and Hooper 257). Davidman and her sons moved to nearby Oxford in 1955 (Gresham 62-63; Green and Hooper 260).

⁴ Essentially, “theological feminism” is shorthand for the idea that a “feminine” humankind is paradoxically elevated “through obedience to the ‘masculine’ divine,” so that “humility [is] the means of life” (Hilder 20).

⁵ In the “ancient orthodox tradition of European ethics from Aristotle to Johnson,” according to Lewis, “Everything except God has some natural superior; everything except unformed matter has some natural inferior. The goodness, happiness, and dignity of every being consists in obeying its natural superior and ruling its natural inferiors” (*A Preface to Paradise Lost* 73).

(26) and the metaphor “must surely be offensive to some feminists and perhaps all humanists” (148).

Hilder is undoubtedly correct that not everyone will be receptive to her arguments, but I cannot help thinking that she has pulled her punches to some extent. That is, she has failed to include an important corrective or clarification *provided by Lewis himself* which may make his hierarchical vision more palatable to those who may see hierarchy as inherently oppressive. Specifically, in his 1943 essay on “Equality,” Lewis argues that democracy is necessary because “Mankind is so fallen that no man can be trusted with unchecked power over his fellows. [...] I see no men fit to be masters” (17). He suggests that “the old authority in kings, priests, husbands, or fathers, and the old obedience in subjects, laymen, wives, and sons [...] was rightly taken away because men became bad and abused it” (*id.* 17-18). Due to humanity’s sinful nature after the Fall, Lewis recognizes “it would be wicked folly to restore these old inequalities on the legal or external plane” (*id.* 18). He therefore supports “as much equality as you please—the more the better—in our marriage laws” because “Men have so horribly abused their power over women” (*id.* 19). As a result, he calls only for “a willed and wholly spiritual reverence” within marriage from wives to husbands who have “no authority over [them] on the political level” (*id.*). In other words, Lewis offers a clear-sighted, unambiguous verdict on what happens when human men, as a class, are given *actual* “legal or external” power over human women: horrible abuse. His hierarchical metaphor must be seen in that light.

Indeed, it is perhaps this and other similar omissions that keep Hilder’s arguments from achieving the full persuasive impact they may deserve. As presented, Hilder’s repeated assertion that Lewis was a cultural critic of sexism is an intriguing hypothesis, but it is not sufficiently proven (in Chapter One or elsewhere) for her to proceed to build additional arguments on it. If, as it seems, Lewis considered himself unconventional and was ruthlessly committed to working out the implications of his faith in his life—that is, if, having grasped and come to believe in a particular religious truth as Truth, he tried to crucify his own prejudices and preferences in quest of Truth, regardless of what the surrounding culture believed—it is quite plausible that he may have become a culture critic of the ambient sexism of his time. Indeed, I think the evidence is plausible enough on this point that we should be willing to look for signs of such counter-cultural tendencies. But Hilder does not provide the necessary examples to demonstrate that Lewis recognized and called out the harmful sexism in his own culture. I have outlined one example above, from his essay “Equality,” where Lewis recognized that legal and political equality was necessary to protect women from the horrible abuses of men.

Another example may be found in *The Four Loves*, where Lewis forthrightly criticizes the way that male lust can objectify women:

We use a most unfortunate idiom when we say, of a lustful man prowling the streets, that he 'wants a woman.' Strictly speaking, a woman is just what he does not want. He wants a pleasure for which a woman happens to be the necessary piece of apparatus. How much he cares about the woman as such may be gauged by his attitude to her five minutes after fruition (one does not keep the carton after one has smoked the cigarettes). (94)

With almost clinical frankness, Lewis provides a painfully concrete image about what objectification of women looks like to a neutral observer who is neither victim nor victimizer. The metaphor retains its power to shock a half-century later, and will do so as long as men continue to treat women as commodities to be used and discarded. Of course, it is possible to *assume* this image reveals Lewis as a sexist; but even if he drew on his own baser inclinations in order to create the metaphor, he is describing objectification from the outside, as an observer, and not writing from "within" the experience. There is no hint of a wink, or of any acquiescence or approbation here.

Another example which might have strengthened Hilder's argument that Lewis was a cultural critic of sexism comes from his 1963 essay, "We Have No 'Right to Happiness.'" Lewis observes in the surrounding culture that women tend to value monogamy and domestic happiness more than men, and that "the quality by which [women] most easily hold a man, their beauty," decreases over time (321), while "those qualities of personality [...] by which [men] hold women," do not (*id.* 321-22). From these observations, he concludes that "in the ruthless war of promiscuity women are at a double disadvantage. They play for higher stakes and are also more likely to lose" (*id.* 322). Lewis therefore has "no sympathy with moralists who frown at the increasing crudity of female provocativeness," which he recognizes instead, with pity, as "signs of desperate competition" (*id.*). Today, after decades of increasing sexual liberation, our cultural assumptions may be different than his; we may not be much inclined to sympathize with moralists in any event. But in his era, it is surely striking that he dismissed the easy criticism of "female provocativeness" to criticize the underlying societal dynamics which (in his view) left women feeling powerless and desperate to compete with other women for male attention. He clearly does not approve of crude provocativeness; but it is the would-be seductresses with whom he empathizes, not the moralists who would condemn them. In effect, he looks past the "symptom" to diagnose the underlying cultural "condition" which

produces it. Including these or similar examples in Chapter One would have strengthened Hilder's argument that Lewis was a cultural critic of sexism.

A few detailed comments are also in order concerning Chapter Two. Hilder's effort to contrast old wives with husbands, female virgins with pure or redeemed male lovers, and temptresses with tempters, feels a bit strained at times. The female categories make sense, but the male categories do not quite dovetail with them, as if Hilder had to twist her definitions or her perspectives to find a reasonable number of male character counterparts. But her analysis (particularly of the female characters) is still intriguing and often helpful. I especially liked her discussion of temptresses. For example, Hilder argues that in the portrayal of Peggy in "The Shoddy Lands," "we might sense Lewis's pity for the woman who debases herself before largely male-dictated power" (76)⁶ and that John's self-conjured "brown girls" in *The Pilgrim's Regress*, which seduce and distract him on demand but remain entirely imperceptible to his parents, "illustrates the fantasies fuelled by male sexism" and implicitly "critiques the perverted patriarchal world in which temptresses grasp at the little power that they imagine they can have, and so debase themselves" (74).⁷ In other sections of the chapter, Hilder carefully parses Screwtape's negative comments about women, noting that "Screwtape's view of the 'normal twentieth-century girl' as a 'minx, moron, and a parasite'" is a "diabolical voice" and "a curious one to equate with the author's own" (33-34), while Screwtape's characterization of a young Christian woman as "demure, monosyllabic, mouse-like" is at odds with his complaint about her "satirical wit" (57-58). Hilder considers and addresses complaints about the idealized figure of Sarah Smith in *The Great Divorce* and concludes that Lewis is "attempt[ing] to feature the indescribable: a redeemed soul in glory" (47).

Hilder concludes *Surprised by the Feminine* on a humble note, suggesting that, even if her thesis is incorrect, the debate itself is a worthwhile one which not only does honor to Lewis—a man who enjoyed "a good, rousing critical argument" (149)—but which may also help us mine some of the wisdom of the past for new perspectives on the important cultural questions of our time (150-51, 157).

—Laura Lee Smith

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⁶ Her reading is consistent with "We Have No 'Right to Happiness'" as discussed above.

⁷ Her reading is consistent with views Lewis expressed in "Equality" as discussed above.

- Lewis, C.S. "Equality." 1943. *Present Concerns*. Ed. Walter Hooper. San Diego, New York, and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1986. 17-20.
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ARDA INHABITED: ENVIRONMENTAL RELATIONSHIPS IN *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*. Susan Jeffers. Kent, OH: Kent State UP, 2014. 156 + x p. 9781606352014. \$34.95.

IN HIS BLURB ON THE DUST JACKET of *Arda Inhabited*, Patrick Curry refers to Paul Ricoeur's phrase "a hermeneutics of suspicion," and I have to confess my own suspicion when a friend first told me about Susan Jeffers's book. Authors are perennially on the prowl for new angles, and I thought that a Tolkien studies book with an ecocritical angle smacked of opportunism, not to mention my misgivings about the Foucauldian assumption that every relationship is about power (see the four major chapter titles). However, Jeffers is trying to fill a gap in Tolkien scholarship, although she acknowledges that the gap is not total, since others (including Curry) have written about Tolkien and the environment, eschewing the facile view that *The Lord of the Rings* is primarily a war story. Using ecocriticism as a theoretical framework, Jeffers specifically considers how character-nature "interaction reflects the moral paradigm within the text" (2), and she attempts to provide a corrective to ecocritical limitations—limitations such as referring to the nonhuman in materialist terms that ignore the metaphysical dimension.

Punning on Tolkien's essay "The Monsters and the Critics," Jeffers titles her introduction "The Professor and the Ecocritics" to apply Tolkien's point about *Beowulf* (i.e., sometimes the meaning is explicit and unobscured) to Tolkien's work itself. This introduction is almost as long as some of the following chapters, and in it Jeffers overviews the field of ecocriticism as she does some ground-clearing for her argument. Despite the variety of opinions in the field of ecocriticism, Jeffers focuses on "ecological humility," which, in part, requires a recognition that we are connected to the world outside ourselves. This thread of interconnectedness ties together Jeffers's entire project.

For the most part, each chapter, including the introduction, is organized similarly and traditionally, with clear introductions and conclusions that repeat the theses of the chapters, and with three or so main points providing evidence for each claim. Indeed, regarding structure, the book as a whole is a macrocosm of the individual chapters, with an introduction and conclusion bookending the four main chapters, which examine power relationships between major characters and their environments. Chapter 1, titled “Community, or ‘Power With,’” takes a look at groups that consider themselves equals with their environments and that celebrate diversity “with an attitude of reciprocity” (20). These groups—Ents, Hobbits, and Elves—truly dwell in their environments, synthesizing self and place, and avoiding a “bloated solipsism” that manipulates or ignores the environment (22, quoting Curry). Always looking for the moral import of environmental bonds, Jeffers sees this relationship as ideal in its combination of a love for and a delight in the environment that results in “servanthood stewardship” (37, quoting Ball).

Chapter 2, “Dialectic, or ‘Power From,’” considers Dwarves, the Rohirrim, and the people of Gondor, and Jeffers describes this “power from” relationship as hierarchically based. Such groups have symbols of their environmental connectivity (e.g., mithril, the Horse, and the White Tree), but unfortunately, these Dwarves and men are not concerned with the environment unless it is advantageous. The category of “power from” lies between the community-based “power with” and the oppression-based “power over” groups, and those who fit into these categories lack genuine interconnectedness. For example, to the Rohirrim, horses are often voiceless commodities that may be given as gifts. There is, however, the possibility of “ecological redemption” (74) for characters who are willing to be moved beyond “power from” to “power with,” and when Gimli’s greed is undone by Galadriel’s generosity, his attitude changes—a shift that “de-essentializes the Dwarves” (61). Hope for Gimli means hope for readers who may be “locked in to unhealthy, selfish, destructive relationships with people and places” (62). This chapter includes forays into Hegelian philosophy and Saussurean semiotics, but as I read these sections, it seemed that Jeffers was reaching beyond her expertise. My suspicions were confirmed when I checked the bibliography, only to find that the quotations from both Hegel and Saussure were taken from an anthology of literary theory. This fact does not derail Jeffers’s project, but I imagine that some readers may find that these passages indicate a superficial understanding of these thinkers.

