

CLARENDON HOUSE
PUBLICATIONS

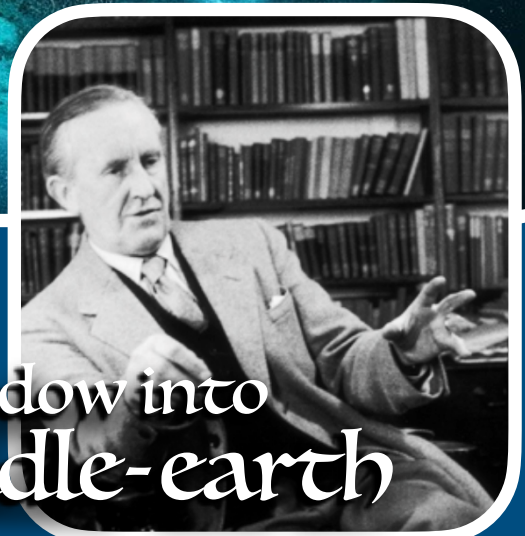
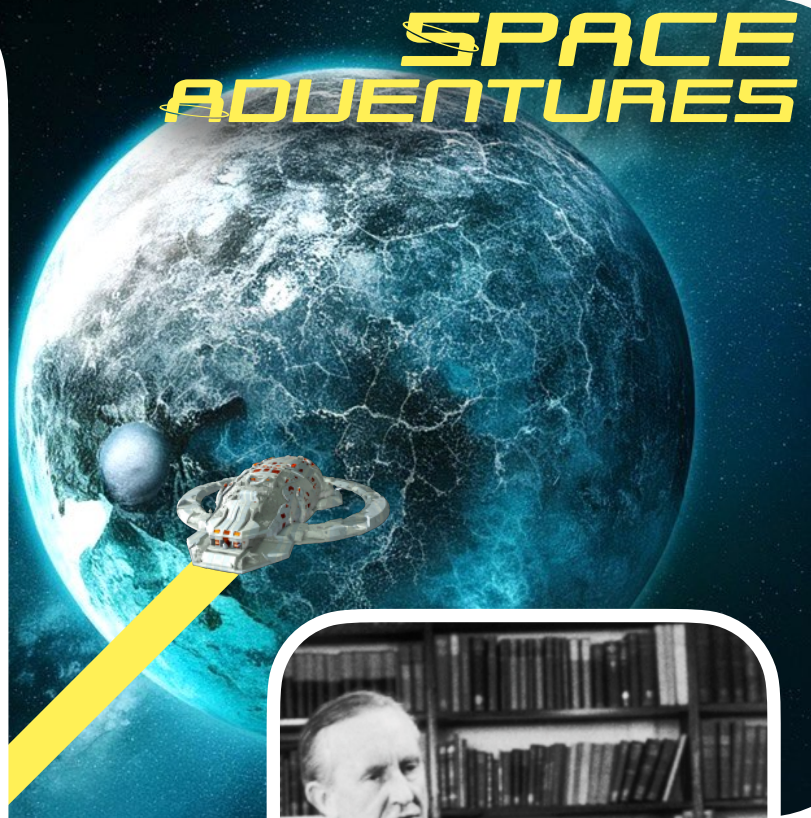
PRESENTS

A FREE MAGAZINE

FOR LOVERS OF TOLKIEN, C.S. LEWIS, URSULA LE GUIN,
ALEXANDER MARSHALL AND OTHERS

HIGH FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE

ISSUE # 1



MUCH MORE INSIDE, ALL FOR FREE!

HIGH FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE



Welcome to the first issue of High Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine!

We hope you enjoy this introduction to such authors as Alexander Marshall, Tobias Green, J.R.R. Tolkien and others!

High fantasy, or **epic fantasy**, as a sub-genre of fantasy is usually set in an alternative, fictional ('secondary') world, rather than the 'real' or 'primary' world of the reader, but has an additional element in our treatment of it: it has 'high' themes and aspirations, designed to uplift or enlighten the reader.

Science fiction as a genre you will already be familiar with, no doubt: stories based on imagined future scientific or technological advances and major social or environmental changes, frequently portraying space or time travel and life on other planets.

The magazine is associated with the social media group **High Fantasy and Science Fiction**. The plan is to have regular issues, and to offer them for free in order to interest and excite anyone interested in the above genres.

This first issue contains a range of interesting items: an experiment in 'meta-fiction', background to Tobias Green's planet Genet (or Emerald), Green's short story 'The Golden Kuru' and the first part of an award-winning science fiction story by Alexander Marshall - plus we have an article about J.R.R. Tolkien.

Please feel free to write to Clarendon House Publications via this email address if you'd like to comment or have any questions!

grant@clarendonhousebooks.com

We hope to hear from you!

-Clarendon House Publications



CONTENTS

AN EXPERIMENT IN META-FICTION

Who was Tobias Green? 5

GENET: SOME BACKGROUND

Some details of the geography and society of Tobias Green's world, otherwise known as Emerald 11

THE GOLDEN KURU

by Tobias Green 18

DOCTOR ZENNIK AND THE CEREBRACHRONE

Part One
by Alexander Marshall 26

A WINDOW INTO MIDDLE-EARTH

Tolkien and Myth 42

AN EXPERIMENT IN META-FICTION

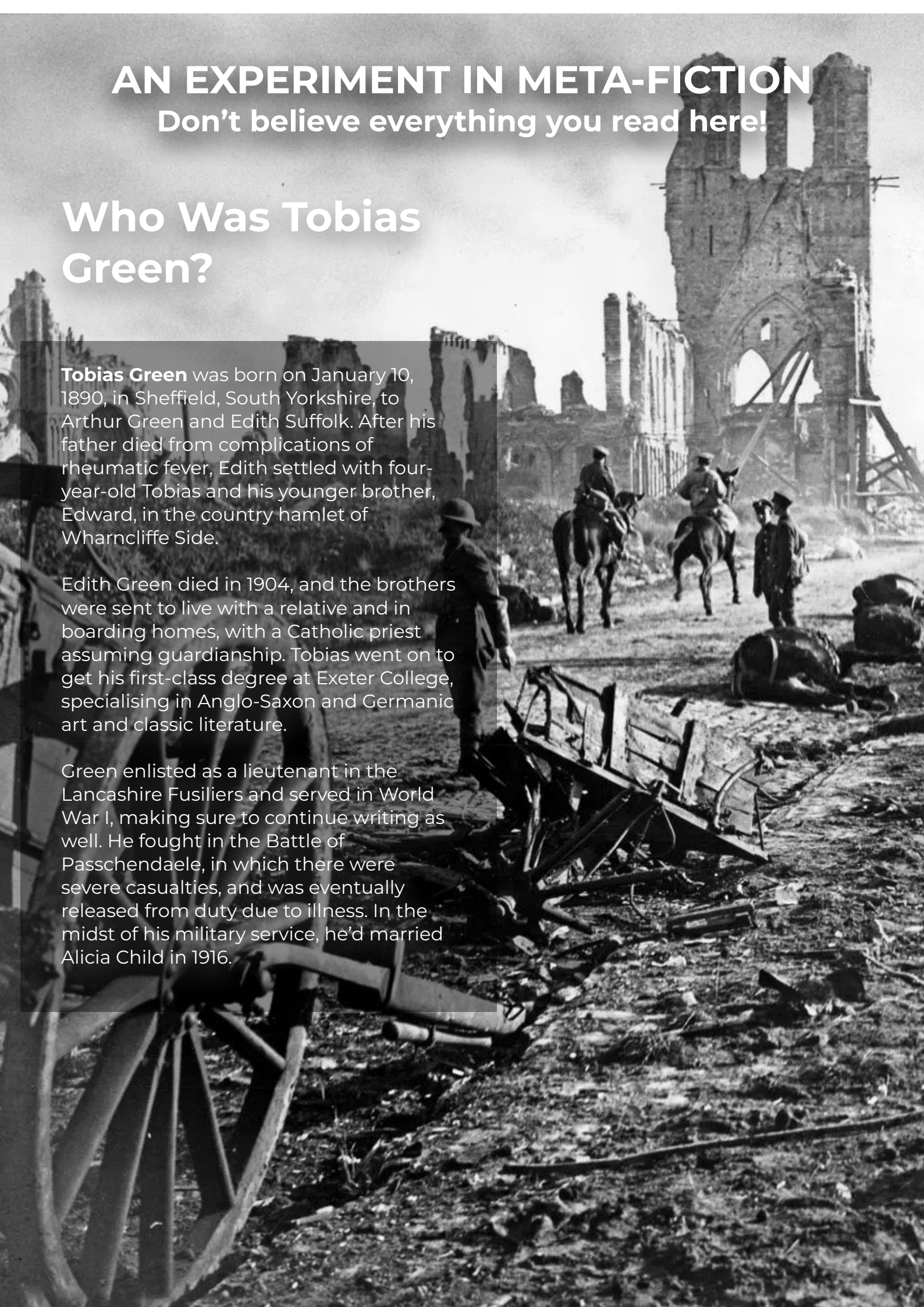
Don't believe everything you read here!

Who Was Tobias Green?

Tobias Green was born on January 10, 1890, in Sheffield, South Yorkshire, to Arthur Green and Edith Suffolk. After his father died from complications of rheumatic fever, Edith settled with four-year-old Tobias and his younger brother, Edward, in the country hamlet of Wharncliffe Side.

Edith Green died in 1904, and the brothers were sent to live with a relative and in boarding homes, with a Catholic priest assuming guardianship. Tobias went on to get his first-class degree at Exeter College, specialising in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic art and classic literature.

Green enlisted as a lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers and served in World War I, making sure to continue writing as well. He fought in the Battle of Passchendaele, in which there were severe casualties, and was eventually released from duty due to illness. In the midst of his military service, he'd married Alicia Child in 1916.



Continuing his linguistic studies, Green joined the faculty of the University of Sheffield in 1920 and a few years later became a professor at Oxford University. he became a founding member of the Next Chapter, which soon counted among its members Bernard Crispin and Stanley Oldman. It was also at Oxford, while grading a paper, that he spontaneously wrote a short line about 'a Genetian.'

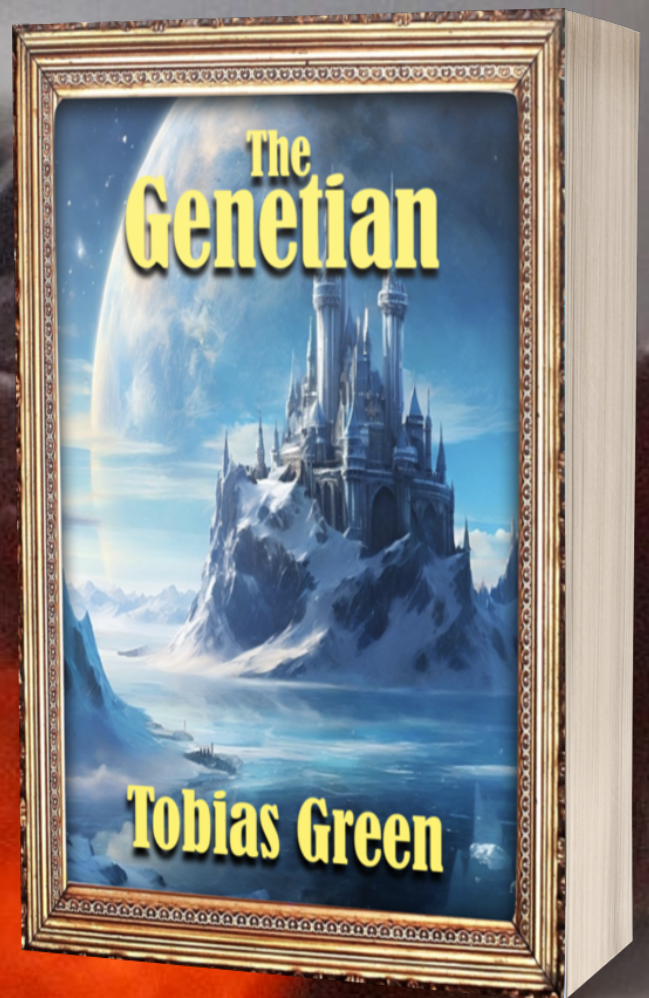
The award-winning science fantasy novel **The Genetian** was published in 1937. Green also created more than 100 drawings to support the narrative.


Over the years, while working on scholarly publications, Green developed the work that would come to be regarded as his masterpiece — **The Inner Worlds** series.

While Worlds had its share of critics, many reviewers and waves upon waves of general readers took to Green's world, causing the books to become global best sellers, with fans forming Green clubs.

Green retired from professorial duties in 1959. His wife Alicia died in 1971, and Green died on September 2, 1973, at the age of 81. He was survived by four children.

The Genetian and **The Inner Worlds** series are grouped among the most popular books in the world, having sold tens of millions of copies.





Green's son Callum has edited several works that weren't completed at the time of his father's death, including **The History of the Inner Worlds**, which were published posthumously.

