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Abstract

Guest of Honor speech, Mythcon 19. An account of how Le Guin was finally able to write *Always Coming Home*, using not an imaginary world but the transfigured Napa Valley of her childhood. Acknowledges her debt to Native American worldview known through its myths.

Additional Keywords

Indians of North America—Mythology; Le Guin, Ursula K.—Personal narratives; Le Guin, Ursula K. *Always Coming Home*—Sources



Legends for a New Land

Guest of Honor Speech at the 19th Annual Mythopoetic Conference

Ursula K. Le Guin

Legends for a New Land is the name of our meeting; and thinking about what that phrase means and might mean, I thought of a poem I wrote nearly forty years ago, and called my first book of poetry after: "Wild Angels." In it, trying to put words to my passionate love, my forever fulfilled and never satiated desire for a particular piece of California real estate, an unfarmed farm in the Coast Range, I saw that land as silent – unspeaking, unspoken for – uninhabited, and so invoked presences from the Old World to humanize it – angels, but angels gone wild, gone native.

O wild angels of the open hills
 Before all legends and before all tears:
 O voyagers of where the evening falls
 In the vast August of the years:
 O halfseen passers of the lonely knolls,
 Before all sorrow and before all truth
 You were: and you were with me in my youth.

Angels of the shadowed ancient land
 That lies yet unenvisioned, without myth,
 Return, and silent-winged descend
 On the winds that you have voyaged with,
 And in the barren evening stand
 On the hills of my childhood, in whose silences,
 Savage, before all sorrow, your presence is.

"Unenvisioned, without myth" I showed the poem

to my father, who, though this didn't occur to me at the time, had spent a good part of the previous five decades listening to and writing down the vision-inspired myths of California. He said, "It's fine. But what do you need angels for?"

"To mediate," I said. I had been reading Charles Morgan, and was really up on angels.

"Why?" said my father. "Mediate what? You're here – it's here."

The man had spent too much time, you see, with Indians.

Iwent on writing poetry and fiction; the fiction was mostly about countries and worlds of my imagination, for several reasons, one of which was that my vocabulary didn't have the right words for my country, my world, here. Its words, its images, mostly grew in another ground, English, European, ancient Nordic and Roman and Greek, a wonderful language, an overwhelming inheritance of wealth and antiquity and power. The angels of my language and my literature led me away from my own land, those forty acres in the Coast Range above the Napa Valley. Nobody wrote about that. Joaquin Miller? Come on. Mark Twain didn't stay long enough in California, though he saw it truly: austere, he said, while everybody else was burbling about flowers and oranges. But he left. Steinbeck,

from Salinas; but it was all cruelty and rivalry and misery in Steinbeck. Robinson Jeffers, yes. A stone tower above the breakers, a lighthouse. But the light is fitful – flashes of piercing clarity – the Pacific Ocean as an eye, the earth's open eye, "and the wars it watches are wars not ours" But then there was that macho grimness like Steinbeck's, all the violent greco-biblical stuff in the long poems; Jeffers was wrestling with angels, and mostly losing. When he wrote about rocks, hawks, animals, then the truth said itself in his poetry. A new truth. A different voice. A far cry from New England or Old England, and mostly ignored by both.

After my father died, I wrote again about that place in the Valley, which he'd bought in 1932. We always went there, summers, all summer long. He planted trees for shade, spent hours watering them because summer's not the time to plant, coaxing them to live through those long, hot, dry months.

There

He planted the elms, the eucalyptus,
the little cypress, and watered them
in the long dusk of summer,
so that in the dry land
twilight was a sound of water. Years ago.
The amaryllis stick their stiff
trumpets still blowing blasts of bright pink
up through the wild oats,
unwatered, uncounted, undaunted.

Do you see: there where his absence
stands by each tree waiting for nightfall,
where shadows are his being gone, there,
where grey pines that no one planted
grow tall and die, and grain that no one sowed
whitens the August hills with wild ripeness,
and an old house stands empty,
there
the averted face of absence
turns. There silence returns answer. There
the years can go uncounted, seeing
evening rise like water through the leaves,
and as ever over the highest elm, Vega
like a wild white poppy, opening.

