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## Missives to Mythlore

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## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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



### Additional Keywords

Tim Kirk; Paula Marmor; James Shull

# MISSIVES to MYTHLORE



Sharyn Lawler-36 Miller St. Springfield, O.

...Speaking of Mr. Kirk's work, his gift for depicting the magnitude of buildings, cities and landscapes has always been obvious (that little sketch of Tashbaan in the Winter '70 Mythlore is a masterpiece in this respect), but his sketches of the Ivy Bush in the current issue have happily revealed an equal ease with the miniature. Thank you!

Really the art in Mythlore is so outstanding that I could go on forever, but let me just mention a few particularly satisfying delineations: George Barr's Screwtape; Paula Marmor's Gandalf; Marmor's Council of Elrond (the first convincing Rivendell I've seen); Bonnie's Ransom with Tinidril which I mentioned on the phone, and also the splendid Fool (with Society emblems on his robe)--one can hardly bear to look at the expression on his face. I was also interested in The Accuser. Williams' plays are neglected and it's sad. Dorothy Sayers seems to have admired them and she was a playwright herself. I love her plays too. Unexplored territory for the Performing Arts Workshop to consider?

I think I missed the Con of my life last year. Mary McDermott Shideler's book on Williams is a very great favorite and I would love to have heard the author. Williams' ideas have been a tremendous help to me; "the dignity of the whole man" was a concept I desperately needed. In hopes of making my point I will tell you a secret of which I am heartily ashamed. When I was in high school nothing would have dragged from me an admission that I was hungry; I was that determined to be "above all that". Can you begin to conceive the amount of destructive, self-regarding pride that lay behind such an attitude. From this desperate condition, C. S. Lewis snatched me (The Pilgrim's Regress--Superba on her mirror, you know) and Williams began to heal me. And though I say "Lewis" and "Williams", I do not forget (usually) that all happened by what Williams himself might have called the "permitted lieutenantancy". There, end of true confessions!

Paula Marmor's article "The Wielders of the Three" was fascinating, but does she mean to suggest that Tolkien worked all that in consciously? Or that it merely arouse naturally out of the nature of the archtypes? And if the latter, as I assumed, isn't the correspondence of the He-brew gems remarkable?

Brian Bond's article "The Unity of Word" was also very fine. Old Solar is one of Lewis' most believable creations; I have a secret, half-serious fear that someday I am going to hear someone "speaking in tongues" and they will end by saying "Urendi Maleldil."

Joe Christopher's article sent me back to Anderson's fairy tales for the first time in X-many years; unlike Grimm's, they always made me cry as a child. The tale about the demons' mirror at the beginning of "The Snow Queen" is startlingly contemporary. If I had read it when I was little I might have been less miserable in college psychology courses!

I can't believe that The Noises That Weren't There was written after All Hallow's Eve was in a finished form. Be-

sides there being too much overlapping of themes (the paintings of light, the false bodies created by magic), there would seem to be an insuperable difficulty because of Jonathan Drayton's wife. It is not the kind of thing Williams would let pass. I think it must have been a first draft of All Hallow's Eve rather than his final novel. Unless you think that he intended not to publish A. H. E. at all, but to incorporate what he wanted of it into the new book? In any case, we may well be glad to have Noises; there are bits of it I would not give up, already: Clarissa's prayer, and that nobody-but-Williams description of her attitude toward dress.

The report on the C. S. Lewis collection at Wheaton was appreciated. I had no idea it was so extensive; Professor Kilby can certainly be proud of having begun that.

The latest "Mythprint" is a gem, especially Bonnie's cover picture, the letters, and all the reports of your varied and exciting activities. It is enough to make one wish to move to California. But as one of the isolated members, may I express my deep appreciation to Glen for the concern and the effort to involve us.

Doubtless the "ding-dong" of Avon calling is heard even in California? The fragrances of their Avocado and Papaya soaps are so exotic, and even decadent, that the formulae must have been stolen (or more likely bribed) from the apothecary of some Tarkheena of Tashbaan. Feeling rather hesitant about going to church smelling like a Calormene, I covered it all up thoroughly with a goodly dose of "roses", which grow in Logres (naturalized "scion of Causcasia"); and, besides, one can always appeal to the last chapter of All Hallow's Eve.