Jeffers continues her treatment of power relationships in Chapter 3, titled “Oppression, or ‘Power Over.’” This chapter is not as neatly organized as Chapters 1 and 2 (and it is unclear why she progresses, or regresses, from best to worst), but Jeffers does cover three examples of groups or individuals who

have a harmful relationship with the environment: Orcs, Saruman, and Sauron. “Power over” relationships are about domination, destruction, decay, and death—a rejection of the connection between self and place. “Power over” is the opposite of “power with” and a perversion of “power from”: “Everything exists to serve the Self because nothing beyond the Self has value” (75). The ultimate example is Sauron’s One Ring, the possession of which makes solipsism possible. Ironically, the end result is a Donne-like paradox in which absolute power leads to powerlessness. Towards the beginning of the chapter, Jeffers pauses briefly to explore the topic of evil in *The Lord of the Rings*, relying heavily on Tom Shippey’s *J.R.R. Tolkien: Author of the Century*. Unfortunately, Shippey’s argument (and by extension, Jeffers’s argument) aligns Tolkien’s view partially with ancient Manichaeism, which describes evil as ontologically equal to goodness, as opposed to the Augustinian/Boethian view where evil is merely a privation, a lack or perversion of goodness. Shippey’s claim that *The Lord of the Rings* presents evil in both ways—Boethian and ontologically substantive—is contradictory, as Shippey himself admits (Shippey 130, 135). Ralph Wood has skillfully addressed Shippey’s claim in his essay in *Tree of Tales*, writing that “Tolkien’s understanding of evil is thoroughly Augustinian” (86), and Jeffers’s chapter would have benefited from an engagement with Wood’s argument.

The danger of the schema presented in the first three chapters is the tendency to treat characters as either static or representative. Jeffers deals with the static issue through Gimli, whose greed is transformed. But why is Gimli allowed to represent all Dwarves? Or take Chapter 1: Hobbits in general are painted pretty nicely, but aren’t Bilbo and Frodo rather odd compared to typical Hobbits? Do they really stand in as representatives for all Hobbits? Additionally, these categories turn out not to be very surprising; it is hardly revelatory to read that Sauron exercises “power over” the environment, and Ents don’t. However, although Jeffers recognizes the difficulties of categorization, she maintains that categories can be helpful in showing “overall tendency” (19).

If Chapter 3 is the least internally organized chapter, Chapter 4 (“Dis-, Re-, Un-empowered: Journeying and Environment”) is the least coherent regarding the entire concept. As a stand-alone essay, it works well, but it is less about environmental relationships (the book’s subtitle) than a discourse on place in *The Lord of the Rings*. That said, the chapter helpfully addresses links between journeying and environment, and it is structured around different travelers, from exiles (e.g., Elves, Aragorn), to pilgrims (e.g., Gandalf, Frodo), to wanderers (e.g., Gollum), and Jeffers does suggest “correspond[ence] to some of the power dynamics discussed in previous chapters” (94). Jeffers does not shy away from Tolkien’s overtly Christian symbolism and draws out

connections between the exilic Elves and the gracious Fall-Return that Christians experience. The Fall-Return dynamic also includes pilgrimage, which is defined by the destination, as opposed to exile, which is defined by what is left behind. Jeffers ends the chapter by spending some time on Gollum as a wanderer—someone who does not fit into any of the previously mentioned power relationships, but is rather “disempowered” (109). Gollum “is not obviously aligned with goodness” (110), but Jeffers acknowledges the complexity of his character and suggests that he deserves some pity, recalling Wood’s observation in *The Gospel According to Tolkien* that “‘The pity of Bilbo may rule the fate of many’ is the only declaration to be repeated in all three volumes of *The Lord of the Rings* [, making it] the leitmotiv of Tolkien’s epic” (Wood 150).

This emphasis on the spiritual or metaphysical dimension of environmental relationships, specifically the virtue of pity or compassion, transitions well into the final chapter, “Conclusion: Morality and Environment,” and I appreciate Jeffers’s willingness to discuss spirituality in an academic book. Jeffers’s primary goal is to draw our attention to the character-revealing attitudes of major players in *The Lord of the Rings*. What Tolkien offers is the possibility of the redemption of humanity, as opposed to the “wailing pessimism” (quoting Lewis) of much of contemporary ecocriticism that often “only point[s] to what people are doing wrong” (125). Tolkien also offers an expansion of ecocriticism in his emphasis on interconnectedness, which marries the spiritual and physical worlds.

I’m afraid, however, that Jeffers may commit an either-or fallacy in her conclusion when she proposes that the only way to avoid the “dominating paradigm” of limitless human rule over creation is to adopt St. Francis’s “idea of the equality of all creatures” (126, quoting White). St. Francis has certainly become popular in the last forty years. For example, Pope John Paul II declared St. Francis to be the Patron Saint of Ecology in 1979. And the current pope honored Francis by adopting “Francis” as his papal name, and he even introduced the recent papal encyclical on climate change with a reference to his namesake. But Jeffers does not explain St. Francis’s thinking in enough depth to make a convincing case that his “equality of all creatures” was something that Tolkien embraced. An unqualified “equality of all creatures” leads to extreme views, such as “question[ing] the moral correctness of combating such things as the smallpox virus” (Fowler 59). Considering Tolkien’s devout Catholicism, and despite Tolkien’s love of the countryside and his hatred of industrialism (Curry 294), we cannot speculate that Tolkien may have harmonized with contemporary ecocritics, especially since Jeffers does not explain how Francis might have qualified his statement, or how Tolkien might have qualified it himself.

In fact, Jeffers even takes time to explain that Tolkien's work does not perfectly fit in with contemporary ecocriticism, as "the [Catholic-informed] hierarchies favored in Tolkien are ones that do not exploit those subject to them" (8). Furthermore, the postmodern flattening of hierarchy has attempted to erase difference and diversity, and has contributed to the loss of meaning and moral judgment, a loss that is absent in Tolkien's work. (Ironically, much ecocriticism tends to specialize in a tone of moral superiority.) And yet Jeffers's acknowledgement of all of this is precisely what makes her conclusion so confusing: she claims that to a degree Tolkien harmonizes with Lynn White in rejecting "Man as Master" (126), although Jeffers earlier accepted Tolkien's view of non-exploitative hierarchies. It's as if she is trying to pacify both sides of the aisle (hierarchy and non-hierarchy), leaving both sides confused as to where she stands. The most charitable interpretation is that Jeffers wants to push both groups towards a more thorough understanding of what it means to fully inhabit a home: ecocritics who resist hierarchy miss the interconnectedness of the physical and the metaphysical, and theologians who insist on dominion and hierarchy "pay for the increase of their power with alienation from that over which they exercise their power" (91, quoting Adorno and Horkheimer). Her attempt at peacemaking is reminiscent of E.O. Wilson's comments in *The Future of Life*: "No one says flatly, 'To hell with nature.' On the other hand, no one says, 'Let's give it all back to nature.' [...] Down deep, I believe, no one wants a total victory. The people-firster likes parks, and the environmentalist rides petroleum-powered vehicles to get there" (152).

I fear that my criticism may mask my appreciation for this book and the melting of my suspicion, and my appreciation goes beyond gratitude for an index, a five-page bibliography, and the fact that the book is short enough not to have harmed too many trees. I have already hinted at my admiration for Jeffers's attempt to smuggle Tolkien's theology of redemption into the field of ecocriticism. In several places Jeffers's tone is not as strictly academic as it could be (e.g., the Rohirrim are the "good guys" on page 67), but it was not too egregious. I would rather read a book like this than "typical" *recondite* scholarship written by obscurantist academics who think that it's clever to use the word *recondite*. All in all, the "mutual correctives" that Jeffers offers in her book (18) contribute to her own fulfillment of the "responsibility to improve [a] place" (17): regarding the responsibility to leave a place better than one has found it, in this "place" of Tolkien scholarship, Jeffers has done just that.

—Jeremy Larson

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**JOY: POET, SEEKER, AND THE WOMAN WHO CAPTIVATED C.S. LEWIS.**

Abigail Santamaria. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt. 2015. 432 pp. 9780151013713. \$28.00.

THANKS IN PART TO THE PUBLICATION of her correspondence and poems as well as the movie *Shadowlands*, the name of brassy New York poet Joy Davidman may be relatively well-known to readers interested in the Inklings, but what was she truly like? Was she the volatile, attention-starved communist who stole C.S. Lewis away from his cherished male camaraderie? Or was she the resilient wife of an unfaithful husband and loving mother of two sons who worked as creative collaborator and editor for the Oxford don, serving as midwife for *Till We Have Faces*, which Lewis considered his greatest fictional achievement?

Joy's story is as complicated as it is fascinating. Biographer Abigail Santamaria has spent the last twelve years chasing the answers to these questions. She cloistered herself in writing retreats, warmed seats in many a library, and even flew to Malta to spend four days photocopying a long-lost trove of Joy's papers, discovered by Joy's son Douglas (as she notes in her introduction). Santamaria, a distinguished writer in her own right, promises to present an unbiased, "warts-and-all" biography of the mysterious woman who indelibly shaped Lewis's life and whose death was the inspiration for *A Grief Observed*. The culmination of her tireless and thoughtful research is published as *Joy: Poet, Seeker, and the Woman Who Captivated C.S. Lewis*.

Joy was a distinguished writer in her youth. She came from Jewish roots, won illustrious awards for her poetry, joined the Communist party, and even did a six-month stint in Hollywood as a screenwriter. She had two

children by author William Lindsay “Bill” Gresham. She finally found God after a night of tearful waiting for her likely intoxicated husband who was suffering from a nervous breakdown. This thorny pathway to redemption was influenced by the works of C.S. Lewis. Soon after, she crossed the wide ocean to meet the writer whom she deeply admired and loved, a man who would later become her husband.

Previous biographical sketches of Joy are often contradictory. Some portray her as an impoverished, yet talented poet whose husband abandoned her. Others tend to demonize her as an exploitative bully who pursued Lewis exclusively for financial gain. It is interesting that these portraits find very little common ground in portraying a woman so profoundly gifted; clearly Joy Davidman is a cause of some debate and dissension among Lewis scholars and fans. This complexity is not neglected in Santamaria’s work, which attempts a full and fair consideration of Joy Davidman’s life.

Santamaria provides the reader with a vivid, transparent portrait of Joy. The metaphorical warts are fully on display, as is Joy’s resilience and poetic genius. As Santamaria writes, Joy was always struggling for financial stability. Writing never provided long-term security, even when Bill Gresham sold the film rights to his novel *Nightmare Alley* and the couple purchased a large farmhouse (they failed to realize that they must pay taxes on the property). The young family’s life was fraught with economic hardships. Joy’s parents offered some assistance, but Joy was often financially irresponsible. The financial issues were amplified once she moved to England. Although she sometimes spent money somewhat frivolously on new dresses, her letters often berate her husband for not sending enough money to sufficiently support her and her sons. In fact, Santamaria writes that these letters often exaggerate or misconstrue many of the events experienced abroad. She claims in her correspondence that British education was well-suited for her two sons and that David and Douglas Gresham enjoyed English academics. Santamaria finds that this was not true; the Gresham brothers strongly disliked the continental move and scholarly shifts in study.

In fact, Davidman’s parenting comes under considerable scrutiny in this biography. Santamaria writes,

One day Mary Stevenson [a family friend] stopped by the Gresham house to ask if Davy and Douglas could come over to play with her sons. [...] When [she] pulled into the driveway and got out of the car, she heard the boys “crying and hollering.” They were locked in the playroom. Mary called out, but there was no sign of Bill or Joy. She was able to get in through the front door. The boys had soiled themselves. Searching the house, Mary discovered Joy and Bill in the attic, writing furiously. She confronted them. “They didn’t want the boys to get hurt

or in trouble playing outside on their own, without supervision," Mary recounted. But to Mary, this was a case of neglect. It upset her that Joy had the time to throw herself into philosophical conversations and a literary career but not to mother her children adequately. "I had no patience for that sort of thing," she said. From then on she distanced herself from the Gresham family. For his part, Douglas would remember his mother as alternately "big and warm and cuddly" and "quite ready to hand out the 'lickings' with a leather belt, the slaps for misdemeanors. Once, she locked me into a cupboard, in the dark." (211-12)

What Santamaria does so well is liberate Joy from the mold of misunderstandings and hagiography. Joy Davidman was an important, yet enigmatic character in Lewis's life. His brother Warren adored her, while his Inkling friends tended to dislike her. Santamaria lays out all aspects of Joy's life for consideration. The wife of C.S. Lewis was not the false ideal of the feminine perpetuated by mediocre Victorian novels and Coventry Patmore; she was instead a modern woman of glorious contradiction, which is a biographical breath of fresh air. *Joy* does not contain a hint of the worshipful fictions which are typically recycled about our spiritual heroes. It is a true and honest portrait of a flawed woman; the story of Joy's redemption and reconciliation, although peppered with criticisms of character, is still a "road to Damascus" deliverance of significant value.

