Vol. 10, No. 11

SEPTEMBER 1979

Whole No. 119

FRESH VIEWS OF HUMANKIND IN LEWIS'S POEMS

by John Kirkpatrick

The preliminary reading this evening is not from Lewis but from Robert Burns, a poem which gives the motto for this whole paper. This motto was read to you in October '77 by Lois Westerlund in her paper, "It All Depends on the Point of View" (a paper on Lewis's Out of the Silent Planet). But with apologies to Lois, I would rather try to read you the whole of Burns's poem. Being in Lowland Scots, it needs both a glossary and also a born-and-bred Scot to read it. Would that I had that ability of my grandfather.

To a Louse
On Seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

(This Bulletin is hardly for the purpose of reprinting 48 lines of Burns, which may easily be read elsewhere; but here is the final stanza with the motto.)

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us To see oursels as others see us!

The Bulletin of The New York C.S. Lewis Society

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It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

Quote of the Month

We see the thing in a new way; because the poet has found the proper scraps of ordinary seeing which, when put together, will unite into a new and extraordinary seeing.

-The Personal Heresy

Lewis left very little comment on Burns. The most definite is in a letter of 1929 to his brother: "The Scotch have a curious way of rendering wearisome to the outside world whatever they admire; I daresay Burns is quite a good poet -- really."

But Lewis must have felt a deep kinship with that final stanza, simply because so many of his writings radiate helpfulness toward self-knowledge. He constantly reminds us of Screwtape complaining (in Letter #4): "the Enemy ... is cynically indifferent to the dignity of His position, and ours, as pure spirits; -- and to human animals on their knees He pours out self-knowledge in a

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quite shameless fashion."

. Turning to these poems of Lewis which give fresh views of humankind, it seems best not to try to range them chronologically, but to group them by their differences of approach: humankind in relation

- 1) to other kinds,
- 2) to other humans,
- 3) to the divine, within us or outside us.

In each group there will be seven, and those of you who brought copies of the Poems (to follow along) will hear some different readings. These variants are all from the earlier printings, mostly from Punch. Lewis's revisions rarely but occasionally lose some degree of the oral communicability, which is apt here and there to speak more naturally in the earlier versions.

Each title is followed by the page number in the book of Poems (faithfully edited in 1963-64 by our good friend Walter Hooper from Lewis's own revisions, R meaning revised), and by details from the earlier versions used in these readings. Poems from Spirits in Bondage and from Fear No More are given with the kind permission of the trustees of Lewis's estate.

First of all, a poem which views humanity as insensitive or cruel toward nature and natural creatures. This view, now called ecological, is so familiar that it can hardly be fresh except as a fresh statement of it. In The Spectator, September 1945, this poem was entitled Under Sentence; in the book of Poems It is called The Condemned. Its last two stanzas are spoken by a collective voice, as if by the whole cast of characters of Lewis's poem Impenitence.

The Condemned (p. 63R)

Variants: line

- 5, for "that are hedgerow": being woodland
- 7, for "or Borrow, strange": we unused
- 9, for "to you, friendly": friendly to you
- 10, for "have understood": understand

The next poem, The Magician and the Dryad (in Punch, July 1940), shows Lewis's genius for making a purely imaginary non-human character come alive with a roundness and richness that is vividly appealing. The magician insists on seeing the spirit of the tree in quasi-human or mythical form. He is a mixture of different motivations: -- sheer power-complex, to bring about the change -- some sincere interest, to enlarge her experience -- but also a haughty condescension, not bothering to try to calculate the

effect on her. One result is that he is treated to a very fresh view of some of humankind's most valued abilities.

Or, on the other hand, this dryad may not have been so purely imaginary. Walter Hooper says, in his preface to the Poems, "Lewis did not, of course, believe in the factual existence of Dryads (any more than Spenser or Milton); nor did he believe in their non-existence as a nihilist would." But Lewis's extraordinary insights into all kinds of things may have included even some intuition of the spirit in a tree, more than just through poetic imagination. If so, it would probably have been unknown to himself, because his faithfulness to the Christian Church was to a strict orthodoxy.

The poem is in iambic heptameters, unrhymed but with an inner rhyme in each line -- not always a word-rhyme, often merely a sound-rhyme, -- as when "sponsor" is echoed by "concentrate", or "dim felicity" by "Nymph", even "drizzle" by "indivisible".