I could drivel on like this for another four pages but will spare you this time. All best wishes to everyone out there, and keep up the good work. It is, believe me, a tremendous help to your scattered fellows just to know that you exist.

"The splendour, the love, and the strength be upon you."

P. S. My philodendron is in possession of a Great Ring; it does not grow or obtain more life, it merely continues.

Samuel S. Long-Box 891, APO. N. Y. 09241

I have before me a copy of your Winter 1970 number of Tolkien Journal-Mythlore which I picked up in London. Allow me to congratulate you on a fine fanzine. I've accumulated several copies, and what strikes me most is the quality of the artwork, which, if not always according to my imaginings of Middle Earth, is always well done and imaginative and in accordance with the 'Scripture'--i. e., technically correct. I'm also impressed with the general quality of the writing, tho' some of it seems to lack the touch of humor which is the saving grace of the Ring Trilogy itself. Myself, I'm interested in exegesis and the mental reconstruction of the life and times of Middle Earth from the data given; I don't go in much for the attempts to read things into the Ring Trilogy, or for speculation not backed up by 'historical' evidence.

Now to get down to the nitty-gritty. I've lived in splendid isolation from the mainstream of Tolkien fandom for four or five years, ever since Entmoot folded (whatever happened to that gold zine?), and I little realized what scholarship had gone on that I didn't know about. Take for instance, Marcella Juhren's article on 'The Ecology of Middle Earth'. That type of article is close to my heart, being true scholarship; and I cannot well gainsay anything to be found therein. However, it brought to mind again the project of Tolkien scholarship that has been on my mind for several years, but which hasn't yet gotten beyond preliminary investigations. You see, I'm a weather forecaster by trade, and have often marveled at Tolkien's descriptions of weather. But closer reading has convinced me that, for all his powers as an observer and recorder of events and moods, the good Professor is no climatologist. Contemplation of the geography of Middle Earth leads me to the conclusion that: a) the Shire would have a climate like, say, Czechoslovakia, not England; b) the vale of Anduin would be steppeland if not desert, and the great forest of Mirkwood would not be there; c) Fangorn Wood is on the wrong side of the Misty Mountains; and d) the south side of the White Mountains should probably be much drier than it is described. Balance these against the fact that a) the lands around the Gulf of Lune and the Blue Mountains are correctly described; b) so, more or less, are Mordor and Ithilien and Rohan; and c) so is winter in Rivendell and thereabout. Let me stress that these are preliminary results and are probably a little too harsh on Professor Tolkien, and that they are subject to change and revision. They are based on my knowledge of climate and the effects that large land masses and mountains have on weather.

My interest in Tolkien, which had been flagging, has been revived by your zine. However, having read Robert Graves, my views on Tolkien can never be the same again. I'd like to have seen more real magic lore in the Trilogy. But oh well, we take what we get, I suppose. And what we now get in your zine, besides just Tolkien stuff, is very interesting; I'm glad to see Narnia getting its due attention, although Narnia cannot compete with Middle Earth as a place for the latent anthropologist and scholar. The Narnia series is much too didactic for me; much of Lewis Carroll's writings are the same way. As I see it, only when fantasy doesn't try to teach can it be true fantasy. Nevertheless Reepicheep fandom is a good idea. ((Editor's question: Do you feel that Tolkien doesn't try to teach us anything? I think he is trying to tell us many things; and where do we draw that fine line between telling and being didactic?))

I live in Oxfordshire, England, not far from the towns of Thame, Worminghall, and Oakley that figure so much in the story of Farmer Giles of Ham. Sometimes when I'm down at the pub, I tell the locals the story of Farmer Giles (with a perfectly straight face, of course) as convincingly as I can. They, who have grown up in the area, are quite amused by the story, and are not quite sure whether to believe me or not. Unfortunately, I'm usually unable to keep a straight face and give the game away before I finish. Hmm, I note that I haven't looked up to see where Worminghall really did get its name from; I'll

have to do that. Thame, by the way, is a prosperous little town with a long street full of shops and a population of 5500 just 14 miles from Oxford. Oakley and Worminghall are pleasant villages a little to the west of Thame. I'm sure Farmer Giles would not be pleased to see the Chinnor Cement works just five miles away to the east belching forth smoke and dust upon the Chiltern Hills whose ridge lifts impressively more than three hundred feet above the Oxford Plain.