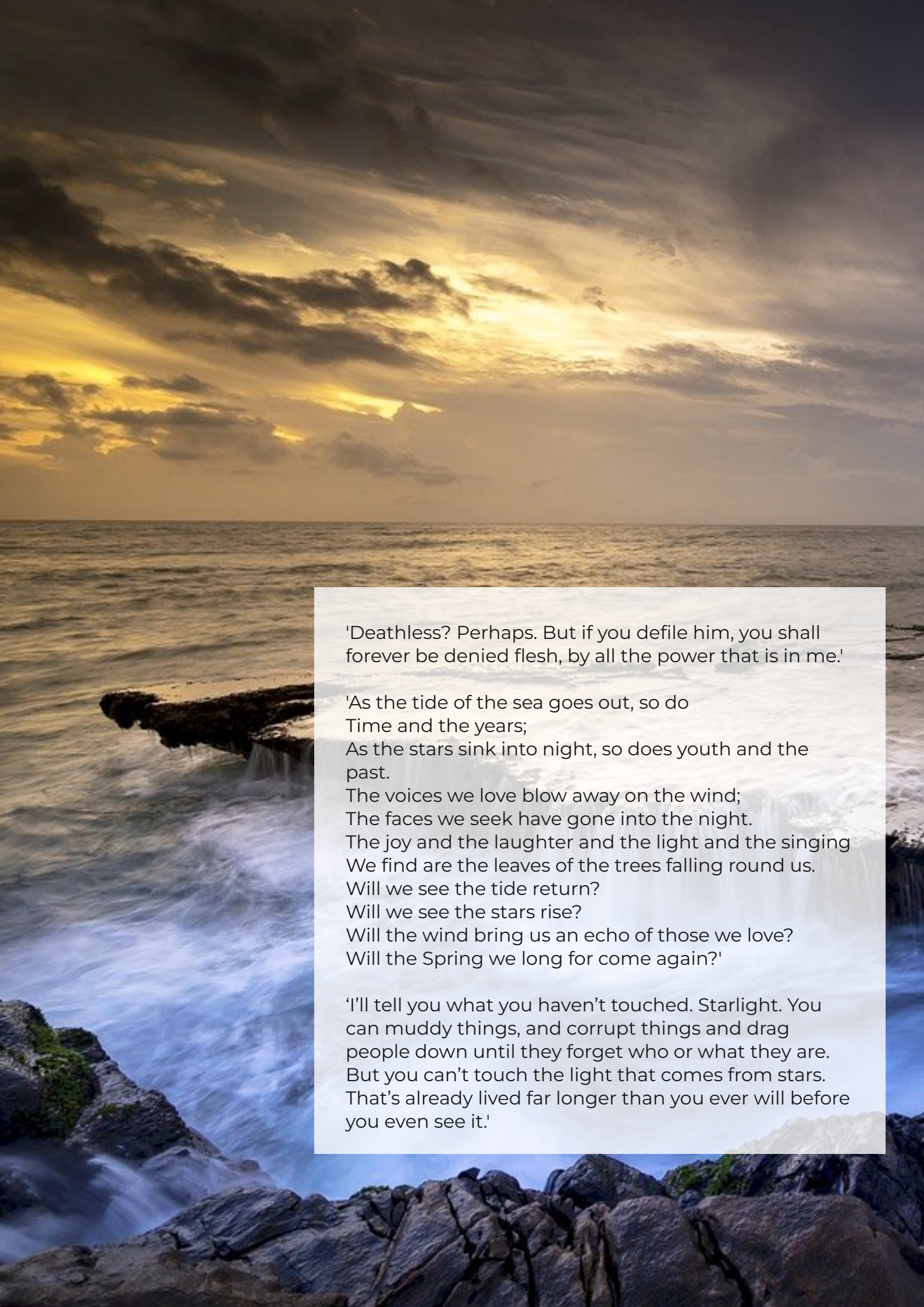
Here are some quotes from his works:

'To finish something, you have to begin it.'

'Boredom inclines me toward vengeance.'

'We are going to preach something incredibly controversial: we are going to preach against the culture around us. We are going to extol the virtues of Virtue and proclaim the mercies of escaping from this world, rather than "fitting in" with it, or desiring it above all else. We are going to assert that there is an "all else". We will be scorned because our critics will not see anything outside the jail cell of which they are so fond. But those who have some inkling that there is something to escape to — they are the ones who need what we shall give them.'

'Some who will read our work or even review it, will find it boring, absurd, or contemptible. We will be accused of being reactionaries, even dogmatists. We shall receive these criticisms precisely from those who cannot perceive the character of the culture in which they dwell.'

A dramatic sunset over the ocean. The sky is filled with dark, heavy clouds, with a bright, golden light breaking through near the horizon. The ocean is dark and choppy, with white foam from waves crashing against a rocky coastline in the foreground. The rocks are dark and jagged, with some green moss or lichen visible. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

'Deathless? Perhaps. But if you defile him, you shall forever be denied flesh, by all the power that is in me.'

'As the tide of the sea goes out, so do
Time and the years;
As the stars sink into night, so does youth and the
past.
The voices we love blow away on the wind;
The faces we seek have gone into the night.
The joy and the laughter and the light and the singing
We find are the leaves of the trees falling round us.
Will we see the tide return?
Will we see the stars rise?
Will the wind bring us an echo of those we love?
Will the Spring we long for come again?'

'I'll tell you what you haven't touched. Starlight. You
can muddy things, and corrupt things and drag
people down until they forget who or what they are.
But you can't touch the light that comes from stars.
That's already lived far longer than you ever will before
you even see it.'

'Would you meddle in the affairs of someone who can make stars?'

'Every road upon which we walk is a river leading to the sea. When we're in the uplands, we don't yet glimpse the ocean — but soon enough, we round a bend, and there it is, on the horizon, beckoning to us.'

'Acquaintances, colleagues, associates — they touch upon your circle, they have common interests and sometimes similar purposes. But a friend, a true friend is someone who 'overlaps' with you to the extent that they become you, and you them.'

'Farewell, and may you recognise your place in the Dance.'

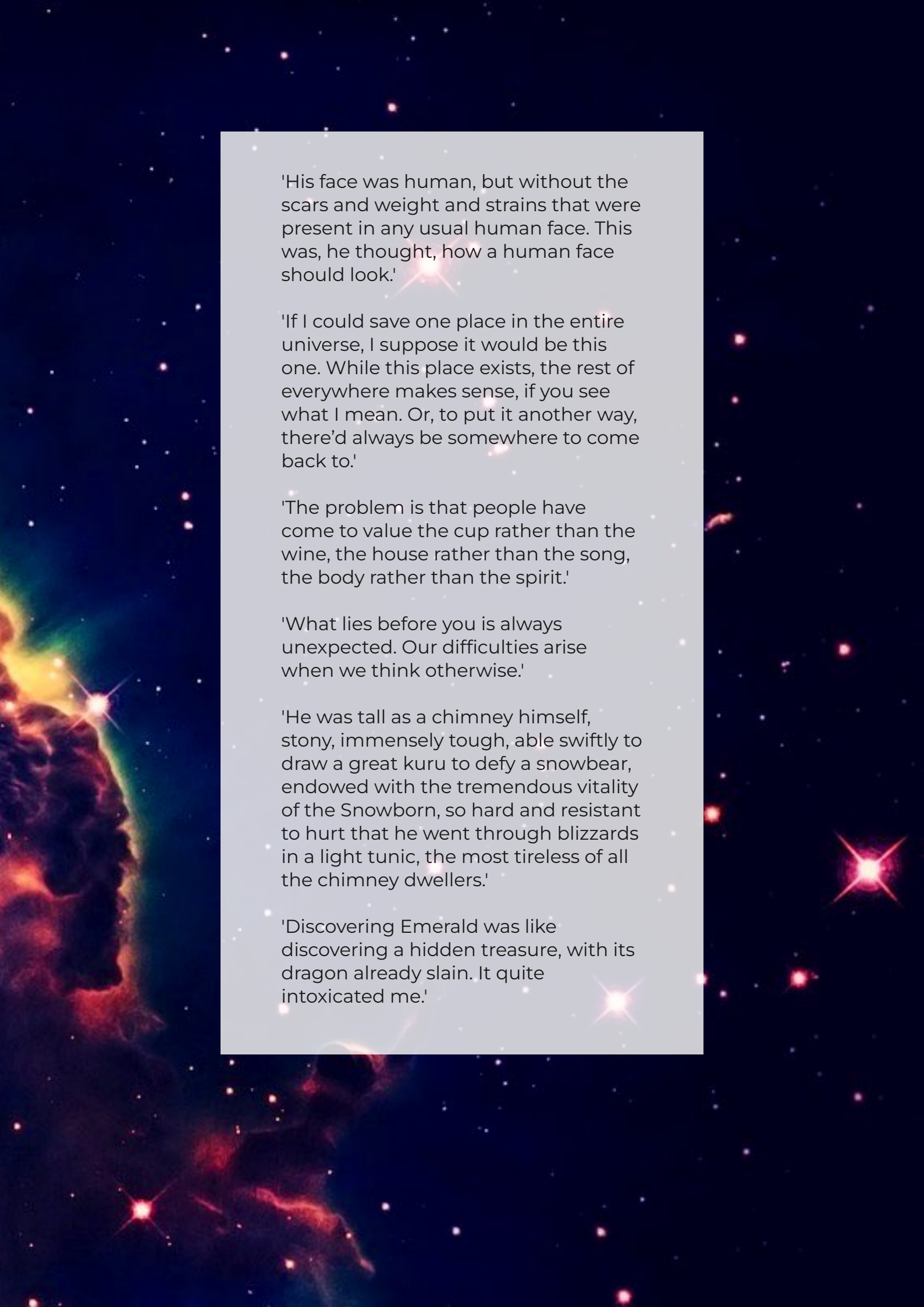
'There is a wind that blows between the stars. Living is largely a matter of sailing with that wind, or against it.'

'Anger is always irrational, venomous and mistargeted. Add reason, subtract poison and isolate the right target and rage dissipates.'

'There is no theme without a source; nor can there be another source which does not have a source in me. Those things which you label "negative" and those things which you call "positive" have the same source in me. But they are not the same; and the darkness is swallowed by the light as a shadow fades when the sun rises.'

'Deep wounds do not heal with time. That's not what Time is for. Time isn't a healer, it's a teacher.'





'His face was human, but without the scars and weight and strains that were present in any usual human face. This was, he thought, how a human face should look.'

'If I could save one place in the entire universe, I suppose it would be this one. While this place exists, the rest of everywhere makes sense, if you see what I mean. Or, to put it another way, there'd always be somewhere to come back to.'

'The problem is that people have come to value the cup rather than the wine, the house rather than the song, the body rather than the spirit.'

'What lies before you is always unexpected. Our difficulties arise when we think otherwise.'

'He was tall as a chimney himself, stony, immensely tough, able swiftly to draw a great kuru to defy a snowbear, endowed with the tremendous vitality of the Snowborn, so hard and resistant to hurt that he went through blizzards in a light tunic, the most tireless of all the chimney dwellers.'

'Discovering Emerald was like discovering a hidden treasure, with its dragon already slain. It quite intoxicated me.'

Basic Geography

Genet, the worldsphere known as Emerald, is categorised as a winterworld, in possession of large ice caps which cover most of the surface except for numerous volcanic outlets and a temperate equatorial band. It orbits a Tree Star, a living solar body of the Tree category, in sedentary hibernation (indicating a placid level of interaction with its system); seven other planets orbit the same entity. Genet's orbit consists of approximately 400 days or rotations.

Prime Children arrived several million revolutions prior to the events of the stories featuring Genetians, and there evolved forms suitable for the harsh and often sub-zero environments. Those living in the northernmost or southernmost regions of the sphere tend to be solitary, but closer to the temperate equator they are more social.

Genetians survive by staying close to their homes, which tend to be built around the numerous volcanic vents which lace the sphere's crust, providing 'chimneys', which is what Genetians call their dwellings: deep cylindrical holes through ice and tundra leading to chambers beneath, heated by nearby thermal vents. They do not leave their homes at all during the permanent night season of the poles, and hunt in waters not far from home depending upon weather conditions.

GENET: SOME BACKGROUND



Genetians survive in Genet's winter through partial hibernation or seasonal migration towards the equator. As chimneys developed, it became possible to remain active throughout winter by delving larger and deeper chambers beneath the ice and tundra and using 'heat irrigation', as well as developing better ways of storing food. Most Genetian chimneys have thickly insulated walls, floors, windows and ceilings to channel and conserve volcanic heat. Massive insulated doors form airlocks and seals when closed to prevent the wind, snow and cold air getting in.

Outdoors the layering system is used with clothing to suit the conditions: thermal underwear, then one or two soft insulating layers and then a windproof outer layer usually with more insulation. Long mittens, tall insulated boots with a thick insulating sole, a hat or balaclava and neck gaiter or scarf are also common, all of these in extreme cold weather weight and design.

For the vast majority once the migratory sled leaves in Autumn, there is no more movement in or out of polar regions until after the winter.

Genetian chimneys or chimney communities are self-contained and usually have enough resources of food, fuel and everything else that their inhabitants might need for much longer than a single winter. Before the last sled leaves at the end of the summer, those who will winter in icy regions are thoroughly trained in all aspects of survival, even young children. Polar regions are deserts. The high plateau of the ice cap is most strongly affected. The air is very dry due to an almost total lack, or total lack, of water vapour.

Genet has huge numbers of animals that migrate seasonally to the polar regions to feed, breed, moult and leave again for the temperate equator before the winter arrives again. Whiteheaded gweens, seallins, hwarls and many birds head for the equator when the days begin to shorten to escape the extreme cold, and also because the shortening days mean that food production that is abundant in the long intense summer days slows enormously.