The Magician and the Dryad (p. 8 R)

Variant:

line 15, for "blotted out the ambient":

come between her and the

The whole range of human cruelty toward the world of nature might conceivably justify the destruction of humanity that Lewis imagined in Pan's Purge (in Punch, January 1947). Like The Great Divorce, it is presented as a dream or nightmare. It is mostly in iambic heptameters, in 7-line stanzas, lines 2-4-7 rhyming with Pan, lines 1-3-5 each having two inner sound-rhymes.

Pan's Purge (p. 5)

Later on, Lewis wrote two marches, which he called Narnian Suite. The second march, for giants, appeared in Punch in November 1953, the year of The Silver Chair, so it may refer to the giants whose cookbook included "man pie". It reappeared two years later in The Last Battle, on p. 82 -- "Even Tirian's heart grew lighter as he walked ahead of them humming an old Narnian marching song which had the refrain:

Ho, rumble, rumble, rumble, rumble, Rumble drum belaboured."

The first march, for dwarfs, was first printed in the book of Poems, but with no date, though the two might be coeval. It too is mentioned in The Last Battle, on p. 71 -- "And the Dwarfs struck up the queer little marching song which goes with the drumbeat, and off they tramped into the darkness."

Both marches have a strong anti-human vindictiveness that recalls Pan's Purge (from back in 1947), and that would have prompted Walter Hooper to put them right after Pan's Purge in the Poems. The dwarfs' march says they are "trotting into battle" -- which would be fast -- and the metre is iambic octameter, carrying on the type of patter song which reached a high point in Gilbert and Sullivan, and in which one expects rhyme. But instead Lewis has used alliterative verse, unrhymed.

Narnian Suite (p. 6, 2 revised)

1

March for Strings, Kettledrums, and Sixty-three Dwarfs

2

March for Drum, Trumpet, and Twenty-three Giants

Variants (2): line

- 3: We'll tramp your ramparts down like hay
- 4: And crumple castles into clay,

5, for "stamp": ramp

- 7: Oh tramp it, tramp it, tramp it, tramp it, Trumpet blow before us!
- 8: We'll bend and break and grind and shake

10, for "rocks": rock

- 14: By thunder, thunder, thunder, thunder, Thunder stunned around us!
- 21: Oh rumble, rumble, rumble,
 Rumble drum belaboured!
 (two lines, -- see the capitalized
 "Rumble" in The Last Battle, p.82)

(It was only after choosing speeds that the dwarfs' trot turned out to be three times as fast as the giants' stride. But Lewis never told us if his "63 Dwarfs" equalled his "21 Giants", nor whether height or mass inverted speed in Narnia.)

Not all Lewis's imagined relations of humans and non-humans were so frustrating or so caustic. There are two poems which symbolize by animals the beast-like elements in the human make-up. The first one appeared in The Oxford Magazine in May 1934, the year after The Pilgrim's Regress. It was originally entitled The Shortest Way Home, but when Lewis revised it, he retitled it "Man is a lumpe where all beasts kneaded be".

I have our good friend Owen Barfield to thank for the advice to look for this line in the poetry of John Donne (1572-1631). It is the opening of his Letter to Sir Edward Herbert, and Lewis's using it as his revised title seems to acknowledge that he took Donne's poem as springboard. In these first first 14 lines you will find a now-rare use of the word "empailed", -- not fallen on a stake, but

surrounded by palings of a fence.

Man is a lumpe, where all beasts kneaded bee, Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree; The foole, in whom these beasts do live at jarre, Is sport to others, and a Theater: Nor sc#apes hee so, but is himself their prey. All which was man in him, is eate away, And now his beasts on one another feed, Yet couple'in anger, and new monsters breed. How happy'is hee, which hath due place assign'd To his beasts, and disaforested his minde! Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in; Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin, Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast, And is not Asse himselfe to all the

Lewis's poem starts violently enough to remind one of the Eastern saying that, if you want to find out if a man is a saint, send him into the jungle, and if he comes out alive he's a real saint. But this violence is only a gauge of how deeply Lewis means his metaphorical description of what it's like to try to cope with one's lower nature. The final decision, to make "the end and the beginning meet", is a clear echo of The Pil-grim's Regress.

"Man is a lumpe where all beasts kneaded be" (p. 68 R)

Variant: line 1, for "Never": Do not

The second of these two symbolic poems is Eden's Courtesy, which Walter Hooper tells me is from about the same period, around 1934. This English sonnet was first printed in the book of Poems. In it one can look forward to what the primitive painter Edward Hicks called The Peaceable Kingdom (presumably based on Isaiah, Ch. 11).

