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Wilkie Collins: A Critical and Biographical Study. Dorothy L. Sayers, ed. E.R. Gregory. Reviewed by J. R. Christopher.

Bloodhounds of Heaven: The Detective in English Fiction from Godwin to Doyle. Ian Ousby. Reviewed by J. R. Christopher.

The Dark Tower and Other Stories. C.S. Lewis, Ed. Walter Hooper. Reviewed by Nancy-Lou Patterson.

The Mythology of Middle-earth. Ruth S. Noel. Reviewed by Nancy-Lou Patterson.

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The Lord of the Rings. Ralph Bakshi, director; Saul Zaentz, producer. Reviewed by Steven C. Walker.

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REVIEWS



MISCELLANY

...George Colvin

To every reviewer there comes a time when he has more items worth mentioning than he has space available. Since for me that time has arrived, this column will be devoted more to noting a number of recent and interesting publications than to commenting on them.

When Ballantine Books ended its program of reprinting older fantasy books, this area was left open for other publishers. Now Newcastle Publishing Company has its very similar "Forgotten Fantasy" line well under way. The Newcastle publications in this series have a number of common elements: antiquity (most originally were published before 1910); paperback binding, usually with first-rate cover art (George Barr is a Newcastle favorite) in a full-color, wraparound format; prices between \$3 and \$4 each; and often a good introductory essay on the author and his works. Several of these publications are photographic reproductions of earlier editions.

William Morris and H. Rider Haggard have been particularly favored in this series, which includes *The Glittering Plain*, *Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair*, *The House of the Wolfings*, and *Golden Wings, and Other Stories* by Morris, and *Eric Brighteyes*, *Allan Quartermain*, *She and Allan*, and *Ayesha: The Return of She* by Haggard. Also in this series are the "Neustrian Chronicles" books by British journalist Leslie Barringer, including *Gerfalcon*, *Joris of the Rock*, and *Shy Leopardess*. (Morris' *Golden Wings* and Barringer's *Gerfalcon* were reviewed in *Mythlore* 13.) The medieval "flavor" and character development in Barringer's books are very good.

Among the other volumes in this series are: *The Food of Death: Fifty-One Tales*, by Lord Dunsany; Edwin Lester Arnold's unhistorical but intriguing *Phra the Phoenician* (a "suspended animation" tale); *Under the Sunset*, a group of early stories by Bram Stoker, who later wrote *Dracula*; *Tales of Atlantis and the Enchanted Islands*, a collection of stories about Atlantis, Avalon, Norumbega, and other imaginary isles compiled by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; and *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed*, by Kenneth Morris (introduction by Dainis Bisenieks), which gives a somewhat theosophical twist to the *Mabinogion* stories better known in the treatments by Evangeline Walton and Lloyd Alexander.

In general, these works are not the cream of their various authors' productions, with the exception of the Barringer and Kenneth Morris books. In particular, the last three of the Haggard novels listed above are rather unsuccessful sequels to Haggard's stunning *She*. But they are as a rule worth reprinting, and Newcastle has brought them out handsomely in most cases.

A Newcastle subsidiary, Borgo Press, has brought out a number of nonfiction studies, most by George Edgar Slusser, on Robert Heinlein, Harlan Ellison, Ray Bradbury, Ursula K. Le Guin and Alistair MacLean. Finally, Newcastle itself has other series on health, arcana, and general mythology. In the last group, one of the more interesting is *The Romance of Chivalry*, by A. R. Hope-Moncrieff, a retelling of some of the Arthurian and Carolingian tales.

Atheneum recently has brought out several fantasies in hardback priced at \$5.95 to \$7.95. Some of these are: *Those Who Fall from the Sun*, by Josephine Rector Stone; *The Perils of Putney*, by Stephen Krensky; *The Left-Handed Spirit*, by Ruth Nichols (really an historical novel, set in the Roman Empire and China); *The Bassumyte Treasure and Poor Tom's Ghost*, both by Jane Louise Curry; *The Men from P.I.G. and R.O.B.O.T.*, by Harry Harrison - a somewhat comic and largely science fictional tale; *Drowned Ammet* by Diana Wynne Jones; *The Flight of the Fox*, by Shirley Rousseau Murphy; and *Land of Heroes: A Retelling of the Kalevala* by Ursula Sygne. The *Kalevala* is the great Finnish mythological epic, the equivalent of the Welsh *Mabinogion*; and Sygne retells very clearly and very well its old tales of "Vainamoinen the Singer, Ilmarinen the Smith, and Leminkainen who alone dared to cross the river of death," rivals for the hand of the Maiden of Pohja. This popularization of the Finnish epic may do for it what Walton's work has done for its Welsh counterpart.

Also published by Atheneum is *Quag Keep*, by Andre Norton (\$7.95 hardback). This is a book for fans of the popular role-playing game called "Dungeons and Dragons". A number of people playing this game suddenly are transferred to the game's setting, where they assume the characters of their game pieces (swordsmen, were-boar, cleric, etc.) and have adventures while fulfilling a quest. Though it reads like a series of conflicts rather loosely tied together and like many of Norton's books has a somewhat stilted quasi-medieval style that suggests hasty writing, *Quag Keep* is worth attention, if only due to its novel effort to get "inside" a game.

Atheneum also has issued several books for children (the seven-and-under set). These books have little text and are large though not thick, heavily bound, and profusely illustrated - all in the manner of such books. They range in price from \$6.95 to \$8.95. Three that should be mentioned are: *The Twenty-Elephant Restaurant*, by Russell Hoban, about a restaurant run, or at least inhabited, by 20 dancing elephants (the illustrations of whom, by Emily Arnold McCully, put one in mind of those in the old "Babar" books); *The Pig Who Could Conjure the Wind*, by Shirley Rousseau Murphy, about flying pigs; and *Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs*, by Judi Barrett. *Cloudy* is an account of the strange goings-on in the town of Chewandswallow, where rain, fog and sunsets come in the form of meatballs, hamburgers, spaghetti, and overcooked broccoli. Though the plot is rather thin, the illustrations are delicious.

A number of books lately have come out that treat elves, gnomes, fairies, and what-not as really existing and then purport to give various descriptive details about their dwellings, family life, personal features, and other characteristics. One of the best of these is *A Field Guide to the Little People*, by Nancy Arrowsmith and George Moore (Pocket Books, \$3.95 paperback). If you have ever wondered how to identify a skovmann, fylgia, wichtl, or church grim, to say nothing of an ordinary pixie or nixie, this is your book - though it does seem a trifle short on the inhabitants of England.

The number and variety of books recently issued, even if not always their high quality, give assurance that fantasy reading materials ("of a sort", as Screwtape puts it) are not likely to be in a drought soon.





SAYERS AND OUSBY ON WILKIE COLLINS

...J. R. Christopher

Sayers, Dorothy L. *Wilkie Collins: A Critical and Biographical Study*, ed. E.R. Gregory. Toledo, Ohio: The Friends of the University of Toledo Libraries, 1977. 124 pp. Illustrated. \$12.50.

Ousby, Ian. *Bloodhounds of Heaven: The Detective in English Fiction from Godwin to Doyle*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1976. xiv + 194 pp. Index. \$10.00.