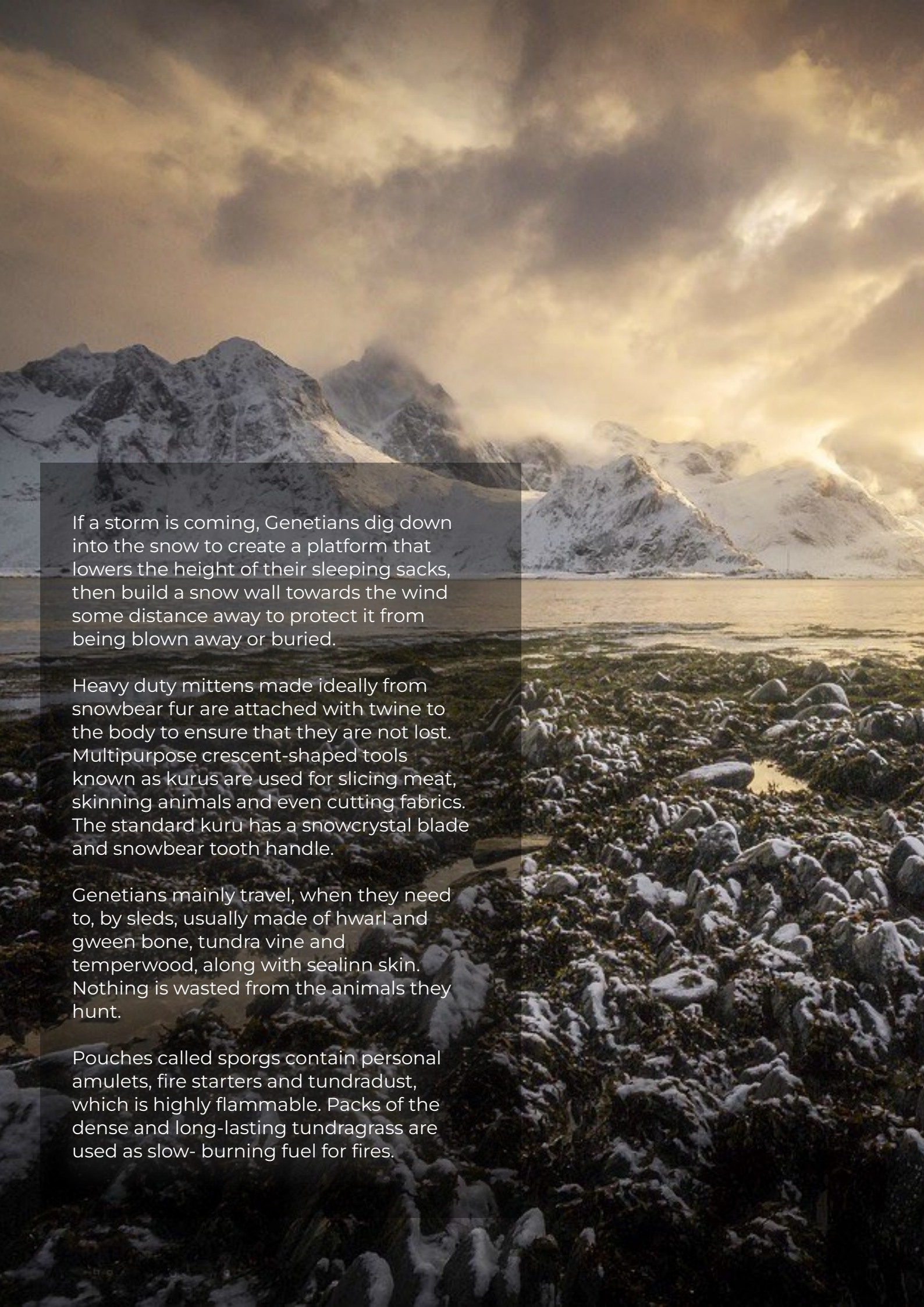
Genet's northern polar region is made up of extensive oceanic areas interspersed with small and large islands, some of which are volcanic. In winter, sea-ice builds up around the islands and approximately doubles the area occupied by polar ice. Whereas snow wolves are migratory in packs, gweens deliberately remain in the ice throughout the harshest season, and breed, lay and hatch their eggs and rear the chicks during this time, incubating eggs for an average of almost a quarter of the Genetian year, during which time they don't feed and will lose about 40% of their body weight.





The other major creatures who do not migrate during the winter are the snow-bears or thalars, who hibernate at the height of winter but remain active for the rest of the year. Most Genetians learn how to cope with a face to face encounter with a snow bear: they respect that the bear is more native than they are in the polar environment and try to move away if possible; if that doesn't work, Genetians have developed a method of chanting at the bear which can work to subdue the beast. Legend tells of Genetians being able to ride snowbears on special occasions.

If abroad on the surface during winter, Genetians use a system of hot water bottles placed in clothing and in multi-layered sleeping sacks to stay warm during the night. In the morning the water is still warm and can be placed inside boots to warm them up before putting them on. In ultra-bright snowy environments Genetians protect their eyes using goggles with eyepieces made again from gween skin, treated to become almost transparent but tinted.




If a storm is coming, Genetians dig down into the snow to create a platform that lowers the height of their sleeping sacks, then build a snow wall towards the wind some distance away to protect it from being blown away or buried.

Heavy duty mittens made ideally from snowbear fur are attached with twine to the body to ensure that they are not lost. Multipurpose crescent-shaped tools known as kurus are used for slicing meat, skinning animals and even cutting fabrics. The standard kuru has a snowcrystal blade and snowbear tooth handle.

Genetians mainly travel, when they need to, by sleds, usually made of hwarl and gween bone, tundra vine and temperwood, along with sealinn skin. Nothing is wasted from the animals they hunt.

Pouches called sporgs contain personal amulets, fire starters and tundradust, which is highly flammable. Packs of the dense and long-lasting tundragrass are used as slow- burning fuel for fires.





Fish and meat are prepared in a variety of ways on Genet. Before magma stoves were used, Genetians boiled food in stone kettles over a flame, also essential for melting ice into drinking water.

Tree Star icons are also commonplace amongst Genetians, through which each chimney community maintains a spiritual link with the star around which their world orbits. Genetians are also aware that their true selves or spirits, or what they call 'fyllds', live on after their bodies have worn away, and so have ceremonies and rituals based on that awareness.

Society

The first societies of Genet were seasonally nomadic; as they settled in chimneys they created a unique structure. Societies or individual chimneys tended to be so remote from one another that general government was superfluous. Chimney leaders in Genet were known as chieftains or goothmen. Given the nature of the environment, the goothmen had no strict geographical boundaries. Free Genetians could choose to journey to and support any goothman. Feuds or conflicts between or within chimney communities were rare. Goothmen were required to attend an annual assembly within a larger region.

TALES FROM EMERALD THE GOLDEN KURU



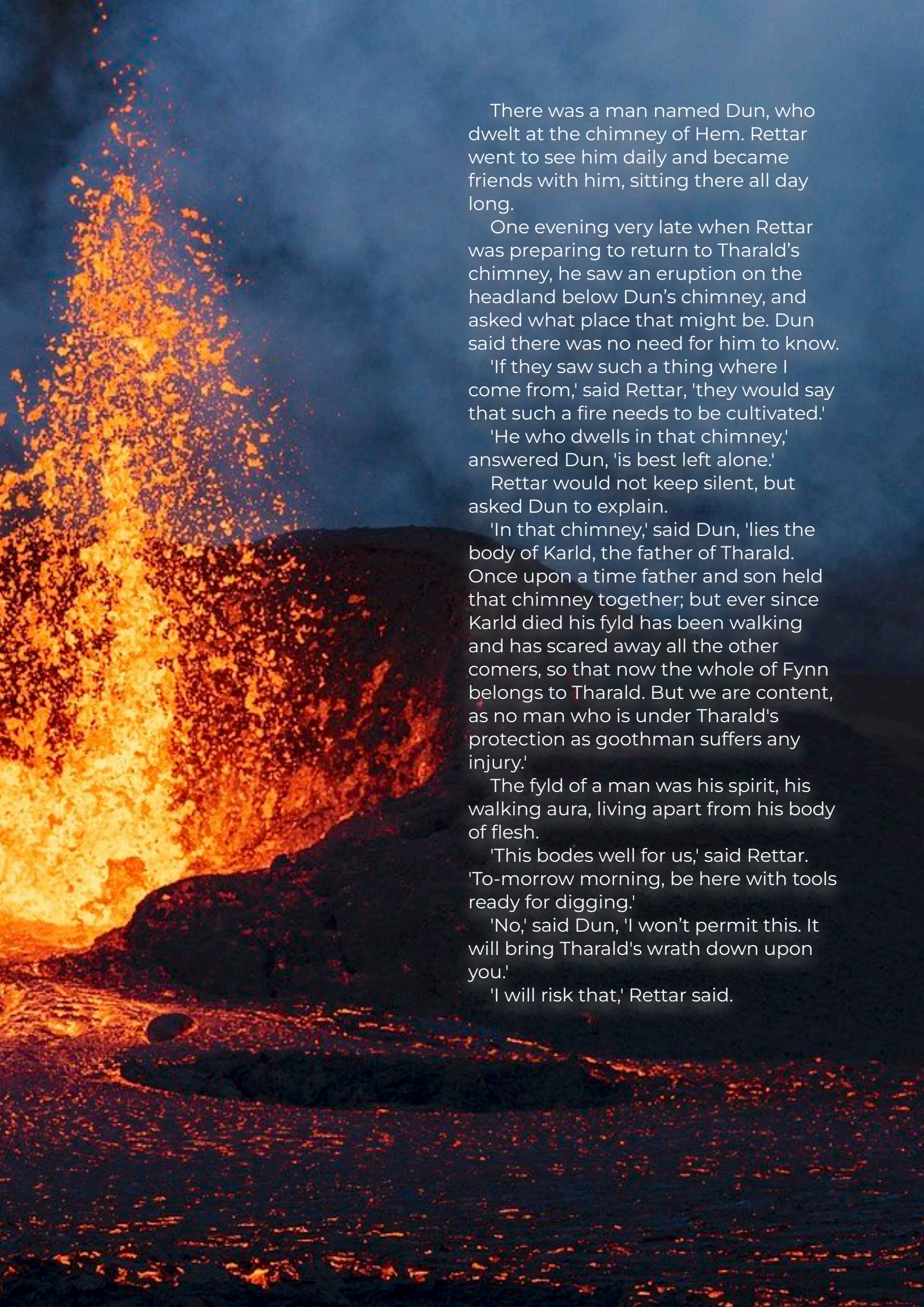
ALEXANDER MARSHALL

Alexander Marshall is the author of **The Sword Sundergost** epic fantasy trilogy, the collection **Alexander Marshall: Selected Writings Volume One**, and **The Phantom Sword of Rondar**, and with Tobias Green, **Tales from Emerald**, all of which are available through Clarendon House Publications. This story appears in the **Selected Writings** and in **Tales from Emerald**.

Before the Great Icetime, there was a goothman called Tharald who lived in the island of Fynn. He was a son of Karld, who had lived there for a long time. Tharald was a man of great influence, a great gatherer of store, a mighty hunter.

When Spring came on Fynn, the other people on the island saw that there were some sea-skaters in distress nearby and reported it to Tharald, who brought out his iceboat. He put out on the open ice as quickly as possible to save the skaters, but their sled, with most of their goods, sank and was lost. Tharald brought all five skaters to his chimney, where they stayed for a week drying their skins. Then four went away to the South — but Rettar stayed behind with Tharald, keeping very quiet and speaking little. Tharald gave him food, but took little notice of him. Rettar held aloof, and did not accompany Tharald when he went abroad every day hunting. This disturbed Tharald to some degree, but he did not like to refuse Rettar his hospitality; he was a goothman who kept open chimney and liked to see others happy. Rettar went about visiting the others in the island.





There was a man named Dun, who dwelt at the chimney of Hem. Rettar went to see him daily and became friends with him, sitting there all day long.

One evening very late when Rettar was preparing to return to Tharald's chimney, he saw an eruption on the headland below Dun's chimney, and asked what place that might be. Dun said there was no need for him to know.

'If they saw such a thing where I come from,' said Rettar, 'they would say that such a fire needs to be cultivated.'

'He who dwells in that chimney,' answered Dun, 'is best left alone.'

Rettar would not keep silent, but asked Dun to explain.

'In that chimney,' said Dun, 'lies the body of Karld, the father of Tharald. Once upon a time father and son held that chimney together; but ever since Karld died his fylde has been walking and has scared away all the other comers, so that now the whole of Fynn belongs to Tharald. But we are content, as no man who is under Tharald's protection as goothman suffers any injury.'

The fylde of a man was his spirit, his walking aura, living apart from his body of flesh.

'This bodes well for us,' said Rettar. 'To-morrow morning, be here with tools ready for digging.'

