CHARLES WILLIAMS, C.S. LEWIS, OWEN BARFIELD, J.R.R. TOLKIEN

# The Inklings and Anthroposophy

# Contents

## Introduction

*"Logic will get you from A to B.*

*Imagination will take you everywhere."*

*Albert Einstein*

We have lost the pathway to the Imaginal world from which we descended down the rungs of the ladder of Jacob, the Seven Story Mountain that brought us into the cube of the heart, the last vestige of the Garden of Paradise where we were all once united with fiery forces of the divine creator gods. We crossed the river of forgetfulness and entered the endarkened world of the Father of Lies to witness the lonely "other" side of creation that we collide with in the material world. As soon as the blush of youth is gone, so also is the bridge to the world where living ideas burgeon into new life continuously, a roiling sea of Imaginative pictures that are angel wings alighting in this world as higher thought and cosmic forces that wisely dance creation, death, and rebirth each moment of linear time.

Every shadow-image of the spirit that falls crashing into the physical world suffers the death of light exploding into the suffering and deeds of creation's colorful plethora of diversity and beauty that is always dying and renewing life in the ever-new rebirth that springs from the divine to manifest the visible world, an illusion, if not a delusion that enchants the newly budding consciousness. The fire of Imagination is fueled by wisdom, whereas fantasies seem like delightful effervescent, illuminous dainties that do not endure the tides of time. The Imaginal Realm is fill with spirit beings who speak one language of unity joining the multiplicity of each individual consciousness. Time and space are disenchanted through the living Imagination of angelic hosts along with the freely given love of human moral Imagination, Inspiration, and Intuition. That is why a wise fable, fairy tale, legend, myth, or archetypal idea can dissolve space and time by existing somewhere beyond space and time, often indicated by the words, "once upon a time, in a place far, far away"; and often ends with, "and if

things have not changed, they are still there today." Fairy tales are eternal signposts of the divine's attempt to morally train humanity through simple Imaginal images that carry the message of love, beauty, truth, and goodness.

Wise Imaginal tales heal the wounds of incarnating in this world of woe, this vail of tears. Finding the grail, climbing the ladder of Jacob, ascending the Seven Story Mountain, or finding enlightenment are all attainable through the first level of spirit development - Imagination. If the living Imaginative tale comes from a deeper (higher) realm of human development it can serve as a healing salve of the body, an alkahest for the weary soul, or a spiritual balm that heals the wounds inflicted by sense perception piercing the soul with confusion, illness, old age, and death. The bridge of Imagination, Inspiration, and Intuition carry the soul across the abyss between the physical and spiritual worlds. Crossing to the other side, after feeding the three-headed guardian dog and paying the ferryman, the cleansed and purified Prince finally finds the Beautiful Princess (the soul finds the spirit) and a glorious and auspicious wedding takes place in a realm beyond the threshold of the physical world – transformed from the world of death to the world of immortality – the land of "Faery" beneath the Stone of Bardsey where Merlin still sleeps until he brings forth the King from the Faery Realm of Broceliande.

We are all called to the quest to discover this new land in our dreams, visions, and inspirations of the divine, far from the impinging outer world of sense perception. It is a frightening path of self-knowledge, a hidden spiritual trace, the descent into hell, and a visit to a spiritual wedding feast in seventh heaven which is individually determined by the purity of the soul who tries to tread this narrow path into the bright lands of immortal magic and eternal beauty. Truth, beauty, and goodness are the ever-present companions of the soul throughout the journey to "one's own higher self" that should be cherished in the heart and held faithful by the sojourner enkindled by moral impulses of love that are given freely to others.

Some authors can take you across the threshold into another world that seems comprehensive, moral, correct and a source of divine inspiration and beauty in a single sentence. Novalis (Fredrich von Hardenberg) was the master of this

literary gift. In one phrase he bridges the abyss over time and space and flies into the eternal, the undying realms of endless births and renewal, like the stream from which the Ancient of Days drinks the draught of thankfulness and sacrifice. Novalis gives us the most profound wisdom in his writings, which he called *Pollen and Fragments*. "Only love and woman can dissolve the intellect" he tells us in a truth-axiom that lasts forever. This wisdom is a synthesis of all disciplines of knowledge distilled into an equation that defines and enflames life. His words become "the Word" that is often referred to as "the language of the birds", "the dragon blood language", "the hidden language of the trees", or "the voice of the divine" – what Christian's call "the Word of God."

Words as symbols light up like shining golden bricks in the cobbled road leading ever onwards up the mountain to our divine home. Words become the creative force that opens the development of new sense organs (supersensible organs of perception), discovers new lands, forges new relationships that seem familiar and yet ancient, and unlock the path to our memories found in our personal, collective 'ancestral voice' – what was known as ancient natural clairvoyance. The Words of authors and poets are keys to the etheric kingdom where ideas blossom into ideals as the reader transcends the physical and enters that ancient realm where the gods shine brightly in living images as large as the cosmos and as small as a monad.

J. R. R. Tolkien, the modern don of 'high fantasy' was a master at creating a living, inhabitable landscape with just a sentence, or a world with a paragraph. Tolkien tells us where his thoughts wondered to after taking up the challenge of his fellow Inklings to write fantasy stories that defy space and time – for him that was the sinking of Atlantis (Numernor). He wrote his first story about time travel after being prompted by fellow Inklings to "do better" than David Lindsay did in his disturbing fantasy *The Voyage to Arcturus*. This "challenge" to write better novels about conquering space and time in a believable fashion, led to a commitment by numerous Inklings to try their hand at writing fantasy novels that make space and time travel believable.

In Tolkien's first attempt to defy time and space he wrote an unfinished story entitled: *The Notion Club Papers* wherein he says:

"And Fire! I can't describe that. Elemental Fire: fire that is, and does not consume, but is a mode or condition of physical being. But I caught sight of blazing fire, too: some real pictures. One, I think, must have been a glimpse of the meteorite hitting our air. A mountain corroded into a boulder in a few seconds of agonizing flame. But above, or between, or perhaps through all the rest, I knew endlessness. That's perhaps emotional and inaccurate. I mean Length with a capital L, applied to Time; unendurable length to mortal flesh. In that kind of dream you can know about the feeling of aeons of constricted waiting. Being part of the foundations of a continent, and upholding immeasurable tons of rock for countless ages, waiting for an explosion or a world-shattering shock, is quite a common situation in parts of the universe."

All aspects of time and space travel were considered by Tolkien in the conversations found in *The Notion Club Papers*. The Notion Club was another name for the Inklings in this fantasy novel. Tolkien thoughtfully examines dreams, visions, imaginations, reincarnation, and a hundred other different considerations of ways to accomplish the magic-trick of "defying" time. He complains that some authors are not convincing in their literary 'contrivances' they use to jump through time or leap through space. Tolkien logically complains about poor attempts that did not make him, as a reader, "willing suspend his disbelief." Tolkien, in *The Notion Club Papers* has two members of the group go 'off the deep-end' and believe they could see and feel their previous incarnations on Atlantis (Tokien's Numenor) – thus, Tolkien 'time travel.' Both members (probably Barfield and Harwood who as Anthroposophists believed in Atlantis) go somewhat mad in their insatiable desire to unravel the 'ancestral voices' sounding in their minds and the many karmic influences in their lives that bridged the present with ancient Atlantis. These two Club members go off on a quest following 'signs' and their personal intuitions unfolding before them as they hear the voices calling them ever further 'West' – Numenor/Atlantis was in the 'West' – the home of the immortals (the Blessed Realms) and long-lived elves out beyond the Lonely Isle (Tol-erresea) on the Lost Road which climbs into high heaven (Ilmen). Tolkien takes the reader up the Seven Story Mountain of spiritual ascension through time travel insinuated by the mad Club members 'remembering' their previous incarnations. Tolkien, through Middle-earth and its prior immortal ancestors the Elders, the long-lived Elves, the Valor, the

Numenorians, short-lived men, and even hobbits and dwarfs imaginatively portray the history of developing humanity and outlines the future stages of ascending human consciousness. Tolkien intended to create a history of the English people that was informed by philology, linguistics, culture, and imaginal history. Thus, many scholars believe "The Inkling Challenge" was met by Tolkien in *The Lord of the Rings*, which was, of course, informed by this initial "Inkling/Notion" about the ancient history of humanity which seems to go back so far as to address the myths of Atlantis (Numenor) and Lemuria (Tol-erresea/Avallon) or even further back to Hyperborea (Valinor). The Blessed Realms of Ilmen may even be the obscure realm of the Sun called Polaria which harkens to the earliest days of Creation when humans where still in the heavens with the gods.

Tolkien takes his speculation on time travel quite seriously but was not happy with his fantasy novel, *The Notion Club Papers* since he did not finish it nor consider it a major work for the public. One might say that Tolkien used *The Notion Club Papers* as a way to loosen up his imaginative powers to breach the time-walls of the Imaginal World and tap into a living world that is often seen as Merlin's Faery Kingdom. Tolkien has one of his main characters from the novel say: "People of the future, if they only knew the records [of the Notion Club] and studied them, and let their imagination work on them, till the Notion Club became a sort of secondary world set in the Past: they could [picture the real past]."

## The Influence of David Lindsay

There has been a legend around for a long time that since David Lindsay (1876-1946) wrote his book, *A Voyage to Arcturus,* in 1920, one or the other Inkling, some few years later, brought the book to a club meeting and challenged all the others to read the book and discuss it. From those discussions arose a challenge to all members to write a fantasy novel that addresses the questions of time and space travel as Lindsay had done in his book. At least Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, Owen Barfield, and Cecil Harwood took up the challenge to attempt the undertaking. This pivotal moment in the modern history of "high fantasy" was quite

significant. Ultimately, three of the best-selling trilogies of modern times were born along with many other imaginative novels, fairy tales, and stories. Tolkien wrote *The Notion Club Papers*, C. S. Lewis wrote *The Dark Tower*, Charles Williams wrote *Many Dimensions*, Owen Barfield wrote *The Rose on the Ash-Heap*, and Cecil Harwood wrote numerous fairy tales and other stories as a Waldorf teacher as responses to "The Inkling Challenge."

There is some confusion about which story was written by each of these authors in response to the challenge. A close examination of the works of these authors shows that the disagreement about which fantasy story came first is debatable. Even though, a simple analysis of the storylines of these fantasies reveals clearly that even though experts debate when some of the novels were first written, it is clear that the above-named writings clearly address time and space travel whereas some of the other suggested works do not. Personally, I wanted to know because I read *A Voyage to Arcturus* after I was a big fan of Tolkien, Lewis, Barfield, Williams, and Harwood. I found David Lindsay's books, including *The Devil's Tor*, *The Violet Apple*, and *The Witch*, to be very disturbing, distressing, and completely captivating even though he is generally an average writer. Lindsay is like Tolkien or Novalis in creating "believable" worlds, dramatic worlds that shake up your concepts about sense perception, death, philosophy, and many other important life-questions. Lindsay uses only a few words and then, all of a sudden, the main character has developed another sense organ to respond to the new environment he comes upon. Nothing is too fantastic to happen in Lindsay's Imaginal world, even if it is outrageously new, original and unheard of in the "real world." He even creates new colors, new sense impressions, new species, and new worlds that are believable after many gyrations and upsets to our normal way of thinking.