However, despite her spiritual breakthrough, Joy's struggles for gender equality and personal happiness were far from over. Santamaria is quick to acknowledge that Joy matured in a society which preferred to suppress unconventional female aspirations. Joy wanted to be a poet and a writer, but cultural pressures continually encouraged women to embrace domestic responsibilities. Joy was quite the self-sufficient wife and mother—keeping a vibrant garden, canning food, and cooking—but with those duties satisfied, she still desired to create art. Juggling home duties became oppressive and time-consuming, ever threatening her time and space to indulge in her passion for writing. Perhaps she wrestled to achieve a successful balance, but readers must not be quick to judge Joy. For years, her marriage and spirituality lacked stability. Even her once-indomitable loyalty to Communism toppled under the weight of continued criticism. Every idea she chased as a young woman evaporated; art was the only "sure thing" she experienced. It was the constant she retreated to time and again throughout her life, despite changes of marriage, motherhood, and social activism. Once Joy converted to Christianity, she began to realize her art and faith could blend beautifully, and assist her in understanding and embracing the contradictions of humanity. She felt God would not exploit her artistry like Communism did;

she needn't align the trajectory of her work with industry trends. She had finally come into her own as an artist and a Christian, which only intensified her desire to write. Working collaboratively with C.S. Lewis reignited her love of literature; it gave her an opportunity to write, space to spiritually contemplate, and a newfound wisdom which guided her pen.

One of the strongest aspects of this book is the crafting of the narrative. Santamaria is a graduate of Columbia's M.F.A. program, and her voice shines through Joy's story. The opening image is one of Joy's childhood, of the elusive "Fairyland" for which she deeply yearned. Davidman would later realize that this "fairyland" was symbolic of something Other, the undeniable attraction of another world. C.S. Lewis identified this sensation as "*Sehnsucht*" (German for "longing") in his 1955 autobiography, which Joy helped edit. In Santamaria's first pages, we are transported through Joy's fertile imagination, lifted above the whimsical landscapes hosting Greek gods and goddesses, until we land into the noisy traffic of the busy Bronx streets. It is a beautiful introduction to a fascinating woman.

Few biographies that I have read can be considered quality creative nonfiction, but Santamaria's book more than surpasses my expectations; it is a beautiful narrative paired with an intriguing subject. Abigail Santamaria has crafted the best critical, comprehensive biography of Joy Davidman to date. She establishes a new standard with her debut release, and it is my hope that other aspiring (and veteran) biographers take note.

—Crystal Hurd



A NAKED TREE: LOVE SONNETS TO C.S. LEWIS AND OTHER POEMS. Joy Davidman. Ed. Don W. King. Grand Rapids, Michigan: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 2015. Softcover. xvi + 320 pp. \$30 (\$19.89 from Amazon.com); kindle \$18.90. ISBN 978-0-8028-7288-3.

ON W. KING HAS MANAGED, IN A GREAT COUP, to publish editions of all the poems (or certainly almost all) of C.S. Lewis and of Joy Davidman in the same year. He has arranged the poems chronologically in both cases. In Joy Davidman's volume, he has five sections of poems: 1929-1938; next, the poems in her *Letters to a Comrade* (1938); then 1939-1940; 1941-1952; and 1952-1955 (the latter also labelled "Poems to C.S. Lewis"). Most members of the Mythopoeic Society will be interested primarily in the final section.

This division consists of fifteen poems before the sonnet sequence of the book's subtitle; the latter consists of a verse prologue plus fifty-four numbered poems. The fifteen poems before the sequence are also directed to Lewis, although sometimes indirectly. Perhaps the most delightful is "Apologetic Ballade by a White Witch," beginning "I didn't really mean any harm [...]" (270). Note that this is *a* White Witch, not *the* White Witch—let us say, an alternate world's witch to her in Narnia. Some of these fifteen poems refer to Davidman's early visit(s) to Lewis's home, and two of them are acrostics, spelling out CLIVESTAPLESLEWIS in the first letters of the lines. Another of special interest is "Nightlong I Wrestled," which can be read simply as a Jewish poem based on Genesis 32:22-32, but which, indirectly, *may* be read as applying to Davidman's several years of trying to capture Lewis's love (eros).

The sonnet sequence is uneven, of course, but certainly has biographical interest. In the prefatory poem, Davidman says she can write a sonnet in fifteen seconds—"I do the trick too easily." She admits that since she "can write the thing acceptably / So often, it is hard to write it well" (282). No doubt the casualness is shown partly in her variations between sonnets forms and in her reliance on many off rhymes. For example, sonnet no. I is a mixture of Italian and English rhyme schemes: that is, it has three quatrains of ABBA pattern but separately rhymed followed by a couplet, all spaced to emphasize the three quatrains and couplet. The second quatrain shows the off rhyming clearly: "mouth," "word," "dared," "breath." The second sonnet rhymes its second quatrain in the English pattern, ABAB, between the two quatrains of Italian patterning. The third sonnet has two couplets after its Italian opening: ABBACCDD EFFGEG. The sestet is no doubt acceptable, but it is not a common pattern. In the second and third lines of the fourth sonnet, the rhyme of "face" and "graves" seems pretty strained, even for off-rhyming. And so on.

The casualness is also shown in the generalities of the diction and the great use of enjambment. No. I again can be used as an example: "Despair / Of treating you better than other men [i.e., former loves] / Would take the taste of love out of my mouth / Before I had spoken half the lying word" (282, ll. 3b-6). Before this passage, Davidman had a good image about her having "begun so many loves in fire / And ended them in dirty ash"; but what is the "taste of love" in l. 5 that is being taken away? Presumably a sweetness—but she offers only the general "taste." (Maybe love tastes like barbeque sauce to some; what does it taste like to Davidman?) And one can understand that Davidman considers saying "I love you" or "I'll love you forever" a lie because of her past experiences, but is there no imaginative way to say it, beyond the flat phrase "the lying word"? The enjambment turns the lines into near-prose.

The objections are not that she is writing in a Drab style, exactly, for the part-of-the-time Golden style of Sir Philip Sidney is not available to modern poets. The Italianate style of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in *The House of Life* is also not available. But Imagism suggests that generalities are to be avoided, and Archibald MacLeish wrote a few Imagistic sonnets, proving it can be done. (The octave of his "Soul-Sight" is a better example than the sestet; his "The End of the World" is very specific in detail, but it is a special case, being narrative.) Davidman's background in the propagandistic *New Masses* may have inclined her to a good Drab, but she also has influences from the witty style of John Donne and the clearly written, popular appeals of her early mentor, Stephen Vincent Benét. Davidman's later sonnets in the sequence are, in general, better than the earlier ones. Perhaps she took more time on them.

The content of the sonnets is interesting, and certainly suggests artistry of arrangement. The first section (of four sonnets) is titled "America, 1953"; as King's notes indicate, two of these were written earlier: no. II (about making love to William Lindsay Gresham, her husband, while thinking about C.S. Lewis) was written in "1948 or 1949" (King's dating); no. IV, containing for its "octave" nine lines from "Notes on an Obsession" (a poem about an earlier love), is tentatively dated to September 1938 by King. (There is a tradition of re-using old sonnets in a later sequence—cf. Shakespeare's sonnet in iambic tetrameter [no. 145], written for Anne Hathaway [if one accepts "hate away" in l. 13 is a pun on her last name—with the highly probable assumption it was written very early in Shakespeare's career].)

The second section, titled "England, 1952," contains four more sonnets. No. V is another early poem, dated by King to "1940?" Nos. VI and VII describe the autumn weather when Davidman met Lewis. No. VIII indicates she told Lewis of her love, and he told her not to, "Saying I must not love him any more" (287, l. 13).

The third section, titled "America, 1953," contains eight sonnets. Davidman is back after her visit to England. No. IX, beginning "If ever I go back to Headington" (287) should be compared to a poem earlier in this 1952-1955 section, made of two tetrameter octaves, "When I came back to Headington" (271)—the tetrameter poem imagines her going back to Headington as a ghost. According to King's dating, the ghost poem was written 10 February 1953 and the sonnet the next day.

Sonnet XII begins, as King notes, the theme of the conventional blonde beauty as contrasted to Davidman's dark hair (and fair skin as contrasted to darker skin). This theme is developed further in nos. XX, XXII, and XXXI (and hinted at in IXX). It is a traditional part of the sonnet sequence—cf. Sidney's blonde Stella in *Astrophil and Stella* (e.g., nos. 3, 9—as numbered in the 1598 folio) and Shakespeare's Dark Lady, an anti-love figure

(e.g., nos. 127, 130, 131). Davidman claims that Lewis is strongly attracted to blondes. Perhaps so, although he never mentions it on his own; or perhaps she is deliberately playing with literary conventions. Or—even more likely as a conjecture—perhaps he simply invented the attraction to discourage her infatuation. Whatever the beginning point, the sonnet tradition is to a degree behind her development of the theme. Certainly her first example, as she writes in America, is of Helen of Troy as blonde—and that is a literary convention. (So is her avoidance of Lewis's name throughout these sonnets proper—she uses "Sir," "my lord," "love," and—surely a literary disguise—"my lad," etc. So Davidman partly is working within the conventions in several ways.)

The fourth section, titled "England, 1954," has twenty-eight sonnets. It begins with no. XVII, using the Norse myth of the Fimbulwinter before Ragnarok (see King's footnote 33; he oddly does not point out Davidman's allusions to Miðgardsormr and Fenrir in ll. 11-12). One wonders if Davidman's allusion to a tame bird, a phoenix, that Lewis feeds her body to (no. XXI), may not be a reply to Lewis's "The Phoenix" (King cannot date Lewis's poem in his edition of Lewis's poems). No. XXIX contains the "naked tree" that King chose for the book's title: a parable (one may call it) of a bare tree in winter taken home by a man, the tree producing silver petals in his room—which he praised; but then the tree went on to produce fruit, "Apples of the Hesperides ... / Sweeter than Eden," to which he said, "I only wanted flowers" (299).

Space in a review does not allow for a complete survey of the sonnets, but the above suggests something of their skill—sometimes so-so, sometimes quite good in their way. (It should be added that, in his notes, King provides Davidman's titles for individual sonnets from other copies of the same poems, made before they were gathered into the sequence. Often these give the themes of the single sonnets.)

The earlier sections of poems will not be of equal interest to members of this Society. The first two sections really should be read together—"Poems 1929-1938" and "*Letters to a Comrade* (1938)"—for the best of the earlier poems are collected in the book. King's notes trace poems in *Letters* as being written from 1933 to 1938. One finds in these sections her communist poems (obvious in the titular poem of the book), love poems (always a Davidman theme), and a scattering of other topics. Perhaps the most surprising poem in *Letters to a Comrade* is "Sorceress Eclogue," an imitation of the Theocritus/Vergil/Robert Frost tradition of the woman working an enchantment to bring her lover back to her. It may be considered a fantasy work by Davidman.

The 1939-1940 group continues the social concerns of Davidman's communism, often collected from *New Masses*. One of these, "The Devil Will Come," is a modern take on the Faustus legend. Not all are social concerns.

"Villanelle of Bill Benét" (163-4) shows her interest (true or feigned) in seducing William Rose Benét. King does not note that the phrasing imitates G.K. Chesterton's "A Ballade of Suicide," with its refrain "I think I will not hang myself today." One of Davidman's refrains is "I will not hang myself today." "Ghost Story" describes an elderly stalker with supernatural overtones. "Incubus, Incubus!" is spoken by the demon (it may be a metaphor for thoughts of Davidman interrupting a man's sleep). "Incubus, Incubus!" is also one of Davidman's few odd sonnets of nine + five lines.

