



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis,
Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

Volume 7
Number 3

Article 12

10-15-1980

Reviews

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Recommended Citation

Yates, Jessica; Patterson, Nancy-Lou; Wilson, Gord, et al. (1980) "Reviews," *Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature*: Vol. 7 : No. 3 , Article 12. Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore/vol7/iss3/12>

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Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Abstract

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Metropolis. Thea von Harbou. Reviewed by Thomas M. Egan.

One Ring to Bind Them All: Tolkien's Mythology. Anne C. Petty. Reviewed by Thomas Santoski.

The Literature of Fantasy: A Comprehensive, Annotated Bibliography of Modern Fantasy Fiction. Roger C. Schlobin. Reviewed by Joe R. Christopher.

The Screwtape Letters. C.S. Lewis. Illustrated by Papas. Reviewed by Kathryn Lindskoog.

Additional Keywords

Melody Grandy; Stephen Casey

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REVIEWS

A BRITISHER LOOKS AT BAKSHI

One year after the Ralph Bakshi film of LOTR part 1 opened in London on July 5th 1980, it has sunk into obscurity. It is not playing anywhere in the West End; as it toured the UK last summer, I expect it would be hard to manage to see it now. This augurs ill for sales of spin-off merchandising (which have not yet got off the ground) as I believe that the film made little impact on the public consciousness. Reviews by film critics were uniformly unfavourable, whether or not (and mostly the latter) they had read The Lord of the Rings. It is a wonder that Tolkien's already-damaged reputation did not suffer further knocks. Sales on the one-volume paperback (which doesn't have the Appendices apart from the Tale of Aragorn and Arwen) with a tie-in cover of the Ringwraiths leaving Bree, were noted in the official Bookseller bestseller list for several months from July 21 to November 17th, when it made ten appearances towards the bottom of the paperback list. Of course, these were affected by the Fotonovel which cost half the price and was published without arrangement with Allen and Unwin. The Fotonovel is in fact a more faithful record of the film's scenes and dialogue than the Ballantine Film Book which A and U did market over here.

Now for my own impressions. I thought the film was DREADFUL! I will summarise my opinions, trying to avoid repetition of comments from the reviews in Mythlore 19, and to give the particularly British angle.

The film displayed a complete disregard for the cultural heritage from which Tolkien's epic sprang, and totally distorted Tolkien's message for the Fourth Age.



The Wayfarer

To begin with The Shire. As any Tolkien fan knows, Tolkien modelled the Shire on the countryside where he grew up, in Warwickshire outside Birmingham. Did Bakshi go to hunt out similar scenery in the Cotswolds? Compare the attitude of the makers of the cartoon Watership Down who went to Berkshire and painstakingly painted the green countryside backgrounds from the life. Bakshi implied that The Shire was as peculiar as the rest of Middle-earth, and showed it in purples, blues and yellows! The weather was also peculiar - on the road to Bree the hobbits passed through a snow-scene when they hid from the Black Rider! The result of course was that at Caradhras the impact of snow had already been made and Tolkien's careful gradation of climate conditions was ruined.

The artists which Bakshi claimed as his influences in various interviews such as Arthur Rackham and Kay Nielsen "those who had been Tolkien's own visual conditioners" (New Musical Express 14th July 1979)... "and thereby re-creates the visual sources of Tolkien's life, work and vision" - were unrepresented. I am very familiar with the Rackham style, and if Bakshi had made use of the Rackham Wagner this would have made a wonderful film, faithful to Tolkien. But one look at Treebeard showed us that Bakshi had never looked at a Rackham tree in his life. Eowyn too would have been perfectly drawn from Rackham's Brunnhilde. Bakshi's emphasis on the Dutch school of painting didn't catch any influence of Dutch painting in the film either.

The music, too, was dreadful. To suit Tolkien's world we should have had mediaeval music or evocative electronic music. A full symphony orchestra does not belong in Middle-earth. The only moment when the music seemed at all suitable was Prancing Pony, but that music was supposed to be home-grown, which then led to the question - where are the musicians?

Fans have criticised the handling of the plot again and again. I will try therefore to avoid enumerating criticisms one after the other, and to generalise about Bakshi's attitude to Tolkien. Ian Slater put it well in Fantasiae 68-9, when he identified the main flaw is the cutting of the climax to a scene; for instance, Gandalf throws the Ring into the fireplace, but doesn't explain why he's done it (to reveal the inscription). The voice-over prologue told us of the Ring, but not of invisibility, so we do not know why the Ring is so attractive to Isildur and Gollum. Sauron's manifestation as the Eye is crucial to the plot, and Tolkien thought it so important that the Eye formed part of the book's cover design. So - the two important visions of the Eye, in the Mirror and on Amon Hen, are fudged. The first is skimmed over briefly, and the second omitted.

Another very important moment was totally wrecked. There should have been a long pause before Frodo stood up to offer to take the Ring - but there wasn't! Many fans have pointed out that the Doors of Moria opened the wrong way. This isn't just nicking for the sake of it - Tolkien deliberately made them open outwards. As the film had it, when the Watcher reached in to pull the doors shut, it would have caught its tentacles in them! Another detail Tolkien deliberately inserted was Pippin's brave action in leaving his brooch for Aragorn to find - so Bakshi made it a button accidentally fallen.

Tolkien's main theme was the rejection of power, and the fact that evil must be fought with cunning and bravery, not just with brute force which cannot guarantee success. Tolkien destroyed the orcs at Helm's Deep with huorns - NOT with another army coming up to relieve the siege. Elsewhere in the film Bakshi emphasises action rather than endurance, e.g. Frodo's attempt to fight at Weathertop is seen as heroic rather than foolish, as is his fighting in Moria when only the mithril-shirt saves him. The excessive amount of camera-time spent on swordfighting gives the impression that The Lord of the Rings is a violent and bloody story. As the book has recently become more popular in my school library with the average boy, this I must assume that the violence of the film attracts him.