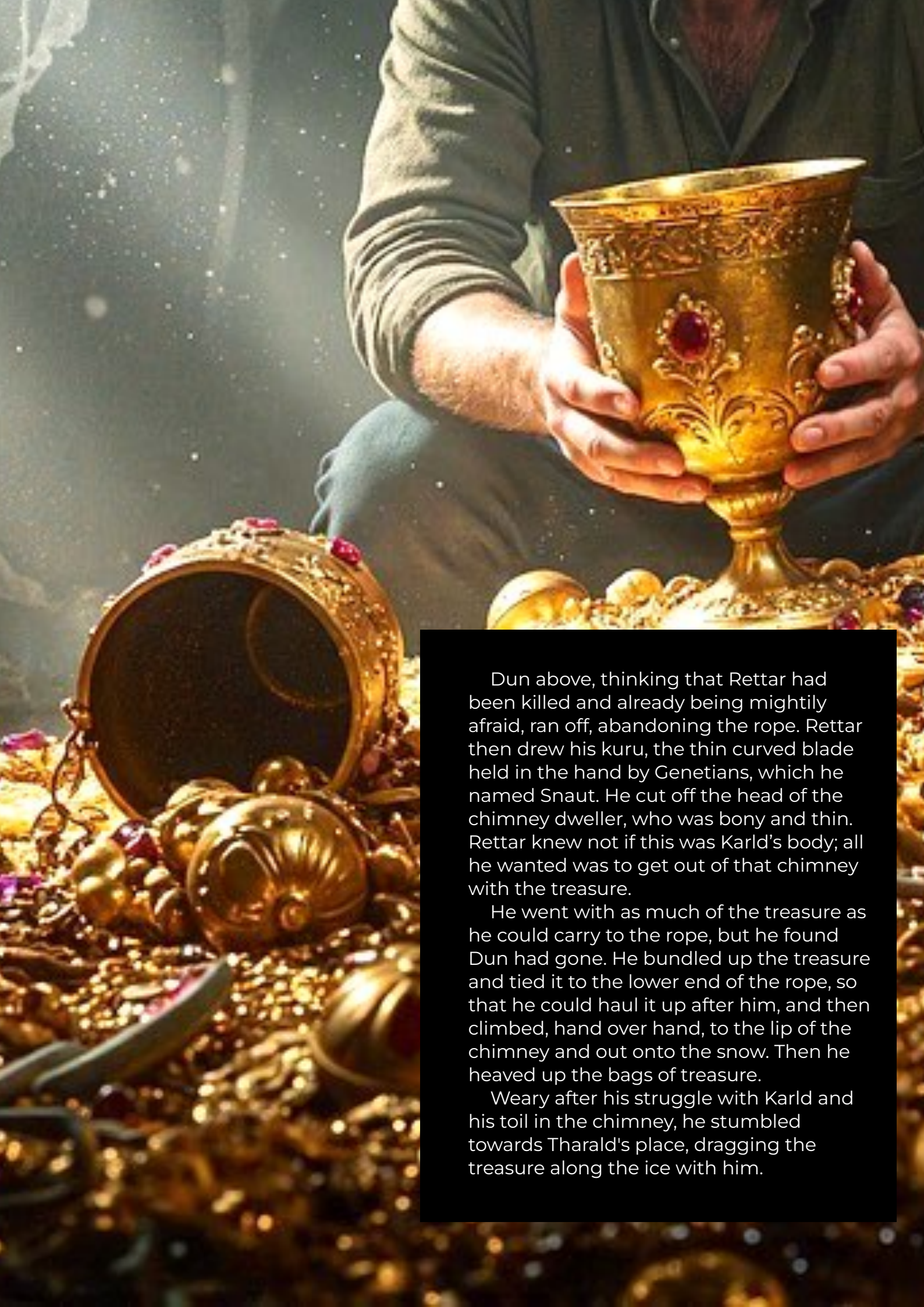
'No,' said Dun, 'I won't permit this. It will bring Tharald's wrath down upon you.'

'I will risk that,' Rettar said.

They retired for the night, Rettar going back to Tharald's chimney to sleep. But early the next morning, Rettar went to Karld's chimney and broke open the grave, and worked with all his strength, never stopping until he came to tundranite, the bedrock beneath the ice, by which time the short day was already spent. Rettar chipped away at the tundranite, but Dun came and begged him not to go any further down. Soon a hidden chamber was revealed.

'Hold the rope,' Rettar said, and Dun did so. Rettar descended further into the chimney. It was very dark and smelled unpleasant. Rettar found the bones of a thalar, a great snow bear. Then he became aware of a man seated in a large chair by what had once been a deep hearth. There was much treasure of sunstone and snowcrystal collected together there, and a casket under his feet, full of snowcrystal coins. Rettar loaded himself up with all this treasure, stuffing pockets and bags, and went back towards the rope, but was seized by a strong hand from behind. He dropped the treasure and fought with the aggressor ferociously, in the shadows. They fell on the thalar's bones, where a circle of moonlight shone down from above, and here they struggled for a long time. The fight ended when the chimney dweller fell backwards with a crash.





Dun above, thinking that Rettar had been killed and already being mightily afraid, ran off, abandoning the rope. Rettar then drew his kuru, the thin curved blade held in the hand by Genetians, which he named Snaut. He cut off the head of the chimney dweller, who was bony and thin. Rettar knew not if this was Karl'd's body; all he wanted was to get out of that chimney with the treasure.

He went with as much of the treasure as he could carry to the rope, but he found Dun had gone. He bundled up the treasure and tied it to the lower end of the rope, so that he could haul it up after him, and then climbed, hand over hand, to the lip of the chimney and out onto the snow. Then he heaved up the bags of treasure.

Weary after his struggle with Karl'd and his toil in the chimney, he stumbled towards Tharald's place, dragging the treasure along the ice with him.

Tharald was eating his supper by his hearth. He frowned at Rettar and asked where he had been and why he did not retire inside with the Tree Star's setting, like other folk.

'Much happens after the Tree Star sets,' Rettar replied.

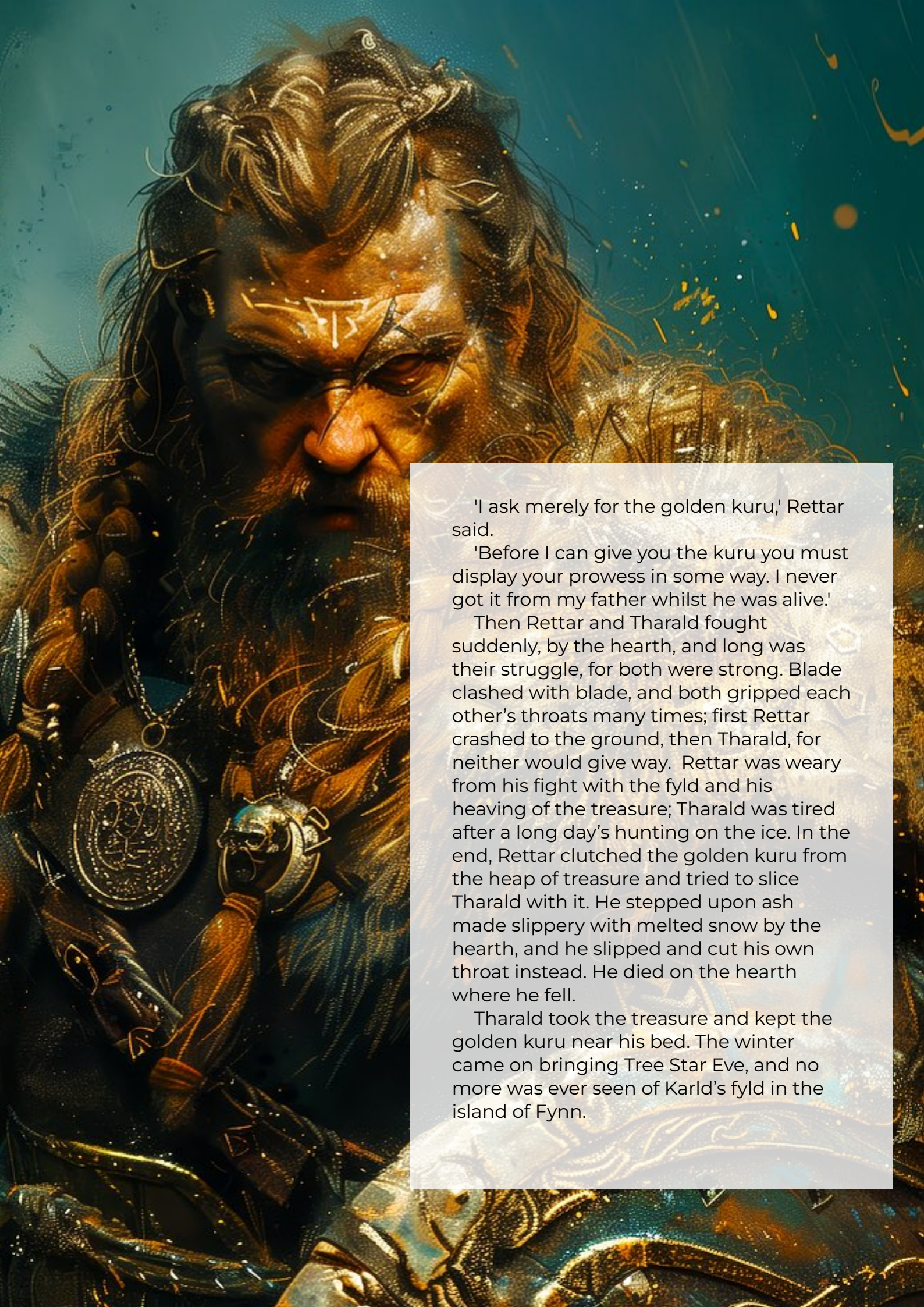
Then Rettar dragged all the treasure into the chimney and laid it all out before Tharald's hearth. One thing was there upon which Rettar's eyes lingered: a golden kuru, which he declared to be finer than any kuru he had ever seen. Tharald opened his eyes wide when he saw the kuru, for it was an heirloom of his family.

'Whence came this kuru?' he asked.

'I was overcome with greed,' Rettar said, 'and I violated the grave of your father and fought with his fyld. This kuru and all this treasure came from there.'

'No one ever before has had any wish to break open Karld's chimney grave. But all treasure which is buried in a chimney is in a wrong place, so I hold you guiltless of any crime, especially since you have brought it to me.'





'I ask merely for the golden kuru,' Rettar said.

'Before I can give you the kuru you must display your prowess in some way. I never got it from my father whilst he was alive.'

Then Rettar and Tharald fought suddenly, by the hearth, and long was their struggle, for both were strong. Blade clashed with blade, and both gripped each other's throats many times; first Rettar crashed to the ground, then Tharald, for neither would give way. Rettar was weary from his fight with the fylde and his heaving of the treasure; Tharald was tired after a long day's hunting on the ice. In the end, Rettar clutched the golden kuru from the heap of treasure and tried to slice Tharald with it. He stepped upon ash made slippery with melted snow by the hearth, and he slipped and cut his own throat instead. He died on the hearth where he fell.

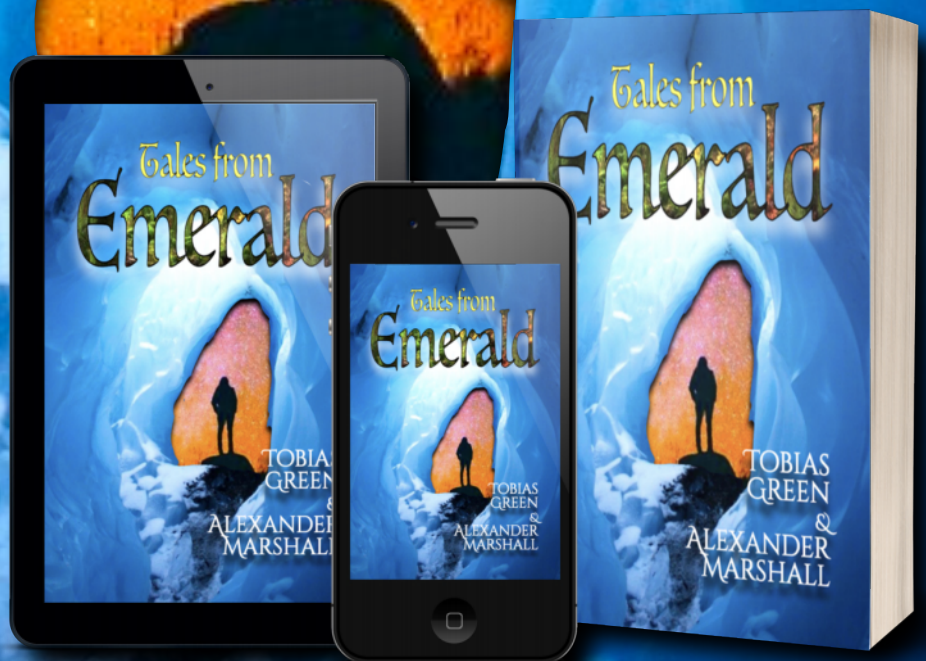
Tharald took the treasure and kept the golden kuru near his bed. The winter came on bringing Tree Star Eve, and no more was ever seen of Karld's fylde in the island of Fynn.

CLARENDON HOUSE
PUBLICATIONS

Stories of feuds and ghosts deep beneath the snow; of tragedies and wonder on the seas of a half-frozen world; of adventurers and curses, vendettas and blood-bonds, love and revenge, and mysteries which defy logic haunting the Great Ice. Meet ice-hardened ancient Genetians like Rilik, mighty snow-bears and white wolves, strange allies and supernatural rituals; meet weapons forged from snowcrystal, shrines carved out of stone, wondrous white birds that carry women far across the wastes, and the hint of yet deeper mysteries hidden in the immeasurable, cavernous abysses of this distant sphere. For lovers of fiction like that of Ursula K. Le Guin, or the Icelandic Sagas, or J. R. R. Tolkien, or mediaeval epics.

