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C.S. LEWIS

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22 Green and Hooper, *C.S. Lewis: A Biography*, 307. Tolkien was referring to the draft of LWW that Lewis had read to him. It is possible that *'The Love-Life of a Faun'* was Tolkien's own exasperated extrapolation from 'Nymphs and their ways'. At any rate, *'The Love-Life of a Faun'* does not appear among the titles listed in LWW.

23 EL 342.

24 'On Stories', EC 491.

25 LWW 74.

26 VDT 41.

27 SC 28–29.

28 SC 193.

29 Josh. 24.15.

30 Charles Wrong, 'A Chance Meeting', in *Remembering C.S. Lewis: Recollections of Those Who Knew Him*, ed. James T. Como (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 2005), 212.

31 DI 115.

32 OSP 110.

33 See David Jasper's essay earlier in this volume (Chapter 16).

34 That the Narnia books are deeply concerned with longing is recognized, at least implicitly, by some of the fiercest critics of the series: they tend to believe that what Lewis is palpably longing for is a world in which, as Philip Pullman has put it, 'Death is better than life; boys are better than girls; light-coloured people are better than dark-coloured people; and so on. There is no shortage of such nauseating drivel in Narnia, if you can face it' ('The Dark Side of Narnia', *Guardian*, 1 Oct. 1998). For a more detailed critique, see John Goldthwaite's *The Natural History of Make-believe: A Guide to the Principal Works of Britain, Europe, and America* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), 220–44.

35 'On Three Ways of Writing for Children', EC 511.

36 'On Three Ways of Writing for Children', EC 511.

37 LTM 86–87. For more on this subject, see Joseph P. Cassidy's essay (Chapter 10) in this volume.

20 *Till We Have Faces*

PETER J. SCHAKEL

Till We Have Faces: A Myth Retold (1956) was C.S. Lewis's last work of fiction, and the one he considered his best.[1] He was disappointed by the initial response to it: some reviews were partially negative and sales were lower than his other books,[2] probably because of its difficulty and its differences from his earlier fiction. It remains the least popular of his fictional works, though it is the most highly praised by literary critics.[3]

BACKGROUND

The book is a retelling of the Cupid and Psyche myth, from the *Metamorphoses*, or *The Golden Ass*, of Lucius Apuleius. Lewis first read the tale in late 1916,[4] and responded by trying to write his own version of it. A diary entry for May 1922 records, 'Tried to work on "Psyche" … with no success'[5] and in November of that year he was 'thinking how to make a masque or play of Psyche'.[6] A year later his 'head was very full of my old idea of a poem on my own version of the Cupid and Psyche story'; he had by this point already started such a poem twice, 'once in couplet and once in ballad form'.[7]

The story stayed in Lewis's mind, 'thickening and hardening with the years',[8] but if he made other attempts to tell it in poetic form, nothing is known of them. He returned to it in March 1955, when Joy Davidman Gresham (the woman he was to marry the following year) spent a weekend with Lewis and his brother. Lewis and Joy 'kicked a few ideas [for a new book] around', focused on the Cupid and Psyche story, then 'had another whiskey each and bounced it back and forth between us', as she put it in a letter at the time.[9] Lewis drafted a chapter the next day, which he revised after they discussed it, and went on to another chapter. A month later he was three-quarters of the way through, and the book was completed by early July.

In an essay published the following year, Lewis describes the writing process as involving two sides of a writer's being: 'In the Author's mind there bubbles up every now and then the material for a story … This ferment leads to nothing unless it is accompanied with the longing for a Form. … When these two things click you have the Author's impulse complete.'[10] The material for this story had been bubbling, or at least simmering, since he was an undergraduate, but attempting to write it as poetry never led to the necessary 'click'. In the blurb he wrote for the dust-jacket of *Till We Have Faces*, Lewis says, 'Last spring what seemed to be the right form presented itself and themes suddenly interlocked.'[11] The triggering point seems to have been giving up his fixed intention of turning Apuleius's tale into a poem, and relating it instead in prose.