After reading *A Journey to Arcturus*, I gave many copies out to friends and only a few were able to read it and discuss it with me in any sensible manner. Most were disturbed and laid it down unfinished. Some Anthroposophists told me they believed it was a novel taken directly from Rudolf Steiner's *Philosophy of Freedom*; other scholars touted it as the best sci-fi novel in history. In a letter to Stanley Unwin of 4 March 1938 Tolkien says: "I read *A Voyage to Arcturus* with avidity – the most comparable work, though it is both more powerful and more

mythical (and less rational, and also less of a story – no one could read it merely as a thriller and without interest in philosophy, religion and morals.)" Obviously, the book stirred something in Tolkien, as it does for most who read it all the way through and let the "unreal become real" in their imagination. The critic, novelist, and philosopher Colin Wilson said it was the "greatest novel of the twentieth century." C. S. Lewis acknowledged it as a central influence in writing his Space Trilogy. Clive Barker called it "a masterpiece" and "an extraordinary work ... quite magnificent." University of Nebraska Press called it: "a stunning achievement in speculative fiction. It is simultaneously an epic quest across one of the most unusual and brilliantly depicted alien worlds ever conceived, a profoundly moving journey of discovery into the metaphysical heart of the universe, and a shockingly intimate excursion into what makes us human and unique. It remains one of the most revered classics of science fiction."

Before we go further and see how this single book effected the writers of some the best-selling imaginative books in modern times, let's review the plot:

"Summoned to earth, in the course of a seance, Crystalman – the evil, shape changing deity of the solar system Arcturus – is displaced by an uninvited guest before his spirit-form can properly materialize. It is a warning. Now the mysterious guest (Maskull), his other-worldly associate, and their earthly recruit must set out for Arcturus, on a strange and dangerous pilgrimage. After an interstellar journey, Maskull awakens alone in a desert on the planet Tormance, seared by the suns of the binary star Arcturus. As he journeys northward, guided by a drumbeat, he encounters a world and its inhabitants like no other, where gender is a victory won at a dear cost: where landscape and emotion are drawn into an accursed dance; where heroes are killed, reborn, and renamed; and where the cosmological lures of Shaping, who may be God, torment Maskull in his astonishing pilgrimage. At the end of his arduous and increasingly mystical quest waits a dark secret and an unforgettable revelation."

Nothing quite describes the frankness that David Lindsay uses to guide the reader into other worlds. This quality of starkness is oftentimes called "shocking" by his critics. For instance, the interstellar trip is accomplished in a simple

manner but somehow “believable.” The method for conveyance is a crystal “spaceship” that uses Arcturian ‘back-rays’ as the propulsion system:

“Maskull beheld with awe the torpedo of crystal which was to convey them through the whole breadth of visible space. It was forty feet long, eight broad, and eight high; the tank containing the Arcturian back-rays was in front, the car behind. The nose of the torpedo was directed towards the south-eastern sky. The whole machine rested upon a flat platform, raised about four feet above the level of the roof, so as to encounter no obstruction on starting its flight.

Krag flashed the light on to the door of the car, to enable them to enter. Before doing so, Maskull gazed sternly once again at the gigantic far-distant star, which was from now onwards to be their sun. He frowned shivered slightly and got in beside Nightspore. Krag clambered past them on to his pilot’s seat. He threw the torch through the open door, which was then carefully closed, fastened, and screwed up.

He pulled the starting-lever. The torpedo glided gently from its platform, and passed rather slowly away from the tower, seawards. Its speed increased sensibly, though not excessively, until the approximate limits of the earth’s atmosphere were reached. Krage then released the speed-valve, and the car sped on its way with a velocity more nearly approaching that of thought than of light.”

Soon, Maskull sails through the Arcturus stream in his crystal spaceship to Tormance, the planet that rotates around Arcturus and its twin star. The transformation of Maskull changes his body to survive in the new and bizarre environment in a shockingly unique way.

“He remained sprawling on the ground, as he was unable to lift his body on account of its intense weight. A numbing pain, which he could not identify with any region of his frame, acted from now onwards as a lower, sympathetic note to all his other sensations. It gnawed away at him continuously; sometimes it embittered and irritated him, at other times he forgets it.

He felt something hard on his forehead. Putting his hand up, he discovered there a fleshy protuberance, the size of a small plum, having a cavity in the middle, of which he could not feel the bottom. Then he also became aware of a large knob on each side of his neck, an inch below the ear. From the region of his heart a tentacle had budded. It was as long as his arm, but thin, like a whipcord, and soft and flexible.

As soon as he thoroughly realized the significance of these new organs, his heart began to pump. Whatever might, or might not, be their use, they proved one thing – that he was in a new world."

## David Lindsay

Lindsay was a Scottish author best remembered for his philosophical science fiction novels. He served in the army in the First World War and was married in 1916. After the war, he moved to Cornwall with his wife to write. He said that his greatest influence was the work of George MacDonald. His novel *A Voyage to Arcturus* was published in 1920, but it was not a success, selling fewer than six hundred copies. The literary critic and author Colin Wilson has called it "the greatest imaginative work of the twentieth century", C. S. Lewis has described it as "that shattering, intolerable, and irresistible work", and Alan Moore has called it "less a novel than a private kabbalah." It also has been described as "the major underground" novel of the 20th century.

Colin Wilson, the famous author of the occult, wrote an essay entitled, *The Haunted Man: Lindsay as Novelist and Mystic* that first appeared in the book *The Strange Genius of David Lindsay* (1970). The secret of Lindsay's apparent originality as a novelist, according to Wilson, lies in his metaphysical assumptions taken from Norse and other mythologies. Michael Moorcock asserted that "Few English novels have been as eccentric or, ultimately, as influential." He noted that Alan Moore, introducing the 2002 edition, had compared the book to John Bunyan (*Pilgrim's Progress*) and Arthur Machen (*The Great God Pan*), but that it nevertheless stood "as one of the great originals." In Moorcock's view, while the book had influenced C. S. Lewis's

science fiction trilogy, Lewis had "refused Lindsay's commitment to the Absolute and lacked his God-questioning genius, the very qualities which give this strange book its compelling, almost mesmerizing influence."

Lindsay's novel, *A Voyage to Arcturus* is recognized for its strangeness. Tormance's features include its alien sea, with water so dense that it can be walked on. Gnawl water is sufficient food to sustain life on its own. The local spectrum includes two primary colors unknown on Earth, ulfire and jale, and a third color, dolm, said to be compounded of ulfire and blue. The sexuality of the Tormance species is ambiguous; Lindsay coined a new gender-neutral pronoun series, ae, aer, and aerself for the phaen who are humanoid but formed of air.

Some contend that Lindsay's "original allegory" has its own framework, which is the hierarchy of experiences on the road to enlightenment, from pleasure to pain,lLove, nothing, and finally something. This structure is compounded by having the protagonist examine the world in terms of the dyad of I and not-I, and the triad of "material creation, relation, and religious feeling"; in the end, the main character (Maskull) transcends personality for dualism on both the macrocosmic and the microcosmic scales. Philosophers have speculated that the lands through which the characters travel represent philosophical systems or states of mind as Maskull searches for the meaning of life. The book combines fantasy, philosophy, and science fiction in an exploration of the nature of good and evil and their relationship with existence.

## The Inkling Challenge

Christopher Tolkien tells us in the opening of the book, *The Lost Road and Other Writings*: "In February 1968 my father addressed a commentary to the authors of an article about him. In the course of this he recorded that 'one day' C. S. Lewis said to him that since 'there is too little of what we really like in stories' they would have to try to write some themselves. He went on: We agreed that he [Lewis] should try 'space-travel', and I [Tolkien] should try 'time-travel.' His result is well known. My effort, after a few promising chapters, ran dry: it was too

long a way round to what I really wanted to make, a new version of the Atlantis legend. The final scene survives as *The Downfall of Numenor*."

A few years earlier, in a letter of July 1964, J.R.R. Tolkien gave some account of his book, *The Lost Road*: "When C. S. Lewis and I tossed up, and he was to write on space-travel and I on time-travel, I began an abortive book of time-travel of which the end was to be the presence of my hero in the drowning of Atlantis. This was to be called Numenor, the Land in the West."

In *The Fall of Numenor*, Tolkien gives us a sketchy outline of what he intended to finish as the history of Atlantis, its downfall and its subsequent sinking beneath the waves. "The Western Kingdom grows up, Atlante. Legend so named it afterward (the old name was Numar or Numenos) Atlante = The Falling. Its people, great mariners, and men of great skill and wisdom. They range from Tol-eressea to the shores of Middle-earth. But the Gods will not allow them to land in Valinor. The Gods therefore sundered Valinor from the earth, and an awful rift appeared down which the water poured and the armament of Atlante was drowned. They globed the whole earth so that however far a man sailed he could never again reach the West. The old line of the lands remained as a plain of air upon which only the Gods could walk, and the Eldar who faded as Men usurped the sun. But many of the Numenorie could see it or faintly see it; and tried to devise ships to sail on it. But they achieved only ships that would sail in Wilwa or lower air. Whereas the Plain of the Gods cut through and traversed Ilmen [in] which even birds cannot fly, save the eagles and hawks of Manwe."

"The gods (immortals) forbade the Elder (long-lived elves and Numenoreans) to sail beyond the Lonely Isle and would not permit any save their kings to land in Valinor. And of old, many of the Numernoreans could 'see' or 'half see' the paths to the True West and believed that at times, from a high place, they could descry the peaks of Taniquetil at the end of the Straight Road, high above the world. But upon the Straight Road only the Gods and the vanished Elves could walk, or such as the Gods summoned of the fading Elves of the round earth who became diminished in substance as Men usurped the sun. Valinor and Eressea were taken from the world into the realm of 'hidden things.' Eressea, the Lonely Isle, which is Avallon, for it is within sight of Valinor and the light of the Blessed Realm."

In *The Lost Road*, Tolkien actually speaks his heart's desire when he has his main character reflect: "Surveying the last thirty years, he felt he could say that his most permanent mood, thou often overlaid or suppressed, had been since childhood the desire *to go back*. To walk in Time, perhaps, as men walk on long roads; or to survey it, as men may see the world from a mountain, or the earth as a living map beneath an airship. But in any case, to see with eyes and to hear with ears: to see the lie of old and even forgotten lands, to behold ancient men walking, and hear their languages as they spoke them, in the days before the days, when tongues of forgotten lineage were heard in kingdoms long fallen by the shores of the Atlantic." And then later: "I wish there was a "Time-machine", he said aloud. "But Time is not to be conquered by machines. And I should go back, not forward; and I think backwards would be more possible."