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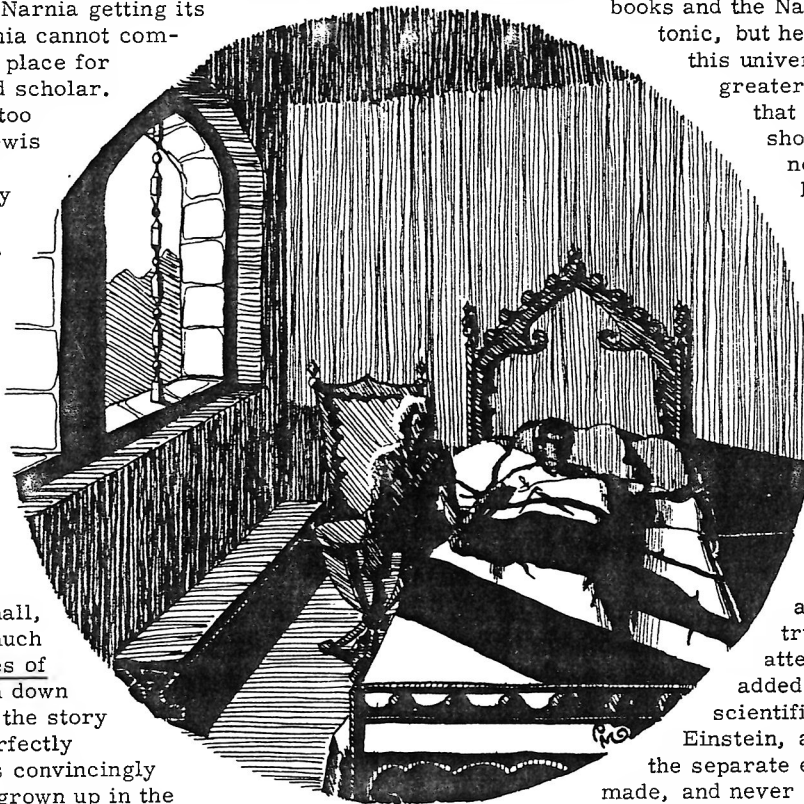
Owen Barfield spoke at the U. of M. yesterday -- I thought perhaps you'd enjoy a report. I missed the talk itself, unfortunately, but was able to come for an informal conversation session that afternoon.

I was startled to find that I recognized Barfield by sight--from Bonnie's drawing. I hadn't realized, though, how short he is; I so frequently meet people I can't talk to without getting a crick in my neck. On a second glance, I realized that I would have known him anyway, because he was the only man in the room the right age to be Barfield, and the only man wearing a suit and tie. Not to mention the only man speaking in an English accent. He has a soft voice, and I found it difficult to understand his words; I had to listen intently. He had the same problem in reverse, of course, and frequently had to ask us to repeat things we'd said.

I asked about the poem he said, in his article on Lewis that he'd written about Lewis. "It hasn't been published... has it?" he said, as if puzzled to imagine what interest I could have in it unless I'd read it, and then wondering if somehow I had read it; it wasn't the poem's content I wanted to ask about, though, but, rather, if he found that his fiction/poetry and his philosophy tended to work together as Lewis's had. He answered that he didn't think Lewis's philosophy and fiction did go together. "He allowed himself much more neoplatonism in his stories than he could ever allow himself

to believe in life. The universe of the Perelandra books and the Narnia books is very neoplatonic, but he could never believe that of this universe... as I do, to a much greater extent." (I hasten to add that all these quotations marks should be quasi-quotes; I took notes, but don't know shorthand.)

Someone asked him what he meant by saying that neoplatonism was true. He said, "Well, the detection of correspondences between the macrocosm and the microcosm -- the sun is like a lion, is like the heart of a body -- that is truer that the scientific dissection of them into their elements, nerves, cells, atoms." Someone asked him what he meant by truer, and he said he couldn't attempt to answer that. But he added that it is characteristic of scientific thought "Newton, Darwin, Einstein, and so forth" to look only at the separate elements of which unity is made, and never at the unity -- this brought him back to the topic of his morning's talk, "Language and discovery," where he had discussed attempts at finding a new language in which it would be possible to talk about unities, and so perhaps combat the tendency to view everything as fragments which he sees as a pervasive modern



problem, to complement the scientific language which has been developed over the past few centuries which enables people to discuss analysis so well. (He did not say that analysis is literally fragmentation, and that what he would want is a return to the medieval scholastic tradition, in which synthesis was as important a part of a discussion as analysis, but I assume that those ideas underlay his remarks.)