Eden's Courtesy (p. 98)

In the second group of poems, views of humankind as by other humans, these are our commonplaces. But the character of the view or or the statement is often fresh -- or sometimes even the fact of the statement.

The following poem is from Lewis's early book Spirits in Bondage, assembled

in 1918 while he (age 20) was recovering from a shrapnel wound, which was mercifully shallow.

In Praise of Solid People

Thank God that there are solid folk Who water flowers and roll the lawn, And sit and sew and talk and smoke, And snore all through the summer dawn.

Who pass untroubled nights and days Full-fed and sleepily content, Rejoicing in each other's praise, Respectable and innocent.

Who feel the things that all men feel, And think in well-worn grooves of thought, Whose honest spirits never reel Before man's mystery, overwrought.

Yet not unfaithful nor unkind, With work-day virtues surely staid, Theirs is the sane and humble mind, And dull affections undismayed.

O happy people! I have seen No verse yet written in your praise, And, truth to tell, the time has been I would have scorned your easy ways.

But now thro' weariness and strife I learn your worthiness indeed, The world is better for such life As stout, suburban people lead.

Too often have I sat alone When the wet night falls heavily, And fretting winds around me moan. And homeless longing vexes me

For lore that I shall never know, And visions none can hope to see, Till brooding works upon me so A childish fear steals over me.

I look around the empty room, The clock still ticking in its place. And all else silent as the tomb, Till suddenly, I think, a face

Grows from the darkness just beside, I turn. and lo! it fades away, And soon another phantom tide Of shifting dreams begins to play,

And dusky galleys past me sail, Full freighted on a faerie sea; I hear the silken merchants hail Across the ringing waves to me --

Then suddenly, again, the room, Familiar books about me piled, And I alone amid the gloom, By one more mocking dream beguiled.

And still no nearer to the Light, And still no further from myself, Alone and lost in clinging night -- (The clock's still ticking on the shelf).

Then do I envy solid folk Who sit of evenings by the fire, After their work and doze and smoke, And are not fretted by desire.

Lewis did not always regard these "solid people" in such an affectionate light. The Epitaph printed in The Spectator thirty years later is ostensibly a hospital deathbed monologue, but includes autobiographical impressions. It is one of Lewis's ambiguous sonnets, English in rhyme scheme but Italian in relation of octave to sestet.

Epitaph (No. 14, p. 135 R)
Variant: line
14: "He died both for, and of, democracy."

The most admired poem in the early book, Spirits in Bondage, is Death in Battle. John Galsworthy liked it so much that he included it in his periodical anthology called Reveille, in the issue of February 1919, a month before Lewis's book appeared. Comparison with Rupert Brooke's war sonnets shows Lewis in the unexpected role of the youthful aesthete, full of escapist images (see the prefatory poem that Walter Hooper quotes on p. v in his preface to the Poems).

Death in Battle

Open the gates for me,
Open the gates of the peaceful earth,
rosy in the West,
In the sweet dim Isle of Apples
over the wide sea's breast,
Open the gates for me!

Sorely pressed have I been
And driven and hurt beyond bearing
this summer day,
But the heat and the pain together
suddenly fall away,
All's cool and green.

But a moment agone,
Among men cursing in fight and toiling,
blinded I fought,
But the labour passed on a sudden
even as a passing thought,
And now - alone!

Ah, to be ever alone,
In flowery valleys among the mountains
and silent wastes untrod,
in the dewy upland places,
in the garden of God,
This would atone!

I shall not see
the brutal, crowded faces around me,
that in their toil have grown
Into the faces of devils -

yea. even as my own - When I find thee,

O country of Dreams!

Beyond the tide of the ocean,
hidden and sunk away,

Out of the sound of battles,
near to the end of day,
Full of dim woods and streams.

Next are two poems which use different metaphors for the academic materialism so fashionable in the 20th century. Though completely different, they are both extremely outspoken, almost desperately outspoken.

The Saboteuse has for its central character a personification of Pity, who cannot be tolerated by forces which are symbolized by "the years and tides, The earth, the bare moon, death and birth, the freezing skies, the sun, and the populous seas" — that is, all the things which a materialist would imagine as impersonally heartless. To these forces Pity would represent a threat of sabotage, of undermining their cosmic or organizational purposes.

But to Lewis, Pity means the whole world of compassion, imaginative sympathy, kindness and generosity. Elsewhere his use of the word, pity, is clearest and most pointed toward the end of Out of the Silent Planet, when Weston's boast of the ultimate conquest of Mars by the earth is translated into hross for the Oyarsa -- "He says he would feel no pity."