## Who Were the Inklings?

The Inklings were an informal literary discussion group associated with J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis at the University of Oxford for nearly two decades between the early 1930s and late 1949. The Inklings were literary enthusiasts who praised the value of narrative in fiction and encouraged the writing of fantasy. The best-known, apart from Tolkien and Lewis, were Charles Williams, and Owen Barfield. As was typical for university literary groups in their time, the all-male group got together to read and discuss members' unfinished works. Early version of Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, Lewis's *Out of the Silent Planet*, and Williams's *All Hallows' Eve* were among the novels first read to the Inklings. Tolkien's fictional, unfinished novel *The Notion Club Papers* was based on the Inkling's discussion of space and time travel.

The name was associated originally with a society of Oxford University's University College, initiated by the then undergraduate Edward Tangye Lean around 1931, for the purpose of reading aloud unfinished compositions. The society consisted of students and dons, among them Tolkien and Lewis. When Lean left Oxford in 1933, the society ended, and Tolkien and Lewis transferred its name to their group at Magdalen College.

Until late 1949, the Inkling's readings and discussions were usually held on Thursday evenings in C. S. Lewis's rooms at Magdalen. The Inklings and friends were also known to gather informally on Tuesdays at midday at a local public house, The Eagle and Child. The publican, Charlie Blagrove, let Lewis and friends use his private parlor for privacy. Later pub meetings were at The Lamb and Flag across the street, the White Horse, and the Kings Arms.

## Who Was J. R. R. Tolkien?

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892-1973) was an English writer, poet, philologist, and academic, best known as the author of the high fantasy works *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*. From 1925 to 1945, Tolkien was Professor of Anglo-Saxon at the University of Oxford. He was also a Professor of English Language and Literature which he held from 1945 until his retirement in 1959. *The Lord of the Rings* ranks as one of the most popular works of fiction of the 20th century.

After Tolkien's death, his son Christopher published a series of works based on his father's extensive notes and unpublished manuscripts, including *The Silmarillion*. Tolkien's work forms a connected body of tales, poems, songs, fictional histories, invented languages, and literary essays about a fantasy world called Arda and, within it, Middle-earth. Tolkien is identified as the "father" of modern high fantasy literature. Tolkien's Catholicism was a significant factor in C. S. Lewis's conversion from atheism to Christianity which Lewis called, "The Great War."

Tolkien spent more than ten years writing the primary narrative and appendices for *The Lord of the Rings*, during which time he received the constant support of the Inklings, in particular his closest friend C. S. Lewis, the author of *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Tolkien's other fantasy writings include *Mr. Bliss, Roverandom, Tree and Leaf, The Adventures of Tom Bombadil, Smith of Wootton Major*, and *Farmer Giles of Ham*. Most of these fantasy tales take the reader into another world by magic and enchantment but the story that most fits The Inkling Challenge to write fantasy was Tolkien's *The Lost Road* - an

unfinished time-travel story written in late 1936 that connects Tolkien's other tales to the 20th century and is an add-on to *The Notion Club Papers.*

*The Lost Road* itself was also the result of the joint decision by Tolkien and C. S. Lewis to make attempts at writing science fiction concerning time and space travel. Lewis ended up writing a story about space travel, which eventually became his Space Trilogy, and Tolkien tried to write something about time travel, twice, but never completed either attempt. *The Lost Road* is a fragmentary beginning of a tale, with a rough outline and several pieces of narrative, including four chapters dealing with modern England and Numenor, from which the entire story may be glimpsed. The scheme was for time travel by means of "vision", or being mentally inserted into what 'had been' so as to experience that which' had happened' – a sort of reading the annals of living history. In this way, the tale links the 20th century first to the Saxon England of Alfred the Great, then to the Lombard king Alboin of St Benedict's time, the Baltic Sea during the Viking Age, Ireland at the time of the Tuatha De Danann's coming (600 years after Noah's Flood), the prehistoric North in the Ice Age, a "Galdor story" of Middle-earth in the Third Age, and finally the Fall of Gil-galad, before recounting the prime legend of the Downfall of Numenor and the Bending of the World. The novel explores the theme of the "Straight Road" into the West, now open only in memory because the world has become round. Tolkien reworked and expanded some of the ideas in *The Lost Road* in *The Notion Club Papers*.

Another wonderful Tolkien tale of magic that concerns the land of faery is *The Smith of Wootton Major* that takes us on a journey to the Land of Faery, thanks to the magical ingredients of the Great Cake of the Feast of Good Children, a shining star that allows the person to enter Faery at any time. The Smith transcends the outer world by winning the star, but it takes courage and strength to enter the Land of Faery and return to tell the tale.

"But he [the Smith] had business of its own kind in Faery, and he was welcome there; for the star shone bright on his brow, and he was as safe as a mortal can be in that perilous country. The Lesser Evils avoided the star, and from the Greater Evils he was guarded.

In Faery, at first, he walked for the most part quietly among the lesser folk and the gentler creatures in the woods and meads of fair valleys, and by the bright waters in which at night strange stars shone and at dawn the gleaming peaks of far mountains were mirrored. Some of his briefer visits he spent looking only at one tree or one flower; but later in longer journeys he had seen things of both beauty and terror that he could not clearly remember nor report to his friends, though he knew that they dwelt deep in his heart. But some things he did not forget, and they remained in his mind as wonders and mysteries that he often recalled."

## C. S. Lewis and Space Travel

Fans of C. S. Lewis claim that *A Voyage to Arcturus* inspired Lewis to write *Out of the Silent Planet* (1938) or *Perelandra* (1943) or *That Hideous Strength* (1945), which is not necessarily true. Lewis's work, *The Dark Tower* (date of writing unknown) was not a sequel to *Out of the Silent Planet* nor *Perelandra* either. *The Dark Tower* was the original "time and space" novel that came out of the Inkling's challenge to write a novel inspired by David Lindsay's *A Voyage to Arcturus*. This idea is evidenced in that Lewis even references the Inklings in *The Dark Tower* and their interest in time travel:

"With the exception of MacPhee, we might be described as a secret society: that sort of society whose secrets need no passwords, oaths, or concealment because they automatically keep themselves."

And later when he has his main character say:

"Well," said Orfieu, "time-traveling clearly means going into the future or the past. Now where will the particles that compose your body be five hundred years hence? They'll be all over the place – some in the bodies of your descendants, if you have any. Thus, to go to the year 3000 AD means going to a time at which your body doesn't exist; and that means, according to one hypothesis, becoming nothing, and, according to the other, becoming a disembodied spirit.

...The first thing I thought of, when I had abandoned the false trail of a time machine, was the possibility of mystical experience. You needn't grin MacPhee; you ought to cultivate an open mind. At any rate I had an open mind. I saw that in the writings of the mystics we had an enormous body of evidence, coming from all sorts of different times and places – and often quite independently – to show that the human mind has a power, under certain conditions, of rising to experience outside the normal time-sequence.

...To make a similar instrument for our time-perceptions we must find the time-organ and then copy it. Now I claim to have isolated what I call the Z substance in the human brain. On the purely physiological side my results have been published. MacPhee nodded.

'But what has not yet been published,' continued Orfieu, 'is the proof that the Z substance is the organ of memory and prevision. And starting from that, I have been able to construct my chronoscope.'

...On a table immediately before it stood a battery with a bulb. Higher than the bulb, and between it and the sheet, there hung a small bunch or tangle of some diaphanous material, arranged into a complicated pattern of folds and convolutions, rather reminiscent of the shapes that a mouthful of tobacco smoke assumes in the air. He gave us to understand that this was the chronoscope proper. It was only about the size of a man's fist.

'I turn on the light, so,' said Orfieu, and the bulb began to shine palely in the surrounding daylight. But he switched it off again at once and continued. 'The rays pass through the chronoscope on to the reflector and our picture of the other time then appears on the sheet."

It seems quite obvious that *The Dark Tower* is Lewis's response to the challenge of conquering time and space with "words." It is quite significant that both Tolkien's and Lewis's first attempts were not satisfactory to the authors and therefore they didn't finish them. Tolkien's *Notion Club Papers* is an amazing story that has been pieced together by his son and has no ending. It is unresolved accept to note that Tolkien and Lewis come to a similar conclusion – space and

time can be conquered by human consciousness. Tolkien through the implications of reincarnation or simply "remembering" the past through some mystical doorway that defies space and time. Lewis through a device that replicates what the human being can do by using their brain to transcend space and time – the Z-substance driven chronoscope. Lewis did not finish *The Dark Tower* and some say he expanded it into *Perelandra* many years later. Whether this speculation is true or not, both authors have attempted to write novels that address the question of whether words can help a reader transcend space and time through a shared higher consciousness in the written story.

C. S. Lewis continued with his two fantasies (Space Trilogy and Narnia series) to develop many aspects of space and time travel – whether through a "wardrobe", "conscious space travel", or "an angel delivering a person to another planet." Eventually, Lewis and Tolkien created some of the most beloved imaginative worlds in English literature that certainly are effective at transcending normal space and time.

In *The Dark Tower*, the oppressive atmosphere of the book is reminiscent of Lewis's own *That Hideous Strength* (1945) and David Lindsay's *A Voyage to Arcturus* (1920), which Lewis acknowledged as an influence. *The Dark Tower* does differ to a degree from the published novels of Lewis's *The Space Trilogy* in setting and subject matter. Margaret Wheatfield noted that: "In *The Dark Tower* we see an alternate reality with a dark analogue of Cambridge University, where evil magic is manifest and rampant, and people are made into automatons by the sting of a magical horn."

Two quantitative stylometric analyses have compared *The Dark Tower* to other books in the Lewis space trilogy. Both analyses have supported the perception that, for whatever reason, the style of *The Dark Tower* is atypical of that employed by Lewis in the trilogy. It is often forgotten by readers that Lewis was seriously interested in science fiction long before it was fashionable. However, although Lewis was a reader of all sorts of science fiction, he himself was not interested in writing the technical side: he wrote in 1955 that "The most superficial appearance of plausibility - the merest sop to our critical intellect - will

do. I took a hero to Mars once in a spaceship, but when I knew better I had angels convey him to Venus."