Tales from Emerald

TOBIAS GREEN
&
ALEXANDER MARSHALL




www.clarendonhousebooks.com/alexander-marshall



Doctor Zennik and the Cerebrachrone

Part One

by Alexander Marshall

The background is a complex steampunk-themed collage. On the left, a large, ornate clock face with Roman numerals is visible, surrounded by various mechanical gears and components. The right side features a dense arrangement of interlocking gears of different sizes. The bottom of the image shows more mechanical structures, including what appears to be a small engine or pump. The overall color palette is dominated by browns, tans, and metallic tones, creating a vintage, industrial atmosphere.

It was ten thirty by the time the chaise pulled up at the door of Dr. Zennik's rooms in Belgravia, and as the thick fog oozed about the pavement between myself and the shrouded light that glimmered above his porch I had to confess a certain reticence about tonight's meeting, a gathering of the Chronophile Club, an informal group of fellows from a variety of walks of life, all of whom shared a fascination with anything to do with time and time-keeping.

My reluctance to climb those mist-washed steps stemmed from vague and half-formed concerns about this evening's host: our society had been in existence now for two years, three days and seventeen and one half hours, but the doctor in question had joined only recently. Though we, as I have mentioned, were open to all kinds of members - and at the last meeting there had even been two women in attendance, the Lady Forsyth and her grand niece Ethel, who had expressed an interest in early Anglo-Saxon time-keeping, their delightful company in no way distracting us from the serious if insouciant purpose of our gathering - there was something about the doctor which set him apart from the rest of us, something about which I couldn't quite satisfy myself. He had a strange accent - but that alone was not it, as one of our most prominent members was the Russian scientist Pachowski, whose papers on chronolosis were widely known, and whose accent was at times as difficult to understand as his work. Doctor Zennik had dressed a little eccentrically on the few occasions when he had attended; his manner was perhaps a trifle foreign; his topics of conversation a touch risqué; his background a degree questionable or mysterious - but none of these factors alone precluded him from that set of men with whom I felt perfectly calm. Perhaps it was just the accumulation of these subtle oddities that worked on my imagination until the slight discomfort I had had on discovering that



tonight's meeting would be hosted by him developed by increments into almost a fear, an emotion which the foggy night and dim lights did nothing to dispel.

It was with trepidation that I rang the bell therefore, and with a brief but potent tremor of the heart that I crossed the threshold when the doctor's butler answered the door so swiftly that the thirteen point seven seconds I had calculated as the average response to any given sounding of a doorbell in the metropolis was sharply reduced, and I pondered suspiciously that the man had in fact been watching my approach and had intended to startle me in such a fashion as soon as he saw me climbing the steps. I resolved not to give him any impression that he had succeeded, and entered the hall in as dignified a manner as possible, half fearful that I would be the only attendee that evening.

My worst fears drew closer to fruition when I was shown into the library to find, I thought, no one else present. The room was large and dark, the flickering firelight from the healthy blaze in one corner of the sizeable hearth failing to make any lasting impression on the dusty, book-covered walls. The butler withdrew, after letting me know that the doctor would be along shortly. Apart from the distant clatter of traffic from the street and the gentle rush and sizzle of wood in the fireplace, it was very quiet. I noticed immediately, as should come as no surprise, I expect, that there was a distinct absence of clocks in the room. The presence of books dominated wherever I looked. Several had been scattered on a large table quite near the fire, and I held one up to the flames to read its title: 'The Unfathomable History of Humanity'. Another read 'Sidereal


Timekeeping and Seasonal Variations'. Another proclaimed 'The Rest Is Silence - Ponderings on Fatalism as a Universal Philosophy', which echoed within me in that space as a log snapped in the hearth. It seemed to be some time since I had first entered. I took out my watch, an instrument of which I was rather proud. My uncle had been a watchmaker, and had made this particular timepiece with his own hands fifty years earlier. He'd told me that his own fascination with time, which he had passed on to me while I was still a boy, had begun when, in learning his trade, he had met a man in India or Africa or some such place, a mystic, who had told him that he had travelled the oceans of time in the same way that we, as modern men, traversed the oceans between Europe and the Americas. One day, my uncle told me the mystic had said, it might be possible to journey back into the time of the mighty pharaohs of ancient Egypt, or even to voyage into the distant future when perhaps the Empire itself had faded and some new world had taken shape in its place. As a child my uncle's tales fascinated me, enchanted me — as I grew older, however, I pursued my interests in a more serious fashion and read physics at Oxford. The watch that my uncle passed on to me was special, then, in that it reminded me of the roots of my own interests, but also in that, by an ingenious system of wheels and buttons, it could tell me the time in all of the Dominions at any given moment. I knew, for example, that as it drew close to eleven o'clock here in London, in the Antipodes it was in fact mid-morning of the following day, a fact which, although perfectly sensible to my scientific faculties, never failed to amuse me imaginatively.



I was smiling to myself at that thought yet again, and looking out of the window, which overlooked the street and the front door. I watched in a disconnected way as a man remarkably like myself emerged from the door and climbed into a cab. I was half-amused by the similarities between the fellow and myself, and was in a kind of semi-daydream about it, when I started as a hand fell gently on my shoulder.

‘Forgive me, Hillman, did I startle you?’ said Dr. Zennik, for of course it was he. I muttered some incoherent apology and greeting. The doctor looked in fine spirits, but it had indeed alarmed me that he had managed to creep up on me in such a way without me noticing him at all, like some kind of spectre. The door appeared not to have been opened, but perhaps there was some other way into the library — it was difficult to tell in the gloom.

I looked with more self-possession at my host: he was a tall man, perhaps in his mid-fifties, touches of grey about his otherwise sable and sweeping locks, a narrow but strong face, the lines of which spoke to me of many years abroad. His eyes were of that probing kind which I found unsettling, hovering as they did like those of a falcon over its prey, vacillating between hostility and amusement. I decided at that moment that it was his eyes, in fact, which were the key to my original and fundamental discomfiture — they looked me over now in a curiously dispassionate way, as I might scan over a slice of ham in a butcher’s shop, seeking out any obvious deficiency. And yet I speak harshly — the impression conveyed was not altogether an unpleasant one, nor was it dominated by any sense of outright antagonism. With such a look, I daresay, a grandfather might probe a recalcitrant grandchild whose behaviour had already led one to be suspicious of mischief. But I was in no way contemplating wrongdoing of any sort, playful or otherwise, and after a rigorous moment, Dr. Zennik seemed satisfied of that fact himself and drew me more warmly to the fire where we seated ourselves in the heated leather of two great armchairs.



'I fear that our attendance this evening may be somewhat depleted, Hillman,' Zennik began, and I reacted inwardly as one might to news of reinforcements being delayed from arriving at a besieged outpost, but I did not let my disappointment show.

'Indeed?' I said, as the butler shuffled in from the darkness and brought us drinks.

'I have had word that Pachowski is otherwise detained, and Lady Forsyth has been called away to a funeral in the country. But perhaps Reece and Howard will arrive,' he went on. What was that gleam in his eye? Was it merely the liveliness of the reviving fire reflected, as the butler stirred the flames into a fresh blaze? Or was I mistaken in thinking that in fact he was planning something?

A further thirty-seven minutes went by in which we discussed trivial matters of the day, and no further guests rang the bell. I was about to make excuses and leave when the butler announced that a Miss Elizabeth had inquired whether she might attend us.

'You won't have met my granddaughter, Hillman,' Zennik said with some certainty, and indeed I had not known that such an individual existed. 'She has been away in Europe. Do you have any objections to her joining our rather abortive club gathering? She is most curious about us.'

I said that I had no objections whatever, and in less than fifteen seconds I was being introduced to the most enchanting young girl I had ever met. She was perhaps twenty years of age, though, like her grandfather it was difficult to accurately pin down a figure. Also like her elder, she had an air about her of bemused detachment, as though this evening, and perhaps her life as a whole, was some kind of amusing game. Whereas in her grandfather I found this irritating and disturbing, in her it was intriguing and beguiling. I am afraid to admit that within approximately seventeen minutes my infatuation had grown beyond any capacity on my part to control it, and I was fawning upon her every word.

'Do you travel far, Mr. Hillman?' she inquired. I was admiring the pinkness of her radiant face as she knelt at her grandfather's knee, her raven hair painted a glossy mahogany by the flames.

'A good three miles,' I replied, a little too keenly. 'I live in Bedford Square.'



'Ah, yes. Is not the traffic frightfully noisy there?' she said, giving the impression, like her grandfather, of heavily restraining a desire to burst into uncontrolled laughter which I found peculiarly uplifting and charming. And yet I also detected an air of vague trepidation or uncertainty, as though she were not merely engaging in social intercourse but attempting a rather arduous task with attention to minute detail requiring rather intense concentration.

We continued in this idle way for some time and from her conversation I was led to believe that her education had recently been completed in Paris and that she had returned to London to work as her grandfather's secretary and librarian.

'A daunting task!' I espoused, looking around the book-laden chamber.

'Yes, grandfather has a great many books from all around the world —and a good many other things besides,' she went on, this last remark being punctuated with a glance between the two of them as though a theatrical cue had been given.

'Indeed, Mr. Hillman,' Dr. Zennik began, leaning forward in a ponderous way, 'I must confess that I have been looking forward to this evening's proceedings and while I regret that it is only you who have attended, perhaps that is merely Fate's decree. I have wanted to introduce the Chronophiles to an experiment of mine, the results of which I have now satisfied myself are completely in order. It is by way of convenience, too, that I arranged this evening's meeting to be held here, that I might reveal to the Club certain salient factors without hindrance. I trust that you will forgive any prior reticence on my part — I am sure a man of your breeding and education will perceive the need for it.'

Why, I wondered as he spoke these words, were hairs rising on the back of my neck and why did I gain the distinct impression of a conspiracy between Elizabeth and the doctor in which I was the victim? I wondered fleetingly whether the butler too was part of a plot, and whether the library door had been locked.

'Do not be alarmed, Hillman!' the doctor said, raising the broad blade of his right hand in the red light. 'I sense that you are in some way apprehensive. The experiment in no way possesses sinister ramifications, though it might, I suspect, in the wrong hands. No, it is I think something that will be of great interest to you. I do not think for one moment that it is any accident that you alone of our compatriots are here tonight, and, as I do not intend to wait for our next meeting before unveiling my device, you may well be part of an historic event in a capacity as an observer and recorder.'

With these words, which succeeded only partially in calming my nerves, he rose from his chair and went with his granddaughter to a nearby bookshelf. He reached behind a row of leatherbound volumes and brought out a small casket, which he unlocked with a key from his

pocket. With great delicacy and the air of either a surgeon removing an abscess or a midwife delivering a child he took out an object shaped like a large but slightly squashed apple. It was a bright silver in colour and from its shining surface emanated stubby pins of various lengths and thicknesses. My first impression was that it was a rather bulky and awkward pocket watch, not entirely dissimilar to my own but with more complex workings. It was attached to a heavy silver chain which Elizabeth placed around the doctor's neck with the action of a princess bequeathing a mayoral decoration. I glanced at her face and saw a peculiar look of awe, adoration and apprehension which compelled me to regard the strange object in a similar manner.

'This,' pronounced Zennik, 'is the Cerebrachrone.'

He held it up in the firelight and its bright surface bent and refracted the red and gold of the fire until the image of a pin-stuck apple was almost complete. I understood from his tone at first that the name alone was supposed to convey something of the device's purpose and function. Unfortunately, it did nothing of the sort.





‘What exactly is it?’ I asked bluntly and perhaps a little forthrightly, my abruptness intended to dispel my own anxiety as much as to obtain data.

