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# THE NIGHT SCHOOL, SERIES 10, PART 3 (15 MARCH 2022) OWEN BARFIELD (1898-1997)

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**Version:** 23, 25, 27 February 2022; 3, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 March 2022

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## LINKS

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**The Wade Center at Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois** is dedicated to the works and scholarship of “the Seven”: C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, Dorothy L. Sayers, George Macdonald, G.K. Chesterton, Owen Barfield, and Charles Williams. See: <https://www.wheaton.edu/academics/academic-centers/wadecenter/authors/owen-barfield>.

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## THE IDES OF MARCH

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*Wikipedia* – “**The Ides of March** (/aɪdz/; Latin: *Idus Martiae*, Late Latin: *Idus Martii*) is the 74th day in the Roman calendar, corresponding to 15 March. It was marked by several religious observances **and was notable for the Romans as a deadline for settling debts**. In 44 BC, it became notorious as the date of the assassination of Julius Caesar, which made the Ides of March a turning point in Roman history.... The Romans did not number each day of a month from the first to the last day. Instead, they counted back from three fixed points of the month: the **Nones** (the 5th or 7th, nine days inclusive before the **Ides**), the **Ides** (the 13th for most months, but the 15th in March, May, July, and October), and the **Kalends** (1st of the following month). Originally the Ides were supposed to be determined by the full moon, reflecting the lunar origin of the Roman calendar. In the earliest calendar, the Ides of March would have been the first full moon of the new year. Caesar's death was a closing event in the crisis of the Roman Republic,

and triggered the civil war that would result in the rise to sole power of his adopted heir Octavian (later known as Augustus).”

## THE FULL MOON – MARCH 18<sup>TH</sup> IN 2022

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The full Moon in the Pacific Time Zone: March 18, 2022; 12:17am PDT

**March’s full moon is commonly called the Full Worm Moon.**<sup>1</sup> This is because of the earthworms that wriggle out of the ground as the earth begins to thaw in March. Here’s a little known fact about March’s full moon: it was called the Worm Moon only by Southern Native American tribes. In fact, there’s no way the Northern tribes would have ever called it the Worm Moon - and the reason why is fascinating.

**Essentially, earthworms did not exist in Northern America. It would be literally impossible for Northern tribes to see worms popping up in March. All the earthworms you see in Northern America today are invasive species brought in by colonists.** These earthworms were brought over either out of a misguided intent to help fertilize the soil, or as an accident along with transported plants or the soil used for ballast in ships. **Little did the colonists know that during the last ice age, glaciers had spread so far across Canada and the northern parts of the United States that all earthworms had been completely wiped out.**

When the deep ice melted 12,000 years ago, the native forests in those areas grew back and adapted to the loss of earthworms. The growth of these forests became dependent on a layer of duff, which is a compost layer comprised of decomposing leaves and other rotting organic matter. If you ever visit one of these native forests, you will be asked to clean your shoes and make sure it’s free of earthworm eggs. That’s because while it’s normally harmless everywhere else, earthworms will aggressively destroy the native forest’s duff layer by eating right through it.

**This is why in Northern American tribes such as the Shawnee tribe, the Worm Moon is called the Sap Moon instead, as a reminder for the tribes that they can begin tapping maple syrup. In general, March’s full moon is known as a herald for the beginning of spring and new agricultural cycles.** The Anglo-Saxons even used the Worm Moon as a way to predict the state of their crops. They called it the Storm Moon

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<sup>1</sup> See: <https://www.moongiant.com/moonphases/March/2022>.

if it was stormy, which was a sign that their crops would fail. But if it was dry, they called it the Rugged Moon, an indication of a bounteous harvest.

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## ROMAN MONTHS

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**Calends, Nones, and Ides**<sup>2</sup> - The Roman calendar highlighted a number of days in each month:

**Calends** (*Kalendae*) were the first days of each month. The name is derived from the Greek word *καλειν*, to announce, which may initially have been used in the ancient lunar calendar to “announce” the day of the New Moon (or the first sliver of the Waxing Crescent Moon).