## Who Was C. S. Lewis?

Clive Staples Lewis (1898-1963) was a British writer and lay theologian. He held academic positions in English literature at both Oxford University (Magdalen College, 1925–1954) and Cambridge University (Magdalene College, 1954–1963). He is best known as the author of *The Chronicles of Narnia*, but he is also noted for his other works of fiction, such as *The Screwtape Letters* and *The Space Trilogy*, and for his non-fiction Christian apologetics, including *Mere Christianity*, *Miracles*, and *The Problem of Pain*. Lewis's faith profoundly affected his work, and his wartime radio broadcasts on the subject of Christianity brought him wide acclaim.

The influences of the "Great War" between Lewis and Tolkien that led to Lewis's conversation to Christianity deeply affected the content of Lewis's Space Trilogy. In the second book, *Perelandra*, there is a new Garden of Eden on the planet Venus, a new Adam and Eve, and a new "serpent figure" to tempt Eve. The story can be seen as an account of what might have happened if the terrestrial Adam had defeated the serpent and avoided the Fall of Man, with the main character intervening in the novel to "ransom" the new Adam and Eve from the deceptions of the enemy.

*The Dark Tower* deals with an early rendition of interdimensional travel. The story begins with a discussion of time travel among several academics at a university. They conclude that it is impossible to violate the laws of space-time in such a way. However, after the discussion, one of the men (Orfieu) unveils an invention he believes allows people to see through time. The group uses this "chronoscope" to observe an alien world they call "Othertime" (he does not know if it is future or past), where a group of human automatons work to construct a tower at the bidding of the story's villain. Increasingly, the observers wonder if Othertime really is the past or future, or whether it is some other reality.

## Charles Williams

Another inkling who took up the challenge of trying to make the Imaginal World into a space/time travel novel was Charles Williams. Williams wrote many books, plays, and articles but he started it all off with answering The Inklings Challenge to experiment with fantasy writing. He leaps into the deep-end of the pool immediately with *Many Dimensions* by having the main character fraudulently acquire the crown of King Solomon which has a magical stone in the shape of a white and gold cube as the centerpiece. Touching or holding this sacred object gives the ability to jump from one place to another instantaneously, or to travel through time - among two of its many amazing qualities. Unfortunately, the Stone reacts to the moral character of the person using it, so when multiple copies of the Stone are created and come into the possession of immoral people, all hell breaks loose and people die. Eventually the Stone is brought back into "unity" and returned to its true owners who protect it from the evil intentions of the unworthy.

It is easy to see that *Many Dimensions* is Williams's answer to The Inklings Challenge to write a space/time travel novel. Williams tells us about the origins of this magical device that defies space, time, and consciousness:

"'I will tell you what is said of it,' the Hajji said, 'and you shall tell Lord Arglay when he returns. It is said that in the Crown of Suleiman ben Daood there was a strange and wonderful Stone, and it is said also that this Stone had belonged of old to the giants, to Nimrod the hunter and his children, and by its virtue Nimrod sought to build Babel which was to reach to heaven. And something of this kind is certainly possible to those who have the Stone. Before Nimrod, our Father Adam (the peace be upon him!) had it, and this only he brought with him out of Paradise when he fled before the swords of the great ones – Michael and Gabriel and Raphael (blessed be they!). And there are those who say that before then it was in the Crown of Ibliss the Accursed when he fell from heaven, and that his fall was not assured until that Stone dropped from his head. For yet again it is told that, when the Merciful One made the worlds, first of all He created that Stone and gave it to the Divine One whom the Jews call Shekinah, and as she gazed upon it the universe arose and had being.'"

Williams has not fallen into the trap that Tolkien wished to avoid by having a contrivance, a contraption that causes the space and time travel to happen outside of human consciousness. William's conflation of the perfect ashlar of the Temple of Solomon and the Holy Grail – the stone from Lucifer's crown in one little Platonic solid – comprises this key-stone of Solomon. This key of Solomon has long been called the "Lost Word" of the Freemasons and is an ingenious confabulation of every sort of super power that a device that deifies space and time should have – ancient history, cloaked in mystery, omnipotent, omnipresent, and somewhat omniscient. No space vehicle made with tin and iron for Charles Williams. He grasped for the Holy Grail of the Jews and added the Zohar myths about the stone of Paradise. Consciousness as a driving force that is wed to the morality of the user is the theme clearly explored by Williams. The consequences for immorality are merciless like the outcome of a Grimm's Fairy Tale. No mercy for the selfish user who wants to satiate their desires – the usual road to hell provided by the Seven Deadly Sins.

Williams explains later in the story more details about how the Stone works and does its magic in a simple fashion:

"'It's the First Matter,' Sir Giles said. 'I told you that was what I thought it was, and I'm more sure than ever now. It's that which becomes everything else.

'But how does it work? Pallister asked. 'How does all this movement happen? How does it carry anyone about in space?'

'It doesn't,' Sir Giles answered immediately. 'Can't you see that it doesn't move people about like an aeroplane does. Once you are in contact and you choose and desire and will, you go into it and come out again where you have desired because everything is in it, anyhow.'"

## Who Was Charles Williams?

Charles Williams (1886-1945) was a British poet, novelist, playwright, theologian, literary critic, and member of the Inklings who met at the University of Oxford. In 1917 Williams married his first sweetheart, Florence Conway, following a long courtship during which he presented her with a sonnet sequence that would later become his first published book of poetry, *The Silver Stair*. Although Williams attracted the attention and admiration of some of the most notable writers of his day, including T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden, his greatest admirer was probably C. S. Lewis, whose novel *That Hideous Strength* (1945) has been regarded as partially inspired by his acquaintance with William's novels, plays, and poems. Williams came to know Lewis after reading Lewis's then-recently published study *The Allegory of Love*; he was so impressed he jotted down a letter of congratulation and dropped it in the mail. Coincidentally, Lewis had just finished reading Williams's novel *The Place of the Lion* and had written a similar note of congratulation. The letters led to an enduring and fruitful friendship.

Although chiefly remembered as a novelist, Williams also published poetry, works of literary criticism, theology, drama, history, biography, and a voluminous number of book reviews. Some of his best-known novels are *War in Heaven* (1930), *Descent into Hell* (1937), and *All Hallows' Eve* (1945). T. S. Eliot, who wrote an introduction for the last of these, described Williams's novels as "supernatural thrillers" because they explore the sacramental intersection of the physical with the spiritual while also examining the ways in which power, even spiritual power, can corrupt as well as sanctify.

All of Williams's fantasies, unlike those of J. R. R. Tolkien and most of those of C. S. Lewis, are set in the contemporary world. Williams has been described by Colin Manlove as one of the three main writers of "Christian fantasy" in the twentieth century.

## Owen Barfield and the Inkling Challenge

Owen Barfield's contribution to The Inklings Challenge to write about space and time travel is suggested by some to be his first fairy tale, *The Silver Trumpet*, which has no references to either topic. In contradistinction, his unfinished novel, *The Rose on the Ash Heap* is a mystical journey from East to West and back again until the main character, the Sultan, finally finds his long-lost love and learns to travel to the stars after winning a magic key that can open any lock – the Mater [Mother] Key. It seems clear that Barfield, Tolkien, and Lewis experimented with the topics and were not happy with their product and therefore never finished them. One witness attests to Lewis reading chapters of *The Dark Tower* many years before it was known about. It seems rather obvious that the Inklings certainly shared their first attempts at addressing transcending space and time shortly after *A Voyage to Arcturus* was published in 1920. Barfield's *Silver Trumpet* was published in 1925, whereas *The Rose on the Ash-Heap* was from the novel, *English People*, both of which were unfinished and therefore have no clear date associated with them. After reading other books, one can assume that *The Rose on the Ash-Heap* was Barfield's attempt at a fairy tale novel about transcending space and time and finding the Eternal Feminine.

In the Forward to *The Rose on the Ash-Heap*, Barfield says:

"*The Rose on the Ash-Heap* is a "Marchen", 26,600 words in length. Sultan, the central figure, travels daily further from the East and is eventually lost in a country not unlike the advertisement-machine and sex-ridden Eur-America which we were getting to know before the War. Formerly ruled and guided by the Lord of Albion, it is now under the total dominion of Abdol, who needs no secret police to enforce his highly centralized authority, since he uses the technique not of scarcity but of plenty.

The story tells of Sultan's many and varied experiences, his encounters, his efforts and his lapses, until at last he finds his way out, not (like some mystics of today) by retracing his steps to the East whence he started forth, but rather by pursuing his westward journey to its utmost limit. There he finds a special master key. This he takes back with him on his final return to the West, where Abdol's

blatant and horrible Fun Fair is in progress. It lets him in to the secret Circus under the great ash-heap in its midst. After long and arduous training he himself becomes a circus-rider, is united to the daughter of the Lord of Albion – the bride whom he has so long been seeking – and together with her participates in the apocalyptic end of the Fun Fair and of Abdol's reign."

Part of the "device" for Barfield's main character, the Sultan, to go anywhere in space was a key that fit any lock. He uses the key a great deal to open new doors of his self-discovery, even when it comes to opening the secret door to the "underground circus", all that is left of the palace where he finally found his true love, the temple dancer.

"Now your key is a master-key. I might almost call it the master of masters. I doubt if you will find a lock anywhere that it will not open, if you only have a little patience. You understand? People will be grateful. They will pay you!"

For the Sultan to prepare his heart to enter the secret circus, he first must find the last speck of hope still left in the ash-heap of the old palace to open the underground world.

"It was while his mind was full of these unquiet thoughts that Sultan observed for the first time, among the sooty weeds struggling up out of the refuse on the Heap, a garden Rose. It was a sad, spindly-looking object with one dull red knob at the top, yet there was some magic in the twilight which attracted Sultan's attention to it. It was now nearly dark, and many stars lad already appeared in the sky. Sultan looked at the flower again. Yes. It was glowing! It seemed to be giving forth a light of its own into the dusk! Or was the soft radiance that shone forth from its face no more than the diurnal gift which it had collected from the sun?"

"'I will not listen to them!" he cried determinedly. 'If I have lost the hope of happiness, I have at any rate found Peace. And that is all that the wise are able to find. The rest is illusion. 'The loss of the Beloved,' said the Philosopher, 'is the finding of the Absolute.' And have I not found the Absolute? Have I not wedded the Virgin herself? Fool! What need to travel further? I am already there!"

Barfield eventually has the Sultan travel to the ends of the earth in the West, where it is certain that 'no human can ever go.' There he finds a room with a domed roof open to the sky where the stars begin to speak to him of the unity between stars although there seemingly are great spaces in between.

"In the middle of the night, Sultan was aroused by the crowing of cocks and the barking of watchdogs. Turning quickly to the East, he observed that Sirius was rising into view over the sill of the glass dome, which formed the roof of his chamber. Never had Sultan seen the Dog-Star flare and flash with such brilliancy and such violence. And as he lay there in the pleasant visionary mood betwixt sleeping and waking – that mood in which what is without seems often as if it were within, and what is within without – he gradually became aware that the furious star was singing. Sultan bent his ear attentively to the words, anxious to miss no more of them than he must have missed already, and he was only just in time; for the Song of Sirius was all but done. What he heard seemed to add to the dreamlike confusion of his mood, for at one moment it came to him as strange and new and then at another, as if he had heard it all before, a long time ago, far back in his childhood – had heard it spoke in the very same words.