In the country of pain
truly there only rises
(a white star, a white flower,
an old standpipe running water
to the roots of trees
in a dry land)
the small spring of peace.

My language in that poem is still somewhat distanced, the words are still acting as angels, messengers, mediators; but the wild oats and the digger pines are beginning to show through. If I was ever to speak as a native of my own country, it was the dirt words I needed; I had to listen to

the animals, birds, plants, rocks; to learn the coyote words, quail words, obsidian words, the brown adobe clay words. And there were human people here before us who knew about that language.

In *The Natural World of the California Indians*, Heizer and Elsasser generalised thus:

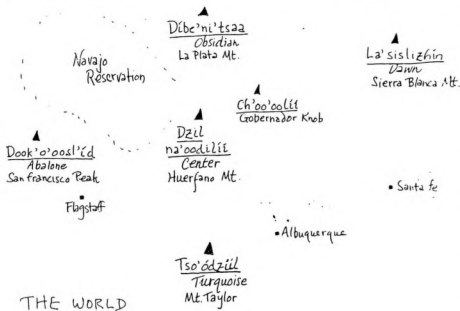
Indians not only lived in nature but saw themselves as an integral part of it. In native belief, animals had an intelligence equal to man's, as well as human qualities and emotions; and in many mythologies, animals were said to have occupied the earth before man and to have gotten the world ready for humans. The animals were often seen as providers . . . as well as instituting fearful events, such as death. Among the Pomo and many other Californian tribes, all plants, animals, and natural features (stones, springs) were believed to have thought and feeling. A Nomlaki Indian told one ethnographer, "Everything in this world talks, just as we are talking now – the trees, rocks, everything. But we cannot understand them, just as the white people do not understand Indians."

And an old Wintu woman told the ethnographer Dorothy Demetropoulou:

The white people destroy all. They blast rocks and scatter them on the earth. The rocks say, "Don't. You are hurting me." ... The water, it can't be hurt. The white people go to the river and turn it into dry land. The water says, "I don't care. I am water. You can use me all you wish. I am always the same." The white people use the water of sacred springs in their houses. The water says, "That is all right. You can use me but you can't overcome me." All that is water says this, "Wherever you put me I'll be in my home. I am awfully smart. Lead me out of my springs, lead me from my rivers, but I came from the ocean and I shall go back to the ocean. You can dig a ditch and put me in it, but I go only so far and I am out of sight. I am awfully smart. When I am out of sight I am on my way home."

That is charming; and many people will find it merely charming – quaint, primitive, anthropomorphic, what have you. Others will find it stupid: those for example whose belief is that water is a "natural resource," that water exists in order to irrigate crops and water lawns and wash cars. In a drought year, a bad year like this year, these people get angry. They're angry at the water for not being there. How dare it not be there? Doesn't it know whose resource it is? Doesn't it know who's boss?

Belief is a queer business. The other person's idea is a "belief," but your idea is the truth, the way things really are. For example: Heizer and Elsasser describe how a Yurok hunter washed and stayed celibate and smoked himself thoroughly in cedarsmoke for days before he went hunting, and they point out that where *we* might say that all that ritual was to cut down his smell, his human-being smell, which might scare off the deer, *he* would say that he was doing what the deer wanted him to do if it was think



ing about letting itself be killed and eaten. So a hunter who came back emptyhanded didn't say, "I couldn't shoot a deer." He said, "No deer was willing to die for me."

This point of view reverses things. It turns the world inside out. All of a sudden you see the world not from outside but from inside.