The 1941-1952 section has some of the same sort of poems, with an additional number about World War II and some about her approaching Christian belief. (King has a note on the first of the latter, "The Haunted Atheist.") Although King does not make the connection to *Piers Plowman*, Davidman's "Peter the Plowman" is a communist version, when the vision does not occur "In a somer seson, whan soft was the sonne" but "soberly in winter while the sun / lit up the loneliness of everyone" (220). The speaker insists he/she had a vision indicating that poets are the means of awakening the people to equality. "Fairytale" is about the castle guarded by giants that is known through dreams but never reached. One surprise is that Davidman does not write a number of identifiable poems about her husband before their marriage. Several about Gresham (and the children) appear afterwards. In a sonnet "That Time Five Years Ago," she says to a former lover that he received the poetry; she now has prose. "I'm a wife and mother all this year / And do not vex my soul for stranger men / Than the sufficient one I'm married to" (231). (King dates the poem to 4 August 1944; since Davidman's first son was born on 27 March 1944, she may well have felt overwhelmed at this point.) "When They Grow Up" is about her sons growing up in the era of the atomic bomb. "Lines for a Lazy Husband" is about their financial situation. "Love, in the Lonely Night" seems to be about a literal or metaphoric separation of Gresham and Davidman. A few more may reflect her marital situation. "For Davy Who Wants to Know about Astronomy" is the last poem of the section. Clearly no series of love sonnets to William Lindsay Gresham survives—and presumably none was written. (Only three poems are dated to 1942—Davidman and Gresham were married on 24 August of that year—and only "Convalescence" [Winter 1941-1942]) has a good chance to be about their love: "you and I / are alive, alive, alive, alive," it ends [219].)

King's editing involves more than the footnotes to the poems that have been mentioned. The "Introduction" (ix-xvi) falls into four general sections. First, he offers a survey of Davidman's writings and explains the circumstances that now allow a large number of her poems to be published for the first time. He suggests that her "real gift was poetry" (ix). Perhaps so—even probably so—but she left a number of unpublished short stories, so all

the evidence is not in yet. Even if the stories are mainly attempts at commercial fiction, she *may* have been writing too well for the market.

Second, King establishes Davidman's three major poetic themes as (1) "God, death, and immortality"; (2) "politics," including her communist poems; and (3) "romantic love," "the largest body of her verse." He sums up the third section well: "not only the physical delights of love-making and a fierce desire to possess the beloved, but also the desolation of either broken romances or unrequited longing" (x-xii).

The "unrequited longing" leads to the titular "Love Sonnets," after a transition on Davidman writing in both free verse and traditional verse forms. So King comes to, third, a discussion of the "Love Sonnets to C.S. Lewis." In this introduction, King mainly touches on the typescripts as evidence that Davidman originally wrote the sonnets singly and then decided to turn them into a sequence.

Fourth, King sets up his editorial principles. The poems are arranged chronologically by composition, with the dates, certain or with a question mark, given after the poems. The exceptions to the arrangement (not to the dating) are the poems in *Letters to a Comrade* and "Love Sonnets to C.S. Lewis," both published as arranged. The only principle that seems strange is that King prints the first published version of the poems, even, he seems to say, printing the magazine versions of those appearing later in *Letters to a Comrade*. (They have not been compared by this reviewer.) Off hand, one would think he would want to publish the final version of the poems as probably the best version, if Davidman were any good at revisions. Perhaps he suspects Stephen Vincent Benét, the book's editor, did some of the revisions. (On the other hand, magazine editors have been known to edit their contributors' contributions, so the later printing might be the original version.)

King also offers an "Appendix: Poetic Verse Patterns" (308-09), defining the forms of the ballade, rondeau, sestina, sonnet, and villanelle, on (one conjectures) the assumption that modern readers are not familiar with these forms. In his discussion of the ballade, King does not note that the envoy is normally addressed to some reader (Davidman's "Ballade of Blistered Feet" [267-8] has the envoy addressed to "Ducks," either literally and/or in its slang sense). In his discussion of the rondeau, he does not note that the short refrain normally first appears as the first part of the first line. (Davidman's "Rondeau of the Rain"—a poem about two ghosts—does not fit King's definition of type as having some short lines and does not repeat the first part of the first line—it repeats the first line in its entirety.) In his discussion of the sonnet, King lists Edmund Spenser and Shakespeare as having popularized the sonnet in English in the sixteenth century; Sir Philip Sidney would be a better example than Spenser since the Spenserian sonnet has never been a popular form;

Sidney wrote Italian sonnets, and his name would go well with Shakespeare's, since they would set up the Italian and English rhyme patterns that follow. In King's discussion of the villanelle he correctly says that the form takes nineteen lines, but his rhyme pattern omits six lines; it also does not clearly distinguish the first repeated "a" rhyme from other "a" rhymes.

King's contents page lists the section but not the individual poems—e.g., "Poems 1929-1938," but not "What Spur of Gold Is This That Pricks the Dawn?," "Sunset—The Hall of Fame," "In a Moment of Ecstasy," *et seq.* In the back he has an "Index of Titles" and an "Index of First Lines." This reviewer, at least, would have liked to have a second contents page in the front that listed both each section and the individual poems in each; as it is, it is difficult to get an overview of the contents of the periods. Admittedly, with 311 poems in the book (if this reviewer counts correctly), this is a large number of titles—but the individual listing would have been helpful.

Errata: p. xiii, a space is inserted after the fifth line of a sonnet (contrast the same poem with the space after the fourth line on p.303); p.127, stanza three of "For the Revolution," "murder" probably should be "murderer"; p.139, third line on that page, an apostrophe is needed in "in arrows wake"; and p.204, "dyad" ("I am not a dyad in a tree") should be "dryad." In the Index of Titles, "Ballade of Blistered Feet" should refer to p.267.

Is there anything else that would have been a good addition to the book? No doubt, others will suggest other things, but this reviewer suggests (besides the second contents page) that as an appendix to the book—really, to the section of Davidman's poems to Lewis—the publication of William Lindsay Gresham's poem to Lewis, "The Friar of Oxford." It is a piece of light verse, and one may conjecture (it is no more than that) Gresham had seen such poems by Davidman to Lewis as "Apologetic Ballade by a White Witch" and not her serious poems to him, and thus Gresham thought it appropriate. This reviewer was told by the late Perry Bramlett that Gresham wrote it to Lewis after Davidman's death and Gresham's visit to England to see his sons.

Despite some complaints above, however, this is a very valuable book. Many, who are interested in Davidman biographically, will use it as a supplement to King's edition of her letters, to his *Yet One More Spring*, and to Abigail Santamaria's *Joy: Poet, Seeker, and the Woman Who Captivated C.S. Lewis* (the biography published this year). But the poems are also interesting *qua* poems. Davidman is a good poet—not (in the reviewer's opinion) great, but a good second-rank writer. In the last poem in the "Love Sonnets" (actually written back in 1939), Davidman says that she has "said the words that can be said" and has "set down for any man to see / My blood and body in plain poetry" and asks, "what advantage shall I have / To be thus naked to the

questioner?" (307). This is a reminder that, to a large degree, she has been open about sexual matters throughout her career—not just about love affairs but about her opinions about other, usually private matters, such as in her early pro-abortion poem, "Threat: There Is No Room in My Body" (82-83), written in 1938. Thus, Davidman's major topic is to a large extent similar in approach and to some degree in content to the Confessional poets of the 1950s, including such women as Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, and Adrienne Rich (confessional notably in her "Floating Poem" of the 1970s). This is not an argument about influence, but about a similar content at a similar time. A male Confessional poet, John Berryman, in *Berryman's Sonnets*, wrote an account of an affair while married. Of course differences exist, but Berryman's sonnets and Davidman's are both about love affairs—hers thwarted (in the poems), his consummated. What advantage can she have to be thus naked? To find a classification among American poets of her era.

—Joe R. Christopher

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THE HERO ENKIDU. Lewis Turco. New York: Bordighera Press, 2015. 102 pp. ISBN 978-1-59954-098-6. \$14.00.

LEWIS TURCO, NOW PROFESSOR EMERITUS at SUNY-Oswego, has had a distinguished career as a poet and critic. His mythopoeic talents, though, have been kept under the wrap of a meticulous formalism; now they have burst through. This retelling of the tragic story of the hero Gilgamesh and his loving friendship with the wild but staunch Enkidu is of interest to readers of

Mythlore for two reasons. Firstly, Turco wisely approaches the remote Mesopotamian language and culture through an analogous culture less remote to our language, the Anglo-Saxon of *Beowulf*. Both the alliterative verse and the grave yet tangible poetic mode of address are adapted from *Beowulf*, which makes good sense not just because of the comparable emphases on the narrative of male strength, the danger of nature and monsters, and the fragility of life, but because the Gilgamesh and Beowulf stories, as the historical record has left them to us, constitute so much of the little we know of these nearly lost worlds.

Turco's sensitivity and imagination would make this reason enough for the Tolkien fan to read this book, but there is an extra surprise in store for us at the beginning of Canto II:

On their trek to Erech
Lilitu told
Enkidu the tale
of the city's founding:
"In the second age
Isildur carried
Out of the ruins
of golden Númenor
A great globe
made of stone.
Upon the stone
he etched an oath
And caused the great
King of the Mountains
To place his hand
upon the rock
And swear that he
would bear fealty,
To Isildur's lineage
and to Erech when
Its temple and walls
were raised upon
The crown of the hill. (27)

Turco goes on to tell a Mesopotamian version of the treason of the Dead, who betrayed their Númenórean overlords for "the wizard Sargon" (27). Although the Sauron/Sargon resemblance is to the moral disadvantage of the historical Akkadian king, who was more an Aragorn than a Sauron in fact, the fortuity of the resemblance between Tolkien's name and that of the ancient Mesopotamian king is a verbal gleam in the word-hoard eagerly seized upon

by the ingenious *scop*. Other Mesopotamian referents also inspired Turco, most obviously the way *Erech*, the name used by both the Bible and Turco for Uruk, the city of Gilgamesh, was used by Tolkien for the resting-place of the Faithful Stone, while the Sumerian sea-god Ea might have given its name to Eá, the world that is.

In turn, Turco's historical placement teaches us something about Tolkien's world and its place in myth and history, Tolkien's legendarium—after the *Aimulindalë* and the *Akallabeth*, which (as Tom Shippey would put it) calque the Creation and the Flood in the Bible respectively—is located in the implied long stretch of pre-Abrahamic history about which the Bible lets us speculate. Thus, when Tolkien in his *Letters* says we are likely in the Seventh Age (283fn), one has to assume that the Old Testament is the Fifth, from the New Testament to modernity is the Sixth, with the previous four—the ones glimpsed in his stories—being the perceived times of creation, genesis, and myth, and the Fifth thus beginning with Yahweh's call to Abraham, representing the transit-point from speculative myth to dynamic history. Turco's interpolation of Isildur into the Gilgamesh-Enkidu story brings this implication into the forefront.

Although Tolkien, as a Christian, would hardly see Anu and Inanna, as related by Turco, as the gods worshipped by Isildur, on the other hand the very name Isildur, signifying 'servant of the moon' has an inherently 'pagan' aspect to it, and in any event the Mesopotamians 'felt' about Anu and Inanna the way the Númenóreans no doubt 'felt' about Eru Ilúvatar. Turco's poem opens up a rich trove of mythic traditions to us, and shows us that Tolkien's twentieth-century secondary world can dwell in the same imaginative vault as stories that have been around for over five millennia.

—Nicholas Birns



ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GODDESSES & HEROINES. Patricia Monaghan. Novato, CA: New World Library, 2014. 448 pp. ISBN 978-1-60868-217-1. \$29.95.

PATRICIA MONAGHAN'S *Encyclopedia of Goddesses & Heroines* is the culmination of a life's work in documenting and valorizing women in mythology and spirituality, and it is a fitting one. Monaghan passed away in 2012; she was a pioneer in the women's spirituality movement, and if she identified as being among the Society of Friends (the Quakers), her heart and her scholarship were nonetheless proud and pagan. If one was coming of age in the contemporary neopagan movement in America, at least one of her books would have been

obligatory on one's bookshelf; among the numerous, notable volumes that are her legacy one will find *Women in Myth and Legend* (1981), *Seasons of the Witch: Poetry and Songs to the Goddess* (1992), *The Goddess Path: Myths, Invocations, and Rituals* (1999), *The Encyclopedia of Celtic Myth and Folklore* (2004), and finally, *Magical Gardens: Cultivating Soil & Spirit* (2012).