Sultan looked up, through the crown of the dome, into the zenith. No longer was the space between them empty, but as if it, too, were composed of uninterrupted star-stuff. And it was full of throbbings and workings and the throbbings and workings were themselves the violet hue of the interstellar profundity. And as he fixed his eyes on the seven great stars of the Bear, these throbbings and workings, which had drawn together at the seven points into the seven stars, seemed to him to begin boiling and seething more violently, until at last they issued from the depths above him in the form of a harmony of voices, which sang to him as if taking up all that Sirius had left unfinished:

Quick! Thou shalt see the subtle bands
Twixt star and star – the throbbing wires,
As we march singing hands in hands,
In joyous companies and choirs.

Sultan gazed and gazed. He thought he had never heard or seen anything so terrifying or so sweet. And then, at the end of the song of the Great Bear, followed yet another of those mysterious echoes which took Sultan back to his childhood, and with such force that he even half forgot the present and seemed to be living both parts of his life at the same moment, Higher than the sphery chime!"

## Owen Barfield - the Anthroposophical "Influence"

Arthur Owen Barfield (1898-1997) was a British philosopher, author, poet, critic, and member of the Inklings, sometimes called "The First and Last Inkling." He was educated at Highgate School and Wadham College, Oxford and in 1920 received a first-class degree in English language and literature. After finishing his B. Litt., which became his third book *Poetic Diction*, he was a dedicated poet and author for over ten years. After 1934 his profession was as a solicitor in London, from which he retired in 1959 aged 60. Thereafter he had many guest appointments as Visiting Professor in North America. Barfield published numerous essays, books, and articles. His primary focus was on what he called the "evolution of consciousness," which is an idea which occurs frequently in his writings. He is best known as the author of *Saving the Appearances: A Study in Idolatry* and as a founding father of Anthroposophy in the English speaking world. In 1923, he married the musician and choreographer Maud Douie. They had two children, Alexander and Lucy; and fostered Geoffrey.

Barfield had a profound influence on C. S. Lewis and, through his books *The Silver Trumpet* and *Poetic Diction* (dedicated to Lewis), an appreciable effect on J. R. R. Tolkien. Their contribution, and their conversations, persuaded both Tolkien and Lewis that myth and metaphor have always had a central place in language and literature. He once said, "The Inklings work, taken as a whole, has a significance that far outweighs any measure of popularity, amounting to a revitalization of Christian intellectual and imaginative life."

Barfield and C. S. Lewis met in 1919 as students at Oxford University and were close friends for 44 years. His friendship with Barfield was one of the most important in his life. Almost a year after Lewis's death, Barfield spoke of his

friendship in a talk in the USA: “Now, whatever he was, and as you know, he was a great many things, CS Lewis was for me, first and foremost, the absolutely unforgettable friend, the friend with whom I was in close touch for over 40 years, the friend you might come to regard hardly as another human being, but almost as a part of the furniture of my existence.”

When they met, Lewis was an atheist who told Barfield, “I don’t accept God!” Barfield was influential in converting Lewis. Lewis came to see that there were two kinds of friends, a first friend with whom you feel at home and agree and a second friend who brings to you a different point of view. He found Barfield’s contribution in this way particularly helpful despite, or because of, the fact that “during the 1920s, the two were to engage in a long dispute over Barfield’s (and their mutual friend, A.C. Harwood’s) connection to Anthroposophy and the kind of knowledge that imagination can give us... which they affectionately called ‘The Great War.’ Through their conversations, Lewis gave up materialistic realism – the idea that our sensible world is self-explanatory and is all that there is – and moved closer to what he had always disparagingly referred to as “supernaturalism” or Christianity. These conversations influenced Lewis towards writing his Narnia series. As well as being friend and teacher to Lewis, Barfield was (professionally) his legal adviser and trustee.

Barfield was an important intellectual influence on Lewis. Lewis wrote his 1949 book *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, the first Narnia chronicle, for his friend’s adopted daughter Lucy Barfield and dedicated it to her. He also dedicated *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* to Barfield’s son Geoffrey in 1952. Barfield also influenced his scholarship and world view. He dedicated his first scholarly book, *The Allegory of Love* (1936) to his ‘wisest and best of my unofficial teachers,’ stating in its preface that he asked no more than to disseminate Barfield’s literary theory and practice. Barfield’s more than merely intellectual approach to philosophy is illustrated by a well-known interchange that took place between himself and Lewis, which Lewis did not forget. Lewis one day made the mistake of referring to philosophy as ‘a subject.’ “It wasn’t a subject to Plato,” said Barfield, “it was a way.” In the third lecture of *The Abolition of Man* (1947), Lewis suggests that Barfield’s mentor, Rudolf Steiner [founder of

Anthroposophy], may have found the way to a "redeemed scientific method that does not omit the qualities of the observed object."

It is to be expected that writers will have a muse, and it seems that Lucy Barfield was that muse for C.S. Lewis. Lewis wrote the following dedication in his novel, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* to his goddaughter, Lucy Barfield: "My Dear Lucy, I wrote this story for you, but when I began it I had not realized that girls grow quicker than books. As a result you are already too old for fairy tales, and by the time it is printed and bound you will be older still. But someday you will be old enough to start reading fairy tales again. You can then take it down from some upper shelf, dust it, and tell me what you think of it. I shall probably be too deaf to hear, and too old to understand a word you say, but I shall still be your affectionate godfather."

Lucy was an accomplished dancer, musician, composer, artist and poet. She had a special vitality which inspired both her father and godfather (Barfield and Lewis respectively). The character of Lucy Pevensie appears to be based in part on Lucy herself, sharing her name, fair hair, and lively personality. In spite (or perhaps because) of her debilitating condition, Lucy served as a muse and inspiration to her father, Owen Barfield, representing the Eternal-Feminine in his myth-allegory, *The Rose on the Ash-Heap*.

Barfield was also an important influence on Tolkien. Lewis wrote to Barfield in 1928 about his influence on Tolkien: "You might like to know that when Tolkien dined with me the other night he said, apropos of something quite different, that your conception of the ancient semantic unity had modified his whole outlook, and he was always just going to say something in a lecture when your concept stopped him in time."

Barfield became an Anthroposophist after attending a lecture by Rudolf Steiner in 1924. He studied the work and philosophy of Rudolf Steiner throughout his life, translated some of his works, and had some of his own early essays published in Anthroposophical publications. This part of Barfield's literary work includes the book *The Case for Anthroposophy*, containing his *Introduction* to selected extracts from Steiner's *Riddles of the Soul*. Steiner is always a formative presence

in Barfield's work, probably his major influence but Barfield's thought should not be considered merely derivative of Steiner's. Barfield considered Steiner a much greater man in possession of a greater mind than Goethe.

Barfield might be characterized as both a Christian writer and a learned anti-reductionist writer. His books include: *Unancestral Voice; History, Guilt, and Habit; Romanticism Comes of Age; The Rediscovery of Meaning; Saving the Appearances; Speaker's Meaning; Worlds Apart* and *History in English Words*, among others. Barfield was also an influence on T. S. Eliot who called Barfield's book *Worlds Apart* "a journey into seas of thought very far from ordinary routes of intellectual shipping."

In a foreword to *Poetic Diction*, Howard Nemerov, US Poet Laureate, stated: "Among the poets and teachers of my acquaintance who know *Poetic Diction* it has been valued not only as a secret book, but nearly as a sacred one." Saul Bellow, the Nobel Prize winning novelist, wrote: "We are well supplied with interesting writers, but Owen Barfield is not content to be merely interesting. His ambition is to set us free. Free from what? From the prison we have made for ourselves by our ways of knowing, our limited and false habits of thought, our common sense." The culture critic and psychologist James Hillman called Barfield "one of the most neglected important thinkers of the 20th Century."

Barfield likely believed that fairy tales were educationally valuable because as an active Anthroposophist emphasizing human consciousness and language, he agreed with Rudolf Steiner's views that included the importance of fairy tales for child development and was taught in Steiner's Waldorf schools. For instance, Barfield's story *The Child and the Giant* was written for his Upper School English class at The New School, Streatham in 1930."

## Cecil Harwood, the "Other" Anthroposophical Influence

Alfred Cecil Harwood (1898-1975) was a lecturer, Waldorf teacher, writer, editor, anthroposophist and an often unacknowledged member of the Inklings. Cecil Harwood attended school together with Owen Barfield, who became his life-long

friend and co-worker in many areas of his life. Together they studied at Oxford University and were part of the circle of the Inklings that included C.S. Lewis and J.R.R Tolkien. His friendship with Daphne Olivier, who later became his wife, led him to meet Rudolf Steiner and subsequently to found the first Waldorf school in England, the so-called "New School" that later became Michael Hall, together with her and three other colleagues. He remained connected to the school for the rest his life.

Daphne and he had had five children and had worked together for over 25 years. In 1948, a Swedish/English eurythmist by the name of Marguerite Lundgren had begun working in England, who was dedicated to English-language eurythmy and had become friends with both Owen Barfield and the Harwoods. She and Harwood married in 1953, beginning another fruitful co-work as they built up the eurythmy work in England with performances, international tours, the London School of Eurythmy and finally the book on which they collaborated with Marjorie Raffe, *Eurythmy and the Impulse of Dance*.

Harwood had joined the Anthroposophical Society in Great Britain shortly after meeting Rudolf Steiner for the first time in 1924. In 1937, he became its chairman and General Secretary, a position he carried until 1974. In this capacity, he was instrumental not just in developing the work in the United Kingdom but also in re-establishing the international relationships within the Anthroposophical Society as a whole, after the internal difficulties of the 1930s and 1940s. This implied a certain amount of travel, which he undertook not just on behalf of the Society but also in assisting the growth and development of Waldorf education worldwide and in particular, in the United States. He was founder and for many years editor of *Child and Man*, the journal of the Waldorf Steiner schools in Great Britain, as well as writing one of the definitive works on Waldorf Education for the English-speaking world: *The Recovery of Man in Childhood*.

His friendship with Owen Barfield and C.S. Lewis has been well-recorded in the biographies written on these two personalities. It seems to have been a fruitful relationship throughout, influencing the work and thought of all three. As C. S. Lewis said in *Surprised by Joy*, "Cecil Harwood is the sole Horatio known to me in this age of Hamlets."

In 1922 at the age of twenty-four, Alfred Cecil Harwood, with his lifelong friend Owen Barfield, attended an English folksong and dance festival in Cornwall. It was there that Harwood and Barfield would encounter the work of Rudolf Steiner by meeting Daphne Olivier.