In Eastern Oregon I discovered that a lot of deer hunters get those little deodorant Christmas trees, little cardboard things for your car, that make a terrific chemical sweet stink, and they hang those inside their clothes, in their armpits, when they go hunting. I guess they have to be more elaborate in their ritual observances than the Yurok or the Wintu or the Yahi were, because they use guns; they make this terrific noise, so the deer get shy. The deer are less willing to die for them. Maybe they know that they're not food, they're not needed, they're just things to kill, and they don't understand why they should be willing to die for people like that, people who don't bother to explain what they want to the deer or to themselves. People who get angry at water. People who look at the world from outside it, "objectively."

I want to talk about looking at the world, about geography, particularly about the geography of the human people to whom this isn't a New Land, not the New World, but just the world, their world. This is going to lead me for a little while into rather strange places, but place is what it's all about, and there's no use talking in abstractions if what you're trying to get at is exactly the opposite, a way of thinking that is utterly concrete, local, fixed in place like a spring of water or a mountain.

So here are some maps. This first one isn't Californian, it's what we call the Southwest. I'll read a little from an origin myth, and the point of this is for you to hear the names and to see them on the map. This is from a version of the Navaho Emergence story told by Hastin Tlo'tsihee. He tells how the people – and they were all together then, they hadn't separated themselves out into animals and humans – were coming up from the First World, the Dark or Mist World, and came to the Second World, the World of Blue Haze. Still things weren't so good there, so they found their way up into the Yellow World, the Third World. In that world were two rivers, the Male River and the Female River, that crossed each other, and there were six mountains.

In the East was Sis na'jin, the Standing Black Sash; its ceremonial name is Yol gai' dzil, the Dawn or White Shell Mountain. In the South stood Tso' dzil, the Great Mountain Its ceremonial name is Yodolt i'zhi dzil, ... Turquoise Mountain. In the West stood Dook'ool'id, and the meaning of this name is forgotten. Its ceremonial name is Dichi'li dzil, the Abalone Shell Mountain. In the North stood Debe'ntsa, Many Sheep Mountain. Its ceremonial name is Bash'zhini dzil, Obsidian Mountain. Then there was Dzil na'odili, the Upper Mountain. It was very sacred, and its name means also the Center Place. There was also ... Chol'yi ... also a sacred mountain.

If you have been looking at the sketch map, you see that it's a map of the Third World; there are those six mountains, with their sacred names. Hastin Tlo'tsihee says,

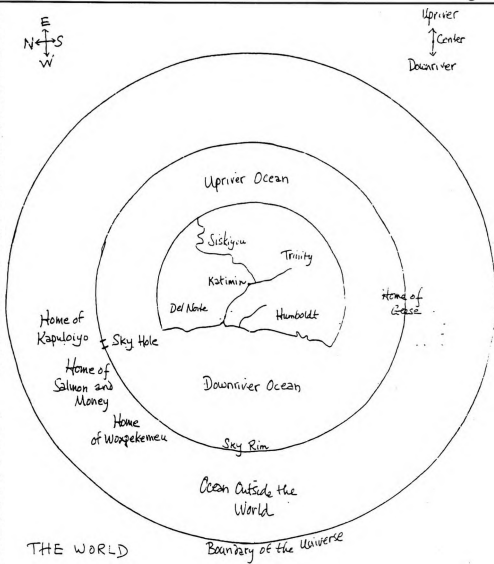
There was no sun in this land, only the two rivers and the six mountains. And these rivers and mountains were not in their present form, but rather the substance of mountains and rivers.

And yet that map is a map of the Arizona-New Mexico-Colorado-Utah junction, and the mountains are there with their Spanish or English names. How can this be a map of two different places at the same time?

Because, as Paula Gunn Allen puts it, "The ... mountains in the Mountain Chant do not stand for something else. They are those exact mountains perceived psychically, as it were, or mystically." Or, I add, mythically. Things still weren't so good down in the Third World, so the people came up to the Fourth, and it was too small, so finally they fixed up a big hollow reed and climbed up inside it, not an easy journey, coming up into the Fifth World – this one. Some say they came out at a certain lake and others that the Emergence Place was right there at Dzil

na'odili, Center Mountain, Huerfano Peak. Because those mountains are *here*. And so long as the Navaho are also here, telling and listening, the mountains are not "here" or "there" in one way only: they are both real and mythical: they are the places where the dreamtime, the time outside of time, meets with and is one with daily chronology in the world that does have a sun to make days. So the maps of the two worlds are the same map. To draw a map of the Southwest is to draw a sacred picture. To see it is to see the world from both sides at once - from inside, from outside. What the USGS cartographer saw, what you see flying over that land, is exactly what First Woman and First Man and Coyote saw when they came out of the hollow reed, only one looks down from outside, and they looked out from inside.