But the necessary 'click' also involves content, and the ideas Lewis and Joy tossed back and forth probably included themes as well as form. From the first time he read the story, Lewis says, he knew that 'Apuleius got it all wrong. The elder sister … couldn't *see* Psyche's palace when she visited her. She saw only rock & heather. When P[syche] said she was giving her noble wine, the poor sister saw & tasted only spring water.'[12] But his understanding of why she could not see was different in 1955 than it had been in 1922 or 1923: 'In my pre-Christian days she was to be in the right and the gods in the wrong.'[13] Lewis in the early 1920s was only just beginning to emerge from his materialistic 'New Look' period and still wanted no 'flirtations with any idea of the supernatural, no romantic delusions'.[14] Thus he believed the elder sister was in the right because there was no palace for her to see and no wine for her to taste.

Seventy-six lines of the early attempts at poetic retelling survive.[15] In them Lewis's aim was to defend the elder sister from the accusation that her envy of Psyche's wealth and good fortune drove Psyche into exile and unhappiness: 'The tale of Psyche is unjustly told | And half the truth concealed by all who hold | With Apuleius'. The true reason Psyche was sacrificed was a superstitious attempt to alleviate drought and famine, but a different version has been handed down, 'poorer stuff | And slander', to protect the members of the tribe who made the decision to sacrifice Psyche. 'Some poetic youth', most likely Psyche's twin brother Jardis, shifted the blame from the tribe to the two elder sisters, accusing them of envying Psyche, 'But all this | Is weighted on one side and told amiss.'

Lewis's early attempts went wrong not just because he didn't have the right form, but also because he didn't have the right theme. The surviving lines focus on human actions, with no room for the gods: 'some strange helper came' and rescued Psyche when she was left on the mountain. Those who have told the story before 'talk of the wind spirit opening wide | His cloudy arms', but it seems clear that the narrator of the poem thinks the true explanation must be more rational and naturalistic.

COMPOSITION: FORM AND SUMMARY

The theme that emerged in 1955, that 'clicked' with the prose fiction form, reverses his earlier approach. Once again, the elder sister is in the wrong and the gods are in the right. The elder sister still can't see the palace or taste the wine, but Lewis recognizes now that that is because 'spiritual things are spiritually discerned'.[16] Psyche's sisters could not have seen the god's palace because they did not believe in divine mysteries. Lewis says that he had always intended to use the elder sister as a first-person narrator,[17] presumably as a reliable speaker, since 'she was to be in the right'. A key idea, as the novel began to crystallize, was making the sister an unreliable narrator. Nearly all of Lewis's other stories are third-person accounts, with the narrator providing a reliable point of view to orient the reader. In *Till We Have Faces*, the older sister, whom Lewis names Orual, writes what she believes to be a scrupulously accurate, truthful account of her life, showing how the gods had treated her unjustly. It is up to the reader gradually to recognize her faults and self-deceptions, without a reliable narrator's help.

Lewis's version of the story is set in an imaginary country, Glome, two or three centuries before the birth of Christ. Myths generally have a vague setting, thus creating a degree of universality. Attention focuses on what happens, not on the specific time and place in which it happens. That is not the case in *Till We Have Faces*: the fictional world is crucial to the effect of the book. In a letter to Clyde Kilby, Lewis called the book 'a work of (supposed) *historical* imagination. A guess at what it might have been like in a little barbarous state on the borders of the Hellenistic world with Greek culture just beginning to affect it.'[18] Doris T. Myers argues that the work is a novel, a combination of historical fiction, providing a credible, detailed depiction of life at the time at which the events were set, and modern fiction, with its narrative approach and characterizations based on twentieth-century psychological paradigms.[19]