The poem is in medieval alliterative verse (printed in half-lines), but with inner rhymes instead of alliteration.

The Saboteuse (p. 38)

The second of these two poems about materialism is The Country of the Blind (in Punch, September '51). It is a caricature of the Oxford bias that strongly resented Lewis's Christian apologetics and their phenomenal popularity, and was responsible for his rejection in '47 when the Merton Chair of English Literature became vacant, and again in '51 when he was passed over for the Professorship of Poetry.

The meter is Greek Asclepiads, whose stylized complexity is so foreign to English that trying to clarify the stanza would prevent communicating the thought -- far more natural to read it simply as poetic prose.

The Country of the Blind (p. 33)

While we are concerned with Lewis's views on materialism, the ${\tt Evol}{\tt utionary}$

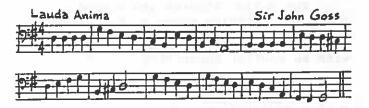
Hymn is a fresh kind of lampooning of one of the most cherished 20th-century myths.

Fortunately we do have some commentary about it from Lewis himself. Humphrey Carpenter's recent book, The Inklings, gives a composite representation of a typical Inklings' Thursday evening, dovetailed from various memories of various Thursdays. In the course of it, a discussion of machines moves Lewis to search among his papers and bring out the Evolutionary Hymn (of its six stanzas the book gives 1-3-4-5). Afterwards Lewis replies to friendly comments with comments of his own:

"What I'm saying isn't that Darwin was wrong ... but that Evolution as popularly imagined, the modern concept of Progress, is simply a fiction supported by no evidence whatever ... and for most people it has now taken the place of religion. ... It's probably the deepest-ingrained habit of mind in the contemporary world. It's behind the idea that our morality springs from savage taboos, adult sentiment from infantile sexual maladjustment, thought from instinct, mind from matter, organic from inorganic, cosmos from chaos. It always seems to me immensely implausible, because it makes the general course of nature so very unlike those parts of it we can observe."

In form, the Evolutionary Hymn is a variation on James Edmeston's famous hymn of around 1820, "Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea." This is most often sung to the tune called Dulce Carmen attributed to Michael Haydn. But some hymnals give as an alternate tune, Lauda Anima by Sir John Goss (1800-80), which fits Lewis's poem so like a glove that it might be the tune he was used to hearing in the parish church at Headington Quarry.

Evolutionary Hymn (p. 55)



These last three poems could leave a jaundiced impression of Lewis's view of his own humankind. But he did fortunately write a kind of rhapsody about the high potentialities of human imagination and the high reaches of the human capability of joy, The Day with a White Mark.

Lewis always maintained that he had no musical ear. But the verbal musicality

of the whole book of poems contradicts him, especially this next one. In principle, it is simply quatrains of iambic heptameter, with ballad-rhyme a-b-c-b, the unrhymed lines having his usual variety of inner sound-rhymes. But Lewis has been metrically very free, each liberty vivifying the image or thought with deeply musical spontaneity.

The Day with a White Mark (p. 28 R) Variants: line

5-8: (7-8 before 5-6)

14: And glimmering roots were visibly at work below one's feet,

18, for "and ice-sharp": the ice-keen

20, for "kindly": friendly

In passing to the third group of poems, fresh views of humankind in relation to the divine, we have a bridge which Lewis has provided, entitled On a Theme from Nicolas of Cusa. Cusa is the latin name of Kues, a small German city east of Luxembourg, where Nicolas was born in 1401. Though he rose to be Cardinal, he anticipated Copernicus in his view that the earth goes around the sun. Fortunately for him, the entrenched officialdom seemed not yet fully aware of how its entrenched dogma was thus threatened, and Nicolas died a peaceful death in 1464.

On a Theme from Nicolas of Cusa (p. 70 R) Variants: line

- 4, for "tight-skinned": the bloom of
- 5, for "when": as
- 7, for "Annihilate": Obliterate

In The Magician and the Dryad we had an almost clinical contrasting of aspects of human and arboreal bodies. The next poem, On Being Human, has an equally clinical air, but contrasting the human with the angelic. It was printed in Punch in May 1946, a year after That Hideous Strength, and it seems based on Lewis's concept of an eldil as having a body made of light.