Here is another map, somewhat closer to home. This is a map of the universe. The Yurok called it kiwesona, that which is. We call it Del Norte, Siskiyou, Humboldt, and Trinity Counties. You see the ocean surrounds the land, which floats upon it. The Yurok valued symmetry, and since there was ocean in one direction it seemed, evidently, that there should be ocean in all directions, though they never cared to go far enough east to prove themselves wrong or, as the case is if you go far enough, right. Over all is the Sky Country, so this is two maps vertically superposed. Sky Country is a solid dome whose outer edge bounds the universe. There's a hole in it for the wild geese to migrate through, and people have climbed up poles made of arrows into the Sky Country, or got outside the world by shooting their boat through where the rim of the sky meets the rim of the sea. There it rises and falls, making the waves of the sea, and if you count right and row hard, you can slip through while the sky-rim's up. There are two directions in the world: upriver and downriver. The center of the world is a rock called Katimin, and the Klamath River runs past it. Along this river lived the woge, the first people, before they took their present forms of animals and humans. To live here is to live in the world that the woge got ready for us; a world where what we call the real and the spiritual, or the secular and the sacred, are the something - a seamless, centered sphere, a wholeness.



There, as the Lakota Lame Deer said, "the spiritual and the commonplace are one." There, when you dance the World Renewal Dance, that is exactly and actually what you are doing: you are renewing the world, you are dancing the dance that the world dances. You're here; it's here.

I do not find this easy to understand. It is not a "simple" view of things. I have been trying for quite a while now to think in a way that lets me understand these maps, and sometimes I think I do and sometimes I know I don't. Because I was brought up in a culture with a very powerful system of beliefs and views based on the idea that the world was made by somebody else, from outside.

Paula Gunn Allen says that to the Native American, "The land is not really a place separate from ourselves, where we act out the drama of our isolate destinies; the witchery makes us believe that false idea. ... We *are* the land."

What does she mean by "the witchery"? I guess she means the Judeo-Christian religion that informs our world-view. I'm sorry if that offends anyone here, and can only ask you to consider that your religion has for five centuries condemned Indian spirituality as "witchery," "devilry," "superstition," and so on, in a sectarian self-righteousness equalled only by the self-righteousness of conquest by war. We took the land. We made our maps of it. It is a new world, our world, we said.

And this "new" world is, as Allen says, a stage for a drama, written by a God and acted by Man. It is a kind of vast natural resource for the destiny of Man. At the end of time, "solvet seculum in favilla," the world will fall to ashes, to the nothing it is; it will be rolled up as a scroll, a play that has been acted, a story that has been told. The world has no value except as a sort of waiting room or testing-ground for the soul of Man, a passage from eternity to eternity. Place, like Time, is an allegory: it is "really" something else. There is indeed a Holy Land in this tradition, but to consider it literally so, to worship the land, is to mistake the created for the Creator, the contingent for the transcendent. "Jerusalem," the Center, is in the spirit only: the City of God is not founded on this earth.

There is a long, long way to go from that City of God to Dzil na'odili, the center of the world; but between Dzil na'odili and Katimin, the center of the world, there is no distance at all. The center of the earth is here. You're here; it's here.