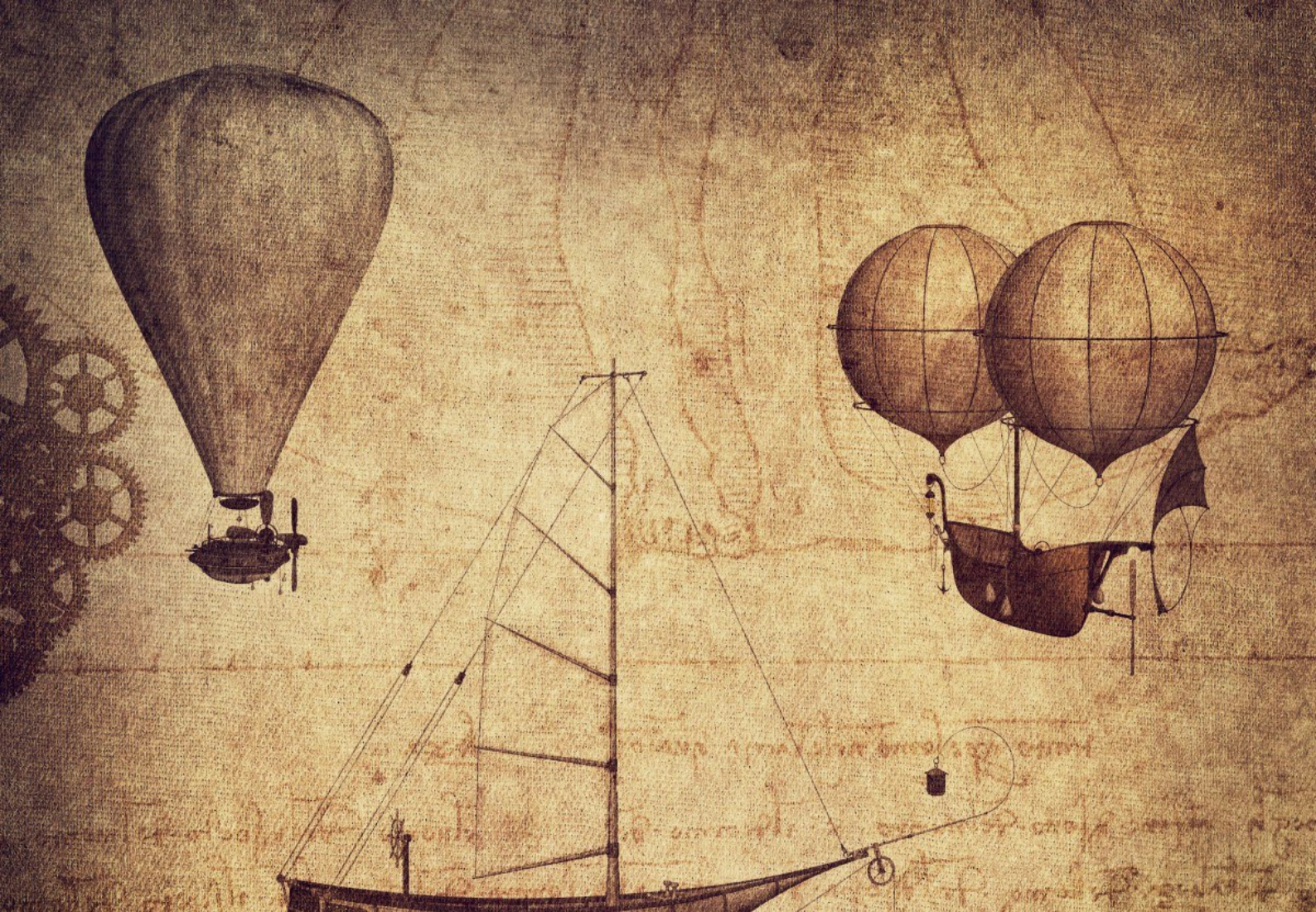
‘It is a Temporal Singularity Regulator. I use the indefinite article “a”, but as you must guess, no other such device yet exists, making it in effect The Temporal Singularity Regulator. Which means, my dear Mr. Hillman, that it is a device that can be used to control Time Itself.’

I took him to mean that it was an elaborate watch, and started to smile and relax and to become fascinated in a less mortified way — but he went on.

‘And it has been so used. You do not appreciate my meaning as yet, Hillman. It is used to travel in Time.’

I took the opportunity that the following eight seconds of silence offered to descend into my armchair, despite the fact that Elizabeth was still standing. For some reason I did not immediately fathom, I felt no impulse to flee but rather a strong desire to rest as though I had spent a long day in heavy exertion. Zennik went on.

‘I will return to your incredulity in due course. Let me first assist you with a few general facts. Time is the most subjective of the apparencies of physics. Whereas it is easy for us to agree about and to measure space, matter and energy, these things having an objective and apparently independent reality outside ourselves, it is not always so possible with time. We would both agree that it is approximately twenty feet from here to the library door, for example — but on how long it takes to traverse that distance we might not easily agree. As a child we believed an hour to be an eternity in which to play and do and run and throw; as adults the same hour skips by in the same apparent time as a child’s minute. As we get older, years seem shorter — but are these things a seeming only, or is there a subjectivity to time which is part of its make-up in some fundamental way which can be both discovered and utilised?’



‘The answer, Hillman, is that Time is a variable between us. Somehow — and I have as yet very little theoretical basis but much experiential data — Time is linked to us, probably by the etheric field which surrounds our physical forms. This chain that I wear is not only for the convenience of carrying the Cerebrachrone, it is a medium through which my body’s electrical and spiritual energies engage with the Cerebrachrone’s delicate mechanisms and thus it enables me to become as one, as it were, with the device and able to direct it...’

The reader will forgive a moment’s incredulity on my part at this point. I felt a little light-headed, the room seemed rather unreal — Elizabeth’s bright face receded from me as though I were about to faint. I made some vague protesting motion with a hand, but Zennik again raised his own hand and went on calmly:

‘Please, Hillman, do not distress yourself — all will become apparent in

time, if I may use the expression. You see, there is a special, personal link between you and I which is why I consider it particularly favourable to reveal all this to you and I confess I am rather pleased that you are here alone after all.’

He went on, after this even more perplexing remark, to describe the inner working of the Cerebrachrone at greater length, details which I neither retained nor especially valued over my poetic apprehension of the thing. The device gleamed in his hand, and it was the play of light about it that fascinated me more than the science behind it.

‘And...have you yourself travelled in time?’ I ventured when he had come to an end. His face lit into a white grin that was more than a little frightening. Then his eyes turned inward as he reflected on some adventure.

‘Indeed — though you will think me mad,’ he said, glancing over at me, ‘indeed I have so travelled.’

'Think of it Hillman! To be at one moment walking down Baker Street on a frosty December evening, stepping across to Regent's Park, and then, with but a moment's adjustment of the Cerebrachrone, to be strolling in the primeval forest that flourished there before any Georgian wall was conceived! Or to be beside the sea at Brighton one spring afternoon and then with a mere twist of the dial to journey one hundred years into the future, take one of their astoundingly swift railway carriages back to London, travel beneath the earth in the veritable labyrinth of tunnels which our fledgling underground system is to become, and emerge into daylight at the Tower of London to see King Henry the Eighth himself pull up to the quay there in a gentle autumn rain! All this and much more have I seen, Hillman.'

'I presume these adventures took some preparation,' I said in a firm and steady voice, determined to suspend my incredulity at least momentarily. I glanced across at Elizabeth and saw her admiring eyes locked on her

grandfather's face, and a feeling of pity and a desire to rescue her from the power of this lunatic washed over me. But such savage responses were soon quelled as the doctor replied.

'Of course. One hundred years from now, for example, our currency has changed beyond recognition. The value of money has wildly varied, and pounds are issued as coins, if you can believe it. I was at first paralysed in the whirlwind metropolis of the future until I struck upon the notion of carrying with me items from my own house and selling them as antiques! I have amassed a tidy sum of twentieth century coinage of the realm now, enough to fund many journeys on their splendid mechanical vehicles! You cannot imagine, Hillman! They do not use horses as we do to transport either themselves or their goods — they have devices, like railway engines but with neither rails nor carriages, and in these they sit and pursue one another at high velocity through the streets! I am constantly bedazzled by them!'

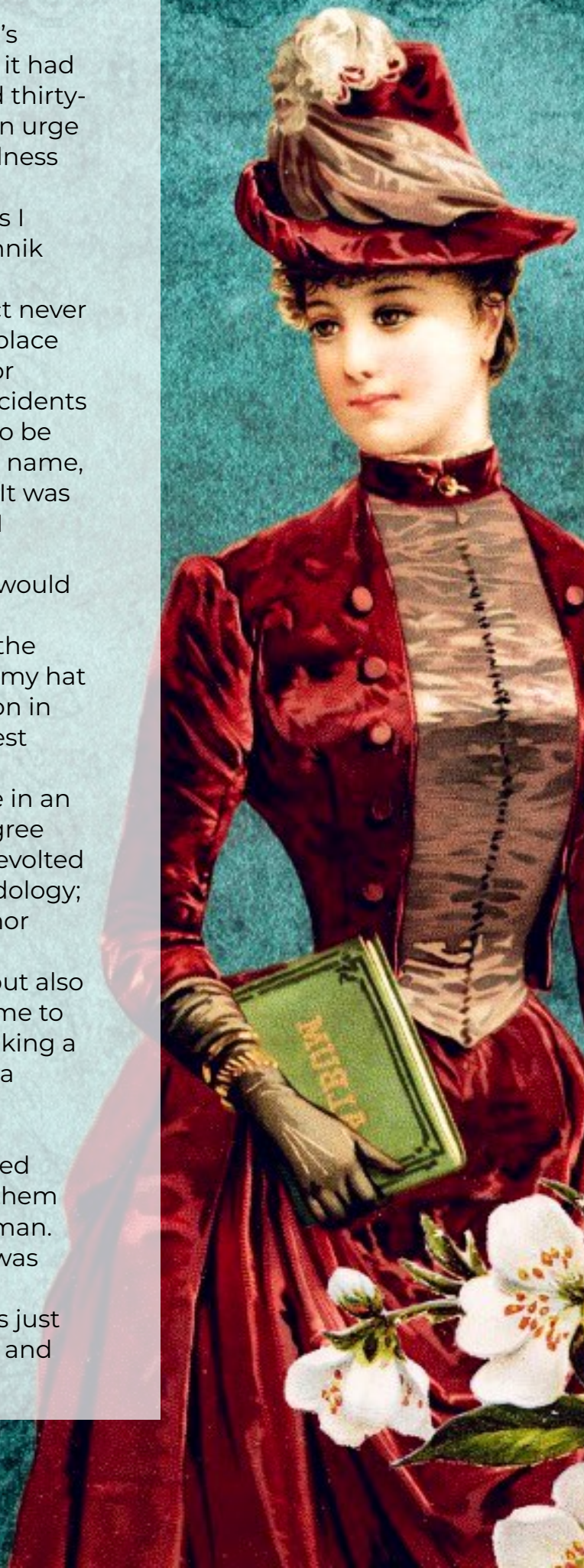


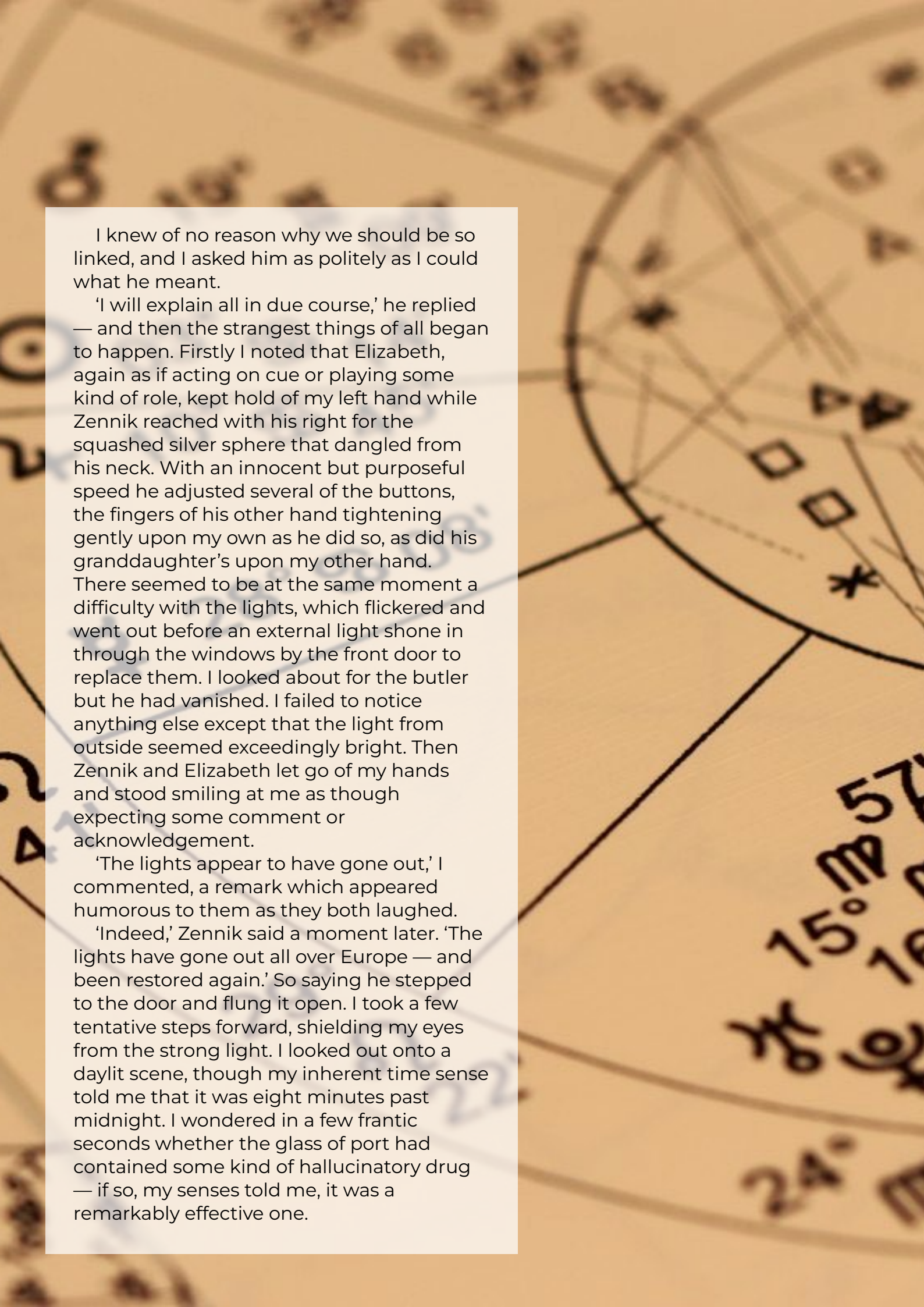
'I think Mr. Hillman is growing incredulous, Grandfather,' chimed in the sweet voice of Elizabeth, rescuing me from the good doctor's mountinglly manic monologue. I judged that it had to be close to midnight — seven minutes and thirty-five seconds to twelve, I fancied — and I felt an urge to leave now. But I was aware of the awkwardness which I had created by perhaps not being thoroughly attentive. I made some apology as I stood up, finding it easier to pretend that Zennik had said nothing at all about any adventure, temporal or otherwise, and that he had in fact never removed the device he was holding from its place behind the books. This habit of suppressing or mentally blanketing items, phenomena or incidents which the human mind finds too incredible to be rationally realised I believe has a pathological name, but that name escaped me for the moment. It was common enough, but I believe that evening I demonstrated a textbook case of it.