To conclude my review, I will quote the advance publicity: "Film-makers and fans now see that the wonders and terrors of Middle Earth could only be captured in animation." As far as I'm concerned, we can go back to playing "Casting the Ring Film" with real actors again, and maybe one day there'll be a re-make. It should have been possible. The sources were there, the script could have been worse, and the British actors spoke their lines with real feeling (a pity the costs could not have run to an expert in Tolkienian pronunciation). But the film-maker's imagination just didn't create the same world which Tolkien invented - the real Middle-earth.

Jessica Yates

THE ELVISH CRAFT

Paul H. Kocher, A Reader's Guide to The Silmarillion (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1980), 286 pp.

To the elvish craft, Enchantment, Fantasy aspires, and when it is successful of all forms of human art most nearly approaches.

J.R.R. Tolkien, "On Fairy-Stories"

Paul H. Kocher wrote the best book in print on Tolkien's writings, just as Humphrey Carpenter wrote the best book on his life. I should have no hesitation in putting the two in the hands of any reader (amateur, student, or scholar). But when those books were published, The Silmarillion was not yet available to the public. There has been a great flurry, recently, in the addenda business--the re-issue of Robert Foster's A Guide to Middle-Earth as A Complete Guide to Middle-Earth (including material on The Silmarillion), for instance, and the inclusion in a re-issue of Mark Hillegas's Shadows of Imagination of a new essay on The Silmarillion by Peter Kreeft. Quite another matter is the appearance of a completely new book by Paul H. Kocher on The Silmarillion as a work in itself. Just as the appearance of Tolkien's last-published but first-written work re-makes his entire oeuvre, so it requires a re-making of the scholarship. Kocher's new book is thus a pioneer work, the first full-length consideration of its subject. I doubt if it will be the last.

Because of its role as bell-wether, Kocher's Guide deserves close examination for its structure and techniques. He begins (and ends) well. He refers to Tolkien's desire to create "a mythology for England," and outlines the history of its development in written form. He draws together Tolkien's sources, from the Elder Edda, the Kalevala, some of the Icelandic Sagas, and parts of William Morris. His footnotes are remarkably complete and useful: indeed, half of his commentary is contained within them. The Chronology is extremely helpful and detailed. Kocher's essay provides an excellent antidote, both to "rave reviews" like Kreeft's essay, "The Wonder of The Silmarillion" and to the luke-warm literary reviews which greeted The Silmarillion's publication. Kocher treats his material soberly and in its proper context--Tolkien's scholarly readings. His interpretation is measured and well-supported.

The meaning of The Silmarillion he presents in a telling sentence:

It is the implanting of ("a legacy of lies in the hearts of Elves and Men") . . . by Morgoth and his servants, and the reaping of its fruits in the destruction of Elves and Men, that constitutes the theme of The Silmarillion. (p. 201)

He continues:

The work is therefore a tragedy, moving from the high and beautiful to fatal endings, with the connivance of wills free to choose but too often preferring what is bad or unwise to what is true and good. (p. 202)

Desire for light (the Silmarilli are light, the light of the Trees of the Sun and the Moon) is "true and good." But covetousness, inordinate desire, is "bad or unwise." The terrible oaths sworn by those who desire to possess the Silmarilli at all costs: these change ordinate longing for light to inordinate desire, leading to doom. Just so, Adam and Eve's desire to eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good



Farewell

and Evil leads to the Fall in Genesis. In Arda, marring comes from the actions of the Vala Morgoth and his Maia Sauron. In our world (is it not the same world?) we use other names for the power of non-being.

Tolkien wrote in "On Fairy-Stories" of the Light that forms the central symbol of The Silmarillion: ". . . in the Trees of the Sun and Moon root and stock, flower and fruit are manifested in glory." He meant that the fantasist intends, by the light of his secondary creation, to cast light upon the primary creation.

Is The Silmarillion then, unlike The Lord of the Rings, which is a Eucatastrophe, a tragedy, as Kocher says? If it is, at least it culminates in the actions of a "saviour," Eärendil, who carries one of the Silmarilli with him into the skies where he sails forever as the Morning and Evening Star. The other two Silmarilli descend, one to the depths of the sea, and the other to the heart of the earth. There, presumably, they still burn, bearing their promise of the ultimate triumph of Light at the mysterious Last Battle, to which Tolkien refers but which he does not define.

I said that Kocher began and ended well. I expected to find in A Reader's Guide to The Silmarillion an extension of his sensitive and meticulous analysis, beautifully expressed in his graceful prose. The analysis in his Guide is indeed excellent--so far as it goes. But I think there cannot be more than twenty or thirty pages of it, exclusive of the Chronology and Footnotes. A generous estimate finds forty to fifty pages of analysis in a total of 286 pages: less than a fifth of the book. And of what does the rest of the Guide consist? Paraphrase. Chapters II through XIII paraphrase the Ainulindale, the Valaquenta, and the Quenta Silmarillion, while Chapter XIV summarizes The Lord of the Rings' Appendix B and the Akallabeth, and Chapter XV summarizes Of the Rings of Power and the Third Age. And not mere paraphrase: plodding, pedestrian paraphrase. Here is Kocher, paraphrasing a passage from "Of Beren and Luthien:"

. . . Curufin, bending over, lifted Luthien to his saddle as he swept past her. But Beren, with a leap which became renowned, avoided Celegorm and jumped up behind Curufin, grasping him around the neck. They both fell off the horse, and Luthien also. (p. 136)

Here is Tolkien's limpid original:

. . . Curufin swerving stooped and lifted Luthien

to his saddle, for he was a strong and cunning horseman. Then Beren sprang from before Celegorm full upon the speeding horse of Curufin that passed him; and the Leap of Beren is renowned among Men and Elves. He took Curufin by the throat from behind, and hurled him backward, and they fell to the ground together. The horse reared and fell, but Luthien was flung aside, and lay upon the grass.