The 8-line stanzas are rhymed as pairs of quatrains a-b-c-b, the unrhymed lines having inner rhymes, in the last of which "living" is echoed by "privacy" with an English short "i".

> On Being Human (p. 34 R) Variants: line

2, for "Behold": Perceive

- 9, for "of the": of a
- 18, for "field new-mown": new-mown field
- 20, for "Sea-smells": Sea-smell
- 22, for "smell": scent
 31, for "tingling": piercing
 34. for "Guards": Shields
 34, for "big": bright

In the early book, Spirits in Bondage, is a poem called "Our Daily Bread".

It is not about The Lord's Prayer, but sings of mysteries inherent in our daily routines.

In stanza 2, Lewis refers to people who see "archangels in their daily walks" or "Long files of faerie" in "their beans and cabbage-stalks". This kind of clairvoyance has long been familiar to simpler folk with a selfless love of nature, particularly in Keltic lands, but has usually been closed to, and pooh-poohed by, the sophisticated.

In stanza 3, when Lewis writes "I see a strange god's face", it would be good to know if this was literal truth or poetic imagination. If this be possible (and how natural for the unseen world to gratefully foresee Lewis's re-instating a respect for myth), -- both his then-atheistic rationalism and his later orthodoxy would have kept it strictly private.

The poem ends with an apparent reference to Wordsworth's Ode Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood of 1803-6, particularly to these lines:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar: Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home: Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

"Our Daily Bread"

We need no barbarous words nor solemn spell To raise the unknown.

It lies before our feet; There have been men who sank down into Hell In some suburban street.

And some there are that in their daily walks Have met archangels fresh from sight of God, Or watched how in their beans and cabbage-Long files of faerie trod.

Often me too the Living voices call In many a vulgar and habitual place, I catch a sight of lands beyond the wall, I see a strange god's face.

And some day this will work upon me so I shall arise and leave both friends and home And over many lands a pilgrim go Through alien woods and foam,

Seeking the last steep edges of the earth Whence I may leap into that gulf of light Wherein, before my narrowing Self had birth, Part of me lived aright.

In 1941, two years into the Second World War, a book of English poetry was published by the Cambridge University Press called Fear No More. It was entirely anonymous, and was a corporate act of creative buoyance and faith, in times of anxiety, directed toward those who might need the kind of comfort or strengthening it might provide. The only name divulged was the signature of John Masefield, as Poet Laureate, on the very brief Foreword dated 17 May 1940.

The book contains four poems of Lewis. Nowadays it is rare, and Walter Hooper had not yet seen it when editing Lewis's Poems, though he recently told me all about it. Three of the four he knew from other sources (Poems, pages 96, stanzas 5-4-6 entitled Break, Sun, my crusted Earth, 113, entitled The World is Round, and 130, entitled Arise my Body). The fourth seems now to exist only in Fear No More (copied below from the copy at Yale). It is about the mystery of the divine spirit within each soul, and is called --

Essence

Thoughts that go through my mind,
I dare not tell them;
The alphabet of kind
Lacks script to spell them.

Yet I remain. My will
Some things yet can;
Thought is still one, and still
I am called a man.

Oh of what kind, how far Past fire's degree Of pureness, past a star In constancy;

Than light, which can possess Its own outgoing, How much more one, much less Division knowing,

That essence must have been
Which still I call
My self, since - thus unclean It dies not all.

The exact opposite to such an indivisible unity is Lewis's confession of his inner conflicts in the Italian sonnet called Legion, after the mad Gadarene who was beset by so many devils. As Saint Mark tells it (Ch. 5, v. 9): "And (Jesus) asked him, What is thy name? And he saith unto him, My name is Legion, for we are many." These were the devils that begged to be sent into the herd of swine, who ran down into the Sea of Galilee and were drowned, to the great annoyance of those who were herding them.

Legion (p. 119) Variants: line

3-6:

When pride or pity of self or craving sense Blunt the mind's edge, now momentarily keen. Do not by show of hands decide between My factions; condescend to the pretence 9, for "asked": ask

The poem called <u>Prayer</u> was first printed in the book of <u>Poems</u> with no date. It seems to be a variation of History's song in <u>Pilgrim's Regress</u>, which starts "My heart is empty". In the <u>Poems</u> this is re-titled <u>The Naked Seed</u>, the key-line being "If thou think for me what I cannot think ..." But the way this <u>Prayer</u> calls on "Master" suggests that it may be some years later than <u>Pilgrim's Regress</u>.