I half expected that Zennik, in his passion, would put some physical obstacle in the way of my leaving, but on my motion towards the door the butler was summoned, I was presented with my hat and coat and many kind words, and I was soon in the hall, with invitations to return at my earliest convenience.

That part of me that was interested in time in an analytical and scientific way was to some degree fascinated by the evening's events, but also revolted and deeply suspicious of the doctor's methodology; that part of me which was neither scientific nor logical felt an imaginative pull towards the adventures that had been described to me, but also a natural horror of the unusual which urged me to flee. As I stood there in the hall, therefore, making a hasty and ungainly getaway, I thought, I was a curious mixture of energies, a mass of contradictions. Zennik and Elizabeth, hands clasped, took one of my hands each and smiled welcomingly at me, as clearly I presented to them the visage of a disturbed and uneasy young man.

'I must apologise for this evening,' Zennik was saying. 'Clearly I have, in my eagerness, embarrassed you and made you ill at ease. It's just that I long for companionship of the intellect and there is a special bond between us.'





I knew of no reason why we should be so linked, and I asked him as politely as I could what he meant.

‘I will explain all in due course,’ he replied — and then the strangest things of all began to happen. Firstly I noted that Elizabeth, again as if acting on cue or playing some kind of role, kept hold of my left hand while Zennik reached with his right for the squashed silver sphere that dangled from his neck. With an innocent but purposeful speed he adjusted several of the buttons, the fingers of his other hand tightening gently upon my own as he did so, as did his granddaughter’s upon my other hand. There seemed to be at the same moment a difficulty with the lights, which flickered and went out before an external light shone in through the windows by the front door to replace them. I looked about for the butler but he had vanished. I failed to notice anything else except that the light from outside seemed exceedingly bright. Then Zennik and Elizabeth let go of my hands and stood smiling at me as though expecting some comment or acknowledgement.

‘The lights appear to have gone out,’ I commented, a remark which appeared humorous to them as they both laughed.

‘Indeed,’ Zennik said a moment later. ‘The lights have gone out all over Europe — and been restored again.’ So saying he stepped to the door and flung it open. I took a few tentative steps forward, shielding my eyes from the strong light. I looked out onto a daylit scene, though my inherent time sense told me that it was eight minutes past midnight. I wondered in a few frantic seconds whether the glass of port had contained some kind of hallucinatory drug — if so, my senses told me, it was a remarkably effective one.



The street down which I had travelled two hours and ten minutes ago had gone, or rather was so different as to be unrecognisable. Tall, plain walls rose sheerly to a height of several hundred feet directly opposite. Objects which I could not at first make out sped from left to right and from right to left on the thoroughfare before me. They appeared to be rounded metal casings of some kind. I caught a glimpse of someone sitting in one, and, as my eyes became accustomed to their shape and speed I saw that in each there sat what I assumed to be the coachman of these incredible vehicles, and in some there were passengers also. But they moved with no apparent cause for their motion — there was no horse to be seen. And they moved exceedingly swiftly, much more quickly than any sane man would have considered safe. Perhaps they somehow drew power from the sound which I now noticed emanating as a general low thunder from the road. Each possessed a distinctive roar but each roar was swallowed up in the broader cacophony of traffic. I put my hands to my ears involuntarily. I spun around to see Zennik and Elizabeth smiling down upon me like some

kind of self-satisfied, twisted pair of heavenly emissaries come to collect my soul, or worse, like two demented phantasms from an asylum within my mind, for my only rational conclusion to all this was that I was going mad.

'Be calm,' Zennik stressed, reaching for my shoulder, but I shrank from him. 'We mean you no harm, Hillman. But my estimation of your character was such that I felt you deserved to experience the subjective truth of what I have been saying for yourself, and that you were of a constitution sufficiently robust as to be able to cope with that experience. I trust that you will not disappoint my judgement of you? Do you see now the effectiveness of the Cerebrachrone?'

I stammered something unintelligible, and made to proceed down the steps, but drew back from this violent and manic traffic which as far as I could see was a menace to bodily existence with its noise and speed. Elizabeth collected me by the hand, and with the air of a nurse attending the sick, drew me back up the steps and inside the house. Zennik followed and closed the door, shutting out the spectacle of the street.



'How?' I began — and then ended with that lone word which seemed to distill into itself my full meaning.

'Your disorientation will pass, my friend,' he said. 'Come — there are one or two other wonders I want to show you, if you can manage it.'

Whether I could manage it or not, I was led upstairs — a staircase that looked decidedly different to the one I knew I'd seen when I first entered this house — and into a large room with immense windows which looked out from the back of the house. I found that, to my shame, I needed to be supported — my knees had deserted me in terms of solidity and I wavered on my feet like a drunkard.

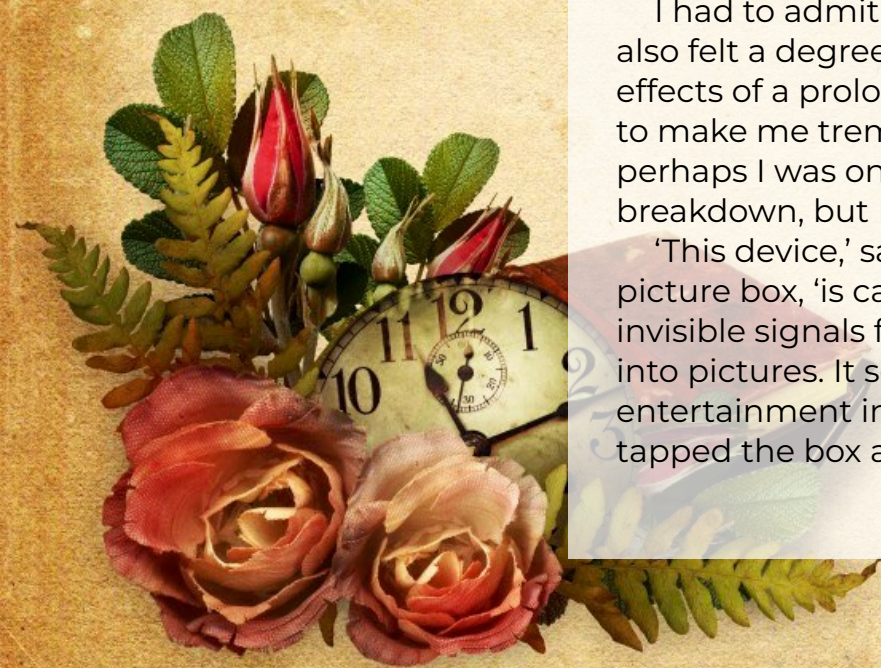
As I sank into a chair from which I could look out of the broad and high windows through which the undeniable daylight poured, Elizabeth walked over to a box in the middle of the room and tapped it. It flared into colours and sound like a fireplace, but instead of flames, in this box there burned dancing shapes of men and women and images of rooms and movement. The thing was hypnotic. I had read of various experiments in cinematography, but this was far in advance of anything of which I had heard — these figures were like living and speaking dagguerrotypes. It was the box more than the daylight or traffic that finally prompted my, I suppose inevitable, question:

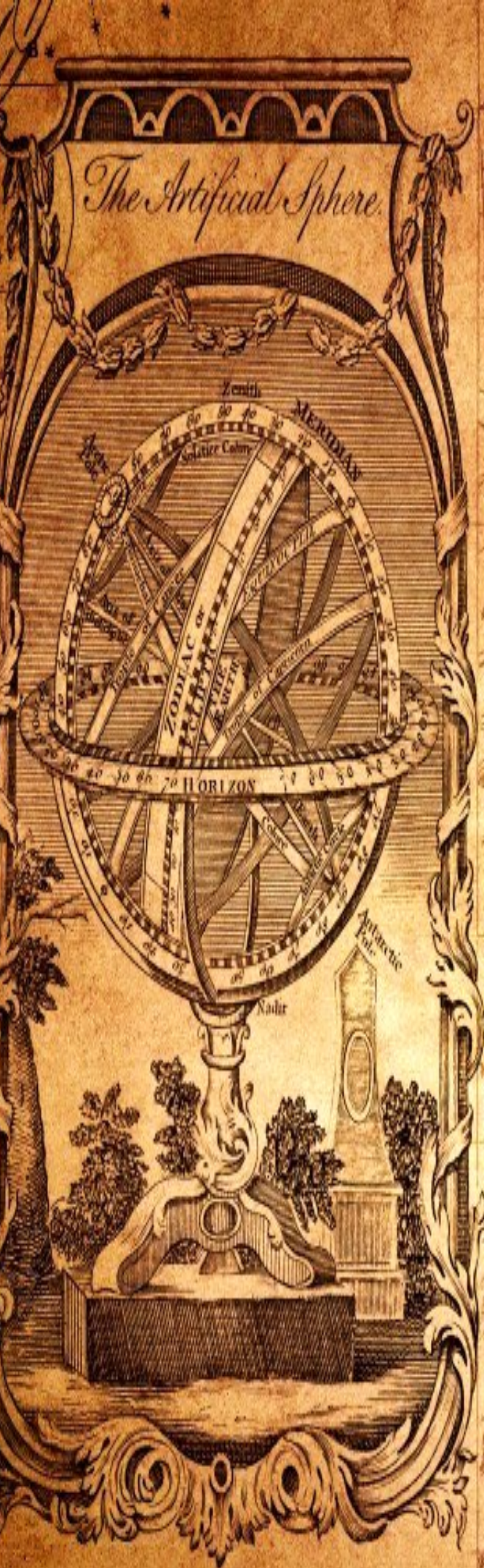
'What year have we arrived in?'

'This is 1960,' said Elizabeth, 'and we are both sorry to do this to you but we felt you would best appreciate the wonder of it all this way. Is it not wonderful? That Time itself surrenders to our will? That we can journey wherever we will at the mere twist of a dial?'

I had to admit to a certain amount of wonder; I also felt a degree of nausea and disorientation, the effects of a prolonged shock reaction which began to make me tremble quite severely. I thought perhaps I was on the edge of some kind of sensory breakdown, but I endeavoured not to let it show.

'This device,' said Elizabeth, indicating the picture box, 'is called a tele-vision — it receives invisible signals from the ether and translates them into pictures. It serves as a medium of entertainment in this era.' She reached down and tapped the box again and the pictures vanished.





'In this time,' the doctor continued, as fascinated and excited as his granddaughter, 'men have developed not only vehicles that operate without horses, but carriages that fly through the air. In under a decade from where we now sit, men will use these carriages to go to the Moon. Already they cross the Atlantic in them.'

'And in a matter of hours, we could be in New York, Mr. Hillman! In hours!' Elizabeth cried, clapping her hands together.

In their enthusiasm I believe they had failed to notice their guest's failing consciousness. The room had begun to spin, and I felt decidedly unwell. Within a matter of seconds, blackness rose up before me and took me away from this strange duo and the stranger world into which they had brought me.

Look out for the next issue of the High Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine to read the concluding part of this story.