**Ides** (*Idus*) occurred one day before the middle of each month. Depending on the month's length, it fell on the 13th or 15th day. In the lunar calendar, the Ides marked the day of the Full Moon.

**Nones** (*Nonae*) fell on the 7th day of 31-day months and on the 5th day of 29-day months, marking the day of the First Quarter Moon.

These markers were used to number the days in each month, counting backward from the upcoming Calends, Ides, or Nones. The count always included the day of the marker. For example, the 11th day of Martius would be known as “Five Ides” to the Romans because it is the fifth day before the Ides of Martius, which fell on the 15th day.

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## GENESIS 11:1-9 - THE TOWER OF BABEL

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The *Oxford English Dictionary* at the verb “**to babble**” - “**Etymology**: Apparently < the syllable /ba/ which is characteristic of early infantile vocalization, this syllable being taken as typical of childish speech, and hence of indistinct or nonsensical talk + -le suffix 3. Compare **prattle** v. Compare also the name of **Babel** (see Babel n.), which, although etymologically unrelated, may have been

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<sup>2</sup> See: <https://www.timeanddate.com/calendar/roman-calendar.html>.

associated with the verb in later use; also, later **blab** v.1, **blabber** v., and (with sense 2b) **blubber** v.” And the definition: “*intransitive*. To talk excessively or inappropriately; to chatter quickly, excitedly, or at length; to speak indiscreetly; to tattle. Also, with *on*.”

See my extensive Ganz Notes on the following biblical passage.




It is interesting how this story of “building” a great city is sandwiched between two accounts of how God builds the world; that is Genesis 10 is the “table of the nations” – a listing of all the nations of the Earth – and at Genesis 11:10-32 an account of the generations of people and families leading up to the call of Abraham and Sarah. **God builds through people; people like to build things.**

### The Tower of Babel<sup>a</sup> \*

11 The whole world spoke the same language, with the same vocabulary. <sup>2</sup> Now, as people moved eastwards, they found a valley in the land of Shinar<sup>b</sup> where they settled. <sup>3</sup> They said to one another, ‘Come, let us make bricks and bake them in the fire.’ For stone they used bricks, and for mortar they used bitumen. <sup>4</sup> ‘Come,’ they said, ‘let us build ourselves a city and a tower with its top reaching heaven.’ <sup>c</sup> Let us make a name for ourselves, so that we do not get scattered all over the world.’\*

<sup>5</sup> Now Yahweh came down to see the city and the tower that the people had built. <sup>6</sup> ‘So they are all a single people with a single language!’ said Yahweh. ‘This is only the start of their undertakings! Now nothing they plan to do will be beyond them.’\* <sup>7</sup> Come, let us go down and confuse their language there, so that they cannot understand one another.’ <sup>8</sup> Yahweh scattered them thence all over the world, and they stopped building the city.\* <sup>9</sup> That is why it was called Babel, since there Yahweh confused<sup>d</sup> the language of the whole world, and from there Yahweh scattered them all over the world. <sup>3</sup>

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\*  Ws 10:5  Ac 2:5-12  Rv 7:9-10

\* Si 40:19

\* 3:22

\* Is 14:12seq.; Jr 51:53; Jn 10:16; 11:52 • Col 3:11

<sup>3</sup> [The New Jerusalem Bible](#) (New York; London; Toronto; Sydney; Auckland: Doubleday, 1990), Ge 11:1-9.