The *Encyclopedia of Goddesses & Heroines* was itself published and revised three times before, in 1981, 1997, and as a spectacular two-volume illustrated edition in 2010. That last revision was published by Greenwood and retails for some \$182; this version by New World Library condenses the text into a single, inexpensive volume, and removes the illustrations and an essay on "Approaches to the Study of Goddess Myths and Images." This latter omission is most likely because of copyrights belonging to the Greenwood Press, but it is a loss to those who cannot afford academic tomes. It situates very nicely academic religious study and the history and intellectual work of notable women such as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who famously edited *The Woman's Bible* in 1895 and 1898; Jane Ellen Harrison, suffragist, classics scholar, and author of *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion* (1903); the folklorist Lady Augusta Gregory; the psychologist Toni Wolff; the anthropologist Phyllis Kaberry; Violet Mary Firth, better known as Dion Fortune, the occultist and mystic; the linguist Marija Gimbutas; and Paula Gunn Allen, the lesbian and Native American activist. I enumerate these omissions in detail because the erasure of women from scholarship, art, and history is such a common thing, and the decision to cut them from the version of the book that will have the greatest reach among non-academics is utterly maddening.

Regarding the version of the book we *do* have here, it is of admirable quality for a home library, as well as an academic or public one. Though a paperback, the paper stock is heavy enough that it won't be crushed easily, and the oversized format should insure against easy misplacement. The contents are ordered geographically, by continent before being broken down into regions; for example, the section on "Asia and Oceania" is divided into chapters on "China and Korea," the "Circumpolar North," "India," "Southeast Asia and Indonesia," "Japan," and "The Pacific Islands and Australia." Entries within those sections are organized alphabetically, with numerous cross-references indicated in bold type and with parenthetical citations by author. This allows for a pleasant browsing experience, though if one is looking for a specific figure quickly one must consult the lengthy Index instead. The extended Bibliography at the end similarly divides material up by geographical location, and then by Primary Texts in Translation and then Other Sources. This is where it is most evident that this is Monaghan's life work, as the hundreds of entries span oral and textual sources, various translations (all sources given are in English, a decision she defends in the

Introduction), and numerous books and articles that span across some two hundred years from the 19th century until present.

With a slight nod towards the possibility of inciting controversy, Monaghan confronts the problems of monotheism and colonization in her brief Introduction as well. "There is no question monotheism limits women in religious situations," she writes (xi). "Although monotheisms deny the existence of goddesses, these figures are listed in this work, because such figures are sometimes submerged goddesses or powerful goddess-like beings. Where such figures are included, the view of worshippers from that religion is clearly stated" (xi). As such there is a section on the Christian and Jewish Pantheon, including both the early incarnations such as Ashtoreth as well as the more familiar Eve and Mary. Islamic interpretations and the Qu'ran are cited in this section as well, but the decision to not include that faith in the chapter title, though it is in the Index, is a curious one, and, one wonders, possibly political in some way. New World Press is a publisher that specializes in spiritual and New Age books, and their catalog seems to rely heavily on Christian as well as Eastern philosophies, with some Native American and Celtic volumes as well, so it might be a question of audience rather than inclusion (or not).

Ultimately, this is a useful, general book for a general audience, though novice religious scholars of most stripes will also find it useful because of the excellent bibliographies. Pagan and New Age readers will likely enjoy the last book by a scholar who has provided us with so much sage material in the past, and others will find a well-researched reference for an affordable price.

—Cait Coker



THE OXFORD INKLINGS. Colin Duriez. Oxford: Lion Hudson. 2015. 288 pp. 0745956343. \$16.95.

THE FELLOWSHIP: THE LITERARY LIVES OF THE INKLINGS. Philip Zaleski and Carol Zaleski. Farrer, Straus and Giroux. 2015. 644 pp. 9780374154090. \$35.00.

MUCH INK HAS BEEN SPILLED ABOUT THE OXFORD INKLINGS. This year alone, two major books have been published about this collection of writers: *The Oxford Inklings* by scholar Colin Duriez and *The Fellowship: The Literary Lives of the Inklings* by Philip and Carole Zaleski. Although the authors discuss

the same topic, their approaches offer vastly different yet equally fascinating portrayals of Inklings members.

Duriez is a long-established scholar of Inklings literature, author of the biographies *C.S. Lewis: A Biography of Friendship* and *J.R.R. Tolkien: The Making of a Legend*, as well as books focusing on the Inklings' cooperative artistry such as *Tolkien and Lewis: A Gift of a Friendship* and *The Inklings Handbook: A Comprehensive Guide to the Lives, Thought, and Writings of C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, Charles Williams, and Owen Barfield*. Duriez's writing style is typically succinct, and focuses here on brief yet thorough biographical components, proving Duriez's acumen for storytelling. As always, Duriez is knowledgeable, entertaining, and never presumptuous, a fatal flaw of many eager biographers. Duriez provides brief individual biographies of C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, Owen Barfield, and Charles Williams, and then extrapolates on the literary amalgamation that birthed classics like *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* and *The Lord of the Rings*. As Duriez proves, the group's intellectual exchange and compositional polishing was invaluable for all members. The final chapters of the book discuss the mixture of members and how their mutual constructive criticism influenced drafts of works that would come to define a generation.

The Fellowship: The Literary Lives of the Inklings has the same premise, but at 512 pages (excluding notes and bibliography), gives a reader much more description and detail. The Zaleskis are wonderful writers, placing each Inklings—Lewis, Tolkien, Barfield, and Williams—under the microscope with startling clarity. This well-written biography, like Duriez's, chronologically oscillates between Inklings members. The Zaleskis are quick to distinguish how each individual narrative often echoes the narratives of other members. For example: Lewis and Tolkien were both war veterans, both enjoyed the Norse myths, and both later pursued academic careers. Progressing through the book, readers will note how mutual affection for literature and Christian faith eventually drew the men together. The Zaleskis provide more expansive biographies than Duriez, hence the difference in length.

However, their book includes a few errors and an uncomfortable amount of editorializing blended into the biography. Contrary to their implication, popularity of a work does not determine its significance; of Charles Williams, for example, they write: "The truth is that *Taliessin* and all of William's later Arthurian work, a tangled array of fraught syntax, elevated feelings, and shifting moods, is rarely picked up, more rarely read, and even more rarely enjoyed" (260). However, as the authors later admit, Williams's deep interest in Arthurian myth influenced his Inklings brethren to write stories with these legends interwoven, particularly C.S. Lewis's inclusion of Merlin in *That Hideous Strength*.

Another example comes in a description of Lewis. In reference to World War II, the authors mention that Lewis “knew little of political machinations but dreaded the possibility of world-wide bloodshed” (262). This is incorrect; Lewis, as a veteran of World War I, was very familiar (although not comfortable) with the political climate which catalyzes war. In many of his works, including “Willing Slaves of the Welfare State” (from *God in the Dock*) and “Why I Am Not a Pacifist” (from *The Weight of Glory*) as well as fiction such *That Hideous Strength* and *Prince Caspian*, Lewis illustrates his thorough knowledge of politics (his father was a court solicitor in Belfast and frequently discussed politics with his young sons, to the chagrin of the boys). Also, when discussing Lewis’s mother Flora and her academic achievements at Royal University (now Queen’s College), the writers report that Flora has earned three First Class Honours in Geometry, Algebra, and Logic, but fail to mention her Second Class Honours in Mathematics.

Despite this, the book has outstanding merit. In a comprehensive biography of this size with the ambitious task of investigating immensely popular (and in Williams’s case, enigmatic) individuals, slight oversights can be easily forgiven. The section discussing World War II and its literary influence is fascinating. I have learned more about Barfield and Williams in this biography than I have in any other biography to date. If readers can forgive the few discrepancies in fact-checking and editorializing, they will find that, overall, the Zaleskis have successfully accomplished the task of illuminating the individual idiosyncrasies and collective contributions of Tolkien, Lewis, Barfield, and Williams. I would recommend this work with caution (due to the caveats previously mentioned), but the warning should not create hesitancy in readers. It is the most comprehensive combined biography of the four Inklings that I have encountered and proves to be an excellent read.

—Crystal Hurd



THE PILGRIM’S REGRESS: WADE ANNOTATED EDITION. C.S. Lewis. Grand Rapids, Michigan / Cambridge, U.K.: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 2014. Edited and introduced by David C. Downing. Illustrated by Michael Hague. 239 pages. 9780820872081 Hardcover: \$25

AT LAST, C.S. LEWIS’S READERS HAVE A WAY to make progress through his regress. Written in Belfast in August, 1932, during a two-week stay with his boyhood friend Arthur Greeves when Lewis was thirty-four years old, *The Pilgrim’s Regress* was dedicated to Greeves when it was published in 1933. Its

significance comes from the fact that it was Lewis's first work of fiction, his first religious book, and the first to be published under his own name. *The Pilgrim's Regress* evokes Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, *Smith of Wootton Major* and above all, "Leaf by Niggle." Lewis's own Ransom novels, *Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, and *That Hideous Strength* are also prefigured. Yet few Lewis admirers and scholars would cite it on their Top Ten Favorite C.S. Lewis Books list.

For one thing, the original edition's boggling overabundance of untranslated allusions is daunting for those readers who have small Latin and less Greek. For another, the allegory is more opaque than that in the book Lewis modeled it on, John Bunyan's 1678 *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which Lewis first read when he was eighteen. Bunyan's protagonist Christian departs from the City of Corruption and endures misadventures in the Slough of Despond, capture by the hostile giant Despair, the guile of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, the blandishments of the seductress Wanton, and the vanities of Vanity Fair to, at last, finally arrive in the Celestial City.

As Lewis wrote in a letter to an admiring but befuddled reader, "I don't wonder that you got fogged in *Pilgrim's Regress*. It was my first religious book and I didn't know then how to make things easy" (xviii). In this annotated version, editor David C. Downing, author of the 2002 study *The Most Reluctant Convert: C.S. Lewis's Journey to Faith*, does an admirable job of de-befuddling the journey of John, Lewis's pilgrim, from Puritania to Mother Kirk.

The original annotator, Downing states, is Lewis himself, who presented his Magdalene College English student Richard Hewitt with a copy of the Sheed & Ward edition of the book embellished with the author's notes on June 18, 1937. "I think I have as a great an admiration and respect for him as any I have taught," Lewis wrote in a letter, adding "I wish I had more like him." After serving in World War II, Dick Hewitt returned to Oxford as the assistant to the Regius professor of medicine. He became executive director of the Royal Society of Medicine in 1952. In a 1957 letter, Lewis commended Hewitt's "generosity and kindness [...] He is one of the straightest, most conscientious men I know."

In her introductory note, the Marion E. Wade Center's associate director Marjorie Lamp Mead states that the copy annotated by Lewis was sold to Wheaton College's Wade trove in August, 1987. Twenty-seven years later in 2014, this annotated edition, incorporating nearly five hundred page notes in seven languages, was published. Lewis's comments to Hewitt are set in boldface type, often with helpful elucidations by editor Downing. The two "Mappa Mundi" maps, including Lewis's original, and the eight ornate monochrome illustrations by Michael Hague contribute to the tale, as do the

summary headers atop each page. The book's slightly oversized width, seven and a half inches instead of the standard six, adds to ease of reading.

Downing cautions us not to read the allegory as autobiography. While John's mother is stern and punitive, Lewis had only pleasant memories of his own mother, who died when he was ten. *Regress* is reminiscent of Lewis's friend and fellow Inklings J.R.R. Tolkien's allegorical novella "Leaf by Niggle," written in 1938-39 and published in 1945, although Tolkien's tale is shorter and simpler. Having declared his dislike of allegory in any form, Tolkien had treasured Roger Lancelyn Green's December, 1967, *Smith* review: "To seek for the meaning is to cut open the ball in search of the bounce." Lewis's and Downing's annotations strive to discover the secrets of the bouncing ball.¹

Lewis's first epigraph seems to acknowledge the friendship with Tolkien and the Inklings, the informal literary-social circle that included the two, Lewis's brother Major Warren "Warnie" Lewis, the Tolkien and Lewis family physician Dr. Robert E. Havard, scholars Hugo Dyson and Owen Barfield, and others who came and went. He quotes Plato's *The Republic*: "This every soul seeketh and for the sake of this doth all her actions, having an inkling that it is; but what it is she cannot sufficiently discern" (5).