Lewis's retelling of the Apuleian myth begins with the death of Orual's mother, after which Orual's father, Trom, the King of Glome, marries a new wife, who dies in giving birth to a baby (Psyche). The unattractive but intelligent Orual loves the beautiful Psyche devotedly, and acts as mother to her, meanwhile neglecting the middle sister, Redival (who is quite a minor character in Lewis's version). As Psyche becomes a young woman, she is so beautiful that people begin to worship her, instead of worshipping the local nature goddess, Ungit (their equivalent of Venus). After a plague and in the midst of a drought and famine, the Priest of Ungit tells the King that relief will come only if Psyche is sacrificed to Ungit's son, the 'Brute', by being exposed on a mountain, bound to a holy tree. The King complies.

When Orual goes, some time later, to bury Psyche's bones, she instead finds Psyche, in a paradisal valley, across a river, vibrantly alive and yet clothed in what Orual perceives as rags. Psyche invites Orual into her palace, but Orual cannot see the palace or the magnificent robes Psyche says she is wearing – and even Psyche admits she has never seen the husband who gave her the clothes and in whose palace she lives, and who sleeps with her at night. When Orual visits Psyche again, she forces Psyche, by threatening suicide, to light a lamp at night and look at her husband. Orual convinces herself that it is for Psyche's own good, though by this point the reader must recognize that she is intensely jealous at being displaced in Psyche's life by another and excluded from an area of Psyche's existence.

Obeying Orual against her better judgement, Psyche lights the lamp and sees the god in all his divine beauty. He awakens and rebukes her, and she is sent weeping into exile. As Psyche goes, Orual has a dazzling glimpse of Psyche's husband, and hears him say that she, too, 'will be Psyche'. Upon her return to Glome, Orual does not tell the Fox, her Greek tutor and friend, what happened on the mountain, and begins to wear a veil to hide her face and feelings from others. Soon after her return, the King dies and Orual succeeds him. She pours herself into official activities and becomes more and more the Queen (a masculine-like monarch), less and less Orual (a woman and a person), and time goes by swiftly.

Many years later she hears a priest in Essur, a neighbouring country, tell a sacred story about Psyche. Here, within his larger retelling of the myth, Lewis incorporates a smaller retelling of the Cupid and Psyche story as a simple nature myth, with Psyche dying in the autumn and coming back to life in the spring. Orual recognizes it as her own story – but she says the teller got it wrong, because (like Apuleius) he says both sisters visited Psyche, and they could actually see the palace and so became jealous of Psyche. Orual decides to write her own version of the story in order to set the facts straight and to show how unjust the gods have been to her: that is what we have been reading as part I of *Till We Have Faces*. However, in the process of writing, Orual discovers how self-deceived she has been and how she has in fact 'devoured' people, especially Psyche, the Fox, and Bardia, the soldier who has served loyally as her adviser for many years. She decides to escape by committing suicide, but again a god intervenes and stops her, telling her to 'die before you die'.[20] In a series of visions she 'becomes Psyche' by helping Psyche with the seemingly impossible tasks that Psyche must complete. Through all this, Orual learns to think of others, instead of just herself; thus she dies to self, as the god said she must. In the process of learning unselfish love, she becomes beautiful like Psyche and gains salvation.[21]

ORUAL

Lewis took justifiable pride in the development of Orual's character. As he put it in a letter, 'I believe I've done what no mere male author has done before, talked thro' the mouth of, & lived in the mind of, an *ugly* woman for a whole book.'[22] Margaret Hannay accurately describes Orual as 'by far the most fully developed character that Lewis created',[23] a complex, multi-faceted woman who incorporates aspects of Janie Moore (the mother of an army friend, with whom Lewis shared a home for over thirty years) and of Joy Gresham, but also some aspects of Lewis himself.