Cecil Harwood began his career with the hope of becoming a writer. He had neither the intention nor the ambition to become a teacher or head of a national organization, yet he became both an exemplary teacher, a well-respected leader, and a celebrated author, editor, translator, and lecturer.

Cecil Harwood's son, Laurence Harwood was one of the few remaining people who really knew C.S. Lewis (Jack). In Laurence's book, *C.S. Lewis, My Godfather: Letters, Photos, and Recollections*, he talks about the relationships Lewis had with his father, Owen Barfield and Laurence's mother, Daphne. The book provides us with a picture of Lewis as a family man, enjoying treks with his friends, delighting in the visits with the Harwood children, and letters that have an intellectual wit that opens doors into the lives of them all.

Laurence said that he and Lewis exchanged letters at all stages of his life, from childhood to adolescence to adulthood and until Lewis' death in 1963, far more than is typical of a godfather. He said that Lewis adapted his writing to every level and often drew pictures in the margins. Laurence kept every letter and shares them in his book.

When Laurence experienced "failure" at Oxford due to his lack of being a natural academic, and double pneumonia while taking preliminary examinations, Lewis not only encouraged Laurence to pursue a different vocation but paid for him to attend the Royal Agricultural College to undergo training to become a land agent and surveyor. Lewis followed up by paying for Laurence's education.

For C. S. Lewis, the walks that he took each Eastertide with Owen Barfield, Walter O. Field, and Cecil Harwood epitomized friendship. Although they were distinctly unlike in personality and were not all interested in the same things, the four "cretaceous perambulators" shared core ideals and aspirations. Their writings evidence the wonderful strengths of their friendship. For many years,

walking tours with friends and with his brother were a highlight of his vacations, as his letters attest. He began the practice in the mid-1920s, when two of his friends, Owen Barfield and Cecil Harwood invited him to join them on a walk during a vacation between terms at Oxford University, where the three of them were then students. Each year thereafter, until the Second World War made such excursions impossible, Lewis, Barfield, and Harwood, often together with one or two others, took an Eastertide walking holiday.

The four had many interests and tastes in common. Harwood's son Laurence notes, "A shared love of classics, myths and legends, philosophy and ancient history, Greek and Latin, English literature, opera and walking tours cemented the camaraderie of the three undergraduate friends [Barfield, Harwood and Lewis] during their time at Oxford and for the rest of their lives."

For a time, Field and Barfield enthusiastically advocated the Social Credit Movement which began in the early 1920s, inspired by the ideas of C. H. Douglas. In 1923, however, they and Harwood began to investigate the ideas of the Austrian philosopher and reformer, Rudolf Steiner, who had been the featured speaker in the Conference on Spiritual Values in Education and Social Life held at Oxford's Manchester College in the summer of 1922. One of those who were lastingly inspired by what Steiner said in Oxford was Daphne Olivier (later Daphne Harwood), whom Harwood and Barfield had met in the Falmouth Music Club. It was through her that Harwood, Barfield, Field and Lewis first learned about Anthroposophy, the "science of the spirit" inaugurated by Steiner and found that "in Steiner's conception of the 'Threefold Commonwealth', with its harmony of the economic, political, and spiritual spheres their dreams for a balanced social life found a home.

For their part, Harwood, Barfield and Field did not rush to embrace Anthroposophy. For several months they read and discussed Steiner's writings and carefully examined his ideas by testing them against what they already knew and holding them up to Lewis's critical scrutiny. Gradually, their initial skepticism was replaced by confidence that anthroposophy emphasized clear, wide-awake, independent thinking, and thus could rightfully appeal to all who felt themselves "spirits in bondage."

As Barfield wrote in his first published statement about Anthroposophy, "anybody who feels an instinctive distrust of authority and dogma, whether it emanates from a Church, a Mahatma Letter, or a science lecture-room, and who at the same time believes that knowledge has a somewhat more inviting future before it than the prospect of tracing the law of cause and effect one step further back behind the electron, is making a great mistake if he does not put himself to the trouble of finding out whether Steiner has anything to tell him."

Harwood, Field, and Barfield were especially impressed by the practicality and constructiveness of Steiner's ideas, which opened up promising new ways of working in a variety of other fields, including not only economics but also education, the arts, agriculture, and medicine. Together with three others, Cecil and Daphne Harwood founded the first Steiner School in the English-speaking world.

The Christ-centeredness of Rudolf Steiner's outlook also was decisively important for Harwood, Field, and Barfield. Like Lewis, they were deeply religious men. Both Harwood and Field were strongly connected with The Christian Community, a worldwide movement for religious renewal which was founded soon after the Great War with the help of Rudolf Steiner.

In 1926, Lewis abandoned philosophical realism and became an absolute idealist; and in 1929 he exchanged idealism for theism: "I gave in and admitted that God was God, and knelt and prayed, perhaps the most dejected and reluctant convert in all of England."

Also in 1929, Barfield wrote his second novel, *English People*. It provides an interesting perspective on the "walking together" of Lewis, Field, Barfield, and Harwood, for, like the four real-life friends, each of the four central characters has a distinctly different outlook from the others, and much of the novel consists of conversations in which they examine their shared ideas and ideals from the multiple points of view represented in their circle.

Lewis quietly died at the Kilns, his home. Among the small group of family and friends who attended his funeral were Barfield and Harwood. Lewis had named these two the executors of his will and trustees of his estate.

## Other Members of the Inklings

**Warren Hamilton Lewis**, C. S. Lewis's elder brother, (1895-1973) was a British historian and officer in the British Army, best known as the elder brother of the author and professor C. S. Lewis. Warren Lewis was a supply officer with the Royal Army Service Corps of the British Army during and after the First World War. After retiring in 1932 to live with his brother in Oxford, he was one of the founding members of the "Inklings", an informal Oxford literary society. He wrote on French history and served as his brother's secretary for the later years of C. S. Lewis's life.

**Christopher John Reuel Tolkien**, J. R. R. Tolkien's son, (1924-2020) was an English academic editor, becoming a French citizen in later life. He was the son of author J. R. R. Tolkien and the editor of much of his father's posthumously published work. Tolkien drew the original maps for his father's *The Lord of the Rings*. Tolkien had long been part of the critical audience for his father's fiction, first as a child listening to tales of Bilbo Baggins (which were published as *The Hobbit*), and then as a teenager and young adult offering much feedback on *The Lord of the Rings* during its 15-year gestation. He had the task of interpreting his father's sometimes self-contradictory maps of Middle-earth in order to produce the versions used in the books, and he re-drew the main map in the late 1970s to clarify the lettering and correct some errors and omissions. Tolkien was invited by his father to join the Inklings when he was 21 years old, making him the youngest member of the informal literary discussion society that included C. S. Lewis, Owen Barfield, Charles Williams, Warren Lewis, Lord David Cecil, and Nevill Coghill, among others.

Christopher Tolkien published *The Saga of King Heidrek the Wise*: translated from the Icelandic with introduction, notes and appendices in 1960. Later, Tolkien followed in his father's footsteps, becoming a lecturer and tutor in

English Language at New College, Oxford, from 1964 to 1975. In 2016, he was given the Bodley Medal, an award that recognizes outstanding contributions to literature, culture, science, and communication.

**Roger Lancelyn Green** (1918-1987) was a part-time professional actor from 1942 to 1945, deputy librarian of Merton College, Oxford, from 1945 to 1950 and William Nobel Research Fellow in English Literature at the University of Liverpool from 1950 to 1952. He became known primarily for his writings for children, particularly his retellings of the myths of Greece (*Tales of the Greek Heroes and The Tale of Troy*) and Egypt (*Tales of Ancient Egypt*), as well the Norse mythology (*The Saga of Asgard*, later renamed *Myths of the Norsemen*) and the stories of King Arthur (*King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*) and Robin Hood (*The Adventures of Robin Hood*). His works of original fiction include *The Luck of Troy*, set during the Trojan War, and *The Land of the Lord High Tiger*, a fantasy that has been compared to the Narnia books.

He studied under C. S. Lewis at Merton College, Oxford, where he obtained a B.Litt. degree. As an undergraduate, he performed in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's Shakespeare dramas produced by Nevill Coghill. He was deputy librarian at Merton College from 1945 to 1950, then William Noble Research Fellow in English Literature at the University of Liverpool from 1950 to 1952. As Andrew Lang Lecturer at the University of St Andrews from 1968 to 1969, he delivered the 1968 Andrew Lang lecture.

Lancelyn Green remained close to Lewis until the latter's death in 1963 and holidayed in Greece with Lewis and his wife Joy Gresham just before her death from cancer in 1960. When Lewis started writing the Narnia books in the late 1940s, Lancelyn Green suggested that they should be called *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Lancelyn Green lived in Cheshire at Poulton Hall, a manor house that his ancestors had owned for more than 900 years; he was Lord of the Manors of Poulton-Lancelyn and Lower Bebington.

**Lord Edward Christian David Gascoyne-Cecil** (1902-1986) was a British biographer, historian, and scholar. He held the style of "Lord" by courtesy, as a younger son of a marquess. In 1939, he became a Fellow of New College, Oxford,

where he remained a Fellow until 1969, when he became an Honorary Fellow. In 1947, he became Professor of Rhetoric at Gresham College, London, for a year; but in 1948 he returned to the University of Oxford and remained a Professor of English Literature there until 1970.

**Henry Victor Dyson Dyson** (1896-1975), generally known as Hugo Dyson and who signed his writings H. V. D. Dyson, was an English academic and a member of the Inklings literary group. He was a committed Christian, and together with J. R. R. Tolkien he helped C. S. Lewis to convert to Christianity, particularly after a long conversation as they strolled on Addison's Walk at Oxford. Dyson preferred talking at Inklings meetings rather than readings. He had a distaste for J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* and complained loudly at its readings. Eventually Tolkien gave up reading to the group altogether.

**Dr. Robert Emlyn Havard** (1901-1985) was the physician of C.S. Lewis, his wife Joy Gresham, and J.R.R. Tolkien. Havard has also been credited as a "skilled and prolific writer." In addition to his medical research papers, Havard authored an appendix for C. S. Lewis's *The Problem of Pain* as well as a description of Lewis included in *Remembering C. S. Lewis: Recollections of Those Who Knew Him* and one of J. R. R. Tolkien included in *Mythlore*.

Lewis invited Havard to join the Oxford-based Inklings because of the literary interests he shared with that group. Like Tolkien, he was a Roman Catholic. Havard was sometimes referred to by the Inklings as the "Useless Quack," mainly because Warren Lewis once called him so upon being irritated by his tardiness, and his brother, Jack, thought it quite amusing at the time and caused the nickname to continue. The abbreviation "U.Q." was thereafter a common reference to Havard.