"I dreamed of a boy who was born in the land of Puritania and his name was John" (7). Thus begins "The Rules," the first chapter of book one, "The Data." In his first progress through the *Regress* 43 years ago, this reviewer swiftly understood that "Stewards" were ordained clerics and "The Landlord" was God. "Solving" an allegory as if it were an algebraic equation, unfortunately, diminishes the pleasure that readers will enjoy, and Downing's notes sometimes explain the explicable. Nonetheless, conveniently located at the side margins of the text, they are more immediately helpful than either footnotes or endnotes.

Lewis's own elucidations to Hewitt, however, are always noteworthy notes. An early one states that "Natural impulses are sometimes in accordance with the moral law. CSL" (10). "The desirability of virtue and the holiness of reality first appear when the mind is free from the fear and hope of punishment and reward: thus atheism may, in the history of some people, be the first step to Christianity. CSL," another declares (29), after John meets Mr. Vertue. A third one professes that "The imaginative life awakes before the moral ideal has attained any great clarity or strength both in the race and in the

¹ Interestingly enough, Tolkien returned to allegory with his final book, *Smith of Wootton Major*, written a year after Lewis's 1963 death when Tolkien was 73, 39 years older than Lewis was when *Pilgrim* was composed. Lewis had first met Tolkien on May 11, 1926 in the first year of the latter's appointment to a professorship at Merton College, Oxford.

individual. At least that is what I meant; whether I was right is another matter. CSL" (153). But to piece through Lewis's auto-commentary for choice bits is rather like plundering a two-pound box of chocolates to harvest all the raspberry creams for oneself. Lewis is always lucid on what he said or meant to say.

Enriching *The Pilgrim's Regress* is the author's poetry, formal and fitting to the passage it adorns. Some of it is simple, like this early maxim that John is taught in the second chapter, "The Island":

"Rule 1. — Put the whole thing out of your head
The moment you get out of bed."
"Rule 2. — Unless they saw you do it
Keep quiet or else you'll rue it." (10)

Another straightforward verse is this one sung by John's companion, the Guide, to Vertue and John, at the end of "Limbo," the third chapter of Book Ten, "The Regress":

"God in His mercy made
The fixèd pains of Hell.
That misery might be stayed,
God in His mercy made
Eternal bounds and bade
Its waves no further swell.
God in his [sic] mercy made
The fixèd pains of Hell." (185)

In chapter five, John, Vertue, and the Guide encounter the deadliest of the seven deadly sins. Pride, here called "Superbia," is envisioned as a desiccated skeletal wraith with burning eyes in the sockets of her skull. She "croaks out her song":

I have scraped clean the plateau from the filthy earth
Earth the unchaste, the fruitful, the great grand maternal
Sprawling creature, lolling at random and supine
The broad-faced, sluttish helot, the slave wife
Grubby and warm, who opens unashamed
Her thousand wombs unguarded to the lickerous sun.
Now have I scoured my rock clean from the filthy earth,
On it no root can strike and no blade come to birth,
And though I starve of hunger it is plainly seen
I have eaten nothing common or unclean.
[...]

And now though I am barren, no man may doubt
I am clean and my iniquities are blotted out.

I have made my soul (once filthy) a hard, pure, bright
Mirror of steel: no damp breath breathes upon it
Warming and dimming: it would freeze the finger
If any touched it. I have a mineral soul.
Minerals eat no food and void no excrement.
So I, borrowing nothing and repaying
Nothing, neither growing nor decaying,
Myself am to myself, a mortal God, a self-contained
Unwindowed monad, unindebted and unstained. (188-189)

Downing's notes aptly link Superbia's song to *That Hideous Strength's* life-loathing scientist Filostrato, Psalm 51:9, and German philosopher G.W. Leibniz' non-interacting monads.

The boy John begins his questioning after the funeral of George,

a disreputable old uncle who was the tenant of a poor little farm beside his father's. One day when John came in from the garden, he found a great hubbub in the house. His uncle was sitting there with his cheeks the colour of ashes. His mother was crying. His father was sitting very still with a solemn face. And there, in the midst of them, was the Steward with his mask on. John crept round to his mother and asked her what the matter was.

'Poor Uncle George has had notice to quit,' she said.

'Why?' said John.

'His lease is up. The Landlord has sent him notice to quit.' (13).

So passes Uncle George. Lewis describes the uncomfortable pomp of the funeral and its aftermath allegorically. But on the next page, whose header reads "Everyone except John cheers up on the way home," he is left with his first intimation of mortality. He asks his mother: "Could any of us be turned out without notice like that any day?" (15). The answer, despite his mother's hedging, is, of course, "yes."

In the next chapter, "Leah for Rachel," John grows from a child to a boy and leaves home. He encounters "a laughing brown girl about his own age, and she had no clothes on. [...] And [he] rose and caught her, all in haste, and committed fornication with her in the wood" (17). That takes care of that pesky problem of virginity and sex.

As in Christian's quest in Bunyan, the hero meets many guides. Some are helpful; many are not. The first is Mr. Enlightenment, helpfully equated to "Nineteenth-century Rationalism" in the p.23 header. Downing compares him

to Bunyan's Mr. Worldly Wiseman and his reckless driving to Filostrato's in *That Hideous Strength*. He tells John that the Landlord does not exist. John rejoices at this news. Hague's illustration depicts Enlightenment as a smug, plump burgher. John is shown as a pigtailed young man in eighteenth-century knee breeches and buckled boots.

Mr. Vertue, a more benevolent companion, joins John next. They meet Media Halfways. Her philosophy, Lewis reveals in a note, is "[t]he bad semi-erotic kind of Romanticism—halfway between mere animalism and a real form of spiritualism and ready to lead you the whole way to one if you don't make her lead you the whole way to the other. CSL" (30). But Vertue insists, for the second of fifteen times, that

"We must keep up to the road. We must keep on."
"I don't see why," said John.
"I dare say you don't," said Vertue. (31)

The next figure, Mr. Halfways, Downing likens to Pre-Raphaelite writer and artist William Morris. Later in the book, his son Gus Halfways will be explicated as "[t]he 'realism' and cynicism of the 'dirty twenties' (1920-30) in reaction against Romanticism and therefore here represented as its son. CSL" (37). Gus shows them "my old bus. [...] She is a poem." Here Downing refers to American writer William Carlos Williams, who wrote: "A poem is a small (or large) machine made out of words."

"Through Darkest Zeitgeistheim," book three, excoriates "the poetry of the Silly Twenties" in Eschropolis, "city of filth and obscenity," where "[t]he girls had short hair and flat breasts and flat buttocks so that they looked like boys; but the boys had pale, egg-shaped faces and slender waists and big hips so that they looked like girls—except for a few of them who had long hair and beards" (41). Lewis calls them "the Clevers."

He scourges "Sitwellism" but nonetheless states in a note to Hewitt that "Edith Sitwell [...] has written some very good poetry" (42). D.H. Lawrence, unnamed, gets licks for his "swamp literature," as does "Glugly," identified as Gertrude Stein. John meets Mammon, who owns Eschropolis, and Sigismund Enlightenment, the embodiment of Freudian psychoanalysis, who casts him into a dungeon. Finally freed, John meets a virgin on a black stallion with a naked sword who is Reason. Freudian lips, do not unpurse. She vanquishes the spirit of the age, and John resumes the road in book four.²

² Indeed, *Regress* can be glossed as Lewis's commentary on the philosophy, art, and poetry from the distant past to 1932. References from the author and from editor Downing include ones to Emerson, Goethe, Rousseau, Sophocles, Spenser, Malory, Blavatsky, Wordsworth, Freud, Dryden, Sidney, Poe, Flaubert, Ovid, Keats, Yeats,

(Summary is otiose. Citing every allusion and revealing every character would be as pointless as removing the cowhide from a baseball and unwinding every thread down to the core to puzzle out the mystery of a home run. Doing so would also beggar the reader of the pleasure to be found in decoding this tale.)

In Book Nine, "Across The Canyon," with its final epigraph of "'You may as well come quiet.'—Police maxim" (165), the book reaches its true climax, prefiguring Tolkien's Frodo at the Cracks of Doom. Hague's p. 171 image of Mother Kirk as an aged gammer who suggests some type of Mother Goose rather than Holy Mother Church may break the story's spell for some readers. But at last John, led by Contemplation, "something like Reason and something like Mother Kirk" (167), decides that he must choose to do or to not do this thing in an episode inspired, Lewis wrote, by an episode in St Augustine's *Confessions*:

On the floor of *Peccatum Adae* [the sin of Adam] stood Mother Kirk crowned and sceptered in the midst of the bright moonlit circle left by the silent people. All their faces were turned toward her, and she was looking eastward to where John slowly descended the cliff. Not far from her sat Vertue, mother-naked. They were both on the margin of a large pool which lay in a semicircle against the western cliff. On the far side of the water that cliff rose sheer to the edge of the canyon. [...]

At last the small drooping figure of a man detached itself from the shadow of the crags and advanced towards them through the open moonlight. It was John.

'I have come to give myself up,' he said.

'It is well,' said Mother Kirk. 'You have come a long way round to reach this place, whither I would have carried you in a few moments. But it is very well.'

'What must I do?' said John.

Coleridge, Dante, Aquinas, Thucydides, Pindar, Aeschylus, Milton, Bacon, Berkeley, Langland, Whitman, Shelley, Donne, Byron, Pascal, Proust, Virgil, Erasmus, Wagner, Maeterlinck, Haldane, Hesiod, Hegel, Hitler, Hazlitt, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Arthur Conan Doyle, Oscar Wilde, William Cowper, Bertrand Russell, George Moore, Anatole France, T.S. Eliot, I.A. Richards, Noel Coward, Joseph Addison, the Bible (48 citations), Plato, Islam, William James, Karl Marx, E.R. Eddison, Robert Louis Stevenson, John Philip Sousa, George Bernard Shaw, George MacDonald, and G.K. Chesterton, to name but a boggling few. Also encountered as world-views that John entertains but critiques and rejects are Nazism, Marxism, Fascism, Epicureanism, Anthroposophy, Stoicism, Pantheism, Romanticism, Counter-Romanticism, Surrealism, Sadism, Masochism, Zoroastrianism, Dadaism, and Nihilism.

'You must take off your rags' said she, '[...] then you must dive into this water.'

'Alas,' said he. 'I have never learned to dive.'

'There is nothing to learn,' said she. 'The art of diving is not to do anything new but simply to cease doing something. You have only to let yourself go'

'It is only necessary,' said Vertue with a smile, 'to abandon all efforts at self-preservation.'

'I think,' said John, 'that if it is all one, I would rather jump.'

'It is not all one,' said Mother Kirk. 'If you jump, you will be trying to save yourself and you may be hurt. As well, you would not go deep enough. You must dive so that you can go right down to the bottom of the pool; for you are not to come up again on this side. There is a tunnel in the cliff, far beneath the surface of the water, and it is through that that you must pass so that you come up may come up on the far side.'

'I see,' John thought to himself, 'that they have brought me here to kill me,' but he began, nevertheless, to take off his clothes. [...] When he was naked Mother Kirk bade him come to the edge of the pool, where Vertue was already standing. It was a long way down to the water, and the reflected moon seemed to look up at him from the depth of a mine. He had had some thought of throwing himself, with a run, the very instant the very instant he reached the edge, before he had time to be afraid. And the making of that resolution seemed to be itself the bitterness of death, so that he half believed that the worst must be over and he would find himself in the water before he knew. But lo! he was still standing on the edge [...]. (172-173)

Of course, one cannot live life on the edge forever.

But at that moment, the voice of Vertue broke in:

'Come on, John,' he said, 'the longer we look at it the less we shall like it.' And with that he took a header into the pool and they saw him no more. And how John managed it or what he felt I did not know, but he also rubbed his hands, shut his eyes, despaired, and let himself go. It was not a good dive but, at least, he reached the water head first. [...]