I looked about for some precedent to a book which devotes most of fourteen of its fifteen chapters to paraphrase, and bethought myself of William Ready's An Outline of The Lord of the Rings, The Hobbit (Toronto: Forum House, 1971). His book is a "college outline," the sort of volume intended for students who wish to review a work for examination, and used by students who wish to avoid reading the original. Ready's book is well-written and useful (unlike his previous effort, The Tolkien Relation). He devotes at least as many text words to analysis as does Kocher, while keeping his paraphrase to less than one-eighteenth of Kocher's. I will explain that. I estimate (very roughly) that the length of Kocher's paraphrase is about .18%—nearly one-fifth—of the length of Tolkien's The Silmarillion (about 31,000 words by Kocher, compared to about 172,000 words by Tolkien). In sharp contrast, Ready's paraphrase (about 62,000 words) is about .09%—less than one-hundredth—of the length of Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings plus The Hobbit. The point of all my arithmetic is this: Kocher's Guide is very long on re-telling (without a single quotation) and contrastingly short on analysis, interpretation, and plain guidance. I have seldom read a book so difficult to finish. Compared to this turgid and viscous material, The Silmarillion itself flows like a melodic river over pebbles of silver and gold. Maybe that's what Kocher was trying to show us.

I hasten to add that, stripped to its bones, Kocher's essay rewards the effort of reading his book to the end. He throws considerable light on Tolkien's approach to the Elvish craft. I suppose I am really saying that I wish there had been more of it.

Nancy-Lou Patterson

DANCING IN THE DRAGON'S JAWS

If a musician claimed J.R.R. Tolkien as his inspiration, we might expect a melodic depiction of merrie middle earth.



Rest and Refreshment

or a dissonant invocation of Sauron and his dark entrancements. A less subtle imagination might produce a hobbitown jig or a ballade entitled 'There and Back Again,' maybe a sea chantey about escape in a barrel, an heroic couplet concerning killing dragons and finding gold, perhaps an ominous warning about the power of the Ring.

Similarly, when Canadian folk artist Bruce Cockburn claimed Charles Williams as inspiration for his Dancing in the Dragon's Jaws album, I searched and searched in vain for 'the Archdeacon's Theme,' 'Finding the Graal at Fardles,' 'Lester's Love Song,' or 'Substitution Suite,' until I remembered Mary McDermot Shideler's careful distinction between allegory and imagery in The Theology of Romantic Love. She places Williams squarely in the latter camp. While Tolkien denied that his romances were allegory, it would not even occur to one to make the accusation of Williams; even his morality lacks Tolkien's polar dualism. Two lines from War in Heaven make clear the cast of his thought: 'No one can possibly do more than decide what to believe,' and 'This also is Thou/never is this Thou,' a paradoxical maxim of the spiritual way.

Bruce Cockburn's album is concerned continually with this paradox and choosing to believe in it. He neither allegorizes Williams' novels nor draws from similar subject matter; what he has inherited from the latter is not the things seen but a way of seeing, 'just beyond the range of normal sight.' Two images dominate the album: the joker or fool, drawn from The Greater Trumps, and the 'shining Cup' from the Taliessin cycles and War in Heaven. Musically and visually, this is an exciting album, its dynamic being generated from the constant juxtaposition and interplay of images. I say visually, because Cockburn's lavish metaphors and descriptions unleash an abundance of pictures. His fecund imagination, terse, vivid verse and skillful guitar work infuse the commonplace with color and delight.

The album begins with 'Creation Dream,' an inviting portrait of the Creator with all of the attributes St. Paul ascribes to Him in the book of Colossians. Built on a loose parallel to Paul's metaphysical accolades, the song sketches Christ with a lightness which never becomes jocular, a playful lovingness that sets the personal tone of the album:

centered on silence
counting on nothing
i saw you standing on the sea
and everything was
dark except for
sparks the wind struck from your hair...
lines of power
bursting outward
along the channels of your song
mercury waves flashed
under your feet
shots of silver in the shell-pink dawn

'Hills of Morning' draws its imagery from Descent into Hell (Wentworth's fraying rope) and The Greater Trumps: 'And just beyond the range of normal sight/this glittering joker was dancing in the dragon's jaws.' The chorus is a prayer, on the order of St. Francis', drawn from the Genesis creation account, fiat lux, ex nihilo:

Let me be a little of your breath
moving over the face of the deep
i want to be a particle of your light
flowing over the hills of morning

'Badlands Flashback' is sung in French, which adds to its zen-like perfection. Written on Easter, this tune about someone 'dancing like a flame' combines the Pentecostal imagery of the flaming dove with the kinetic energy of the Resurrection. Cockburn's transitions between the natural and supernatural worlds (so called) are effortless and tire-

less; the principle of the Incarnation is everywhere; quite simply the infusing of the lowest, most commonplace with the most sublime and profound. But if one rejects the hierarchical distinctions of the Great Chain of Being, one may posit a more republican view, avoiding the tacit manicheism, the too-rigid distinction between flesh and spirit implied in the Mediaeval hierarchy; Cockburn is simply seeing through the eye of faith, which the writer of Hebrews terms 'the evidence of things not seen.' An almost giddy hope, an influx of meaning, runs through the album.

'I believe in God,' Cockburn explained in an interview, 'and I believe in Jesus and in the hope that they offer. So if there's joy and hope, that's where they come from.' Cockburn's joy is surprising, like Lewis', unnerving like Williams'--a spontaneous penultimate reality, 'the most infallible sign,' as Francis de Sales put it, of the ultimate reality, the presence of God. Conspicuously absent are Swinburne's 'pale Galilean', and, for the most part, Damaris Tighe's stinking pterodactyl.

Cockburn's joy is inextricably tied to love, sometimes beauty, but following Hopkins, his is a pined beauty, a poet's delight in form and texture, an aesthetic appreciation of jagged variation rather than allegiance to the Greek ideals of perfection and symmetry: 'I've been cut by the beauty of jagged mountains/ and cut by the love that flows like a fountain from God.' Here the natural mountains become a vehicle and agent for the action of heaven. As the psalmist puts it anthropomorphically, 'the heavens are telling the glory of God.' The message of the mountains here seems to transcend a passive witness to the Creator's majesty, however, and Cockburn receives the cutting illumination as stigmata, identifying with Christ's wounds: 'So i carry these scars, precious and rare/ and tonight i feel like i'm made of air.'