**Adam Fox** (1883-1977), Canon, was the Dean of Divinity at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was one of the first members of the literary group. He was Oxford Professor of Poetry and later he became Canon of Westminster Abbey. He was also warden of Radley College. He was headmaster of the Radley College (1918–1924). Between 1938 and 1942 he was Oxford Professor of Poetry. Later he became Canon of Westminster Abbey and he is buried there in Poets' Corner.

During his time at Oxford, he wrote his long poem in four books "Old King Coel." It gets its name from King Cole, legendary British father of the Roman Empress Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. As Professor of Poetry, Fox advocated poetry which is intelligible to readers, and gives enough pleasure to be read again.

**Nevill Henry Kendal Aylmer Coghill** (1899-1980) was an English literary scholar, known especially for his modern English version of Geoffrey Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

## Recommended Imaginal Tales

*On Fairy Stories*, by J. R. R. Tolkien

"Faerie is a perilous land, and in it are pitfalls for the unwary and dungeons for the overbold. . .

The land of fairy-story is wide and deep and high and is filled with many things: all manner of beasts and birds are found there; shoreless seas and stars uncounted; beauty that is an enchantment, and an ever-present peril; both sorrow and joy as sharp as swords. In that land a man may (perhaps) count himself fortunate to have wandered, but its very riches and strangeness make dumb the traveler who would report it. And while he is there it is dangerous for him to ask too many questions, lest the gates shut and the keys be lost. The fairy gold too often turns to withered leaves when it is brought away. All I can ask is that you, knowing these things, will receive my withered leaves, as a token that my hand at least once held a little of the gold.

Faerie cannot be caught in a net of words; for it is one of its qualities to be indescribable, though not imperceptible.

This enchantment of distance, especially of distant time, is weakened only by the preposterous and incredible Time Machine itself. But we see in this example one of the main reasons why the borders of fairy-story are inevitably dubious. The

magic of Faerie is not an end in itself, its virtue is in its operations: among these are the satisfaction of certain primordial human desires. One of these desires is to survey the depths of space and time. Another is (as will be seen) to hold communion with other living things. A story may thus deal with the satisfaction of these desires, with or without the operation of either machine or magic, and in proportion as it succeeds it will approach the quality and have the flavor of fairy-story.

Next, after travelers' tales, I would also exclude, or rule out of order, any story that uses the machinery of Dream, the dreaming of actual human sleep, to explain the apparent occurrence of its marvels.

It is true that Dream is not unconnected with Faerie. In dreams strange powers of the mind may be unlocked. In some of them a man may for a space wield the power of Faerie, that power which, even as it conceives the story, causes it to take living form and color before the eyes. A real dream may indeed sometimes be a fairy-story of almost elvish ease and skill - while it is being dreamed. But if a waking writer tells you that his tale is only a thing imagined in his sleep, he cheats deliberately the primal desire at the heart of Faerie: the realization, independent of the conceiving mind, of imagined wonder.

Behind the fantasy, real wills and powers exist, independent of the minds and purposes of men.

But since the fairy-story deals with "marvels," it cannot tolerate any frame or machinery suggesting that the whole story in which they occur is a figment or illusion.

It is plain enough that fairy-stories (in wider or in narrower sense) are very ancient indeed. Related things appear in very early records; and they are found universally, wherever there is language.

The history of fairy-stories is probably more complex than the physical history of the human race, and as complex as the history of human language. All three

things: independent invention, inheritance, and diffusion, have evidently played their part in producing the intricate web of Story.

Even fairy-stories, as a whole, have three faces: the Mystical towards the Supernatural; the Magical towards Nature; and the Mirror of scorn and pity towards Man. The essential face of Faerie is the middle one, the Magical. But the degree in which the others appear (if at all) is variable, and may be decided by the individual story-teller.

What really happens is that the story-maker proves a successful "sub-creator." He makes a Secondary World which your mind can enter. Inside it, what he relates is "true": it accords with the laws of that world. You therefore believe it, while you are, as it were, inside.

To make a Secondary World inside which the green sun will be credible, commanding Secondary Belief, will probably require labor and thought, and will certainly demand a special skill, a kind of elvish craft. Few attempt such difficult tasks. But when they are attempted and in any degree accomplished then we have a rare achievement of Art: indeed narrative art, story-making in its primary and most potent mode.

Enchantment produces a Secondary World into which both designer and spectator can enter, to the satisfaction of their senses while they are inside; but in its purity it is artistic in desire and purpose.

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

Fantasy is a natural human activity. It certainly does not destroy or even insult Reason; and it does not either blunt the appetite for, nor obscure the perception of, scientific verity.

Fantasy remains a human right: we make in our measure and in our derivative mode, because we are made: and not only made, but made in the image and likeness of a Maker.

It is easy for the student to feel that with all his labor he is collecting only a few leaves, many of them now torn or decayed, from the countless foliage of the Tree of Tales, with which the Forest of Days is carpeted. It seems vain to add to the litter. Who can design a new leaf?

Creative fantasy, because it is mainly trying to do something else (make something new), may open your hoard and let all the locked things fly away like cage-birds. The gems all turn into flowers or flames, and you will be warned that all you had (or knew) was dangerous and potent, not really effectively chained, free and wild; no more yours than they were you.

It was in fairy-stories that I first divined the potency of the words, and the wonder of the things, such as stone, and wood, and iron; tree and grass; house and fire; bread and wine. The peculiar quality of the "joy" in successful Fantasy can thus be as a sudden glimpse of the underlying reality or truth. It is not only a "consolation" for the sorrow of this world, but a satisfaction, and an answer to that question, "Is it true?"

The Gospels contain a fairy-story, or a story of a larger kind which embraces all the essence of fairy-stories. They contain many marvels - peculiarly artistic, beautiful, and moving: "mythical" in their perfect, self-contained significance; and among the marvels is the greatest and most complete conceivable Eucatastrophe – a happy ending.

The Christian joy, the Gloria, is of the same kind; but it is preeminently (infinitely, if our capacity were not finite) high and joyous. But this story is supreme; and it is true. Art has been verified. God is the Lord, of angels, and of men - and of elves. Legend and History have met and fused."

## George William Russell, (A. E.)

George William Russell was an Irish poet, painter, essayist, and mystic, who wrote under the pseudonym "A. E." Born April 10, 1867, in Northern Ireland, his family moved to Dublin when he was ten. He had a natural talent for painting

and attended the Metropolitan School of Art in Dublin, where he met William Butler Yeats who introduced him to Theosophy. At that time, Russell earned his living by working as a clerk and soon began contributing poems and articles to *The Irish Theosophist*.

Yeats was influenced by Russell's wide knowledge of esoteric philosophies and Irish mythology; *The Candle of Vision* (1918) is the fullest exposition of his mystical beliefs. His first collection of verse, *Homeward: Songs by the Way* (1894), contained numerous fusions of Theosophy and Irish mythology. His subsequent collections include *The Earth Breath* (1897), *The Divine Vision* (1904), *Voices of the Stones (*1925), and *Midsummer Eve* (1928). *Collected Poems* appeared in 1913. While much of his verse is of a rather visionary character, occasional pieces form simple adaptations of folk themes. *The Candle of Vision* (1918), a collection of essays describing his inner life. Two novels, *The Interpreters* (1922) and *The Avatars* (1933), outline his spiritual message. In 1922, he became editor of *The Irish Statesman*, which incorporated *The Irish Homestead*, and continued in that role until 1930. He went on writing poems and prose, publishing collections such as *Enchantment and Other Poems* (1930) and *The House of the Titans and Other Poems* (1934). The prose work, *Song and Its Fountains* (1932), continues the enquiry begun in *The Candle of Vision*. He went to live in England after 1933, first in London and then in Bournemouth.

**From: *Shadow and Substance***

"For we miss to hear the fairy tale of time, the aeonian chant radiant with light and color which the spirit prolongs. The warnings are not for those who stay at home, but for those who adventure abroad. They constitute an invitation to enter the mysteries."

***The Avatars***

In *The Avatars* (1933), AE created a "futurist fantasy" in which mythical heroes, or avatars, appear and spread joy wherever they go. They are removed by the authorities, but their cult grows through legends and artistic records.

"I thought it beautiful. In it [the play] the soul was led by music to the fairy world. There were songs by invisible singers hidden behind rocks or trees on the hills. Song and music became more ethereal as they came from the heights. But the real wonder came when the voices had died upon the hills, for there then sounded a melody played on a violin, a music not born out of any human emotion, but the melody of aether itself, a tapestry of sound wavering between earth and heaven. I felt if that magical curtain lifted, I would be in Paradise. When it died inaudible by the ear it was still audible by the spirit.

...The universe itself was nothing but Imagination ceaselessly creative. The Imagination and Will which uphold it are in us also, so that we can make our own world and transfigure it out of the glory still within us. We were not what we seemed, but children of the heavens. The body even is a palace all marvelous within. It has secret radiant gateways opening inward to light. It has wings which could be unfolded. All the precious fires of Elohim are co-mingled in us. She said there were many who came in the past from that heaven world of light, divine poets, who made known the path between earth and heaven. This they did less by speech than by opening the blind eyes and showing images of gods and immortals in a clear, immovable and blessed light."

## Novalis (Fredrich von Hardenberg) – from: *Pollen and Fragments*

"It is strange how our sacred history resembles a *fairy tale*. It commences with an evil spell, which is overcome by a marvelous expiation, and the spell is broken.

I think I am best able to express my state of soul in *fairy tales*.

In time, history must become a *fairy tale* – it shall be once again, as it was in the beginning.

A true *fairy tale* must be at once a prophetic representation – an ideal representation – and an absolutely necessary representation. The true poet of the *fairy tale* is a seer of the future.

The *fairy tale* is the canon of poesy as it were – everything poetic must be like a *fairy tale*. The poet worships chance.

All novels where germinal love is presented are *fairy tales* – magical events.

In *fairy tales* is my heartfelt spiritual vision best expressed.

A *fairy tale* is truly like a dream-image – apart from its conclusion. An ensemble of wonderful things and occurrences – a musical fantasy – the harmonious effect of an Aeolian harp – nature itself.

The *fairy tale* is, as it were, the canon of poetry – everything poetic must be fairy-like.

A *fairy tale* is actually like a dream-image – without coherence – an assemblage of miraculous things and events – for instance a musical phantasy – the harmonious sequences of an aeolian harp – nature herself.

It is only because of the weakness of our organs and of our contact with ourselves that we do not discover ourselves to be in a fairy world. All *fairy tales* are only dreams of that familiar world of home which is everywhere and nowhere. The higher powers in us, which one day will carry out our will like genies, are now muses that refresh us with sweet memories along this arduous path.