Like Lewis before his conversion, Orual is caught in a tension between rational discourse and religious belief.[24] The word *believe* is used dozens of times in *Till We Have Faces*, as when Orual says, 'If I'd had my eyes shut, I would have believed her palace was as real as this.'[25] Orual is torn between the teachings of the Fox, a Stoic who attempts to rely on 'Greek wisdom' (reason), and the faith of the old Priest of Ungit, with his devotion to the goddess and his 'understanding of holy things' like rituals and sacrifice. For much of her life Orual denies the existence of the gods or denies their justice and goodness if they do exist. What she eventually must admit is that her resistance to the gods was not an inability to believe in them, but an unwillingness to accept them because she did not want to share Psyche with anyone, not even a god. In his letter to Clyde Kilby, Lewis compares it to what is probably happening in anybody's town at the moment: 'Someone becomes a Christian, or, in a family nominally Christian already, does something like becoming a missionary or entering a religious order. The others suffer a sense of outrage. What they love is being taken from them!'[26]

Lewis used Orual's character to give concrete embodiment to ideas about love which he first sketched out in letters of the early 1940s,[27] then incorporated into *The Great Divorce*,[28] expanded further in numerous letters in the following decade,[29] and published as a book, *The Four Loves*,[30] four years after *Till We Have Faces*. He made the connection explicitly in the letter to Kilby quoted above: 'Orual is (not a symbol but) an instance, a "case", of human affection in its natural condition: true, tender, suffering, but in the long run, tyrannically possessive and ready to turn to hatred when the beloved ceases to be its possession.'

Lewis's ideas are given structure by four Greek words for love. The first three Lewis, in *The Four Loves*, calls the 'natural loves', loves grounded in our human natures: *storgē* (affection), *philia* (friendship), and *erōs* (romantic love). The natural loves are good things, but they are subject to corruption. The comfortableness of *storgē* can decline into insensitivity or rudeness, or its need to give can degenerate into possessiveness and jealousy. *Philia* can lead to a sense of pride because others are excluded from a group of friends. And the exalted emotions that characterize *erōs* can be mistaken for transcendence and turn 'being in love' into a sort of religion. The natural loves are not self-sustaining. Without help, they will become self-centred and eventually slide into unlove and end up as a kind of hatred.

Lewis's central point about love is that in order for the natural loves to remain loves, they must be infused with and transformed by a higher love. The fourth of the Greek words for love is *agapē*, divine love, selfless love. The natural loves, says Lewis, must die in order to live: 'Every natural love will rise again and live for ever in this country [heaven],' George MacDonald says in *The Great Divorce*, 'but none will rise again until it has been buried.'[31] Only *agapē* can save the natural loves from themselves, can make them live. In Christian usage, *agapē* is the selfless love of God for humanity; but by a divine gift, God also enables humans to extend this love to God and other humans.

These ideas are embodied in literary form in *Till We Have Faces*. The story shows how all of Orual's loves turn possessive and destructive: her motherly affection for Psyche (*storgē*), her friendship with the Fox (*philia*), and her sublimated but nonetheless real desire for Bardia (*erōs*) decline until they are no longer actually loves. Bardia's wife touches the heart of the matter when she says to Orual, after Bardia's death, 'I begin to think you know nothing of love'.[32] Orual must admit her failures and recognize how she has treated those who loved her – how she has 'gorged [herself] with other men's lives; women's too'.[33] She must begin to understand that 'a love [like hers] can grow to be nine-tenths hatred and still call itself love'.[34] Orual must become able to see herself clearly in order to receive the gift of higher love. For much of her life she has worn a veil, to cover what she is. The veil gives her a public identity as the Queen and allows her to bury her personal self: she has no face, no identity, and thus no way to relate genuinely to a god, or to other people. Only when she removes the veil, confronts her true self, and gains a 'face' can she encounter God, without defences, excuses or pretences, for 'how can [God] meet us face to face till we have faces?'[35] By removing the veil, by dying to self, she becomes able to live for others: 'Never again will I call you mine,' she says to Psyche; 'but all there is of me shall be yours'.[36]