He pointed out there are some alternatives to analytic language presently available as it was, figurative language, myths (which, he believes, look back to a pre-fragmented-thinking state of humanity), art (he meant all arts at first, then added some remarks which pertained only to painting, so added "music, poetry," before he realized that it was unnecessary to do so). "Science could be, although it hasn't been."

Someone asked him what influences led him to develop the line of thought he has. He hesitated, obviously taken aback, then said earnestly, "I was born of poor but honest parents." After the laughter had died down, he tried to form a straight answer, and said, "Poetry changed me. I came to it at a later age than most, I think I was in my 20's. It wasn't so much whole poems as single lines, phrases, images. It was then that I began to think about poetry in the way that led to my ideas about poetic diction." The talk then veered to poetry, and he was able to avoid giving any further biography, although later on, in a response to a question on Steinerism and religion he mentioned that he had been brought up as an agnostic. (The fact that this is mentioned in Lewis's *Surprised by Joy* may have something to do with his willingness to mention it here; it is obvious that he is, generally, shy and uncomfortable talking about himself.) All his remarks here were unclear to me--I found it difficult to separate what he said about religion from what he said about Steiner's ideas, or to what extent the two are the same for him.

Someone asked about McLuhan's ideas. Barfield answered that McLuhan seems to deny the possibility that messages delivered in the same medium can be significantly different from one another, and discussion of the effects of mediums on messages caused one student to remark that he found lectures to be a poor way of teaching, because the medium itself was boring. ("Not necessarily," I said, ready to discuss the equal potential for boredom in such alternatives as discussion classes... the U. of M. has

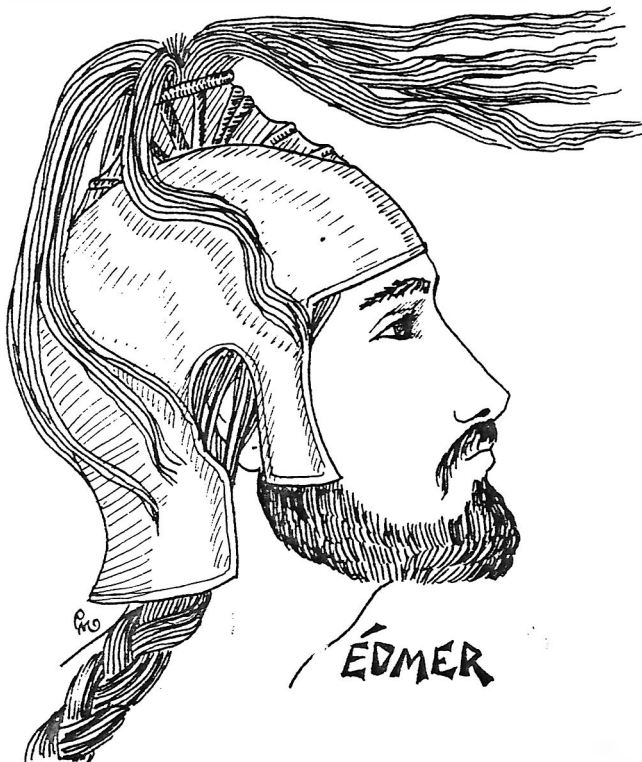
been doing a lot of soul-searching lately, as to the best methods of teaching, and, in the process, has discouraged lecturing to such an extent that many teachers now avoid it where it would be appropriate. However, I shut up, not wanting to get into an argument which would probably prevent any wider discussion in the time available.) Barfield thought a moment, and then said, "Oh, no. A really good lecturer--not someone like me--produces a work of art." The student said something to the effect that he had not meant Barfield's talk that morning when he spoke of boring lecturers. Barfield said, "No. I don't go to many lectures myself. Unlike the Central European, I am not a lecture-going animal. . . But I've been to enough to have a sense of what a good lecture is. For one thing, a good lecturer doesn't rely on notes the way I do. But the gestures, the tones of voice are a dramatic performance."