The tangential interest of the Mythopoeic Society in Dorothy L. Sayers as a friend of Charles Williams and C.S. Lewis is reason enough for us to consider Sayers' most recent book (a new Sayers book in 1977!) and compare it with a recently published study in the same field. But it should be clearly stated that both these authors are interested in detective stories, not fantasy. The supernatural episode in *Armada* is not mentioned, and Collins' ghost stories are ignored.

The background of Sayers' book is interesting in itself. E.R. Gregory has edited it from the manuscript, most of it only handwritten. Sayers worked on her study of Collins from 1921 (perhaps earlier) until 1933; in other words, from two years before her first Lord Peter Wimsey novel was published until the time of *Murder Must Advertise*. After that time, she keeps up her interest in occasional letters, but never gets back to the study. This much Gregory documents in his introduction. What happened? I can add only one fact: in the last letter of A. May Osler to Sayers--Osler was Sayers' research assistant in 1933 and the letter is now at the University of Texas--Osler says she hopes Sayers soon gets over the domestic problem that has stopped her work. But until we get a good biography of Sayers, we won't know what the problem was. (Of course, it's quite possible that Sayers had run out of money--which is a domestic problem of the first order--and she had to get back to writing detective novels.)

Sayers finished four chapters and a healthy chunk of the fifth before she wrote, "Caetera desunt--" (p. 117). The first chapter covers Collins' grandfather and father (only a small amount is known about his mother) and Collins' birth in 1824. The second chapter discusses Collins' education (Gregory gives the fuller information now available in the introduction), his year in Italy with his artist-father, his first novel (never published), and his start on his next (a historical novel about the fall of Rome). The third chapter describes and analyzes his first three published books: a biography of his father, the historical novel, and a travel book. The fourth and fifth chapters describe Collins' friendship with Charles Dickens, begun on a basis of their love of theatricals, developing into a professional relationship as Collins wrote for Dickens' magazine *Household Words*, and involving a goodly amount of partying outside of Dickens' home. Sayers also in these chapters discusses *Basil*, Collins' third novel (second published one) which describes a probably autobiographical love affair, and his following, less successful novel, *Hide and Seek*. So far as literary history goes, Sayers' most important analysis appears in Chapter IV in which, using *Basil* as her text, she discusses

Collins as a writer of the sensational novel:

The most important and enduring outcome of this attention to the technique of sensational fiction was the appearance in English literature of the novel with a plot as closely-knit and logical as the plot of a classical drama. One has only to read pre-Collins sensational novels--the incoherent eighteenth-century "tale of terror", the rambling picaresque chronicles of the "Newgate novel", and even the early books of Dickens--to realize how great and how necessary this innovation was. It is not too much to say that, without the writers of this group, and particularly without Collins, the English novel of intrigue would either never have developed at all, or would have developed much later and upon much narrower and more Gothic lines. In particular, the modern English detective story could never have risen to its present position of international supremacy. It was Collins, Dickens, and Reade who firmly wedded the novel of plot to the novel of character and kept it in the main line of development of English prose fiction. (pp. 83-84)

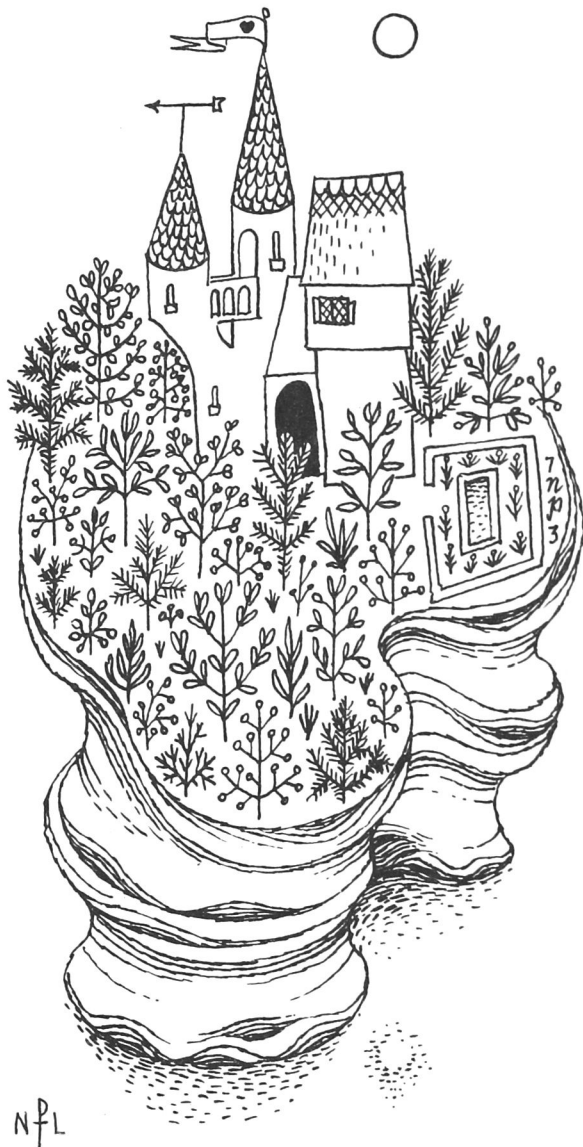
Unfortunately, this is not entirely original in its conceptions; one of the books Sayers had consulted for her study was Walter C. Phillips' *Dickens, Reade, and Collins, Sensational Novelists: A Study in the Conditions and Theories of Novel Writing in Victorian England* (1919). (It's a pity Sayers never got to the material she was best equipped to discuss, Collins' detective stories proper; and an area which she was particularly interested in, to judge from her notes at the University of Texas, Collins' depiction of women. Both of these get brief treatment in Sayers' introduction to *The Moonstone* in the Everyman Library edition.)

Is Sayers' incomplete book of general interest? That's a difficult question. Obviously, Sayers fans will want it. General readers will find it lively in its phrasing and interesting in its concrete examples--but certainly incomplete. It remains more of a fascinating fragment of a work which would have seemed very important in 1930 than a thoroughly satisfactory work today--which, of course, is why it was published as an academic study in an edition of 1,000 copies rather than as a commercial paperback. Gregory has done an extremely good job of editing, presenting *Wilkie Collins* as nearly as possible as Sayers intended. My only complaint is that he does not publish Sayers' outlines of her projected book (they disagree with each other) in an appendix to the text.

I said above that I would compare Ousby's *Bloodhounds of Heaven* with Sayers' work; more exactly, I think of it as a completion--for Ousby discusses *The Moonstone* (to my taste) satisfactorily, if not thoroughly. But let me back up, and say something about his book generally first. He is writing a social history of the real (mainly police) detectives in nineteenth-century England, and comparing the attitudes towards them in popular fiction. (How does Ed McBain's 87th Precinct series reflect present-day attitudes?) After a period in which the Pitt government used domestic spies--reflected in William Godwin's *Caleb Williams* (1794)--a gradual change of attitude over the police *per se* took place. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-4), Dickens presented Nadgett (the detective in the tradition of the corrupt thief-catcher of the earlier part of the century; but in *Bleak House* (1852-3) he shifts Bucket about half-way through from Nadgett's mode to one of helpful service. (Part of the reason is that members of the Detective Department in London were then for hire; Bucket is working for a corrupt lawyer in the first part of the novel. One remembers that Sergeant Cuff, in *The Moonstone*, is dismissed part way through.) Ousby ends his book with a chapter on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes as a *fin de siècle* figure (he makes the best critical distinction between the Holmes of the first two novels and him of the first two series of short stories that I have seen). But details are not of significance to the Mythopoeic Society.