SACRIFICE AND MYTH

Dying to self is a synonym for sacrifice, which is a central motif throughout the work. It appears first in the reference to 'the temple-smell of blood ... and burnt fat and singed hair' that the old priest carries with him: 'The Ungit smell'.[37] Orual's father 'made great sacrifices to Ungit'[38] during the young Queen's pregnancy, to ensure that her child will be male, and sacrifices are made on the evening of the child's birth. These references culminate in the Great Offering which must be made to purge the land, end the plague, and bring the needed rain. The Fox's 'Greek wisdom' dismisses sacrifice. According to him the wood from which a bed is made has no effect on whether the children conceived in the bed will be male or female: 'These things come about by natural causes.'[39] When rain comes, the Fox argues that the Great Offering had nothing to do with it: 'That south-west wind came over a thousand miles of sea and land. The weather of the whole world would have to have been different from the beginning if that wind was not to blow.'[40]

In contrast, the old Priest holds, in a key sentence, that Greek wisdom 'brings no rain and grows no corn; sacrifice does both'.[41] In *Miracles: A Preliminary Study*, Lewis argues that the descent and re-ascent of the corn-king in the nature religions depicts a familiar pattern written all over the world, evident in vegetable life, animal life, and our moral and emotional life: 'Death and Re-birth – go down to go up – it is a key principle.'[42] This is the point of the story told by the priest of Essur, who views the young goddess Psyche as a corn-queen. Orual interrupts him just before he would have said the crucial word: 'Then [in the spring] we take off her black veil, and I change my black robe for a white one, and we offer – '.[43] His next word would have been *sacrifices*.

The corn-king and sacrifice flow naturally into the realm of myth, a central issue in any discussion of *Till We Have Faces* as 'A Myth Retold'. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines myth as a traditional story, typically involving supernatural beings or forces, which embodies and provides an explanation, especially of causes or origins, for something such as the early history of a society, a religious belief or ritual, or a natural phenomenon. It is myth that Orual in *Till We Have Faces* is referring to when she says there is 'a sacred story' that explains why pigs are an abomination to Ungit.[44] For Lewis, as for his friend J.R.R. Tolkien, myths are of divine origin and convey a deep, universal kind of reality: they constitute 'a real though unfocussed gleam of divine truth falling on human imagination'.[45] Elsewhere, echoing Tolkien, Lewis defines it as a particular kind of story that conveys 'a permanent object of contemplation'.[46] A myth, he says, 'hits us at a level deeper than our thoughts or even our passions, troubles oldest certainties till all questions are re-opened, and in general shocks us more fully awake than we are for most of our lives'.[47]

Myths provide not just intellectual understanding of the truth but a powerful imaginative experience of it. One way to clarify the effect of myth is through a concept Lewis learned from the philosopher Samuel Alexander (1859–1938) that became immensely important to him, the distinction between Contemplation (analysis of something from the outside) and Enjoyment (direct experience of something from the inside).[48] For Lewis, the crucial point is that one cannot do both simultaneously: as soon as we step back to analyse, we lose the immediacy of direct experience. In his essay 'Meditation in a Toolshed', Lewis explains Alexander's technical material more simply, using the metaphor of a beam of sunlight shining through the crack at the top of a toolshed door. One can look at the beam as it enters the toolshed and illuminates specks of dust in the air (contemplate the beam), or one can step into the light so that the beam falls directly on one's eye and look along it (enjoy it) to its source, the Sun, which also illumines the world outside the shed: 'You get one experience of a thing when you look along it and another when you look at it.'[49]

Myths enable readers to enjoy (experience directly) things of permanent value that they otherwise can only contemplate (examine from the outside). As Lewis puts it in his essay 'Myth Became Fact': 'In the enjoyment of a great myth we come nearest to experiencing as a concrete what can otherwise be understood only as an abstraction.'[50] In reading myth, attention should not be on what the myth 'means' (knowledge), but on the 'taste' of reality it offers: 'What flows into you from the myth is not truth but reality (truth is always *about* something, but reality is that *about which* truth is).'[51]