My dream grew darker so that I have a sense, but little clear memory of the things that John experienced in the pool and in great catacombs, paved sometimes with water, sometimes with stone, and upon winding stairways in the live rocks whereby he and Vertue ascended through the inwards of the mountains to the land beyond *Peccatum Adae*. He learned many mysteries in the earth in the earth and passed through many elements, dying many deaths. (174)

Finally, John must meet and do battle with that classic nemesis of Northern myth, a great dragon, magnificent and malevolent in Hague's illustration.

[H]e heard a croaking voice, as of a gigantic frog. The dragon was singing to himself:

'Once the worm-laid egg broke in the wood.
I came forth shining
[...]
'Often I wish I hadn't eaten my wife
Though worm grows not to dragon till he eat worm.
She could have helped me, watch and watch about,
Guarding the hoard. Gold would have been the safer.
I could uncoil my weariness at times and take
A little sleep, sometimes when she was watching.
[...]
They [men who would slay the dragon and take his gold] feel no
pity for the old lugubrious dragon.
Oh, Lord, that made the dragon, grant me Thy peace!
But ask not that I should give up the gold [...]'

As John listened to this song he forgot to be afraid. Disgust first, and then pity, chased fear from his mind: and after them came a strange desire to speak with the dragon and to suggest some kind of terms and division of the spoil [...]. But while these things passed through his imagination, his body took care of him, keeping his grip steady on the sword hilt, his eyes strained into the darkness, and his feet ready to spring: so that he was not surprised when he saw that in the rolling of the mist above him something else was rolling, and rolling round him to enclose him. But still he did not move. [...] [He] waited until the loop began to tighten, about on a level with his chest. Then he ducked and came up again with a jab of his sword into the underside of the brute. It went into the hilt, but there was no blood. At once the head came twisting back out of the cave. Eyes full of cruelty—cold cruelty without a spark of rage in it—stared into his face. The mouth was wide open—it was not red within, but grey like lead—and the breath of the creature was freezing cold. As soon as it touched John's face, everything was changed. A corselet of ice seemed to be closed about him, seemed to shut in his heart, so that it could never again flutter with panic or with greed. His strength was multiplied. His arms seemed to him iron. He found that he was laughing and making thrust after thrust into the brute's throat. He found that the struggle was already over—perhaps hours ago. He was standing unwearied in a lonely place among rocks

with a dead reptile at his feet. He remembered that he had killed it. And the time before he had killed it seemed very long ago. (198-201)

Thus a book of a modern spiritual quest ends with an ancient monster-slaying rubric. In the classic manner of Ransom, the triumphant hero returns to his eternal home: he dies to be born into perpetual glory:

And now they [John, Vertue, and the Guide] were already at the brook, and it was so dark that I did not see them go over. Only, as my dream ended, and the voice of the birds began to reach my ear (for it was a summer morning), I heard the voice of the Guide, mixed with theirs and not unlike them, singing this song:

'I know not, I
What men together say,
How lovers, lovers die
And youth passes away.

'Cannot understand
Love that mortal bears
For native, native land
—All lands are theirs.

'Why at grave they grieve
For one voice and one face,
And not, and not receive
Another in its place.

'I, above the cone
Of the circling night
Flying, have never known
More or lesser light.

'Sorrow it is they call
This cup: whence my lip,
Woe's me, never in all
My endless days must sip.'" (205-206)

Carrion comfort, that last song, the final words of the tale of the pilgrim John, but sometimes only sad songs will do. Lewis had endured the death of his mother when he was ten. Fellow soldiers advancing on either side with him were killed in combat. His final poems, some of his best, were written after the death of his wife, Joy Davidman Lewis.

The Pilgrim's Regress: Wade Annotated Edition ends with Lewis's ten-page afterword to the third edition. By then, Lewis had lectured often on literature and Christianity, including the wartime radio talks that would later be compiled as *Mere Christianity*. He had published *The Screwtape Letters*, *The Problem of Pain*, and the first two Ransom novels. This appendix begins:

On re-reading this book ten years after I wrote it, I find its chief faults to be those two which I myself least forgive in the books of other men: needless obscurity, and an uncharitable temper. [...] I committed the same sort of blunder as one who should narrate his travels through the Gobi Desert on the assumption that this route was as familiar to the British public as the line from Euston to Crewe. (207)

Surely every writer has felt what Lewis expresses here. Re-reading a work that was the best you could do at the time and wondering "Who wrote this and how dare he publish it under my name?" is a common plague that strikes us often. No vaccination can vanquish it.

This sounds complicated, but it is simple when we live it. 'Oh to feel as I did then!' we cry; not noticing that even while we say the words the very feeling whose loss we lament is rising again in all its old bitter-sweetness. For this sweet Desire cuts across our ordinary distinctions between wanting and having. To have it is, by definition, a want: to want it, we find, is to have it. (210)

Lewis concludes:

In this afterword the autobiographical element has had to be stressed because the source of the obscurities lay there. But you must not assume that everything in the book is autobiographical. I was attempting to generalize, not to tell people about my own life. (217)

The temptation to think that Lewis is playing an "I know this and you don't" riddle game with the reader may arise. If so, Lewis is winning. But Downing's annotations are nearly flawless, although G.K. Chesterton's book should be correctly called *The Everlasting Man*, not *Everlasting Man*. Only a few studies can be compared to this book as a major work of annotation of the Oxford Inklings. Four come to mind: Douglas A. Anderson's *The Annotated Hobbit* (first edition published in 1998; revised second edition, 2002); John D. Rateliff's *The History of The Hobbit* (two-volume edition in 2007 with single-volume in 2011); and Wayne Hammond and Christina Scull's 2005 *The Lord of The Rings: A Reader's Companion* and, in 2006, the two-volume *J.R.R. Tolkien: Companion and Guide*. All four won the Mythopoeic Society's Inklings

scholarship award in the first year of their nomination. Downing, whose 1992 book *Planets In Peril: A Critical Study Of C.S. Lewis's Ransom Trilogy* won that award in 1993, can perhaps expect a nomination for the 2016 honors.

Perhaps Lewis's object is revealed in this quatrain from Hesiod, prefatory to Book Eight, "At Bay":

"He that hath understanding in himself is best;
He that lays up his brother's wisdom in his breast
Is good. But he that neither knoweth, nor will be taught
By instruction of the wise—this man is naught." (137)

Whether or not the author protests too much, David C. Downing's commentary illuminates Lewis's first religious novel. If readers of *The Pilgrim's Regress: Wade Annotated Edition* wanted a better understanding of the original 1933 book, here they have it.

—Mike Foster



NORTH WIND: A JOURNAL OF GEORGE MACDONALD STUDIES.
Editors John Pennington and Fernando Soto. 33 (2014). ISSN 0265-7295

SUPERNATURAL STUDIES. SPECIAL ISSUE: TELEVISION AND THE SUPERNATURAL. Editor Leah Richards; Guest editor Marisa C. Hayes. 2.1 (Winter 2015). ISSN 2325-4866

JOURNAL OF INKLINGS STUDIES: THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE. SPECIAL ISSUE: INKLINGS AND THE BIBLE. Executive editor Judith Wolfe. 4.2 (October 2014). ISSN 2045-8797.

*N*orth Wind 33 offers the expected range of interesting approaches to the work of George MacDonald. In "Connecting Dimensions: Direction, Location, and Form in the Fantasies of George MacDonald," Daniel Creed makes a compelling case for studying MacDonald's four fantasy novels, usually divided into the adult *Phantastes* and *Lilith* and the juvenile *The Princess and the Goblin* and *The Princess and Curdie*, as a single connected meta-narrative which demonstrates MacDonald's intention of calling for a "unification" of conscious and unconscious, religious and philosophical, "through the experience of the fantastic sublime" (20). MacDonald himself claimed to write not for children, but for the "childlike" who could approach his work at any

age with a sense of wonder. All four novels share an emphasis on and extended symbolism of upward movement; the imagery of a space with four doors occupied by one of MacDonald's typical wise great-grandmother figures; and a concern with the healing and growth of the central character. All four novels also feature a pattern of four increasingly significant healing encounters with the wise old woman, whom Creed reads as an Eve-figure; *Lilith*, the final iteration of the meta-narrative, "allows Mr. Vane a fifth passage" which permits him to "experience a portion of the absolute consciousness" (17).

Jacqueline H. Harris, in "George MacDonald's Frightening Female: Menopause and Makemnoit in *The Light Princess*," notes a pattern of imagery, language, and attitudes which she feels reveal a Victorian concern with the reproductively aberrant female body—beginning with the king's expectation that his wife provide an heir but reaching its major expression in the contrast between the Princess, pre-menstrual in her prolonged childishness, and the witch Makemnoit, a social outsider depicted as barren, aged, and unmarried, who has reached the end of her reproductive life. Other critics have considered the tale as a "parable of puberty" (22) but Harris examines it as an example of a tale in which "coming-of-age females serve as foils to their literal or metaphoric menopausal counterparts" (23). While the tale ends with the princess's sexuality "harness[ed] within marriage" and no possibility of a happy ending for Makemnoit, Harris feels the story is "not wholly anti-feminist," as it acknowledges, albeit symbolically, "the physical and social experiences of Victorian female puberty and menopause" in a sympathetic way (31).

In "The Fourfold Myth of Death and Rebirth in George MacDonald's *Phantastes*," James T. Williamson acknowledges the difficulty of coming to grips with this episodic and picaresque book, calling it "an intricate, multi-layered work which does not conform easily to the critical apparatus of our various recognized contemporary genres" (36). But he detects two intersecting underlying structures which can help make sense of the work. The first he calls horizontal, following the narrative and plot, pointing out that it is arranged around a sequence of four cycles in which Anodos experiences birth, death, and a test. The four-doored house, also discussed in Creed article, lies at the center and in a way ties the cycles together, as it "embed[s]" the pattern "in the text in miniature" (64); the cohesion of this pattern is, though, as Williamson admits, "more poetic than dramatic" (53). The second structure, which Williamson characterizes as vertical, is organized around the four characters or principles that embody the layers of the novel: the Shadow, the Marble Lady (or *anima*), the Knight (or *animus*), and Anodos himself, who serves as the

center and must balance the other three within himself. As Williamson sums up his argument,

MacDonald's major inter-relating thematic preoccupations, death and rebirth, and the nature of the Self, are embedded in the fourfold structure of *Phantastes*. What I have referred to as the "horizontal" dimension of the book, the way the linear narrative is organized, embodies a four times repeated pattern of death and re-birth; the "vertical" dimension of the book embodies a four leveled depiction of the self and its varied emanations as they move along the horizontal. (61)

It might be fruitful to look at these structures in the light of a classic *Mythlore* article by Steven Yandell, "'A Pattern Which Our Nature Cries Out For': The Medieval Tradition of the Ordered Four," which similarly locates a fourfold narrative structure and "vertical" groupings by fours in the works of Lewis, Williams, and particularly Tolkien.

Jonathan B. Himes's "Mr. Vane and Lilith: Two Roads to Repentance?" is a curious article, reading like a review of the work in question for much of its length as it dissects MacDonald's failures of style, setting, continuity, and characterization in a novel he pronounces "less than riveting" (73). Yet the meat of the argument is an important one: why is there a "double standard" between the sufferings Vane and Lilith must undergo as repentance for their sins? The "trajectory" of Vane's story "sets up [an] expectation that Vane's selfish motives would need purging and further repentance before all was accomplished" (80), yet it is Lilith who "must undergo excruciating pain" for her "blasphemy [of] idolatry of self" (83). Vane is allowed a "more pedestrian, gradual repentance than Lilith's" (85), which may leave the reader with a frustrating feeling of imbalance.

In the short note "The Atonement in *The Light Princess*," Brian Robert connects MacDonald's liberal theology concerning atonement to the story's climactic sacrificial moment. In MacDonald's view, Christ's sacrifice should not be viewed as substitutionary atonement, the punishment of an innocent in place of the sinful, but as a demonstration of love and an inspiration. In this way, then, the self-sacrifice of the Christ-figure prince is also a demonstration of love which teaches the princess to love in turn, spurring her "moment of spiritual growth" (90) and curing her gravity-defying condition.