The earth came to be by its own self. A part of it in the form of a turtle dived down through its own waters to bring itself up in the form of mud, and spread the mud out, and made mountains and valleys. The world came to be by the thinking of Thought Woman, who is called Spider Grandmother; the world thought herself, from inside, like a spider spinning. It decided to be. It decided to be the first people, the woge, and get things ready for the ones that were coming. It decided to be deer and to be food, to be grass-seed and to be food, to be tobacco and to be smoked, to be men and women, pumas and coyotes, hunters and gatherers, farmers, eaters. It was holy from the beginning and there's no end to it; it is altogether sacred, and all the people are a part of that sacrament.

"Everything in this world talks, just as we're talking now, the trees, rocks, everything. But we can't understand them, just as the white people don't understand Indians"

I finally realized that if I was ever going to find any words in which I could tell stories about *my* world, if I was ever going to approach the center of the world in my writing, I was going to have to take lessons from the people who lived there, who had always lived there, the people who *were* the land – the old ones, the first ones, trees, rocks, animals, human people. I was going to have to be very quiet, and learn to listen to them. Maybe to learn what questions to ask them.

Here is a poem, written when my mother was mortally ill, that is a first beginning of learning what questions to ask.

Kish 29 IV 79: To the Owners

Prince, my rock is blue-green serpentine:
it lends itself to clay.

Crossing the creek in the first place
I will walk where the others walked,
though my feet are heavier
than the hooves of deer.

Did a girl walk here
a long time since?
What did she carry?
What did she wear?

Lady, my flower is the yellow broom,
not native to this place.

So what I will be talking about in the rest of this is how I got to where I was able to write *Always Coming Home*.

You see it was a very different process from any other writing I had done. Always before in my fiction I had gone out from the center – I had *gone "there"* to find my story. Obviously setting, landscape, place, are very important in my books, they are essential to the story. Sparrowhawk's world of islands and voyages, Arha's world of desert and labyrinth, are images of their being, their nature and destiny. Landscape as character And of course they are real places – places I knew, had been, had dreamed, had seen in pictures, photographs, movies, places I knew from fairytales, myths, fantasies, stories. The first time I ever went to the Oregon high desert, to Frenchglen, we stayed one night; I came back and wrote *The Tombs of Atuan*. That landscape had given me the book. Its like I went there and came back with this incredible present – all the desert I was to love and to come to know a little better, all at once, in that first glimpse. Or there is the Antarctic of my years of reading the early explorers, in *Left Hand of Darkness* – Landscape as destiny Or the Portland of *Lathe of Heaven*, where my fear of what I was writing about made me change and change the place, distort it into a maze of funny mirrors so that I could get lost in it, so it could be there, not here And so my heroes were forever travelling, journeying, moving on, going from here to there.

A short sidetrip to Middle-earth: At the center of the vast landscapes and long travels is the Shire, and the Shire is unmistakably a real place, a real center of the world. A real place, but a lost time, and therefore mythologised. It is the rural England of Tolkien's childhood, inhabited by Hobbits. The hobbits, of course, behave more like ordinary Brits than the British do. They are the British, on a child's scale, and as perceived by the yearning, teasing, forgiving, loving eye of a man recalling the golden age and its population of half-mythic and totally earthy Proudfoots – Proudfeet – Hornblowers, Bolgers, and Bagginses. And so,

though only a little place on the north edge of all the important countries, it is from the Shire that the heroes set out travelling, and to it they come home. There and Back Again. It is the center of the book, the middle of Middle-earth. From it, I think, originally radiates the extraordinary reality of the work: the reality of passion, the exile's passionate love for a world known and loved and lost.

To have loved and lost is a great thing. To have loved and not loved is a more problematic one.

My childhood is certainly long gone; but the place it concentrated its being in and its love upon isn't gone. Halfgone, maybe. Rundown, encroached on, hemmed in on all sides by millionaires with tennis courts and gazebos, threatened from within by dry rot and structural faults and collapsing plaster, riddled by acorn woodpeckers and invaded by owls, in immediate peril every summer let alone this one of forest fire and arson, subject like the rest of California to imminent landrape, earthquake, nuclear war, and the spring running dry – but still there; amazingly, after nearly sixty years, all forty acres still there, not much changed, not even what you see from the place much changed. It wasn't a way of life I loved, you see, it was a place. The old people died, all the old poor real people that lived up in those hills; and the millionaires bought the land; and they put in their tennis courts and their tax-write-off vineyards, but mostly they let the land alone, they let it be. Can you think of anywhere in California, except deep wilderness country, that has stayed pretty much the same for sixty years? And this in a valley that comes right after Disneyland for the annual number of tourists. This is worth writing about! But it wasn't going to be easy.