That is the case in *Till We Have Faces*. The opening paragraphs indicate that this story will deal with some of the deep, universal issues that all human beings face: whether gods exist and, if so, what they are like, and why bad things happen to good people. Lewis had contemplated such questions in his expository works, such as *The Problem of Pain*, *Mere Christianity* and *Miracles*, trying to supply answers that would help readers understand what they needed to know. In *Till We Have Faces*, instead of abstract meaning ('Only words, words; to be led out to battle against other words'[52]), Lewis offers an imaginative experience which gives readers a taste of reality. Orual's defence of her life is, at a deeper level, a search for a hidden God.

Kallistos Ware writes that, in common with the Orthodox tradition, Lewis 'was acutely conscious of the hiddenness of God, of the inexhaustible mystery of the Divine'. He calls this the *leitmotif* of *Till We Have Faces*.[53] Michael Ward argues that this insight is applicable to Lewis's general theological vision; his continual emphasis is God's unperceived omnipresence and proximity: 'The major feature of his spirituality is the exercising of Enjoyment consciousness in order to experience that hidden divinity.'[54] Thus in *Till We Have Faces* Orual complains that the gods do not show themselves, do not give signs, and speak only in riddles.[55] Similarly, in searching for Psyche, Orual and Bardia come upon 'the secret valley of the god'.[56] The words of the Priest of Ungit sum up the theme well: 'The gods … dazzle our eyes. … Holy places are dark places. … Holy wisdom is not clear and thin like water, but thick and dark like blood.'[57]

Myth is the perfect way to deal with the hidden divinity. By setting the story before the time of Christ, Lewis eliminates the possibility of addressing Christianity directly. He hides what is in fact a central theme. But he does include oblique references that anticipate Christianity, through lines such as 'It's only sense that one should die for many'[58] and 'I wonder do the gods know what it feels like to be a man'.[59] More importantly, the emphasis on sacrifice in the story, both in the pagan worship of Ungit and the personal sacrifices of the characters, points toward the sacrifice of Christ. Christ, as Lewis wrote in *Miracles*, 'is like the Corn-King because the Corn-King is a portrait of Him'.[60] The events in Glome, set before the birth of Christ, anticipate Christ's coming: 'The very thing which the Nature-religions are all about seems to have really happened once'.[61] The reader shares Orual's experience: as she searches for the hidden God, so the reader is searching for the role of Christianity in this supposedly pre-Christian story.

The role of Christianity comes through subtly but distinctly in the motif of sacrifice. Orual thinks of sacrifices as empty rituals: 'The duty of queenship that irked me most was going often to the house of Ungit and sacrificing.'[62] She follows the Fox in denying the efficacy of the religious sacrifices, and she does not recognize the other kinds of sacrifice that are evident all around her. They are evident in the self-sacrificial attitudes of Psyche, as she risks her own health to bring healing during the plague, and of the Fox and Bardia, who selflessly spend their lives for the sake of Glome and Orual, its Queen. They are evident in Orual herself, although she is totally unaware of them, as she devotes herself to her people and her country and then performs Psyche's tasks for her. In his letter to Kilby, Lewis calls Psyche 'an instance of the *anima naturaliter Christiana* [a soul by nature Christian]': 'She is in some ways like Christ not because she is a symbol of Him but because every good man or woman is like Christ. What else could they be like?'[63] Orual also in some ways is like Christ. But she needs to grow more Christ-like by learning the importance of the universal 'principle of *Vicariousness*': 'Everything is indebted to everything else, sacrificed to everything else, dependent on everything else.'[64] It is this principle, 'very deep-rooted in Christianity',[65] that brings Christian theology into *Till We Have Faces* in ways that are less direct, but deeper and more subtle, than in some of Lewis's earlier stories.