When George MacDonald took over editorship of the magazine *Good Words for the Young*, he "brought a more subversive thinking" to its "blend of the religious and the secular," aiming for a challenging open-mindedness (92). Charles Kingsley, best known as author of *The Water-Babies*, was one of the early contributors under MacDonald's editorship. His *Madam How and Lady*

Why was serialized beginning in 1869, and demonstrated his “dual agenda to fuse the religious with the scientific,” reconciling the theories of Lyell and Darwin with Christianity; Kingsley called the universe “God’s Book” and science the method of reading it. John Pennington’s brief introduction is followed by “The Glen,” the first chapter of *Madam How and Lady Why*, setting up Madam How as the evolutionary force of nature and Lady Why as a sort of Sophia-figure mediating between Nature and God. While the intrusive moralizing narrator may not be to current tastes, the exploration of geologic forces that go into creating glens and other landscape features, and some ways to attempt to recreate them in practical experiments, are quite sound and clear.

THIS ISSUE OF *SUPERNATURAL STUDIES*, GUEST EDITED by Marisa C. Hayes, focuses on television and the supernatural, on “the ghosts we willingly invite to haunt our homes” (10). As Hayes points out, “television programming regularly utilizes supernatural themes as cleverly disguised agents of discussion to confront timely issues of a socio-political nature, or, alternately, to explore the personal apprehension associated with the human condition, chiefly our own mortality and place in the universe” (9). Examples of early shows that made use of the supernatural in this way are *The Prisoner* (1967-1968), *Doctor Who* (1963-1989 and 2005- present), *The Twilight Zone* (1959-1964), *Bewitched* (1964-1972), and *Twin Peaks* (1990-1991).

Kylo-Patrick R. Hart’s lead article, “Supernatural Potentialities and Household Technologies: Communication Devices Gone Wild in *Tales of Tomorrow* and *The Twilight Zone*,” considers the “dystopian fears” that household technology can arouse. In “The Window,” a *Tales of Tomorrow* episode from 1952, the show’s regular broadcast is interrupted by pictures that appear to be coming from the television set in an apartment where a murder is being planned and carried out, playing on fears that television could work both ways and broadcast from one’s home as well as into it. In the 1961 “Long Distance Call” episode of *The Twilight Zone*, a toy telephone becomes a communication conduit between a deceased woman and her grandson, whom she tries to persuade to join her in the afterlife. Hart interprets the possessed telephone as an allegory for concerns about family cohesion and control, boundary-crossing, and privacy raised by trends towards multiple televisions in single-family homes.

In “*Ghostwatch*: Supernatural and Technological Presence in Early 1990s Britain,” Alexandra Heller-Nichols examines a single particularly controversial episode of the British anthology drama series *Screen One* which aired in 1992. Like the Wells/Welles *War of the World* radio drama in 1938, *Ghostwatch* aired on Halloween and its “simulation of a *bona fide* live investigative broadcast” (25) caused widespread viewer confusion and panic.

The episode tapped into "cultural anxieties about the media" and "surveillance, technology, and privacy" (24). The effectiveness of the episode lay in the idea that "we might watch ghosts on television, but *they* could be using television to watch us right back" (26).

Angela Tenga's "Wandering *Wesen*: Immigration as Adaptation in *Grimm*" investigates the parallels between the stories and challenges of the supernatural hybrid beings that inhabit this NBC television series, and themes of "ancestry and memory" as "faced by many immigrants in a racially and ethnically diverse society" (34). The "effects of cultural assimilation" and transformation of identity "by the process of recontextualization" (36) are dramatized and problematized by the arc of the series and the parallel quests of its protagonists. The series reads as "an allegory of migration and adaptation" (44).

In "'Three days of the month I'm not much fun to be around either': Werewolves and the Gendered Body in *Buffy*, *True Blood*, and *Grimm*," Rachael Johnstone reminds us that the modern fantasy werewolf serves as a metaphor for the precarious balance civilized humans maintain with their animal instincts. But this metaphor also has its gendered aspects, with the werewolf's lack of control of its physical body implying parallels with societal construction of female bodies. The female werewolf raises even more troubling issues about "gendered implications of the werewolf mythology" (47). The author finds that the depictions of female werewolves in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *True Blood*, and *Grimm* and their interactions with male werewolves "largely [reaffirm] outdated assumptions about the connection between women and their bodies" (49). The author could go further with this analysis; her study of *Oz* and *Veruca* stops short of the *Buffy* comic books, and the roles of matriarchal wolves in the power structure of the typical wolf pack may have some bearing on aspects of the behavior of female werewolves in *True Blood* which puzzled the author.

Lisa K. Perdigo approaches *Fringe's* "laboratory for debates about the body" (62), about "humanism and posthumanism" (63) with a variety of critical tools about the body, feminism, and dichotomy. This widely intertextual series—referencing *Frankenstein*, *Brave New World*, *Blade Runner*, *I Am Legend*, *Lost*, *Buffy*, and many other sources—ran for five seasons from 2008-2013, and explored the "defining feature of modernity" that is the "desire to *intervene* in the body" (62). In "Ghosts in the Machine: *Fringe* Bodies," Perdigo deploys the theories of Grosz, Merleau-Ponty, Freud, Butler, Derrida, and others in an attempt to unpack exactly what went on in *Fringe*; being unfamiliar with the show, it is hard for me to say how well she succeeds, but for those familiar with the series this should be valuable reading.

In “Writing the Winchesters: Embodied Transcriptions and the Bleeding Text(s) of *Supernatural*,” Najwa Al-Tabaa and Katherine Shaeffer discuss how physical texts are of paramount importance throughout this series—“from marked human bodies to written records and historical archives” (75). The challenging of “bodily autonomy” is one of the most interesting aspects of these embodied texts—in defense against possession by demonic and angelic forces, characters are variously tattooed, carved, or branded, and not always with their consent, just as the possession they try to circumvent is an assault on their physical bodies. Written records important to the plot include stone tablets, journals, and archives, but also, in a trick that “break[s] the fourth wall” (85), a series of fantasy pulp novels bearing the same title as the television show. This “literary postmodernism” (85) make the series a rich text for the critical mining.

The issue closes with a series of short review essays on supernatural-themed television shows: *The Twilight Zone*, *Dark Shadows*, *Tales from the Darkside*, *Twin Peaks*, *The X-Files*, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *Charmed*, *Lost*, *Being Human* (UK), *True Blood*, *The Walking Dead*, *American Horror Story*, and a French show, *The Returned* (*Les Revenants*).

THIS SPECIAL ISSUE OF *THE JOURNAL OF INKLINGS STUDIES* marks the start of a new series of *Inklings Studies Supplements*, which will “offer first-time publications of substantial unpublished manuscripts by the Inklings” (4). Future documents will include the complete text of C.S. Lewis and Owen Barfield’s “Great War,” Warren Lewis’s memoir of his brother, and a narrative poem by Barfield—much to look forward to, indeed. The present issue includes two original texts: a review by Charles Williams, and J.R.R. Tolkien’s translation of Jonah for the Jerusalem Bible.

Tolkien’s Jonah leads off the issue, and is accompanied by a history and assessment by Brendan N. Wolfe. In 1943, Pope Pius XII’s encyclical *Divino Afflante Spiritu* paved the way for an acceptance of textual criticism in the Catholic Church and new translations directly from the original languages instead of from the Vulgate. Alexander Jones, a Catholic priest and correspondent of Tolkien’s, was enthusiastic about the *Bible de Jérusalem* of the *École biblique* and wanted to translate it into English. He asked Tolkien to translate Jonah, though he hoped for Tolkien to handle more of the Old Testament as well, particularly Joshua. Jones found Tolkien “a difficult collaborator who tried [his] patience” (18)—as one might expect from his well-known habit of niggling. The article includes a transcription of Tolkien’s sample translation from Isaiah, which starts with an evocative bit of alliterative verse: “Heavens hearken, earth give ear, for Jahveh speaks” (19). Wolfe lists parallels between the worlds and spiritual outlooks of Jonah and Middle-earth,

noting the centrality of God's mercy, free will, and second chances to both, the emphasis on the concept that "pagans can be good people too," and echoes of Tolkien's concepts of sub-creation and eucatastrophe (20-22).

Lewis's "trilemma" argument for the divinity of Christ—that one who made the claims he did must have been either a liar, a lunatic, or exactly what he claimed to be—has been hailed as so "logically tight" as to be irrefutable (e.g. Kreeft, qtd. 29). Lewis makes the argument in *Mere Christianity* and in "What Are We to Make of Jesus Christ?", casts it as a dilemma (rather than trilemma) in *The Problem of Pain*, and uses the logical structure of the argument in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* when Professor Kirke evaluates Lucy's story. Leslie Baynes, however, in "C.S. Lewis's Use of Scripture in the 'Liar, Lunatic, Lord' Argument," points out that Lewis's use of scripture is insufficient to prove his argument: "[l]ike many who venture beyond their native waters [...] he sometimes underestimates and at other times is simply unaware of the depths and dangers outside his ken" (30). Baynes bases her argument on solid historical scholarship on the meanings of words and phrases in "first-century Hellenistic Judaism, which was the religious and cultural world of Jesus" (38). Lewis, she points out, should have been "more aware than most that words change meaning over time" (38); his "[misconstruction of] Jesus' self-presentation" (54) fatally undermines his argument as stated. Generously, Baynes admits that "[a] non-specialist audience can only take so much theological and historical detail" (63), but concludes that "the 'Liar, Lunatic, Lord' argument should trouble even Christians who faithfully accept the creeds because it oversimplifies history and scripture" (65).

In "A New Light: Tolkien's Philosophy of Creation in *The Silmarillion*," the late Stratford Caldecott draws parallels between the *Ainulindalë* and the Genesis and Gospel of John accounts of creation, finding that "mythopoeic thinking can be a way of expressing and exploring valid metaphysical intuitions" (68). The most intriguing part of this essay is an excerpt from Gerard Manley Hopkins's meditation on the Exercises of St. Ignatius, in which his thoughts on Lucifer take the form of a musical metaphor with very close similarities to Tolkien's depiction of Melkor in the *Ainulindalë*, Hopkins's Lucifer performing "a hymn in his own praise" and "a counterpoint of dissonance and not of harmony" (qtd. 73-74). As Caldecott points out, in Tolkien's myth, "[c]reation is a collaboration from the very beginning" (83), and Melkor represents the desire to create ex nihilo, an ability reserved for Ilúvatar.

Between 1 April 1941 and 16 July 1945, Lewis served as a Lay Lecturer for the Royal Air Force Chaplains Branch and spoke in person and over the radio a great number of times. Detailed records of most of these talks do not

exist, but one common factor was that Lewis rarely spoke to a specific pre-determined biblical text. Bruce R. Johnson, in “Scripture, Setting, and Audience in the RAF Talks of C.S. Lewis,” explores Lewis’s “homiletical craft” (92), reconstructing a broad outline of Lewis’s practice from a variety of sources.

Arend Smilde, in “C.S. Lewis, St Jerome, and the Biblical Creation Story: The Background of a Recurring Misattribution,” notes that at least five times in his works, Lewis makes reference to a statement by St. Jerome about the “poetical” nature of Genesis—a statement actually found nowhere in Jerome. Smilde characterizes Lewis’s memory for sources as “not impeccable, but nevertheless fairly reliable as regards both letter and spirit” (116)—an assessment that John D. Rateliff’s article on Charles Williams in this issue of *Mythlore* would certainly support. Smilde grants Lewis “the right to a handful of blunders” (116), and in this case his source turns out to be, not an early Christian authority, but John Colet’s 1876 treatise on the Creation, in which he attributes a similar statement to Origen. But Origen turns out not to have said it either . . . so, like a game of Telephone, Lewis appears to compounded Colet’s error. Whenever I find source-checking particularly tedious in the future, this will be a cautionary tale to remember!

As I mentioned, the issue also includes a review by Charles Williams, of *The New Testament in Basic English*. Williams explores the pitfalls and unexpected provocativeness of this translation into Basic English with its artificially limited vocabulary of 850 words. He points out some examples of verses “vulgarized” by this treatment, but in fairness also lists some which “if not sudden illuminations, are variations which arouse the attention” (126). The issue closes with a short review section.

—Janet Brennan Croft

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