Incidentally, I want to confess to a silly bit of onemans-upmanship I tried to pull (and semi-got away with, no one else being enough of a G&S fan to correct me), partly because I get this urge to confess my sins when I make mistakes in public and am not caught at them, and partly because it's amusing in itself. During Barfield's answer to the "what has influenced you" question, I commented that, judging by his works, I would have thought Gilbert and Clay had influenced him greatly. "Gilbert Clay?" he said. "No, Gilbert and Clay. Cox and Box." "That's by Gilbert and Sullivan." "No, it was Gilbert and Clay." Well, it wasn't -- it was Burnand and Sullivan (Gilbert and Clay wrote other things together, but not Cox and Box." But no one else there knew that, so they took my word for it. And Barfield went on, "Of course, that was just a catchy phrase to use for \_\_\_ contradictories." (The blank is a technical term from philosophy, which I didn't catch.) "But," he said, "I only used that phrase in \_\_\_" (I forget the title) "didn't I? I don't think I'd even seen it performed at that time." "No," I said, "You used it throughout Worlds Apart." (Which I'd bought the week before, when I heard he was coming to speak here, and had just finished reading the day before his talk.) What amused me about all this was that he obviously had no idea how much he's used this phrase as a convenient way of talking about the fragmented thinking he sees as so typical of our time, and has himself used the phrase as a fragment, without any knowledge of its own context, as it turns out. (At least, at one stage, without any knowledge of the context. His saying that he had not then seen the play implies that he has seen it since, and one of the references in Worlds Apart is to more of the play than just the two names, where he says their Landlady may turn out to be the Wise Woman.) And it's so much a favorite phrase of Barfield's that Lewis hasn't used the phrase (so far as I recall) in his writings otherwise.

Andrea Osburne-855 E. 233St. Bronx, New York 10466

Having only recently received a copy of the Mythcon I Proceedings, I am rather late in replying to your request to readers for comments relating to the contents. Nevertheless I am going to take advantage of Robert Foster's interesting and useful paper on Eldarin phonology to discuss some aspects of Middle Earth linguistics in general.

Mr. Foster mentions in passing that although he has doubts about the classical phoneme, it is still useful for "discussions of this sort." It is unclear what he means by "this sort" of discussion; to select some possibilities, he could mean discussions intended for a largely non-technical audience, or discussions of the phonology of languages for which, as is the case with Quenya and Sindarin, as he points out, little phonetic data is available, or discussions of languages whose phonology seems best suited to a particular approach, that of classical phonemics. It is the last possibility which is most interesting, since, if true, it would indicate the manner in which Tolkien's tacit views about the nature of languages in general might have



influenced the structure of the languages he has created. Much attention has been given to the ways in which Tolkien's languages parallel natural languages--the irregularities in the morphology, the realistic-looking phonological systems, as outlined by Mr. Foster, the existence in Middle Earth of language change, and so forth--but equally of interest would be the discussion of ways, if any, in which Tolkien's languages might differ from natural languages. For example, if a classical phonology were found to be wholly adequate for a description of Quenya and Sindarin, with no independent justification in these languages alone for some other approach, such as that of modern generative phonology, or if a phrase-structure type syntax were found to be wholly adequate for these languages, with no genuine need to resort to transformational rules, this would indicate the influence of a certain view of language on Tolkien's own language architecture. On the other hand, Tolkien's constructs might turn out to parallel natural languages in every way, in which case it could be said that Tolkien's languages are more realistic than he perhaps consciously realized, or that the languages were constructed to a considerable degree by linguistic intuition.

It is certainly true that in creating each of his languages Tolkien provides more than a grammar and lexicon. He provides all the accoutrements that go with any natural language, including in particular a full history, both internal, consisting of the changes which the languages themselves have undergone, and external, consisting of the history of the speakers of each language insofar as it is relevant to that of the language (while Tolkien's statement about the book growing out of the linguistic creation can scarcely be taken entirely at face value, those who simply reject it apparently are under the impression that there is little more to creating a realistic language, as opposed to something frankly artificial like Esperanto or the Black Speech, than picking up any handy dictionary and translating entries, an perhaps making up a few obvious rules of grammar), and in addition a set of ideas and traditions held by speakers about their language and about language in general. The sociolinguistics of Middle-earth is of considerable complexity, from the realistic situation with regard to bilingualism and the relative statuses of the various languages (who learns whose language, the use of Quenya as a Middle-earth Latin, etc.) to Middle-earth folk linguistics.