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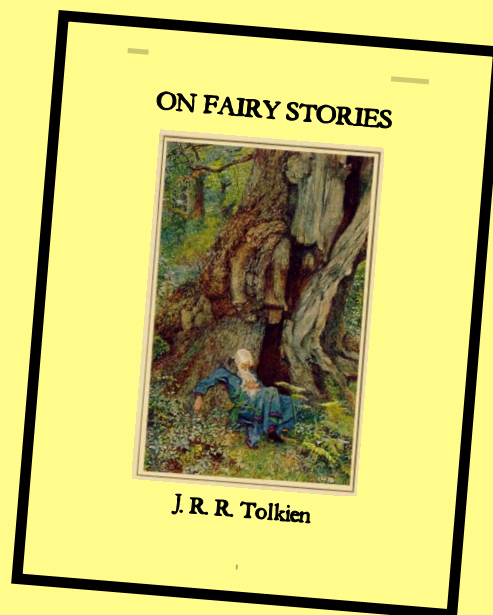
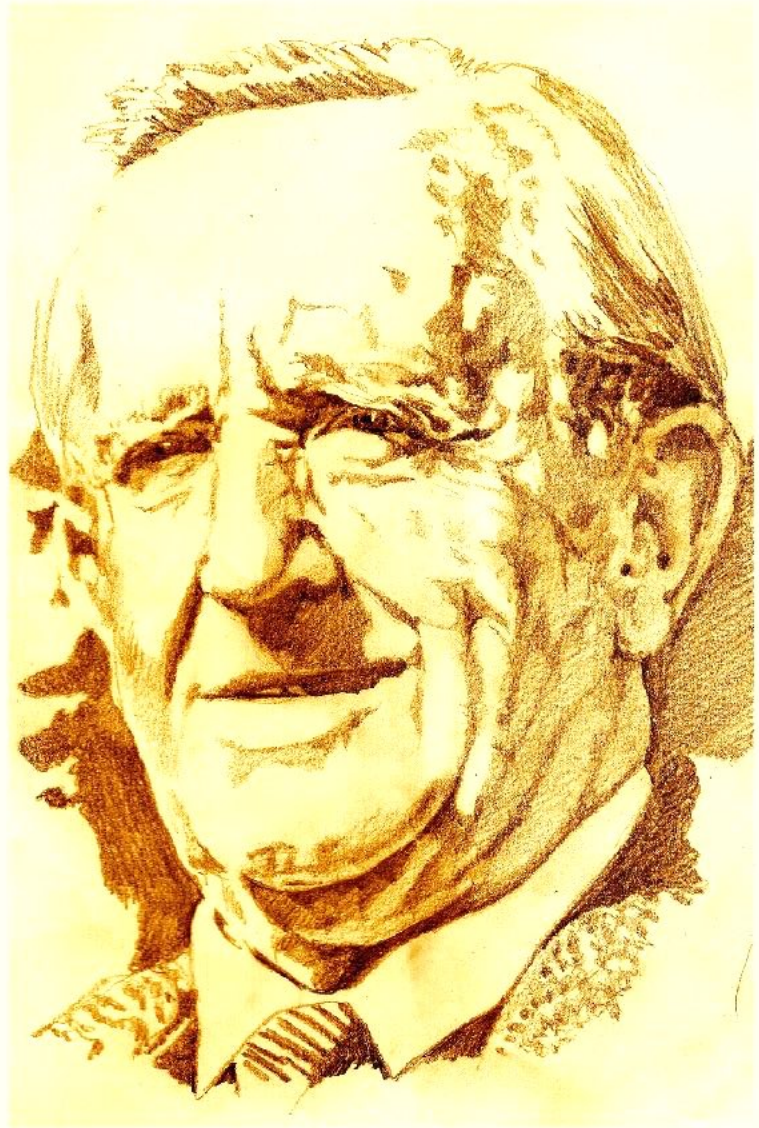
A Window into
Middle-earth

Tolkien and
Myth

Tolkien wrote essays and poetry discussing the importance of art and myth, quite apart from his Middle-earth tales. There's evidence in all his writings of an underlying struggle going on between the value of Art and its relation to the world created by God.

In his own words, his works of fantasy are 'fundamentally concerned with the problem of the relation of Art (and Sub-creation) and Primary Reality'. In the same letter, Tolkien writes 'art and the creative (or as I should say, sub-creative) desire ... seems to have no biological function'; for Tolkien the reason why art is so poorly understood is because its source is not to be found in this world. Myth, he thought, manifested certain universal truths and by extension the human desire to create is evidence of the existence of a First Cause, God. But this was never a settled point for him, and this lack of settlement works its way as a theme into his fiction.

Intellectually, these ideas are presented in greater detail in his essay 'On Fairy-Stories', published in *Tree and Leaf*. Tolkien discusses in the essay the appeal of fairy-stories, a particular 'sub-creative art which plays strange tricks with the world' and which draws strength from stories of triumph over adversity.



"On Fairy-Stories" discusses the fairy-story as a literary form and was initially written for presentation by Tolkien as the Andrew Lang lecture at the University of St Andrews, Scotland, on 8 March 1939.

The peculiar quality of 'joy' in successful Fantasy can thus be explained as a sudden glimpse of the underlying reality or truth ... it may be a far-off gleam or echo of evangelium in the real world.

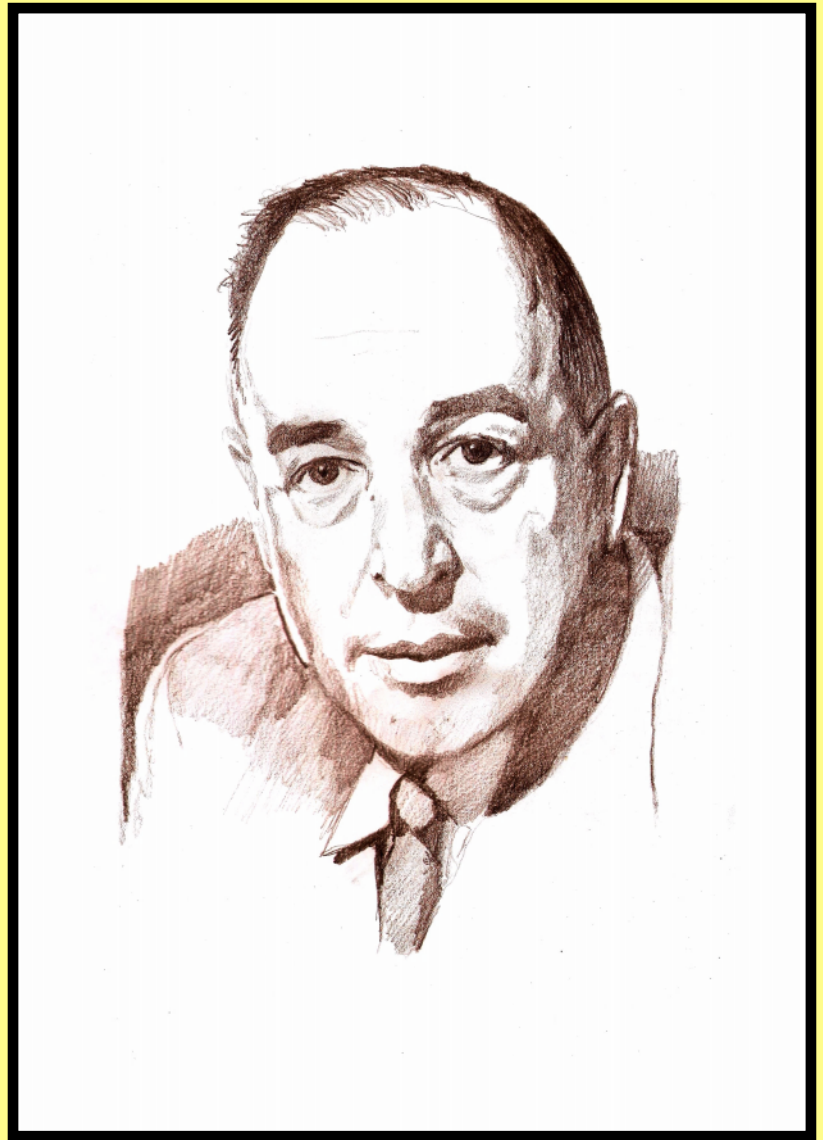
and later

in Fantasy he [the artist] may actually assist in the effoliation and multiple enrichment of creation [but this is a serious and dangerous matter. It is presumptuous of me to touch upon such a theme; but if by grace what I say has in any respect any validity, it is, of course, only one facet of a truth incalculably rich.

Tolkien's poem 'Mythopoeia' begins with an address aimed at C. S. Lewis, with whom he had had a debate which ultimately contributed to Lewis' conversion from atheism to Christianity:

'To one who said that myths were lies and therefore worthless, even though "breathed through silver"'.

'Mythopoeia' champions the value of art, especially art in fairy-stories. The poem explicitly states that creativity is something that is felt deep within, a response of those that felt astir within, by deep monition movements that were kin to life and death of trees, of beasts, of stars.



Tolkien and C. S. Lewis (top) had a lasting and important friendship

Not only was creativity a 'natural' impulse, then, but the true creative urge engages in a quest for the underlying nature of reality:

**digging the foreknown
from experience
and panning the vein of
spirit out of sense**

This is achieved through what Tolkien termed 'Recovery' a process of defamiliarization, whereby 'fundamental things ... are made all the more luminous by their setting' as he writes in 'On Fairy Stories'.

**'Mythopoeia' describes
the process as
'illuminating Now and
dark Hath-been/with
light of suns as yet by no
man seen' — in other
words, revealing hidden
truths either in the
present or the past.**

Tolkien's Elves are, in effect, his vision of an unfallen race. They are immortal and are still spiritually connected to an inner creativity:

**Great powers they slowly
brought out of
themselves
and looking backward
they beheld the elves
that wrought on cunning
forges in the mind,
and light and dark on
secret looms entwined**



Explicitly in Tolkien's world the Elves preceded mankind and were the first 'Children of Iluvatar' or God. As they diminish, so does the role of creative art, leading eventually to the mechanised Twentieth Century which Tolkien detested. As 'Mythopoeia' says:

**I will not walk with your
progressive apes,
erect and sapient. Before
them gapes
the dark abyss to which
their progress tends —
if by God's mercy progress
ever ends,
and does not ceaselessly
revolve the same
unfruitful course with
changing of a name**

Like his friend Lewis, Tolkien was deeply suspicious of the modern concept of 'progress', seeing in it only a decline to automaticity and a dismissal of the wisdom of the past. Everywhere during his lifetime, Tolkien felt that the value of art was being lost, to be replaced by machines. But his fundamental hope was that, as he says in 'Mythopoeia':

**man is not wholly lost nor
wholly changed.
Dis-graced he may be, yet is
not dethroned,
and keeps the rags of
lordship once he owned,
his world-dominion by
creative act:
not his to worship the great
Artefact**





He hoped very much that this was so, that humanity somehow retained a divine ability to create art. The poem says 'We make still by the law in which we're made'. In one sense, 'Mythopoeia' is a poetic working out of what Tolkien wanted to be true, a theme which he takes up in his short story 'Leaf By Niggle', published with 'Mythopoeia' and 'On Fairy-Stories' in **Tree and Leaf**.

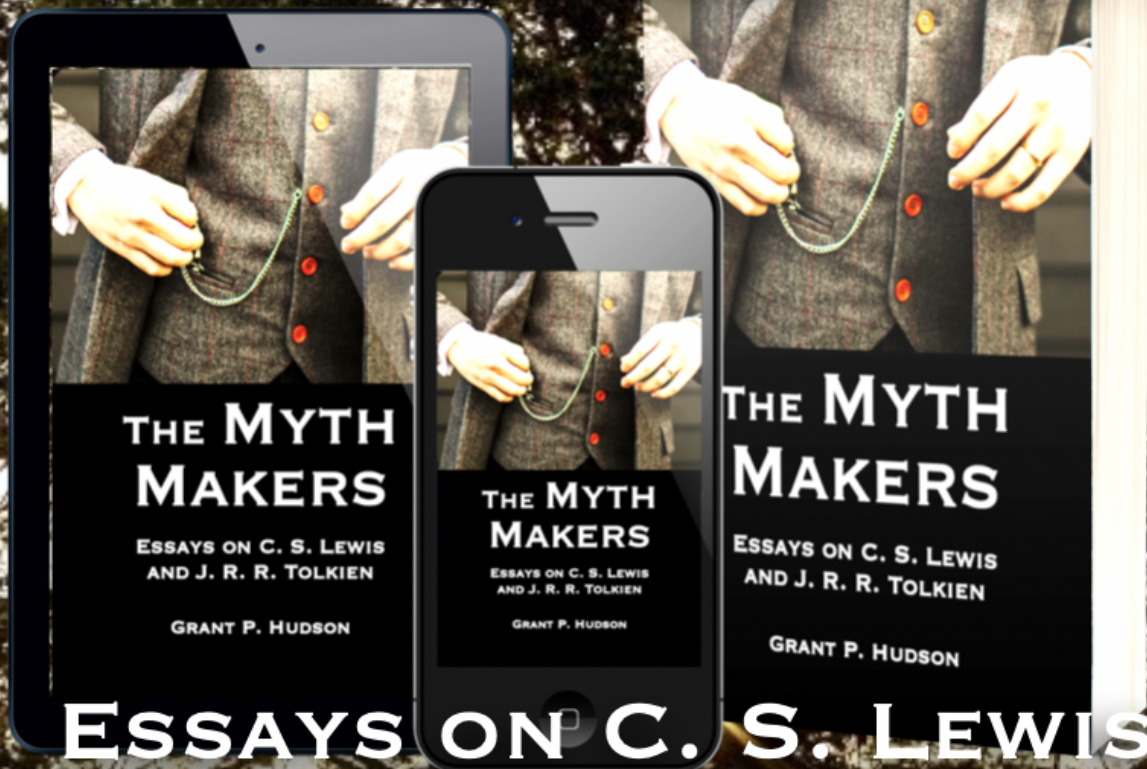
Niggle is a day-dreaming painter, always defending his art from the criticism of his demanding neighbours and from social and pressures, just

as Tolkien had to defend his own creations while being subject to the demands of his college and his family. Like Tolkien, Niggle's only hope is to complete his greatest project before he must embark on the inevitable journey, death. Niggle's painting is a tree: 'It had begun with a leaf caught in the wind, and it became a tree; and the tree grew, sending out innumerable branches, and thrusting out the most fantastic roots' until 'the canvas became so large that he had to get a ladder'. Though Tolkien claims in the Foreword of **The Lord**

of the Rings that he detests allegory, 'Leaf by Niggle' is clearly allegorical and parallels 'Mythopoeia' and 'On Fairy Stories' as an attempt to work out his basic ideas and concerns. Niggle's Tree explicitly represents Middle-earth, and Niggle is Tolkien creating it. His painting is never finished or properly appreciated until Niggle reaches the Afterlife and finds it there complete, just as **The Silmarillion**, the core of Tolkien's work, was never finished for publication during his lifetime.

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