The idea of the natural world as a vehicle for transcendence is also presented in Cockburn's popular tune 'Wondering Where the Lions Are,' quite obviously derived from The Place of the Lion: 'I'm thinking about eternity/ some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me.' From here to eternity via ecstasy. Continually however, following the idea of incarnation, the translation comes to here from eternity or to space from infinity in the personal agent of Christ, the Hound of Heaven, seeking to save the lost.

Cockburn makes it clear that seeing the unseen also involves challenge. His is very much the Biblical idea that revelation is not arbitrary, not without consequences, necessary for those to whom it comes--even urgent. In Christian theology, what is primarily urgent is an existential, dynamic relationship with God; every meeting is an encounter with an inexplicable Other, a primary being to encounter whom is to be irreversibly changed. This personalism is continually apparent in Cockburn's work: first in his intense symbology: 'light flows like blood,' wings rip the 'net of sky.' Secondly, the blood, light and wings are not only intense metaphors, but personal ones. If faith is seeing things hoped for, then love is the way to see:

maybe to those who love is given sight
to pierce the wall of seeming night...
maybe to those who love it's given to hear
music too high for the human ear

Love is a gift from the One who loves:

I'm blown like smoke and blind as wind
except for when your love breaks in...
it's like a big fist breaking down my door
i never felt such a love before!

At the finale of this album, we see the object of the big fist, the rationale of the Pentecostal dove, the raison d'etre of the joker: it is all to bring us into the Cosmic Dance, in which God the Trinity leads all creation in harmonious movement by love. The world refuses to dance and thus sees Christ, God's 'joker' as a fool. But those who decide to believe Him become, as it were, fools too, joining the great plan, moving in joy toward fellowship with God and with each other, symbolized by the Holy Graal, the arche-



The Queer Bridge

typal Cup of communion: 'And the dance flows on/ everything flows toward the rim of that shining Cup.'

'No footprints,' the album's consummation, carries Cockburn's own testimony:

through these channels/words
i want to touch you
touch you deep down where you live
not for power but because i love you
so
love the Lord
and in Him love me too
and in Him go your way
and i'll be right there with you

Throughout the album, the supernatural has been interpenetrating; now it gains the ascendancy. The substance 'that increases everything that is,' which Williams calls 'the air within the air' becomes an overpowering atmosphere. As the album began with the beginning (creation), now it ends with the end, and in that climactic moment those who have decided to believe are taken up into the Dance, 'leaving no footprints when we go.' 'The kingdom of the world, as Revelation foretells, has become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.'

'Dancing' is testimony not only to Cockburn's genius, but also to Williams' power to evoke, as he said of other poets, new life and power from what is every day taken for granted, what is thought, as Dorothy Sayers has it, 'to be decently dead.' Cockburn has inherited from Williams not a bag of doctrines but a box of tools, not propositions but an approach that enables him, with the whole confraternity of poets to affirm the underlying reality of the Dance and the movement in joy toward the happy ending of the Divine Comedy, toward, in Dante's paradisaical vision, 'the Love that moves the sun and other stars.'

Cockburn, like Hopkins, sees the world 'charged with the grandeur of God,' ablaze with his presence and lavished with his love. Yes, you may drum on about the dragon if you

like, but there's a glittering joker, nail marks in his hands, dancing in the dragon's jaws.

Gord Wilson

METROPOLIS

"Metropolis: Medieval Vision in the City of the Future"

Metropolis by Thea von Harbou. New York: Ace Bks. 1963, 1st printing; 1976, 2nd printing. Original reprint of 1st English language edition of 1927. Introduction by Forrest J. Ackerman. 222 pp. \$1.25. Paper. (Original price was 40¢!)

High Fantasy as literature has built its "secondary worlds" out of all facets of human life. Yet the modern city in its gigantic power of technocracy and bureaucracy is perhaps the hardest thing for the lover of imaginative literature to digest. For this, one should turn to the single most remarkable work in the history of science-fiction or fantasy -- Thea von Harbou's Metropolis, a "romance" of the 21st century.

Although technically science-fiction, and indeed considered a classic in the genre, its imagery and themes come from a dual source - tradition -- the German Romantic fairy tale, and medieval morality tales. The author is long dead and her creativity centered on the 1920s only. But what amazing things she did in ten short years -- in the Germany haunted by the devastation of World War I, whose literature and art were seared by philosophic pessimism about the meaning of life! Thea von Harbou was perhaps the first prominent woman author in fantasy literature. Her film screenplays (associated with Fritz Lang) and novels include the two films of "Die Nibelungen" (rich in mythic imagery and primeval monsters of German folklore and legend), "Woman in the Moon" (screenplay and novel), the three Dr. Mabuse films of a King of Villainy, and "Spies" (film) -- and finally in 1926, Metropolis (filmed the same year).

It is structured into some twenty-five chapters, and the authoress strives to give the reader a sense of the mythic quality of modern life. She as a romantic believes in preaching the necessity of compassion in the day-to-day existence of the Industrial City. A good background into the prose qualities and literary antecedents in fantasy and science-fiction literature of her novel is covered by Forrest J. Ackerman whose enthusiasm matches the beauty of the novel itself. Scenes of violence are rare here, but overwhelming in visual imagery when recounted. Sentimentality threatens at times, yet deftly averted by the prose imagery and magnificent (sometimes horrifyingly apocalyptic) concepts and symbols used. As in a fairy tale, the locale is vague; no geography is given, or political background either. Things are -- it's up to the reader's imagination to fill in the gaps.

The Master of Metropolis is one Joh Fredersen. He is cold, seemingly inhuman in his desire for absolute perfection and efficiency in his great monolithic city. His power and that of his class of bureaucratic technicians is threatened by a vague restlessness among the machine workers -- "human Clocks" who are wasted to death by the horrendous extension of this Work-Ethic to its logical absurdity -- and by the militant asceticism of Christian monks led by one Desertus. The image of the City as the home of material pleasure and power -- the spirit of "Yoshiwara" -- is combined with the mythic images of the great machines which run the City. They are pagan gods, hungry for worship and victims.