Concerning *The Moonstone*, Ousby discusses four topics: the use of the multiple point of view, and the difficulties people have seeing each other correctly; the character of

Sergeant Cuff (which is tied to his main topic in his book); the use of multiple detectives, each contributing part of the solution; and the final importance of Providence in the solution. (When I look at Sayers' introduction to the Everyman Edition, I find her stressing Collins' use of Fair Play with the reader in cluing the solution; Collins' accuracy of social, legal, and other details; his ability at characterization, particularly of the women; his intellectual limitations; his style; his freedom from Victorian taboos on sexual matters; and his ability to create a spacious, if only middle-class



and professional, world. At least the first three of these were matters which concerned Sayers in her own novels--and the last two also, upon occasion.)

Of the four matters Ousby mentions, the one which is closest to the interests of the Mythopoeic Society is that matter of Providence ruling the events of the novel. For a non-mystery-story example, when I read Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* last spring for the first time in fifteen to twenty years, I found I had completely forgotten several episodes which followed Jane's thwarted marriage to Rochester: she handed over all her money to a coach driver, got off the coach destitute, failed at getting work, and then prayed, "Oh, Providence! sustain me a little longer! Aid--direct me!" At which point she follows a light across a marsh, is eventually taken in by the people whose light is burning, and they turn out to be her cousins--whom she did not know existed. (That's in Chapter 28; in 35 Jane hears Rochester by means of a type of divinely produced mental telepathy. So *Jane Eyre* is, in a minor way, a

supernatural novel like those this Society studies.) In *The Moonstone* Providence acts *slightly* more indirectly. For an example given by Ousby, at one point Franklin Blake cries to Betteredge, "'I don't know of a living creature who can be of the slightest use to me.' As the words passed his lips some person outside knocked at the door of the room." And the person is of use.

Do we call these things far-fetched coincidences or Providence? Ousby calls them Providence, but decides Collins' use of that device is poor: "In *The Moonstone* the ideas of Providence and Destiny rest on no firmer intellectual foundation than in, say, the work of [a minor writer discussed earlier]. The opportunities that they offer for the neat conclusion or the dramatic moment are merely employed by Collins with greater technical skill and panache." (Ousby insists that Dickens uses Providence with significance.) Obviously, Charlotte Bronte, the daughter of a clergyman, used Providence with some sincerity (if not necessarily with great depth). Collins, whom no one has accused of being religious, is using the beliefs of his public hypocritically. Thomas Hardy, at the end of the century, is another example of a person who believed in the Providence which rules his novels: but *his* causes problems and disasters rather than solving them or helping characters. His God--"the President of the Immortals" - is demonic.

This seems a good point at which to stop this discussion so far as the Mythopoeic Society is concerned: *The Moonstone*, despite Sayers' favoring it as a detective story, stands revealed by Ousby as a hypocritical supernatural novel. (And not even mentioned here is the Hindu idol of the god of the moon from whose forehead the Moonstone was stolen...)



HOW THIN IS THE CRUST

... Nancy - Lou Patterson

C.S. Lewis, *The Dark Tower and Other Stories*, Ed., Walter Hooper (London: Collins, 1977), 158 pp.

C.S. Lewis was an extremely prolific writer, and fourteen of his sixty-odd books have appeared since his death (one may still hope for the publication of a facsimile "Box-enland"). Among these is the present volume, which adds a large fragment--on the Dark Tower of the title--and a short story which has received occasional mention--to the canon of Lewis's fiction. Some observers have suggested that Lewis was a little *too* prolific, with the implication, perhaps, that he published willy-nilly whatever came from his hand. The fact that all but two of the works in *The Dark Tower* were in fact either incomplete or withheld from publication by Lewis, suggests otherwise. That materials gleaned as these printed here have been--from the pages of science fiction magazines, from old notebooks, and even from a bonfire--can have so similar a tone is highly suggestive. The works include "The Dark Tower," (c. 1938/1939), "The Man Born Blind," (late 1920's), "The Shoddy Lands" (published 1956 and 1966), "Ministering Angels" (published 1958 and 1966), "Forms of Things Unknown" (published posthumously, 1966), and "After Ten Years" (1959/1960, published posthumously, 1966). The mood of all of them has exactly that darkened quality which for many readers mars the second Curdie book of George MacDonald.

A soured, shadowed mood pervades these stories: in them those streaks of misogyny, violence, snobbery, and other human failings which are merely strata on the splendid mountainsides of Narnia, Malacandra, Perelandra, and Thulcandra, form the full terrain. One suspects that Lewis knew it, and withheld these dystopic works precisely because they lacked (at the least) Christian joy--and (at the most)--the numinous wonder of his published masterpieces. Not that these works are not far beyond the reach of the rest of us. To be able to write a review of a newly-published work by C.S. Lewis is an overwhelming privilege, quite unlooked-for and profoundly humbling. "The Dark Tower" contains so

many of his special qualities: his "attack," by which one is swept into the story irresistably, completely; his ability to create, in a few words, images of intense, supernatural malignity (as elsewhere an equally intense supernatural sublimity); his evocations of masculine camaraderie and the interplay of adult male minds. That his chiefest (and most concomitant) weaknesses appear simultaneously cannot come as a surprise.

I cannot altogether agree with Fr. Hooper's puzzlement "not to find in the fragment a high theological theme." Is not the Dark Tower an indictment (albeit in miniature) of the collective state and its destruction of personality? The idol in the Dark Tower, with its many bodies and one head seems an apt image of a dictatorship like those infesting Europe in the period when the fragment was read aloud to the Inklings. Nor can I quite agree that there is no phallic significance to the Stingingman's sting: "It was hard and horny, but not like bone. It was red, like most of the things in a man..." (p. 33) And it is used for a mindrape: the victims become "Jerkies," automata or zombies who, promised bliss and union with the Divine, have instead been deprived of selfhood and consciousness, rather like the cultists of our own day.