Prayer (p. 122)

The Evensong was also first printed in the book of Poems. It seems quite clearly to be a variation on an immortal quatrain from the New England Primer, 1781:-

Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Lewis's poem has three stanzas, each of eight short lines, with a rhyme scheme that sounds just as simple as it is subtly complex. Line 1 rhymes with 3, 5 with 7, but 2 with 6, all feminine rhymes, and only 4 and 8 make the one masculine rhyme. Lewis may have meant it as a symbol of the contrast between an outer serenity (the verbal music even suggesting the quiet breathing during sleep) and an inner complexity of hidden significances (all too seldom remembered afterwards).

Evensong (p. 128)

(In retrospect, I wonder how interesting any reader could find this printed outline of a primarily musical attempt, addressed to ears, not to eyes. Perhaps its value to the silent reader might be as a witness that musical rhythms, colors, inflections, and balances are natural to all language, -- and as an invitation to have fun imagining how the right verbal music can enliven the sense of any statement.)

Report of the 119th Meeting September 14, 1979

After the Chairman for the evening, John Kirkpatrick, had read the essay printed above, the discussion period began with a few preliminary questions and then became almost entirely concerned with Lewis's standing as a poet and with the question of whether his poetry will ever come into its own.

On the question of "rating" Lewis as a 20th century poet, Mr. Kirkpatrick responded that it is really not his concern, and suggested that we are still too close in time to have a proper perspective. Continuing, Mr. Kirkpatrick said Lewis "is certainly one of the most interesting poets I have ever read, though I am an ignoramus in 20th century poetry"; "Every time I go back to Lewis he presents me with something new"; "I have long considered the Great Dance his greatest poem, and I think it qualifies as a 'great poem'."

Present were Linda Bridges, Gene
McGovern, Jane Whitlock, Jim Como, Lottie
Lindberg, Marilyn Driscoll, Hope Kirkpatrick, Eileen Merchant, Robert Merchant,
Mary Gehringer, Don Ryan, William Eddy,
Allene Roberts, Russell Roberts, John Carman, Gail Ramshaw Schmidt, Thomas Schmidt,
Walter Ramshaw, Bruce Hacker, William
Linden, Richard Hodgens, Michael Christensen, W. Winchell, Carol Ann Brown, Loretta
K. Brooks, John Martin, Ruth Ramshaw, Joan
Duncanson, Peter Stine, Nona Aguilar, Ruth
Kahrs, Dorothy Fitzgerald, Gordon Weston,
Beverly Arlton, Jack Haynes.

-Report by Robert Merchant

Financial Report for the year ending August 31, 1979

\$3,305.00
116.85
538,33
\$3,960.18
1-7
\$1,635,30
1,532.82
322.19
199.88
130,00
135.00
65,42
11.51
\$4,032,12
432.24
360.30
171.59
\$ 531.89

Early in That Hideous Strength, the fellows of Bracton College meet to con-

sider, among other items, the state of the college's finances. Commenting upon the Bursar's rather distressing report, the author remarks that "It is very seldom that the affairs of a large corporation, indefinitely committed to the advancement of learning, can be described as being, in a quite unambiguous sense, satisfactory."

In reviewing our own finances, the Eldila find that this appears to be equally true of small organizations. The Eldila are quite unwilling to suggest an increase in our never-yet-changed annual fee of \$7, but we must recognize that our expenses will continue to increase.

In an attempt to resolve this dilemma, the Eldila have decided to establish a new class of membership, to be denoted "Sustaining Member". Payment of a \$25 annual fee admits one to this distinction. The Eldila also appeal to those who feel they can afford some increase over the basic \$7 fee, but not as much as \$25, to increase their contributions accordingly.

The Eldila emphasize that this appeal for increased financial support is entirely voluntary. They would be extremely distressed if any member who does not care to make an increased contribution should therefore discontinue membership.

This invitation for increased support from those members who can afford it will provide those members with an opportunity to demonstrate commitment to the continuation of this unique relationship, in the memory of C.S.Lewis, which is so meaningful and rewarding to us all.

Forthcoming Meetings

121st Meeting: November 9, 1979
A Celebration of
the Society's
Tenth Anniversary

122nd Meeting: December 14, 1979 Topic: They Stand Together Chairman: Eugene McGovern

123rd Meeting: January 11, 1980 Topic: "The Eldila in the Space Trilogy"

Chairman: John Willis, S.J.

Meetings of the Society are held at 7:30 PM on the second Friday of the month at

The Salisbury Hotel 123 West 57th Street Manhattan