The counterpoint here is the innocence of Maria, who captures the love of the son of the Master of Metropolis, Freder. The latter undergoes a Quest of suffering in order to understand the mystery of compassion, of love itself. The author then introduces the evil archetype of science-as-sorcery, Rotwang the Inventor. Dwelling in an arcane edifice filled with the symbols of black magic, he is the secret ally of the Master of Metropolis in the secret game of power. It is Rotwang who creates the Lilith figure of a "robotrix", a pseudo-Maria, who is the exact look-alike of the real girl -- but one created in the evil desires of Rotwang, made to corrupt and destroy all hope for the helpless workers. Even as ally, however, Rotwang has no real interest in Joh

Fredersen's rationalist utilitarian world. He hopes to destroy all in his inmost schemes. He is Prometheus as Caliban.

The novel has a number of overlapping points of tension. There is the perennial conflict between father and son, the conflict between scientism and the mystical religion symbolized by the Cathedral, the question of "right order" in society, the role of magic as power, and the threat of Apocalypse against this City of Man. Biblical imagery is everywhere -- but we don't get the feeling of a tiresome preachiness. The violence and mob scenes are sometimes spectacular, but never sadistic. In the end the human characters fade before the wonder of the City itself and the prose used to stir our imagination of wonder:

When the sun sank at the back of Metropolis, the houses turning to mountains and the streets to valleys; when the stream of light, which seemed to crackle with coldness, broke forth from all windows, from the walls of the houses, from the rooves and from the heart of the town; when the silent quiver of electric advertisements began; when the searchlights, in all colours of the rainbow, began to play around the New Tower of Babel; when the omnibuses turned to chains of light-spitting monsters, the little motor cars to scurrying, luminous fishes in a waterless deep-sea, while from the invisible harbour of the underground railway, an ever equal, magical shimmer pressed on to be swallowed by the hurrying shadows -- then the cathedral would stand there, in this boundless ocean of light, which dissolved all forms by outshining them, the only dark object, black and persistent, seeming, in its lightlessness, to free itself from the earth, to rise higher and ever higher, and appearing in this maelstrom of tumultuous light, the only reposeful and masterful object. (pp. 20-21)

A weird and wonderful world of horror and strange beauty erupts everywhere, it's medievalism wrapped in future fantasy. Come -- the quest awaits!

Thomas M. Egan

TOLKIEN'S MYTHOLOGY

Anne C. Petty, *One Ring to Bind Them All: Tolkien's Mythology* (University, Alabama: The University of Alabama Press, 1979)

Vladimir Propp and Claude Levi-Strauss, who have brought folklore analysis to a respected position, are still looked upon by many as esoteric and awe-inspiring. Yet their theories are so exacting that Petty uses them to analyse the structure of *The Lord of the Rings* with high precision.

By using the theories which Propp developed while working with Russian folktales, Petty can trace in Tolkien's book the two movements Propp found as the base of mythic imagination. One is that of fight with the enemy and victory; the other is that of difficult task and solution.

The first movement, the fight and victory, is known as the Departure. In *The Lord of the Rings* it covers the time from Bilbo's Farewell Party to the hobbits' arrival at Rivendell. The rest of the work makes up the Initiation, the difficult task and its solution.

Binary opposition forms a great part of the work. We can observe instances of opposition in Gandalf and Saruman, Gollum as Slinker and Stinker, Theoden and Denethor, and Galadriel and Shelob. All of these represent the paradigm of death and rebirth; one side is suppressed and a new one arises. This can be observed in *The Silmarillion* as well: when the Lights are destroyed the Valar grow the Trees; when the Trees are murdered, they make the Sun and Moon. The motif continues throughout Middle-earth history, with the end of one age and the passing into another.

Besides analysing *The Lord of the Rings*, Petty discusses *The Hobbit*, which is first classed with the classic hero quest of separation, initiation and return. Petty then uses Propp and Levi-Strauss to show how from the lighthearted *Hobbit* the serious, high-minded *Lord of the Rings* was born.

Thomas Santoski

BEST ADULT FANTASY BIBLIOGRAPHY

Schlobin, Roger C. The Literature of Fantasy: A Comprehensive, Annotated Bibliography of Modern Fantasy Fiction. New York: Garland Publishing, 1979. xxxvi + 426 pp. Indices. \$30.00.

For an installment of the Inkleling Bibliography, I have listed the references to Lewis, Tolkien, and Williams in this volume, and indicated something about its critical introduction. Let me add here a few comments on other aspects of the volume. It is certainly the best bibliography of adult fantasy which has yet been published, and it will probably remain basic for years to come. Nevertheless there are some problems with the book which should be noted.

First, about what it does have. It lists 1148 fantasies and author bibliographies in its first section, and 101 fantasy anthologies in its second. This list of 1249 items is certainly the fullest straight fantasy listing I know of. Most of the novels have annotations; short story collections have their contents listed with, usually, no annotations. The checklist contains works by "literary" authors, such as John Barth and John Updike, as well as pulp writers, like Robert E. Howard. Schlobin is not listing science fiction, and he is also avoiding the supernatural Gothic and supernatural horror fiction. As I noted in my I.B. listing, I don't understand his statement of the basis for the latter two--the dividing line between them and other fantasy seems to be a matter of personal judgment. At any rate, Stoker's *Dracula* does not appear here, although Charles Williams' novels do. Schlobin is listing only adult work, with a few noted exceptions for historic reasons (e.g., L. Frank Baum, Lewis Carroll). Perhaps I haven't made it clear: the types of fantasy Schlobin is essentially after are the heroic fantasy (including "swords and sorcery") and the mythic work. He extends this in all sorts of directions, but they are his core. And it will be noted that I have few comments below in these central areas.