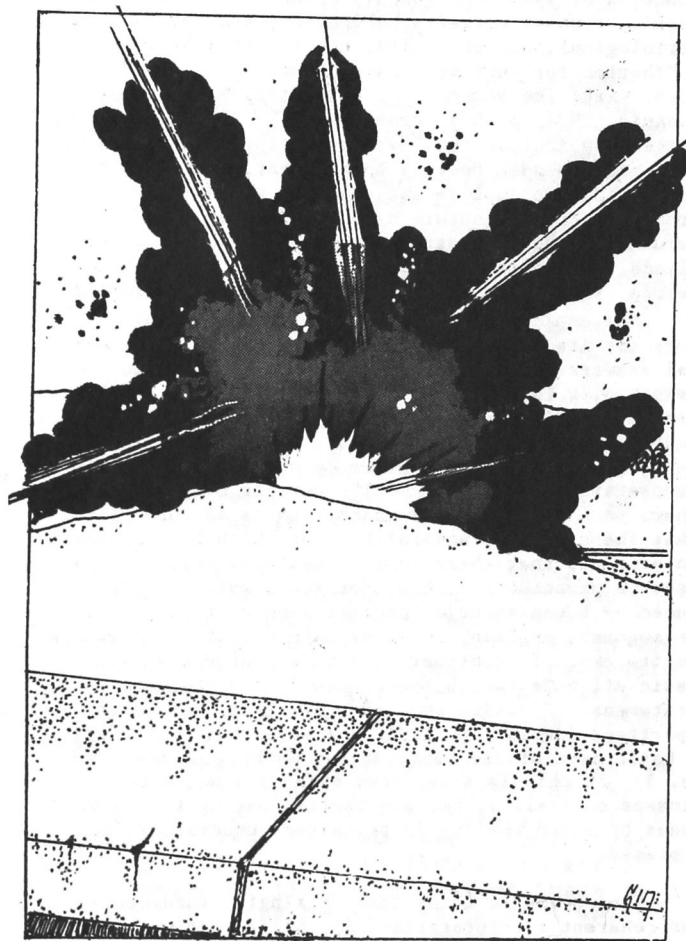
The story of "The Dark Tower" is based upon the question of time travel and of alternative or coincident universes. It begins on the hook of the Trianon visions which have been ably discussed by Gracia Fay Ellwood in *Psychic Visits to the Past* (New York: New American Library, 1971). Several commentators have called attention to elements in it which were to be repeated and expanded elsewhere, notably in *That Hideous Strength*. The motif of a traveller rapt into another world through a picture or screen Lewis used repeatedly in the Narnian Chronicles, along with the parallel world with its similar but variant time-stream. The assembly of men in a drawing room for an experiment which leads to strange travel resembles Lindsay's *Voyage to Arcturus* which begins with a seance and leads to Tormance. I was struck by the parallels to Charles Williams: the carvings in the Tower include the backs of an assembly of beetles, surely the same ones gathered to worship in *All Hallows' Eve* one whose multiple image (a trinity, as befits an AntiChrist) is finally coalesced as the single Simon Magus.

Most of the other stories are reprinted from *Of Other Worlds*, which also contained a number of significant essays. J.R. Christopher and J.K. Ostling's indispensable *C.S. Lewis: An Annotated Checklist* (Kent State University Press, n.d.) records the somewhat tepid critical response to these stories and "The Man Born Blind" would probably elicit the same reaction. These are rather minor works and I think I know why. A story which depends upon its "point" (as Fr. Hooper calls it)--its surprise ending, or twist, which cannot be given away--is not a myth. We are never surprised by myths. Though they can be told in a sentence they contain power even in the most compressed form. Obeying the rule established by Fr. Hooper, not to reveal these "points," (which are admittedly a common feature in popular writing, and well used in Lewis's stories here) I suggest that the reader try to turn the stories into sentences and see which ones survive the test. Fr. Hooper quotes one such summary from Professor Kilby's account of a conversation with Tolkien, of "The Man Born Blind." Finally, "After Ten Years," at least in its fragmentary form, is a tale demythologized.

"Ministering Angels," probably the liveliest and most substantial of the stories, has a moral core and an overt religious component, though its sexist elements are rather strong. It has the jocular tone which I least like in Lewis, but it is a successful and ultimately touching work of professional science fiction. None of the stories, however, has the compelling quality which "The Dark Tower," unfinished though it is, unquestionably has. It don't regret its incompleteness--it cannot, as Fr. Hooper knows, compare with *Perelandra* and *That Hideous Strength* which replaced it as the sequels to *Out of the Silent Planet*--but I am grateful that it has been preserved for us. It contains new examples of that unforgettable and absolutely original imagery which is the well spring of Lewis's genius, and has furnished us with a new, superbly Lewisian, and eminently quotable aphorism: "All three of us knew, and Ransom had actually experienced, how thin is the crust which protects 'real life' from the fantastic." (p. 17)

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The Breach in the Pelennor Wall

THEMES, PLACES,
BEINGS, THINGS

...Nancy-Lou Patterson

Ruth S. Noel, *The Mythology of Middle-earth* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1977), 198 pp.

A book on the subject of Tolkien's use of European mythological sources in his fantasies (as well as his investiture of Middle-earth with its own internal mythology) has been overdue. Noel's work, and it must have been a great deal of work, is a useful beginning, a kind of survey of the topic, marking out most of the main segments of the landscape, and cataloguing many of its occupants. The approach is less encyclopaedic than the two handbooks--Robert Foster's indispensable *A Guide to Middle-earth* (Baltimore: Mirage Press, 1971) and J.E.A. Tyler's more speculative (and self-consciously literary) *The Tolkien Companion* (Norwich, Macmillan London Ltd., 1976)--and the author shows little evidence of having consulted the many detailed studies of aspects of Tolkien's works which have appeared in the last two decades--but as an effort to impose structure upon the topic, the result is (with some exceptions, to be discussed below) a success.

Noel brings to her assiduous endeavours a world view of her own which does not, perhaps, contain all the categories needed for her task. In her introduction she sets out the "purposes of mythology" (p. 4). These are, she says, "to glorify history with supernatural events, to explain the unknown, and to hallow tradition." There are other major theories of the function of myth, but roughly speaking, the first of Noel's purposes suggests Euhemerism, the second, the aetiological, and the third, the theories of myth as a "charter for customs, institutions or beliefs" (G.S. Kirk, *The Nature of Greek Myths*, Harmondsworth; Penguin, 1974, p. 59), promulgated by Malinowski: the latter may include the "Myth and Ritual" school, since Noel has depended heavily upon Frazer. Perhaps the expression "to explain the unknown" would include the broad spectrum of nature myth theories as well. A perusal of the bibliography suggests that the ideas of Ellade, Levi-Strauss, and Jung, (not to speak of Leach, Geertz, and Turner) have no place in Noel's thinking.

She explains that "historical myths *augment* history [my italics]" (p. 4), that "myths...provide formal answers to questions that cannot be answered *practically* [my italics]" (pp. 4-5) and that "myths [are]...glorifying the traditions in order to *perpetuate* them [my italics]" (p. 5). In all these cases, which as we have seen conform to certain standard interpretations of myth, Noel's wording suggests that there *is* a "history" for which myth is an augmentation; that there *is* a "practicality" for which myth attempts to account; that there *is* a "tradition" which myth is used to perpetuate. Thus, for Noel, myth is introduced by human agencies operating on a "real" level to augment, explain, or perpetuate what already exists on its own. In contrast with this profoundly materialistic attitude (which she echoes in the pregnant statement: "justice and mercy are less facts than spiritual ideals" [p. 11]), she says that myths "are a basic part of the subconscious working of the mind." (p. 5) If this is true, then myths are not mere glosses on reality, but are instead one of the major modes by which reality is perceived, understood, and expressed.