Part of my problem was this: I had, yes, a longterm longing, a yearning to write about my Valley, to find the words for it. But also I had a real and deep reluctance, a fear, of doing so: of exploiting it. Not of exploiting myself. That's what writers do, that's their job; they are their own Mother Lode and go down inside themselves with pickaxes and ore-buckets. But to publicise, to exploit that incredibly fragile, vulnerable, lonesome bit of countryside that has only survived at all because it was half protected and half forgotten Maybe better to be quiet about it? *Falcon Crest* can't hurt the big-money, wine-company parts of the Valley; it's all single-crop high-profit agribusiness and tourism already, and remains austere beautiful through it all. But in my little corner, there is still a lot at risk, a lot to lose.

So I go along for years maybe getting a bit of it into a poem here and there, but no prose. The Valley doesn't come into my fiction, ever.

There's a story I think I want to write. Very vague, just a floating notion – Coming back round to something like the story I had to write in the sixties, about people who didn't fight wars; that time I fixed it up by some physiological prestidigitation, and wrote *Left Hand of Dark-*

ness. But I wanted this one on Earth. No big changes except the one big change, if I could get away with it; just ordinary people, living in a valley, I thought. A high valley – high in the Andes? – yes. I spent quite a happy time reading around in the library about the high Andes. The alti-plano, llamas, the Quechua, wonderful things. Freezedried potatoes, just leave 'em out overnight. There was to be a different society threatening the valley people, an aggressive one like ours or the Incas – typical situation, stock Le Guin plot. I got as far as a map. First you dream, then you map the dream. At this stage the process is really very childish; I'm playing, the way I played as a kid with toys in the red adobe dirt, making roads and mountains and towns and people going on journeys. It was fun. I saw this lovely valley a bit like Telluride, Colorado, where my mother grew up, only even higher, and in South America, and nine towns in it. But it didn't ever quite get out of the playing stage, into the next stage, when the adult mind and feelings enter in and the game turns to a total commitment of passion and energy for the next few weeks or months or years. I kept playing, fiddling around, because something was missing. Wasn't right. It wasn't the right valley.

So. Well. North, then. The Rockies – Telluride, after all? No. Closer. West. California? Come on, good dog, don't be scared, be brave, good dog, come on, that's it! Good bear. Don't eat me. There is only one valley, really. There never has been but one valley.

That's what it was all about, really. To write the book I had, at last, and entirely, without reservation, to come home.

So then I had to learn how to do that.

I can't tell you the whole process, of course. I started with the place: when I got to the place, after going to Peru to avoid it, I had to start all over, there. The people had to be the people who belonged to that place. Their stories would be the stories of that place, their legends would be the meaning of that place, their songs would be the voices of that place. If they didn't fight wars it would be because they lived in that place, because the way people do things and make things in the Valley does not include the making of war. But to know all this, how it was and why it was and what the songs would sound like, I had to know the place, better than I had ever bothered to know it.

That involved geography – secular and sacred maps – both provided by the USGS; all maps are sacred. It involved geology and climatology and botany and zoology and ecology and anthropology, all of it enormously enjoyable, and later on it involved considerable study of ancient, alternative, and hypothetical technologies, also highly enjoyable. I finally learned the names of some of the plants I'd been tangling with all my life in the woods, and that skunks dance, and why Mount St. Helena is such a mess structurally, and where the springs of the Napa River are, and that the first growth forests there were partly red-

wood, and that the miner's cat was not a tall tale but is a rare and beautiful animal also called the ringtail, and so on and so on. I kept guinea pigs from the original, Andean valley, but mutated them and called them himpi. But there was very little of that kind of playful invention; what I wanted was to get it right, and to know it so well that I could play with it, with reality, as freely as with what I might invent. That, of course, is not possible. But I could try.