Now then, about the omissions and oddities. Nelson Bond does not appear at all. There are four volumes of Bond short stories (so far as I know)--*Mr. Mergenth-winker's Lobblies* (1946), *The Thirty-First of February* (1949), *No Time like the Future* (1954), and *Nightmares and Daydreams* (1968)--and most of the fantasies in these books are non-Gothic. Also, Bond's novel, *Exiles of Time* (1948), should be included--any novel that ends at the Day of Ragnarok has something to say for it. Bond is a polished storyteller, writing mostly for general magazines, I believe.

Under Ray Bradbury, I am not quite certain why *The Martian Chronicles* (and its British form, *The Silver Locusts*) is listed. Admittedly, Bradbury's is not-very-scientific science fiction, but surely it is more clearly SF than straight fantasy. For that matter, Bradbury's Gothic collection (mostly from *Weird Tales*), *Dark Carnival* (and its later form, *The October Country*), is also included.

Another complete omission is Fredric Brown. I am not certain how many of his books should be listed, but *Honeymoon in Hell* (1958) and *Nightmares and Geezenstacks* (1961) should. "Rustle of Wings" in the former is a fine, Janus-ended story. (In one of Brown's mystery novels--don't ask me which--he has a brief episode in which demons talk about one of the

characters, but it's not sustained enough to make the book worth listing.)

Speaking of mystery writers, I am rather surprised that John Dickson Carr's *The Burning Court* (1937) did not make the list--perhaps it is too Gothic. And Agatha Christie is also omitted; since some psychic sleuths are included elsewhere in the volume, surely *The Mysterious Mr. Quin* (1930) should also be mentioned. (Isn't the Harlequin enough of a myth to fit Schlobin's fancy?) Her miscellaneous short-story collection with the largest number of fantasies is *The Hound of Death* (1933)--a British book; I think the American collections tend to spread out the fantasies.

Since Williams is included in this volume, I rather wonder at the omission of *The Scarlet Boy* (1961), by Arthur Calder-Marshall--one of the best ghost novels of the twentieth century (serious ones, that is, not humorous).

A minor comment: in the annotation to Michael Crichton's *Eaters of the Dead* (p. 60), I wish its relationship to *Beowulf* had been mentioned.

Under Henry Kuttner, I miss the short story collections, which include some pure fantasy stories. I am thinking of *A Gnome There Was* (1950), as by Lewis Padgett, and--for that matter--*The Best of Henry Kuttner* (1975); both have the former's title story, and the latter has "Housing Problem". There may be more fantasy stories in them. "Housing Problem" and a story which may be read as either fantasy or SF--"Call Him Demon"--appear in *Bypass to Otherness* (1961). I think *Return to Otherness* (1962) is all SF, but *Ahead of Time* (1953) may have some fantasies. *Line to Tomorrow* (1954) has "A Gnome There Was" (again) and "Compliments of the Author" (which first appeared in *Unknown*). No *Boundaries* by Kuttner and C. L. Moore contains that excellent pact-with-a-demon story, "The Devil We Know". (By the way, the copyright pages in the collections of the '50s and '60s are misleading--stories which appeared in *Unknown* are regularly credited to *Astounding*.) Schlobin also misses the small bibliography--"A Bibliography of the Science-Fantasy Works of Henry Kuttner", compiled by Donald H. Tuck--which appeared in *Henry Kuttner: A Memorial Symposium*, ed. Karen Anderson (Berkeley, California: Sevagram Enterprises, 1958). I suppose this bibliography might be considered too much a fannish production, but I know of no other work which lists Kuttner's contributions to *Strange Stories*, for example--several of them under the pseudonym of Keith Hammond.

Another comment on annotation: nothing is said about Sanders Anne Laubenthal's borrowings from the Inklelings in her *Excalibur* (p. 142). Under Don Marquis, only the first volume of the three about archy and mehitabel is listed. (Perhaps the musical made from these newspaper columns should be mentioned in the annotation? There was also a record album. Wasn't Eartha Kitt the singer?)

Under C. L. Moore, I have a general point to make. Schlobin lists the first collection of her *Jirel of Joiry* stories (*Jirel of Joiry*, New York: Paperback Library, 1969), as well as the earlier split of the stories between two Gnome Press hardbacks, but he does not list the first hardcover edition of the stories by themselves, as *Black God's Shadow* (West Kingston, Rhode Island: Donald M. Grant, Publisher, 1977), with color illustrations by Alicia Austin. One purpose of bibliographies is to help book collectors, and surely the 1977 volume is the preferred copy except as a first edition. If this were an isolated instance, I'd ignore it; but Schlobin also omits the illustrated hardcovers of Jack Vance's *The Dying Earth* and *The Eyes of the Overworld* (and also some of the Robert E. Howard books, I believe, but I'm not a Howard collector, so I don't have the information). If he's avoiding them because they were limited editions, perhaps he should add the information on the number of copies printed. But I would say first hardcover editions should always be added to books originally appearing in paperback, and then major subsequent editions--for example, one with elaborate illustrations or one with a critical introduction. (For an example of the latter: Schlobin lists the Gregg Press edition of Randall Garrett's

Too Many Magicians, p. 94, but does not mention the introduction by Sandra Miesel. Or, to be less contemporary, Schlobin lists the first edition and the current one of George MacDonald's *Lilith*, but the 1924 Centennial Edition [London: George Allen and Unwin] is omitted--it has an introduction and a paragraph by Greville MacDonald of the first version of *Lilith*.)

Under James Thurber, *The Wonderful O* is listed (p. 241) but not *The White Deer* (1945), with Thurber's own illustrations, and *The 13 Clocks* (1950). Among other things, the latter is important for giving a critical term for the analyses of romances to Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* (1957).

In the annotation to Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Kingdom of Elfin* (p. 255), I wish Schlobin had added the title and publication information of the one elfin story (or was it two?) in *The New Yorker* which was not included in the book. Under H. G. Wells, some fantasies among the short stories are missed--one of them of the "magic shop" genre, I remember. (In fact, once I decided to check it, I find it to be "The Magic Shop" in *Twelve Stories and a Dream*. I don't know if Wells started the genre or not.)