It is not always easy to separate what is true of language in Middle-earth from what Tolkien in effect intended, in order to enhance the reality of his creations, as Middle-earth folk linguistics, since we are dealing with a secondary world. Some cases are clear. For example, it would appear that language genuinely does not undergo change in the Undying Lands, and that names and magic words really do have power in Middle-earth. On the other hand, the characterization of Hobbit Westron as being "spoken 'freely and carelessly' (Bal. III 509) is almost certainly intended as folk linguistics, as is the distaste of the Elves for Dwarvish uvular *r* (III 488). Other cases are less clear. The characterization of a language as unlearnable would be folk linguistics in the primary world, but it is quite possible that in Middle-earth Entish genuinely is unlearnable by other races. Also unclear are the attitude of Dwarvestowards their own language (why do they consider secrecy necessary, and is secrecy justified within the framework of Middle-earth?) and the characterization of Orkish as being barbarous in some way just because its speakers happen to be barbarians. In the primary world, both of these would fall under the heading of folk linguistics.

I have not infrequently heard people whose basic orientation is toward literature rather than toward language dismiss linguistic work on The Lord of the Rings as trivial and mere "fun," in contrast to the Important Critical Work in which they are presumably engaged. Aside from the fact that it cannot be other than beneficial to know as much as possible about every aspect of the work, it must be realized that linguistics as applied to The Lord of the Rings runs more



than analyzing the Ring inscription, tracing etymologies of individual place names, or even analyzing the respective sound systems of Quenya and Sindarin, interesting and valuable though these things are. The total linguistic setting is an indispensable part of Middle-earth, and is necessary to any understanding of The Lord of the Rings.

## a letter from Joy chant

Thank-you for your letter, which I have just received. I am delighted and honored that 'Red Moon and Black Mountain' should have been chosen for the Mythopoeic Fantasy Award. I found the publication of this, my first book, almost as terrifying as it was exhilarating--so much of myself, so much that I had long kept fanatically private, was pinned down in print, defenceless: and to know that people have liked it is a wonderful relief--and after the relief, just wonderful!

I must confess that I hadn't heard of the Mythopoeic Society before--I hope you will forgive me on the score of great distance! But I accept very happily your invitation to be an honorary member, and hope to know more of you in the future. I must say, having read the issue which you sent me, that "Mythprint" impressed me as being so much better than any other comparable magazine I have ever read. And I do like the title!

You say you would like to hear about my background, etc: I only wish I had something more exciting to tell you, but for what it is worth, here is a brief sketch of me. I was born in London, the East End (so I can just about claim to be a Cockney) near the end of the war. About two years later we moved out to the country, as the corner of Essex then still was, and I and my sister equally at home in town or country: quite happy playing on either fields or bombsites. To be honest, I rather preferred bombsites: they were some-

what rarer, and had the tang of danger.

I generally call myself British, rather than English, since the Celtic blood in my family rather overpowers the Saxon, and I am more proud of it. By profession I am a librarian specialising in work with children and schools--please forget the stereotype, I swear it doesn't apply! Or perhaps our professional 'image' is better in the United States? I enjoy my work very much, but of course writing is of paramount importance--if I could write full-time my career could go!

I am by belief a Socialist, and a Christian--by conviction not inheritance or habit. I live alone--in the gaps between having friends to stay, at any rate--mainly because this is necessary for my writing, though I do enjoy independence. I steer an erratic course between the solitude necessary for work, and my normally sociable nature. Having been a serious, solitary child and rather quiet teenager, I discovered fairly late that I had a propensity for burning my candle at both ends, that I loved parties, and dancing all night: I am now making up for lost time! "Pastime with good company" is my favourite hobby; others are riding wherever I can, running a young people's Drama club, and reading of course.