The people who live in the Valley now, in the 20th century, I know well enough: they are my own people. I wanted to know also about the humans who used to live there, the ones the Spanish called Brave, the Wappo; I wanted to learn how they lived there, how they were part of that pattern of springs, rocks, trees, animals, and all the other kinds of people. And what they thought, what they said, what songs they sang. – But there was nothing to learn. Nothing to hear. Nothing to know. Not one song. Not one word.

“What did she carry? What did she wear?”

Genocide is a terrible word, which we use freely. What about murder of the word – of a culture – of what makes us human? We don't talk about that, or we call it progress and the pioneer spirit, this desertification of human versatility, variety, and beauty.

The people who lived in the Valley are silent, now and forever. We did not listen to them. We – my people – killed them without hearing one word they said.

“Everything in this world talks ... the trees, rocks, everything. But we cannot understand them, just as the white people do not understand Indians.”

So at the very root and center of my book there is that: a silence, and an act of contrition. Not of reparation. There is no reparation. But inside my dance of celebration of humanity set in the dreamtime future there is another dance, a spiral going the other way into the past, not touching; a dance for the dead, in silence.

Well, then, beyond the reading, and beyond the mourning, there was finally what has always mattered finally: being there. My husband had a providential sabbatical, and we could spend five months of spring in the Valley, the longest time in my 58 years I have actually continuously lived there. Me and my notebooks and my geologies and my typewriter, at the center of the world.

“You're here – it's here.”

So I tried to write that hereness. To use without exploiting; to move in the sacred land that is also the commonplace world; to dance the way they dance in the Valley.

And because the literary traditions and models and forms of my own language were not fully suited to what I was trying to do – weren't made, as it were, out of adobe and madrone – I went to the people who did make their words and their art out of our native ground. Not all of them were silenced so utterly as the Wappo; and to those whom I could listen, I listened: not trying to imitate Native American usages or forms or artistic patterns, because I had no right and no business to do so, but supported in what I was trying to do by these stories and myths and rituals and poems from the great oral literature of America, validated by them, given strength by them. Listening, not understanding much, but hearing: how the legend must grow out of the land like a Valley oak, must walk on the land quietly, like a coyote, must be awfully smart, like water; when it's out of sight it's on its way home.

When I was a child I would be playing in the adobe dirt with my little houses and cars and people, and over at the outside hearth, a circle of blue serpentine rocks, a visiting friend might be talking, telling a long story in some language or other, Yurok or Papago or English, and my father would be listening. I didn't pay any attention. That's what grown-ups did. They told stories, and listened to them. When I grew up I would probably do the same.

That the stones talk should be no matter of wonder to us; even that we might understand a little of what they say. They are our grandparents, after all. We talk; from whom did we learn to talk, if not from our older brothers and sisters on the earth, our parents, our grandparents? □

Milestone

This issue completes 20 years of *Mythlore*. The first issue was finished and distribution begun on January 3, 1969, which was the occasion of J.R.R. Tolkien's 77th birthday.

Art Submissions

Mythlore welcomes the submission of new artists to its pages. Both full page and column pieces are encouraged. Full page art should be 7.25" wide x 9.25" tall – it may actually be larger, but in the same proportions. Column art should initially be 5" wide x 6 to 8" tall, which can be photographically reduced to fit the printed size of the columns and pages. Material inspired by or illustrating the works of Tolkien, Lewis, or Williams is especially sought, but other mythological and fantasy inspired artwork is also welcome. Write directly to the Art Editor, Sarah Beach. See page 2 for her address.

MOVING?

Many people move each year, and if you are going to in the near future, please inform us as soon as you know your new address. We need time to update the mailing list, so your next issue will arrive at your new location. Write to P.O. Box 6707, Altadena, CA 91001.