Under William Anthony Parker White ("Anthony Boucher"), his first short story collection--*Far and Away* (1953)--is omitted, although it had at least four fantasies. "The Anomaly of the Empty Man" is a Janus-ended detective story; "Snulbug" and "Sriberdegibit" are two of Boucher's three pact-with-a-demon stories ("Nellthu" is the third) with the demonic names taken from the pied quarto of Shakespeare's *King Lear*. "Review Copy is an excellent (if rather Gothic) black-magic story. A marginal fantasy (it may not be fantasy) is "They Bite".

In the anthology section, I wonder at the annotation of *Omnigathum* (1976), ed. Jonathan Bacon and Steve Troyanovich, which says it "is the only volume of collected fantasy verse" (p. 271). What about August Derleth's *Dark of the Moon: Poems of Fantasy and the Macabre* (1947)--is it too Gothic for Schlobin?

There is one important omission from the anthologies--*From Unknown Worlds* (1948), ed. John W. Campbell, Jr., and illustrated by Edd Cartier. A hardcover edition appeared in England in 1957. Three anthologies appear in Schlobin's list which collect stories from *Unknown Worlds* magazine, but this anthology is surely the best.

And that mention of one great fantasy magazine--greater, to my taste, than *Weird Tales*, for all the difference in the length of their publications--brings me to another, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Why aren't the annual anthologies from *F&SF* listed? Are they too much SF for Schlobin? None the less, *F&SF* has published much of the best fantasy since 1949. (The emphasis on fantasy seems to me to have been stronger in its early days, when Boucher was first co-editor and then editor.) I find it irritating that *Weird Tales* and *Unknown Worlds* are both in the index, but *F&SF* isn't. (They have references to eight and five items respectively.) *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* is referred to in at least eight items--nos. 23, 108, 534, 650, 1012, 1017, 1024, and 1094--and perhaps more, since I didn't start checking for it when I first read through the volume. Certainly other references could be made. Six of the seven stories in Vance's *The Eyes of the Overworld* were first published there, for instance. (If, which is mentioned in only one item, is in the index, and so is *Fantastic Stories*, with three. For that matter, *Amra*--an amateur magazine--gets into the index with one mention.) Ah well, no doubt it is simply a slip, but it does seem odd.

Despite all my quibbles above, let me repeat that Schlobin's book is excellent. Any serious reader of fantasy will find it a fascinating guide to all sorts of books he hasn't read yet--and some he hasn't heard of.

Joe R. Christopher

SCREWTAPE TURNING FORTY

The Screwtape Letters by C. S. Lewis (illustrated by Papas) Collins, 1979, \$9.95, 133 pages.

Forty years ago, on July 21, 1940, an idea was born in Oxford. In 1941 the idea was exposed to the public in a church newspaper called *The Guardian*, and in 1942 the idea issued forth as C. S. Lewis's book *The Screwtape Letters*.

The new Collins edition of *Screwtape* offered in commemoration of that 1940 idea is the most elegant yet. It is printed on smooth white paper with wide margins, and each of the 31 chapters includes two pen drawings--one of Screwtape and one of Wormwood, plus Screwtape's varying signatures. The pictures of Screwtape in the first half of the book are best. By the end of the book he is reduced to an awkward human skeleton. Wormwood, aside from a variety of bizarre metamorphoses (bed, typewriter, horn of plenty, army tank, etc.) remains from beginning to end a very seedy faun--fat, with a straggly moustache and pimply nose. He looks like a low-class Mediterranean stereotype and a cartoon anti-cherub. The illustrative tour de force is at times intrusive, and the inclusion of Wormwood's anus in his position of defeat in the final chapter is not vulgar, but just too cutesy. Readers will no doubt be divided about whether *Punch*'s Papas has enhanced *Screwtape* or cluttered it.

The main contribution that this new edition of *Screwtape* makes to Lewis scholarship is directing attention again to the letter in which C. S. Lewis described the inception of his idea of diabolical correspondence, a passage quoted first in 1966 in *Letters of C. S. Lewis*. In 1974, in *C. S. Lewis: A Biography*, on p. 191, Walter Hooper said Lewis got the idea for *Screwtape* after the 8 a.m. Communion he attended on Monday, July 15 in July 1940. In his introductory remarks for the Lord and King edition (1976) and Collins edition (1979), Hooper corrected that account and said that Lewis received the idea during a Communion service on Sunday, July 14. The time and date are a relatively small matter, to say the least, but both accounts are a week early.

C. S. Lewis was ill and unable to attend Communion on either July 14 or 15 as he makes clear in his letter to his brother in which he describes how the idea of *Screwtape* came to him. It came to him during the late Communion service on Sunday, July 21, 1940. He had not been able to attend church for several weeks before that. All one has to do to get the correct date is to read the letter carefully. Unfortunately, few people are able to do that because so far the letter is available to readers only at the Wade Collection, to which Major Warren Lewis directed his collection of Lewis papers, and at the Bodleian in Oxford, where a photocopy of the letter is available which Walter Hooper has apparently used.

The "*Screwtape Letter*" letter" is one of the most interesting that we have from Lewis's hand. In addition to giving samples of what the devil might say to readers in his future book, Lewis gives a vivid sense, in his chatty way, of the tensions of World War II England. He combines this with his perpetual attention to human nature and literature and history. This is the interrupted two-day letter in which he observed (just before *Screwtape* was hatched!) that he would be useless as a schoolteacher or policeman because of his tendency to become almost convinced by patent falsehoods presented unflinchingly.

Lewis claimed that he was especially slow at grading essay examinations because if a student with bold, mature handwriting claimed that Wordsworth wrote *Paradise Lost* he would feel a need to check to make sure that the student was wrong. Throughout this letter deception (both innocent and diabolical) versus reality is the apparently accidental theme. The sooner this July 20-21 letter is printed in its entirety, the better for Lewis readers.