Noel seems to think that "a single, fundamental, and coherent interpretation" (p. 4) is what we hope to gain from the study of myth, and that it is unfortunate when this is, as she thinks, somehow denied us when ancient myth has been relayed through Christian sources as is the case in Celtic and Teutonic mythology. But myth is not logical, not coherent: the mythologies of Greece are rationalized because of the operations of late classical culture (itself far from its origins): Egyptian mythology was rationalized repeatedly but always into mutually-exclusive systems, rather like the wave and particle theories of light. True mythology is always ambiguous and multivalent, as Jung says.

Noel chides Tolkien for saying that "The Frog Prince" is a story about "the importance of keeping promises." (You will recall that Noel does not regard justice and mercy as "facts".) She points out that when, after the princess promises the frog that he can share her bed and board if he returns her ball, she refuses to honour her promise when he hops into her presence with the rescued orb. Noel says, in proof of her thesis, that "he became a prince thereupon, and married the disloyal and undeserving princess." (p. 10) But surely this is the point: promises are so inexorably a part of the fabric of reality that the princess makes good her promise will she nill she: she indeed shares bed and board with the frog in the form of her new husband the prince. Just so, in Tolkien's Middle-earth, it is justice and mercy which rule, not fate: it is they which underly and order reality.

The book is divided into the following categories: Themes, Places, Beings, and Things. The deep mythological themes are given short shrift--two pages for "Fate," four for Subterranean Descent, and two for "Denial of Death." My quarrels are chiefly with these sections and will be detailed below. Noel's seven

pages on "Language," her treatment of "Places" and of most "Beings" is not only adequate but interesting. In the section on "Chronology" she makes an especially significant contribution, pinpointing Tolkien's ingenious and elegant use of traditional times and seasons, and providing a useful commentary on the prehistory of the European calendars from which Tolkien selected his motifs.

Noel subsumes under "Beings" a fifty-page sequence called "The Old Gods" which is in many ways a unit in itself: it includes the Valar, the Wizards, the Elves, the Dwarves, Tom Bombadil and Goldberry, the Ents, Sauron, and "The Evil Creatures." Some of these discussions are highly recommended, as insightful, helpful, and sensitive analyses of their sources and meanings. She does use one very odd structural device, the exclusion of Dragons from this section. She places Dragons under the category "Things," along with "Rings," "Weapons," and "Barrows."



I read all this with a mixture of respect for her obvious industry in finding Celtic and Teutonic sources for the many entries, and of growing disquiet at the categorizations themselves. I think I see one answer. She has neglected to include a category for Animals. Animals are a significant element in myth, and appear importantly in the mythological sources Tolkien used. Noel refers to animals repeatedly, but when she encounters Dragons, she is at a loss. Is a Dragon not a Being? She says she calls them Things because everybody else is "anthropomorphic" and a Dragon is "a reptilian spirit of fire." Is Shelob anthropomorphic? Does not a Dragon *speak* (in a human or hobbitish tongue)? Chrysophylax and Smaug certainly do. Surely speech is an absolutely characteristic act of *anthropos*: humankind.

And of course a Dragon is far more than a mere fire-spirit. It is a major symbol of sky and earth, and its fires are those of the storm clouds and the subterranean igneousities. And surely Dragons are animals--metamorphic beasts like the Gryphon and the Cherub, their cohorts in ancient Mesopotamia. They are multivalent embodiments of storm, sea, underground waters, firmament and fundament, as well as the "wild" and "natural" fires of lightening or lava, but they are animal in form from webby wings to scaly tail. (And why does Noel spell fiery "firy"?)

Tolkien includes a host of animals of magical power: prophetic birds, speaking eagles, menacing wolves, Shelob and other spiders, the gigantic bees of Beorn, the marvelous horses like Shadowfax and the good little ponies like Bill--the list goes on and on. Noel mentions them in passing, but they *deserve* a category of their own, from the malevolent midgets of Mordor to the wily Smaug. I would suggest that, instead of Dragons, under the category "Things," a space should have been provided for divinatory devices such as Galadriel's mirror, as well as for the Palantiri and other magical gems including the Silmarilli. An extremely interesting and sensitive discussion of Tolkiens' use of entities which modern Western culture would regard as "inanimate" (not-alive, and hence "things") but which Tolkien, like his mythological sources, treats as animate and endowed with consciousness, will be found in Gracia Fay Ellwood's essay "Everything is Alive," in *Good News from Tolkien's Middle Earth* (Grand Rapids, Mich.: William B. Eerdmans, 1970).

It remains to discuss Noel's treatment of themes other than "Chronology." Her section on "Fate" might have been better entitled "Prophecy;" she tells of Fate controlling even the Gods in Teutonic mythology, but in *The Lord of the Rings*, the affairs of Middle-earth are controlled and supervised by the Valar; this is Providence, not Fate. Again, in "Subterranean Descent," she has isolated significant descents (forgetting, however, Tolkien's remark that hobbits are relatively at home in holes), and ably recounts Tolkien's use of the motif in *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*. She suggests that subterranean descent is a figure for the contrast between "dream" and "reality," which reveals again her lack of an adequate *schema* for what constitutes reality. She refers to the "sense of unreality" in caves and the "return to practical reality" on rising to the surface of the earth (p. 25). But the subterranean descent is an image of the descent to the Unconscious. Noel protests, of "the descent by Beowulf into the lake of monsters" that "the whole sequence is impossible" (p. 25) because Grendel's dead body gushes blood. This reminds me of children who object to the Wolf's eating and disgorging a still-living Red Riding-Hood while accepting without comment the Wolf's ability to speak. Surely Grendel is "impossible" in the sense of not partaking of conscious life or what Castaneda would call "ordinary reality" in everything he does throughout *Beowulf*.

In "Denial of Death," Noel expresses the theme negatively instead of positively, as in "Resurrection," a word she seems unable to use, even of Gandalf: he is merely "sent back." Tolkien had experienced with the utmost poignancy the life-sentence of separation which is suffered by the bereaved who yet have full faith in the Resurrection and the Christian hope for those who have, in this world, been "lost." Christians do not *deny* death. They admit quite freely that Jesus died. What Christianity affirms is that death has been swallowed up in victory because Jesus rose from the dead. Tolkien's devoutly Roman Catholic mother, a convert, had died in his thirteenth year. He, like other Christians, took as his model Jesus, who even as He prepared to raise Lazarus from the dead, wept.

In "Language," contrasting with the brief spaces given to the three great themes mentioned above, Noel gives a fairly lengthy and detailed outline of Tolkien's use of language as a motif. In addition, the book concludes with a valuable glossary of the linguistic sources of some 228 of Tolkien's names and other words.

Despite all my cavils, *The Mythology of Middle-earth* is in the main a detailed and useful survey of Tolkien's mythological borrowings and is genuinely illuminating. To bring together so much data is in itself revealing: one hadn't realized how very *much* Tolkien actually borrowed. In the end, one is awed by his capacity to weave together so many threads from the past and make of them a marvellous tapestry that appears to be, in every sense, absolutely and eternally new. But of course, that is what a real myth always is.