*

Now I wend down to holy, ineffable, mysterious night. To us more heavenly than those radiant stars are the endless eyes that night has opened in us. But the domain of night is beyond time or space. Night has become the mighty womb of revelation.

Space is the downbeat of time – the necessary result of time.

Space is the external condition, time the inner condition, of sense perception, or of feeling.

That will be a Golden Age, when all words become – figurative words – myths – and all figures become – linguistic figures – hieroglyphs; when we learn to speak and write figures and learn to perfectly sculpt and make music with words. Both arts belong together, are indivisibly connected and will become simultaneously perfected.

It seems to me that a grammatical mysticism lies at the basis of everything – which could quite easily call forth the first sense of wonder with regard to language and writing. The propensity for the miraculous and mysterious is nothing more than a striving – toward nonphysical – spiritual stimuli. Mysteries are a means of nourishment – inciting potencies. Explanations are digested mysteries

## The Novices of Sais, by Novalis

"Various are the roads of man. He who follows and compares them will see strange figures emerge, figures which seem to belong to that great cipher which we discern written everywhere, in wings, eggshells, clouds and snow, in crystals and in stone formations, on ice-covered waters, on the inside and outside of mountains, of plants, beasts and men, in the lights of heaven, on scored disks of pitch or glass or in iron filings round a magnet, and in strange conjunctures of chance. In them we suspect a key to the magic writing, even a grammar, but our surmise takes on no definite forms and seems unwilling to become a higher key. It is as though an alkahest had been poured over the senses of man. Only at moments do their desires and thoughts seem to solidify. Thus, arise their presentiment, but after a short time everything swims again before their eyes.

I heard a voice say from afar that the incomprehensible is solely the result of incomprehension, which seeks what it has and therefore can never make further discoveries. We do not understand speech, because speech does not understand itself, nor wish to; the true Sanskrit would speak in order to speak, because speech is its delight and essence.

A little later, there was one who said; 'The holy scripture needs no explanation. He who speaks true, is full of eternal life, his written word seems wondrously akin to the mysteries, for it is a chord taken from the symphony of the universe.'

Surely the voice was speaking of our teacher, for he knows how to gather together the traits that are scattered everywhere. A unique light is kindled in his eyes when he lays down the sacred rune before us and peers into our eyes to see whether in us the light is risen that makes the figure visible and intelligible."

## Novalis's *The Tale of Eros and Fable* or *Klingsor's Fairy Tale* From *Henrich von Ofterdingen*

This *fairy tale* is Novalis's answer to Goethe's *fairy tale, The Green Snake and the Beautiful Lily*. Both Goethe and Novalis believed that *fairy tales* contained the most succinct wisdom found in literature.These *fairy tales* are created for the instruction of the aesthetic education of humanity. They are parables for the future, the currency of wisdom enchanted into images that never fade, hopeful gifts for the future of humanity.

Novalis has revisited *The Myth of Cupid and Psyche* that is embedded in *The Golden Ass of Apuleius*, one of the most ubiquitous *fairy tales*. This tale is the heroine's journey of faithful love; the same theme that Novalis has reworked and raised to a new level.

C.S. Lewis wrote his own version of the story in the book, *Until We Have Faces*. This theme is truly a basis for a psychological study of love and relationships. It stands more in the German Romantic Movement as a *fairy tale* (Marchen) than a Greek myth about Olympian destinies.

*Fairy tales* defy definition or literary critique and speak from an ever-present place of timelessness. Out of the night, ancient mankind found moral instruction in their commonly shared dreams. These dreams became tradition and their meanings have almost been totally lost. Novalis reawakens in us the ability to interpret these dream-like images as forces of our own soul nature. Each

character is a part of us that needs to be rediscovered. The plot is nothing less than the redemption of mankind by their own hand. The hero/heroine is our higher self who comes to birth through understanding our lower, "dark" self. These are "unearthly" events that are at home in our inner life of living images.

As Novalis said about this fairy tale: "The antipathy of light and shadow, the yearning for the clear, hot, penetrating ether, the unknown sanctity, the Vesta in Sophia, the mixture of the romantic elements of all ages, petrifying and petrified intellect, Arcturus. . . the spirit of life, single features as mere arabesques – it is in this light that my tale should be seen. More than just a political allegory, *Klingsor's Fairy Tale* is a philosophical allegory of universal renewal whose encyclopedic scope of allusion bears upon the entire 'mental system of the world.'

*Synopsis of the Plot*
Sophia, doomed to separation from her divine spouse, seeks ultimately to be reunited with Arcturus forever. To bring about the return of the Golden Age, Eros must be redeemed from the Realm of the Moon to awaken Freya, daughter of the gods; Fable must vanquish the Scribe, the Underworld, and the Spiders, before she can sing her song of praise to heavenly Sophia. Fable's Mother must die and her ashes mixed with the sacred water from the altar vessel to make a healing potion for all to drink. Thus, the tale tells how Eros became the power of pure love and Fable develops the force of divine poetry, in order that Sophia, reunited with Arcturus, may become the everlasting priestess of the heart.

To "Journey to King Arcturus", Fable and Sophia simply 'climb a ladder" rapidly and go through a trap-door in the dome of heaven to reach the chambers of King Arcturus in the starry realms. Novalis here has used the simplest of space/time travel conveyances to span cosmic distances. The "ladder" was always there but awaited the development of the traveler to be ripe enough to use to properly.

Novalis shows us, many years before David Lindsay, how to travel to Arcturus in a simple fashion of Sophia's soul preparedness [catharsis and redemption] plus a humble "ladder" to the starry heavens - Arcturus - to unite the soul (Sophia) to the higher self (the King), in a cosmic wedding seemingly beyond space and time – and if things have not changed, they are still there today...

Novalis is master of transcending space and time through brilliant, luminous thoughts that break open the bonds of heaven and hell and bridge the chasm between the physical and spiritual (Faery) worlds. He has done with his writings exactly what he has said should become of fairy tales and novels. His words alone become all that is needed to travel in Faery land, they are the literary device the Inklings were looking for, the map to the Lost Road to the Blessed Realms. Through the transformation and initiation of the major aspects of the soul and spirit, Novalis in *Eros and Fable*, depicts the path of spiritual development from Imagination (the Imaginal World), to higher realms where Inspiration, as sounding music, adds to the images of Imaginal Fairy Tales.

Once Inspiration builds upon Morally Wise Imaginations with lessons for all humanity to learn from in their spiritual development, it becomes possible to align with the will of the divine and embody Moral Intuitions of Love and hear the True Lost Word while crossing the threshold into the spiritual world. Imagination, Inspiration, and Intuition (the uncontrollable desire to do the will of the good) is found throughout Novalis's inspiring work. Everywhere, the divine iridescence of Faery Land lifts the reader into worlds that are truly alive where many beings commune in the heavenly light, bathe in the cosmic music, and dance the cosmic will of the divine macrocosm. One can live in these realms where soul renewal is found as an ever-blossoming rose and the spirit can drink at the fountain of life.

Let's listen to the way Novalis ties all suffering and redemption into a perfect resolve with some of the last lines of *Eros and Fable*:

"She [Sophia] pretended to open the gate but, instead, slammed it shut noisily and slipped silently to the back of the cavern where a ladder hung down. She climbed it rapidly and soon reached a trapdoor which opened on the chamber of Arcturus. The King sat surrounded by his counselors when Fable appeared. The Northern Crown graced his head. In his left hand he held the Lily, in his right hand the Scales. The Eagle and the Lion sat at his feet.

'Monarch,' said Fable, as she bowed to him respectfully: 'Hail to your well-founded throne! Glad news for your suffering heart! A speedy return of Wisdom!

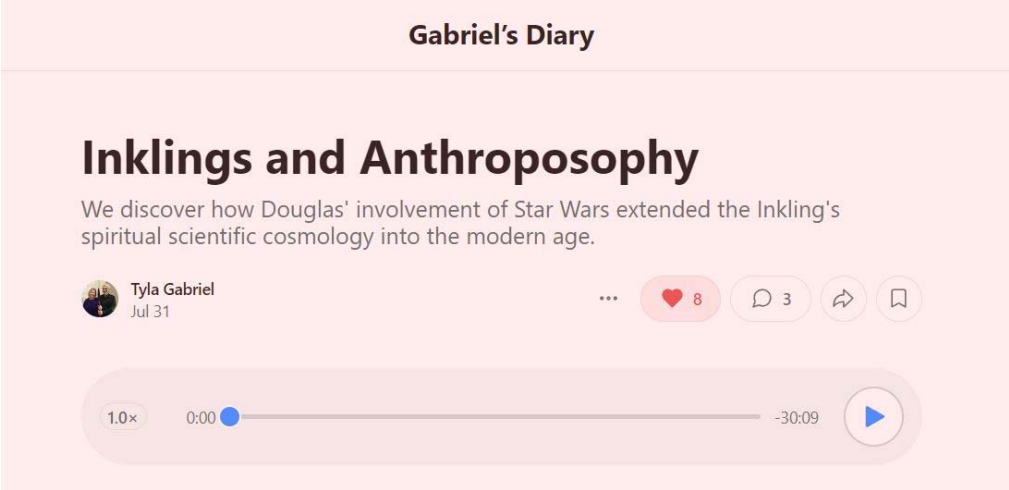
An eternal awakening to peace! Rest to restless love! Transfiguration of the heart! Long life to antiquity and form to futurity!'
The King touched her with the Lily on her guileless brow. 'Whatever you ask will be granted you.'

...Their expectation was fulfilled and surpassed. They perceived what hitherto they had lacked, and the room became an assembly of the blessed. Sophia said: 'The great mystery has been revealed to all, and yet remains eternally unfathomed. The new world is born from suffering and the ashes are dissolved in tears to become the drink of eternal life. The heavenly Mother dwells in everyone, in order that each child be born eternally. Do you feel the sweet birth in the beating of your hearts?'

The King descended from the dome, leading Sophia by the hand. The constellations and the spirits of Nature followed in glittering ranks. Inexpressibly bright daylight filled the hall, the palace, the city, and the sky. A countless throng crowded into the wide, royal hall and in silent reverence watched the lovers kneel before the King and Queen, who blessed them solemnly. The King took from his head a diadem and set it on the golden locks of Eros. The aged Hero dismantled Eros' armor and the King wrapped his cloak around him. Then he placed the Lily in his left hand and Sophia fastened a rich bracelet over the clasped hands of the lovers. At the same time, she set her crown to Freya's brown hair.

Finally, Sophia said: 'The Mother is among us. Her presence will gladden us forever. Follow us into our dwelling: There, in the temple, we shall dwell eternally and guard the mystery of the world.

The kingdom of eternity is founded,
By love and peace all strife has been impounded,
The dreams of pain are gone, to plague us never,
Sophia is priestess of all hearts forever."

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