I don't know whether any of this has relevance to my writing, but one thing I think does--the fact that I am fortunate enough to be a member of a very united(?) family, using the word in its wider sense. This probably is reflected in the tribalism of the Khentors.

Why I am a writer--what makes me write--is more than I can explain. I write because I must: because not to would be more effort than doing so, and that is saying a lot. Because I wish to make something, and to do it well, maybe; and because words intoxicate me. I think I can understand a little why I write fantast, however. For various reasons, I learnt to read very early, and progressed fast. By the time I started school, I was reading newspapers. This meant that books written for my age group were far too simple, and lasted me no time; but those at an appropriate reading standard were far too old for me, beyond my emotional comprehension (I remember reading "The Count of Monte Cristo" when I was nine or ten -- remember it vividly, because I didn't understand it and it terrified me!) All this meant that for most of my childhood I read very little but folk-tales, legends, myth; all strong simple stories, but in language I could bite on. By the time I was twelve, I had heroes coming out of my ears, and the old strong kind of magic well in my blood. This, I think, is where the re-

semblance between my work and Tolkien's originates--our basic influences were the same. This is a subject on which I would like to defend myself, and this seems an appropriate moment. I didn't please believe me, copy the great man. I have too much respect for his work and, I may say, too much respect for my own. In fact I did not even read the Ring until my own created world was years old and very well developed--strangely, the parts that most resemble Tolkien, which I take to be the Harani and what involves them, in the oldest part of my fantasy, predating my first reading of Tolkien by years. That I have been influenced in my style by other writers I do not deny, but if you wish to trace these influences, look to Rosemary Sutcliffe and Mary Renault. (My favorite writer, by the way, is Jane Austen.) Tolkien's influence, of late years, has been a negative one--I have resisted tendencies to develop certain aspects, have avoided some situations, where I felt I might approach him if I did not. Actually, it is only in the fact that we both write fantasy that I think there is much resemblance--in style and approach we are very different. And in the Harani/Numenorian resemblance too, of course; that I can only explain by saying that it is hard to create a heroic race who are habitually small, plump, and sandy-haired!

Another thing which I think caused me to write fantasy was--or is--my passion for history. Teaching too often conceals the fact that history is, above all, a stunningly good story, and a collection of good stories.

In fact, recurring if I may to the question of influence, my anxiety not to be influenced is inconvenient where it concerns the Khentors. I am determined not to pick up ideas from other sources which may find their way onto the Plains of Vandarei, because the Khentorei are my favorites: so I cannot allow myself to read anything on the customs and social organisations of the Mongols, much as they fascinate me, or other nomadic herders. Even the American Indians I have to approach with caution; history I will allow myself, but little else, and then watching myself like a hawk.

Fantasy is a way of being lazy--at least no-one can dispute my facts: but it is a very laborious way. I have to spend a lot of time on research--on geology, for example, on tides, on dietary deficiencies, their effects and prevention, on methods of killing people credibly--that one is cheerful, isn't it? Sometime when you have a day to spare, try starting with the symptoms you need and finding a disease to fit! Paradoxically, fantasists need a firmer grasp of reality than writers in other media: for one thing, if not anchored by solid, consistent, prosaic, convincing detail, our creations will drift off into shapeless whimsy. The freer the effect the artist wishes to attain, the more ruthless must be his discipline. The cardinal sin of a fantasist, I think, is to break or bend his own rules: that done, then the harmony and tension of his creation is destroyed, and collapse will follow.

Discipline in my own writing is something I have to struggle hard for. I don't find invention such a problem as pruning it and it, discarding all that is inessential, and so forth. There is also self-discipline involved in sitting down to write with some method and order--not skipping ahead to a part I anticipate with pleasure, for instance. I find it appallingly hard work--physically exhausting, which at one time surprised me: who'd have thought handling a pen took such energy? Ha ha. Unlike some who can compose onto the typewriter, I am a three-times-in-longhand writer; in bad times, it seems I compose straight into the waste-paper basket. At times like that, I wonder why I bother: then I will have the unmatched experience of reading back something, even a phrase, I have written, and thinking, "But that's good!" and then knowing why I do. There is no pleasure like it. I heartily agree with whoever said that creation was 1% inspiration, 99% perspiration; but the satisfaction to me is worth it all, and if it pleases you too, then I have all I can wish for.



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