OF PICTURES AND WORDS

...Robert S. Ellwood Jr.

Brian Froud and Alan Lee, *Faeries*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1978.

Bruce Pennington, *Eschatus*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1977.

Here are two art books clearly attempting to ride the crest of the fantasy wave. Both have striking pictures and less than striking texts. Both are intriguing means to while away a few hours and would make nice gifts for the right person, but both are finally unsatisfying.

Faeries is put out by the same publisher as *Gnomes* and already is in hot pursuit of the lat-

ter's bestsellerdom. The fetching illustrations dominate nearly every page and give memorable interpretations of the kobolds, goblins, elves, pixies, brownies, and the like which tumble out of the pages of conventional fairy tales. The technically well-done art is not without the coyly erotic quality of much Victorian fairy-representation. The text is a hodgepodge of folklore from sources old and new, theosophical teaching about the devic kingdoms, and the like.

Real fantasy enthusiasts will undoubtedly find the whole approach too cute and Disneyish. Here is none of the exalted, numinous quality of the elvenlands of Tolkien, or of the austere majesty of the stunning art in Geoffrey Hodson's theosophical *The Kingdom of the Gods*. Nor does one sense the feel of real folkloric encounters with the little people as presented, for example, in W.Y. Evans-Wentz's *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries*. Their overtones of real dread and marvel are missing, and one equally looks in vain for serious visionary romanticism such as in W. B. Yeats' *The Celtic Twilight*.

These cartoon pixies of a cynical age will not inspire great poetry or carry anyone into the realms of wonder. But they are fun, and they do show that good drawing is not quite as dead in these latter days as the fairy faith.

Eschatus is a little harder to figure out. It is supposed to be a series of more or less surrealistic paintings depicting an apocalyptic scenario transpiring two to four centuries in the future. First there is a new-classical peaceable kingdom--then the incursion of immoderate evil from earth, air, fire, and water. Plague, comet, earthquake, and atomic holocaust devastate the weary earth. Demonic armies swarm out of the sea and set an obscene tyrant on the throne of the world and a false pope in the sanctuary. But at the last moment, when it seems earth could bear no more, benign UFO's come to lift a remnant of humanity on beams of light from out of these horrors, and a shining hero rides in on a white horse to reverse the tide of darkness.

This narrative is said to be based on the prophecies of Nostradamus and of the Bible. French quatrains of the former, with English translation, appear with each picture. I think it should have been the Bible verses instead, for the Nostradamus material is all out of order and in any case I often couldn't see any connection between the verse and the painting. But broadly speaking the series does follow the prophecies of the Book of Revelation and cognate apocalyptic sources, especially as interpreted by the likes of Hal Lindsay in *The Late Great Planet Earth*. Here are the blood-stirring plagues, monster from the sea, rule of the Beast Armageddon, the rapture, the sudden Return, in full dramatic power.

The pictures are of superior sci-fi illustration quality. Each one individually presents a coherent tone, a good balance of symbols, and a sweeping sense of movement. They capture well the mood of cosmic drama, of extremes of spiritual height and depth, which animates great apocalyptic vision. But the artist should have controlled consistency between the paintings a little better. It is often hard to see how you get from one to another. The book ends with several pages of turgid prophetic verse by the author himself, which don't help much in understanding what is going on. He should have left it to Nostradamus and the Book of Revelation.

Eschatus is something aficionados of fantasy and science fiction art will want to add to their collections. But unlike the scenario it depicts, it's not an earth-shaker.

TOLKIEN ACCORDING TO BAKSHI

... Steven C. Walker

The Lord of the Rings (Ralph Bakshi, director; Saul Zaentz, producers) is a remarkable movie. It is at the same time, for Tolkien fans, a disappointment. The disappointment is in part inevitable. Because the imagination is quicker than the eye, Tolkien's fiction, in its strong appeal to reader imagination, has considerable advantage over any screen version. Tolkien's hobbits are pipe-smoking, hairy-toed invitations -- an outline for the reader to fill in. And Tolkien's reader, unencumbered by special effects limitations, invariably fills in better than the camera -- at least better from that personal perspective that matters most to each individual imagination.

Bakshi labored under a further disadvantage with movie as medium for Middle-earth -- the necessity of summary. Cuts had to be made. But when something of *The Lord of the Rings'* organic integrity gets cut, it bleeds. For those who know the original, the movie seems anemic; probably the most disappointing thing about the production is the absence of the rich texture of Tolkien's writing. The Elf-queen Galadriel and the warrior woman Eowyn, for example, are virtually interchangeable in the movie, even though all they have in common in the novel is statuesque blue-eyed blondness -- the movie's inability to see any deeper than that is a severe handicap.

That superficiality plagues Bakshi's version of *The Lord of the Rings*: Strider could pass as Tonto, the Elves would offend Anita Bryant, the black riders seem to have taken breathing lessons from Darth Vader, and Treebeard looks suspiciously like a refugee from Walt Disney's *Alice in Wonderland*. Tolkien has been accused of simplistic morality; inky black riders whose evil limps grotesquely instead of striding with its original Middle-earth dignity make that criticism valid.

There are some happy surprises in the movie. Bakshi's hobbits are as hobbit-like as any visual versions I've seen; the illustrations aptly capture the aged youthfulness of Tolkien's hobbits. Bakshi's Shire is located almost exactly where mine is. And I like the illustrative technique Bakshi calls his "paintings in motion". The ten thousand painted backgrounds for the movie approach brilliance both in their execution and in their variety. There are scenes which feel like moving through an Andrew Wyeth, a Breughel, or a J. M. W. Turner -- even, in Bakshi's best sequences, a hint of Rembrandt.

The movie managed occasional superb moments. I found some scenes more gripping than in Tolkien's trilogy -- the black riders flaming into the inn at Bree to rip up empty hobbit beds, Frodo at the Ford visibly ambivalent, the suggestion of the four horsemen of the Apocalypse in the Ringwraiths pursuing the Fellowship, and such fine color effects as the blueblack washes intensifying dream sequences and the striking reds on black with which Bakshi traces the history of the Ring in the opening sequence of the film. And there are times when scriptwriter Chris Conkling's invention makes real contribution to the original, as when we are wafted to the Weathertop campfire by Strider's shadowy voice retelling the tragic love tale of Beren and Tinúviel.