Orual started her journey wanting answers, but in the end she finds not answers but the reason why her doubts and questions were not answered: 'I know now, Lord, why you utter no answer. You are yourself the answer. Before your face questions die away. What other answer would suffice?'[66] In many cases, readers come to Lewis's works looking for answers and explanations. Perhaps one reason *Till We Have Faces* is his least popular story is that it doesn't provide either answers or explanations. Instead, it enables readers, by imaginatively identifying with Orual, to taste the reality she experiences. When Orual stood in the god's palace without being able to see it, Psyche said, 'Perhaps … you too will learn how to see'.[67] And Orual does learn how to see – the story ends with a series of dreams or visions or 'seeings'.[68] Likewise readers must learn how to see what they are shown by the myth, shown – or enabled to taste – what the essence of Christianity is, and not simply told what it is about.

Notes

1 Lewis said of it, 'I think it much my best book' (CLIII 873; cf. CLIII 1040, 1148, 1181, 1214); 'It's my favourite of all my books': quoted in Charles Wrong, 'A Chance Meeting', in *Remembering C.S. Lewis: Recollections of Those Who Knew Him*, ed. James T. Como (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 2005), 206; cf. 212.

2 'To judge by reviews and sales, it is my biggest failure yet': letter to Herbert Palmer, 17 Nov. 1957 (CLIII 897; cf. CLIII 808, 812, 829, 835, 836, 1040, 1148, 1181). Lewis was being overly harsh. Of 15 contemporary reviews I have seen, only five express reservations (generally that the second part is less successful than the first), but even those (with the exception of the *New Yorker*'s) find much to praise.

3 An exception to the almost uniformly positive critical assessments of the book is Sally A. Bartlett, 'Humanistic Psychology in C.S. Lewis's *Till We Have Faces*: A Feminist Critique', *Studies in the Literary Imagination* 22:2 (Fall 1989), 185–98. She argues that although Lewis's psychological understandings of his characters are sound, the solutions he offers for their emotional crises would not work in our world.

4 Letters to Arthur Greeves, 28 Jan. and 13 May 1917 (CLI 268, 304–05).

5 AMR 30. He had better success the next day (AMR 31).

6 AMR 142.

7 AMR 266.

8 Letter to Jocelyn Gibb, 29 Feb. 1956 (CLIII 715).

9 The quotations are from a letter by Joy Davidman Gresham to William Gresham, 23 Mar. 1955, published in *Out of My Bone: The Letters of Joy Davidman*, ed. Don W. King (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 2009), 242.

10 'Sometimes Fairy Stories May Say Best What's To Be Said', EC 526.

11 Lewis includes this blurb in a letter to Jocelyn Gibb, 29 Feb. 1956 (CLIII 715).

12 Letter to Katharine Farrer, 2 Apr. 1955 (CLIII 590). See also his diary entry for 9 Sept. 1923 (AMR 266).

13 Letter to Christian Hardie, 31 July 1955 (CLIII 633).

14 SBJ 162.

15 'The Lewis Papers: Memoirs of the Lewis Family, 1850–1930', vol. VIII, pp. 163–67, now in the Wade Collection, Wheaton College, Illinois. The fragments have been published as 'On Cupid and Psyche' in Don W. King, *C.S. Lewis, Poet: The Legacy of His Poetic Impulse* (Kent, OH: Kent State University Press, 2001), 269–71.

16 'Transposition', EC 273, alluding to 1 Cor. 2.14.

17 Letter to Christian Hardie, 31 July 1955 (CLIII 633). The surviving fragments of the poetic version are narrated in the third person, perhaps because they are introductory segments.

18 Letter to Clyde S. Kilby, 10 Feb. 1957 (CLIII 830).

19 Doris T. Myers, *Bareface: A Guide to C.S. Lewis's Last Novel* (Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 2004), 3–4. But cf. Mara E. Donaldson, 'Orual's Story and the Art of Retelling: A Study of *Till We Have Faces*', in *Word and Story in C.S. Lewis*, ed. Peter J. Schakel and Charles A. Huttar (Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 1991), 157–70.