In the meantime, the trustees of the Lewis estate have graciously granted *Mythlore* permission to quote the following excerpt from the second half of the letter, resumed at

coffee-time on Sunday after mid-day communion:

Before the service was over--one could wish these things came more seasonably--I was struck by an idea for a book which I think might be both useful and entertaining. It would be called *As One Devil to Another* and would consist of letters from an elderly retired devil to a young devil who has just started work on his first 'patient.' The idea would be to give all the psychology of temptation from the other point of view....e.g. About undermining his faith in prayer, I don't think you need have any difficulty with his intellect, provided you never say the wrong thing at the wrong moment. After all, the Enemy will either answer his prayers or not. If he does *not*, then that's simple--it shows prayers are no good. If He *does*,--I've always found that, oddly enough, this can be just as easily utilised. It needs only a word from you to make him believe that the very fact of feeling more patient after he's prayed for patience will be taken as a proof that prayer is a kind of self-hypnosis. Or if it is answered by some external event, then since that event will have causes which you can point to, he can be persuaded that it would have happened anyway. You see the idea? Prayer can always be discredited either because it works or because it doesn't....In attacking faith, I should be chary of argument. Arguments only provoke answers. What you want to work away at is the mere unreasoning feeling that "that sort of thing can't really be true."

Incidentally, Lewis's inspiration came during a period of weather he greatly enjoyed--good wind and driving rain.

Kathryn Lindskoog

(Continued from page 7)

²Bruce A. Beatie, "Folk Tale, Fiction, and Saga in J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*," *The Tolkien Papers, Mankato Studies in English*, No. 2 (Mankato, Minnesota: Mankato State College, 1967), p. 6.

³Mark R. Hillegas, ed., *Shadows of Imagination* (Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois University Press, 1969), p. xiii.

⁴Edmund Fuller, "The Lord of the Hobbits: J. R. R. Tolkien," in Neil D. Isaacs and Rose A. Zimbaro, eds., *Tolkien and the Critics* (Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1968), p. 36--Fuller quotes Philip Toynbee quoting W.H. Auden; Robert Sklar, "Tolkien and Hesse: Top of the Pops," *Nation*, 204 (8 May 1967), 599; W. R. Irwin, "There and Back Again: The Romances of Williams, Lewis, and Tolkien," *Sewanee Review*, 69 (October-December 1961), 577; Daniel Hughes, "Pieties and Giant Forms in *The Lord of the Rings*," in *Shadow of Imagination*, p. 96; D. Hughes, p. 95; George Burke Johnston, "The Poetry of J. R. R. Tolkien," in *The Tolkien Papers*, p. 65; Gelrad Monsman, "The Imaginative World of J.R.R. Tolkien," *South Atlantic Quarterly*, 69, (1970), 265; Reilly, p. 99; Burton Raffel, "The Lord of the Rings as Literature," in *Tolkien and the Critics*, p. 229; Michael Wood, "Tolkien's Fictions," *New Society*, 338 (27 March 1969), 493; Stimpson, p. 13.

⁵Johnston, p. 63; Monsman, p. 265; Marion Zimmer Bradley, "Men, Halfings, and Hero Worship," in *Tolkien and the Critics*, p. 126; Fuller, p. 18; Monsman, p. 264; Neil D. Isaacs, "On the Possibilities of Writing Tolkien Criticism," in *Tolkien and the Critics*, p. 4; Charles Moorman, "The Shire, Mordor, and Minas Tirith," *The Precincts of Felicity* (Gainesville, Florida: University of Florida Press, 1966), p. 86; William Ready, *The Tolkien Relation: A Personal Inquiry* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1968), p. 165; W. D. Emrys Evans, "The Lord of the Rings," *The School Librarian*, 16 (December 1968), 287; David M. Miller, "The Moral Universe of J. R. R. Tolkien," in *The Tolkien Papers*, p. 60; Patricia Meyer Spacks, "Power and Meaning in *The Lord of the Rings*," in *Tolkien and the Critics*, p. 263; Reilly, p. 91; Irwin, p. 575; Rose A. Zimbaro, "Moral Vision in *The Lord of the Rings*," in *Tolkien and the Critics*, p. 105; Sale, p. 247; Clyde S. Kilby, "Meaning in the Lord of the



Rings," in *Shadows of Imagination*, p. 75; Monsman, p. 271.

⁶Spacks, p. 97; Wood, p. 493; Charles Elliott, "Can America Kick the Hobbit? The Tolkien Caper," *Life*, 62 (24 February 1967), 10; Francis Huxley, "The Endless Worm," *New Statesman*, 50 (5 November 1955), 587; Fuller, p. 22.

⁷J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings*, 2nd ed. (London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 1966), I.11. This work comprises Volume I: *The Fellowship of the Ring*, Volume II: *The Two Towers*, and Volume III: *The Return of the King*.

⁸*Rings*, I.10-15.

⁹Byrna and Louis Untermeyer, eds., *Wonderlands* (New York: Golden Press Inc., 1962), p. 55, includes a Lee illustration of the hobbit. Barbara Remington's can be seen in Nancy Griffin, "The Fellowship of Hobbitomanes," *San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle*, Sunday, December 18, 1966, "This World" section, p. 44, and David Levine's in Gerald Jonas, *New York Times Book Review*, October 31, 1965, p. 78.

¹⁰*Rings*, I.10.

¹¹E. L. Epstein, "The Novels of J.R.R. Tolkien and the Ethnology of Medieval Christendom," *Philological Quarterly*, 48 (1969), 517.

¹²Stimpson, p. 27; Douglass Parker, "Hwaet We Holbytlá," *Hudson Review* 9 (Winter 1956-1957), 605.

¹³Epstein, pp. 522-23; Alexis Levitin, "The Hero in J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*," in *The Tolkien Papers*, p. 26; Beatie, p. 8.

¹⁴Edmund Wilson, "Oo, those Awful Orcs!" *Nation*, 182 (14 April 1956), 312-313.

¹⁵J.R.R. Tolkien, *Tree and Leaf* (London: Unwin Books, 1964), p. 67.

¹⁶*Rings*, I.377.