But my overall reaction to the movie was frustration. So many of the alterations seemed unfortunate, even after discounting for fanatical attachment to the original text: Why no Tom Bombadil? Why has Saruman become "Aruman"? Why must the Gates of Moria open the wrong way? Why do orcs batter at the walls in Helms Deep when the gates they should be pounding are in plain sight? What strange malady has afflicted Galadriel with blue skin? Why such confusing

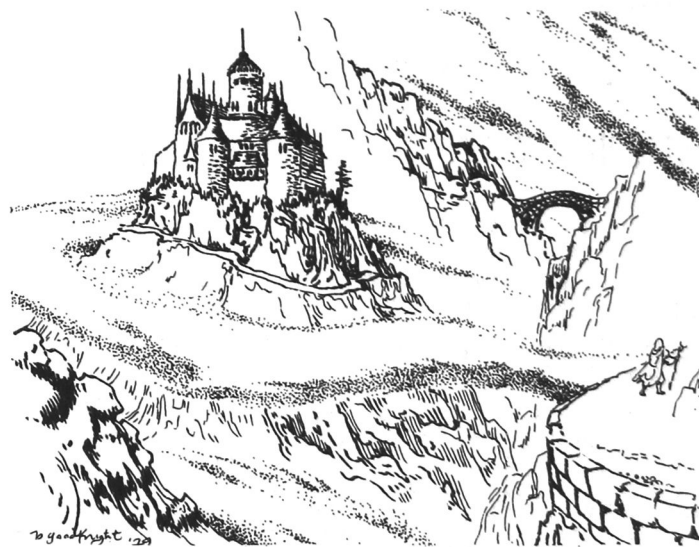
alterations in a script whose condensation already precludes telling the good guys from the bad even when you know the story?

Worse still, many of the movie's failings seemed the result of sheer shabbiness of finish. Merry's lips were out of synch with his words. Legolas' bow was designed differently in animation than in rotoscope. Slipshod rotoscoping gave too often the impression of water-colored humans. Bakshi and his illustrators seem to have tired half way through the million cels they produced for the film -- that failure of finish is apparent in battle scenes with casts of thousands where the only movement is two spears jerking or one flag fluttering; it's apparent in arrows flying in strict rank and file; it's most distressingly apparent in a sequel-setting-up climax straight out of a made-for-TV Western -- Gandalf leading a cavalry rescue splashing lavender orc blood all over the screen.

The movie was, in a word, uneven. Bakshi creates Nazgul whose flight over the marshes is enough to scare the hair off a hobbit, yet places below those terrific creatures a Gollum who would be more comfortable in *Yogi Berra*. He manages impressively massive battle scenes, then throws into the middle of his warriors a Legolas who looks like he is on leave from his usual work as a hairdresser. Bakshi carefully imports impeccable British accents, then sets them to a score disturbingly reminiscent of *Hogan's Heroes*.

But the deepest frustration for a dyed-in-the-British-virgin-wool Tolkien fan is that those who see the movie before reading Tolkien will share few such frustrations. The mind of the initiate to Middle-earth is likely to fix on Bakshi's relatively limited images before his imagination has a chance to move through Tolkien's depth and complexity. That's as tragic as someone going through life thinking *Kiss Me Kate* an in-depth presentation of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The fiction of J. R. R. Tolkien, like the magic mirror of his Elf-queen Galadriel, provides an almost infinite invitation to personal imagination: "What you will see, if you leave the Mirror free to work, I cannot tell. For it shows things that were, and things that are, and things that yet may be." Bakshi's movie may leave future readers free to see only what Bakshi saw.

That's not enough. Bakshi's *The Lord of the Rings* is a remarkable movie. But it fails, perhaps inevitably, to come close to doing justice to its source. J. R. R. Tolkien knew what he was about when he selected fiction as his medium.



RING-WRATH: OR THEREIN BAKSHI AGAIN

...Dale Ziegler

Well, of course any thoughtful person knew long ago that it couldn't be done, and given the creative temper and talents of our time, it wasn't likely to succeed if it were done. The television *Hobbit* gave us a foretaste of what might happen, but it was no preparation for the areas in which problems occurred for Bakshi. The *Hobbit* backgrounds were lovely and atmospheric, the colors clear and bright; if one could ignore the characters and the cowboy music, one could enter Middle Earth through the paintings. After seeing Bakshi's comic-book drawings of the Fellowship I had hoped again to be able to concentrate on what he called a "living painting" and let the rest go by. But such was not to be. Alas! And so, on to what transpired for me on the big screen.

To begin with, no one who reads this will have been able to judge Bakshi's *Lord of the Rings* objectively; no one who reads this will not have read Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*. We can recognize the film's fidelity to or disregard of the original material, we can recognize a visual conception as corresponding to or disagreeing with one of our own, but the point is that we have been there; we can say "Yes, that's just how it was," or "No, no, no, that's all wrong." What we can't do is sit there in the dark wondering what is going on, who this character is, why some apparently significant action or artifact seems utterly unmotivated or unexplained.

The things I found most annoying, the flagrant mispronunciation of names (Balin, Isildur, Isengard, Celeborn, Grima for starters), making Sam a fat, fearful fool, are certainly points which must be accounted for, but they are relatively unrelated to how the film works as a film, and it doesn't. What we have is Bakshi's detailed rendering of his own favorite moments from the book, linked with sketchy exposition, and hasty, ill-thought-out scenes (Treebeard) which would have been better left with Tom Bombadil. This gives us a film which is very poorly and confusingly structured; a film which doesn't work as a coherent story. It's a matter of balancing episodes, distributing points of emphasis in an artful manner, establishing exposition imaginatively, planning in advance for a retold story line with a beginning, middle and end. Lacking that, all is chaos: gems scattered amidst dross, set inappropriately, scarred and miscut.

One can live with a film that departs from its sources in matters of fact or even of tone: *The Wizard of Oz* and *Bambi* read quite differently from the screen versions, but they are perfectly successful on their own terms. *The Lord of the Rings* isn't. Bakshi has given us an example, in his film, of a scene that works beautifully and is pure invention: the rowing sequence in which Sam joins Frodo in his flight from Amon Hen. While they are seated facing each other in the boat, they are urgently joined in conversation, each having a pair of oars, and as each one pulls a vigorous stroke, the boat moves now forward, now back. This is pure cinema, not startlingly original, but so right in its context, and unique in this film, which would have been much more endearing had that kind of imagination been freely loosed upon it.

A major fault is often one of tone. Sam is not Lou Costello, Aragorn is not a crude Conan. The grotesque, the homely, and the comic are in easy reach of Bakshi's grasp, but he fails utterly even

to approach the noble; not only as touching the high races of Men and Elves, but in the very background paintings, for which so much was promised. One aspect of Tolkien's genius lay in the palpably real quality of the physical world he created--a world at the same time fresher and newer, cleaner and brighter than ours, and yet ancient, deep with history and significance. But in Bakshi's pre-occupation with his characters, who constantly fill the screen, we see very little of Middle Earth, and what we do see is usually generalized and trite. There is no pulling back and breathing in the magic air; letting the eye soar across the bracing breadth of panorama. There is a static flatness to the scenes; each background is a single cell, which is panned across as the camera would record a painting in a museum. There are no fore- middle- and background cells to lend a feeling of depth.

There is so much one could say--picking at this and that ("To Isengard," the song of the Ents, is sung by Orcs), praising a nice touch here (Gollum's C3PO sniff after "sneaking"), bemoaning a betrayal there (choose your own example); but to the eyes of this beholder, what makes the film finally a failure on the level where Tolkien is most successful--weaving the strands of language, history, character, narrative, place, different styles of speech and writing, all the many elements which were his enthusiasms, into a web which caught one in its remarkable consistency and clarity of vision--is the carelessness and inconsistency of the production.