20 TWHF 291.

21 For discussions of themes and narrative strategies, see Peter J. Schakel, *Reason and Imagination in C.S. Lewis: A Study of 'Till We Have Faces'* (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1984), available online at <http://hope.edu/

academic/english/schakel/tillwehavefaces/index.html>, and the chapter on *Till We Have Faces* in Charles A. Huttar's forthcoming book *'This Will Never Do': C.S. Lewis's Reworking of Literary Traditions*.

22 Letter to Mary Willis Shelburne, 4 Mar. 1956 (CLIII 716).

23 Margaret Patterson Hannay, *C.S. Lewis* (New York: Ungar, 1981), 125.

24 'Dark idolatry and thin enlightenment at war with each other and with vision': letter to Jocelyn Gibb, 29 Feb. 1956 (CLIII 715).

25 TWHF 150.

26 Letter to Clyde S. Kilby, 10 Feb. 1957 (CLIII 831).

27 See CLII 408, 464, 511, 530, 616–17.

28 GD *passim.*

29 See CLII 788, CLIII 119, 247, 393, 428.

30 See Caroline J. Simon's discussion earlier in this volume (Chapter 11).

31 GD 88–89.

32 TWHF 275.

33 TWHF 275.

34 TWHF 277.

35 TWHF 305.

36 TWHF 316–17.

37 TWHF 19.

38 TWHF 21.

39 TWHF 18.

40 TWHF 93.

41 TWHF 58.

42 M 116.

43 TWHF 255.

44 TWHF 216.

45 M 138 n. In contrast to Lewis and Tolkien, twentieth-century anthropologists and psychologists typically offer naturalistic or structuralist explanations of the development of myths. Lewis jabs at such explanations by having Arnom, the new Priest of Ungit, 'talk like a philosopher about the gods' (243), as when he answers Orual's question 'who is Ungit?' by saying 'she signifies the earth, which is the womb and mother of all living things' (281–82).

46 EIC 43–44. Tolkien says that mythical stories talk about 'permanent and fundamental things': 'On Fairy-Stories', in *Essays Presented to Charles Williams*, ed. C.S. Lewis (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1947), 77.

47 GMA p. xxxii.

48 Lewis's fullest and clearest explanation can be found in SBJ, 205–07.

49 'Meditation in a Toolshed', EC 608.

50 'Myth Became Fact', EC 140.

51 'Myth Became Fact', EC 141.

52 TWHF 319–20.

53 Kallistos Ware, 'God of the Fathers: C.S. Lewis and Eastern Christianity', in *The Pilgrim's Guide: C.S. Lewis and the Art of Witness*, ed. David Mills (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1998), 56, 58.

54 Michael Ward, *Planet Narnia: The Seven Heavens in the Imagination of C.S. Lewis* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2008), 227.

55 TWHF 142–43, 159, 258–59.

56 TWHF 109.

57 TWHF 58.

58 TWHF 69.

59 TWHF 74.

60 M 119.

61 M 118. A turning point in Lewis's return to Christianity occurred when an atheist, T.D. Weldon, said to him one evening, 'Rum thing, ... all that stuff of Frazer's about the Dying God. Rum thing. It almost looks as if it had really happened once' (SBJ 211). That later became the central point in 'Myth Became Fact': 'The heart of Christianity is a myth which is also a fact. The old myth of the Dying God, *without ceasing to be myth*, comes down from the heaven of legend and imagination to the earth of history. It *happens* – at a particular date, in a particular place' (EC 141).

62 TWHF 243.

63 Letter to Clyde S. Kilby, 10 Feb. 1957 (CLIII 830). The Latin is from Tertullian's *Apology* 17, 6.

64 M 122.

65 M 122.

66 TWHF 319.

67 TWHF 130.

68 TWHF 319.