Tolkien cared greatly and intimately about every detail of his work. Each effect was tested again and again before it found its final form. This care is one of the things that makes us care so very much when we read and reread *The Lord of the Rings*.

Bakshi diminishes his material when he uses it as a vehicle for unfinished experimentations in mixed media. It has been claimed that the film is technically interesting and innovative. It may be interesting to watch and see how the various types of images and their treatment are presented and mixed from scene to scene; it is certainly also intrusive. The film is ultimately self-conscious to the point of being tiresome. Some of its efforts to disguise its techniques make it visually dull and dark to the point of boredom. The mixing of photography and drawing is not only inconsistent, but inappropriate and silly; we see live action imaginary orcs battling a two-dimensional Flintstone-Magoo cartoon of a real man. The conception of the orcs might be basically acceptable, but by simply photographing actors in masks, with a minimum of reworking, the lack of facial mobility gives a Halloween costume effect which lessens the menace intended.

The constant switching of techniques, even in the presentation of the same character in the same sequence is a puzzling problem. Example: Theoden appears on horseback in a photographed long shot. The camera closes in, and his rippling cloak, shown from the side, is modified from the straight photography. He turns to face us, and behold, we suddenly see two-dimensional cartooning. Is this what we are told is innovative, creative, imaginative cinema? Whether it results from lack of time and money, whether it is carelessness or misconception, this constant intrusion of technique draws the attention away from what is being presented to how it is being presented. Again, this makes for a film which is so uncomfortably self-conscious, so riven with unsuccessful solutions to near-impossible problems that one reviewer, having sat through so many ambiguously dark scenes dimly seen against a gloomy red glow, concluded that the picture took place underground.

Undoubtedly, although much of the coarse de-meaning of Tolkien's work can be directly attributable to the quality of Bakshi's imagination, understanding and taste, these technical inadequacies seem to have been necessitated by unforeseen difficulties--possibly originally intended as rough working versions, to be smoothed over later, which had to be adopted as final through exigencies of time and money or through failure to develop sufficiently sophisticated technical resources.

The embarrassingly amateurish quality of much of the action must be traced not to the animators, but to the amateurish actors whose gestures they were copying. Gandalf acting out charades with the ring inscription, Sam changing facial expressions to mirror every syllable addressed to him, the ill-at-ease postures of Merry and Pippin standing in the background at Bree--these needed a director of taste and talent, not a team of literal translators.

Bakshi gathered unto himself gifted people, from Peter Beagle to our own Bonnie GoodKnight. What a pity that he didn't work with them instead of considering only that they were working for him. Together they might have given us quite a different

product.

Disney over the years rejoiced in setting himself many problems, from *Snow White* on, and he met them all with results which ranged from pedestrian to breath-taking, but he never foisted upon the world such an admission of his inability to meet a minimal standard of competence in carrying out the charge he had taken up.

Some years ago Mythcon I screened what turned out to be a student film which with very little budget and with tongue towards the cheek presented the setting out of the hobbits from the Shire, complete with fox. We had been told that this was to be the beginning of a serious *LOTR* film, and slowly our indignation gave way to relief and amusement as we realized we had been put on. I can't help remembering that innocent evening with fond nostalgia as I meditate on the rough brutality of concept which infuses what will have to be the definitive film visualization of this work for our generation (This is one film whose memory won't have to be reckoned with when re-make time comes round). One can look at the film and see Tolkien clearly, even cleverly translated from time to time; yet but a little while and, sure enough, there's Bakshi again.

SEVERE MERCIES

Gracia Fay Ellwood

In this issue of *Mythlore* we have two letters, and in the previous issue an article, dealing with Gnosticism. Since Gnosticism is for the most part buried in the past, and its attitudes are alien to many of us, it is valuable for us to make an imaginative effort to enter the world of the Gnostics--the sort of entry Lewis applauds as one of the advantages of reading.

In attempting to do so I have been helped by friendship with a contemporary Gnostic, one Stephen Hoeller, a Hungarian nobleman now living in Los Angeles. (A former member of our Society, Baron Hoeller is leader of a Gnostic group, a lecturer on Jung, and a passionate devotee of *The Lord of the Rings*.) The Russian-invaded Hungary of his early years mirrors the world in which Gnosticism (and Manichaeism, and Christian monasticism) flourished.

Fleeing the invaders in the winter of 1944-45, his family came to a village in the north of the country, but found no safety there. In the middle of a January night a group of Russian soldiers came blustering into the house where two or three families were huddled. First they tried to get everybody drunk, with clear intentions of raping the women. One soldier poured vodka down twelve-year-old Stephen's throat, and when he bolted in terror out the door, sent a rain of bullets after him. Stephen kept falling in the snow. "It was like living the kind of nightmare in which you have to run and can't." Vodka made the gun hand unsteady, and Stephen's aunt dashed the kerosene lamp from the man's other hand. Stephen escaped and crept away. During that same period Stephen's father and uncle were stood against a wall and shot. The father miraculously survived three bullet wounds; the uncle did not.

It is hardly a novel idea that the fact that we are finite, physical beings with constant needs and sensitivity to pain makes us hugely vulnerable. The majority of human beings throughout history have little chance for intellectual or artistic creativity; their brains are stunted by early malnutrition, and nearly all their time and strength go into working to meet the bodily needs of their children and themselves (barely) and their "betters." They are Drudge of *Pilgrim's Regress*. And

that is when things are stable. In times of chaos or tyranny bodily existence makes masses of people liable to terror and violence. The ascetics in late Roman times who went to live in religious communities or as hermits in the wilderness were not merely seeking to avoid the *fin de siecle* corruption of the times, they also hoped to escape pillage, rape and massacre.

Stephen declares that his encounters with violence did influence him further toward Gnosticism, not only because of experienced physical vulnerability but because of the pervading terror of the disintegration of a world. "One day you're on top of the heap, and the next you're a hunted animal." Reepicheep would doubtless have called it the Turn of the Wheel of Fortune. But it certainly makes understandable the longing for an assured, nonphysical, eternal world. For Stephen this is essentially the world of the Archetypes elaborated by Jung; (and in fact Jung did draw substantially on Gnostic sources).

Of course not everyone who lives through such a world-breakup takes such a position. The Catholic and Orthodox churches affirmed Creation, Incarnation, bodily resurrection and sacramentalism in uneasy tension with much world-denying asceticism. And in fact the above is not to be taken as an endorsement of Gnosticism, especially its negatives. One of the best supports I know of an affirmation of physical creation is found in Williams' theology of romantic love. Ineffable glory has been seen embodied in human forms and faces, in nature, and in much else. I have seen it myself and cannot doubt it. It is reason enough to affirm the body as the glorious and holy flesh, and to hope for the best of both worlds.

Having only just been introduced as editor, I now have the happy task of introducing our new associate editor, Lee Speth. Lee is making available his considerable erudition and inconsiderable free time to share the jobs of evaluating MSS, writing endless letters, doing layout, and mailing (actually, mailing doesn't require vast erudition.) Best of all, he will be writing the column "Cavalier Treatment" for each issue, giving light-hearted trips to out-of-the-way countries of Fantasy. Many thanks, and welcome.

Lee Speth