In a positivistic society, language is conventionally understood simply as descriptive of what is. When language only describes what is, it inevitably becomes conservative. It tends to become ideological, giving permanence to the way things presently are. **But language in serious community need not be only descriptive of what is. It can be evocative and creative, calling into being things that do not exist.** Such language is the way of promise and of hope. And because such speech calls into existence things that do not exist, it is dangerous and subversive speech. It stands characteristically over against things as they are. **This text invites reflection on the possibility of language and on the dangers of language misused.**<sup>4</sup>

This narrative poses important issues about the practice and function of language. **It suggests that all human language has become a language of disobedience.**<sup>5</sup>

The other exception is in the Babel story itself, where the attempt to “make a name for ourselves” (v 4) is seen as resistance to God’s will for populating the earth (Brueggemann *Genesis* IBC, 99), which prompts God’s judgment. This is tied to what follows by the subsequent genealogy which proceeds from Shem (= “Name”!) to Abraham (Gen 11:10–26 [P Source]) and by the allusion to the “great name” in Gen 12:2 ([J Source]; cf. von Rad *Genesis* OTL, 148–50). **Indeed, from the point of view of canon, all divine actions subsequent to the Babel incident constitute God’s gracious attempts to reverse its effects, thus the theologically strategic placement of the story. In the context of the Hebrew canon, the consequences of Babel are initially reversed in God’s involvement with the Hebrew ancestors (Genesis 12–50). Ultimate reversal occurs when God makes David’s name great and blesses him (2 Sam 7:9, 29)....** Finally, within the Christian canon, the account of Pentecost (Acts 2:5–13) may be understood as a NT version of God’s gracious reversal of the “Babel condition” (Bruce *Acts* NICNT, 64; Davies 1952:228–29). **In the LXX version of the story, God decided to**

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<sup>4</sup> Walter Brueggemann, [Genesis](#), Interpretation, a Bible Commentary for Teaching and Preaching (Atlanta, GA: John Knox Press, 1982), 102.

<sup>5</sup> Walter Brueggemann, [Genesis](#), Interpretation, a Bible Commentary for Teaching and Preaching (Atlanta, GA: John Knox Press, 1982), 97.

IBC Interpretation: A Bible Commentary for Teaching and Preaching

P Peshier (commentary)

J “Yahwist” source

OTL Old Testament Library

NICNT New International Commentary on the New Testament

LXX Septuagint

confound (Gk *sygcheōmen*) the people's language (Gk *glōssan*) so that they could not understand one another's speech (Gk *phōnēn*). Conversely, in Acts the disciples "began to speak in other tongues" (2:4; Gk *glōssais*). This in turn produced a "sound" (2:6; Gk *phōnēs*) at which the multitude was "bewildered" or "confused" (2:6; Gk *synechythē*). At Babel, God transformed a single language into many, creating confusion; at Jerusalem the Holy Spirit made it possible for many languages to be understood as one, creating unity. At Babel, language was used to promote a human agenda ("Let us make a name for ourselves."); at Jerusalem, the "new" language was used to announce the "mighty works of God" (Acts 2:11). At Babel, God scattered the people in judgment (Gen 11:9; Gk *diespeiren*); at Jerusalem, God scattered (Acts 8:1, 4; Gk *diesparésan*; *diasparentes*) the people to spread the news which would eventuate in worldwide unity (Davies 1952:229).<sup>6</sup>

## QUOTES

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**Owen Barfield, "Style" (June 1933)** – "To be original does not mean to be odd or peculiar; it means simply, not to be a copy. It is in this sense that style may be said to be the expression of thoughts which are "our own." The words uttered by a self which is determined to think only its own thoughts will not be peculiar. On the contrary. It is the parrot which is such a peculiar bird. Such words will not be a mere rattling of the dried husks of what was once thought but is so no more."

**Owen Barfield, "Style" (June 1933)** – "To write what I have thought is to write what the spirit has thought. And that is style."

**Ira Glass (b. 1959)** – "It's hard to make something that's interesting. It's really, really hard. ... Basically, anything that anyone makes. ... It's like a law of nature, a law of aerodynamics, that anything that's written or anything that's created wants to be mediocre. The natural state of all writing is mediocrity. It's all tending toward mediocrity in the same way that all atoms are sort of dissipating out toward the expanse of the universe. ... So, what it takes to make anything more than mediocre is such an act of will. ... That feels exactly the same now as it did the first week of the show [NPR's *This American Life*]."

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<sup>6</sup> Frank Anthony Spina, "[Babel \(Place\)](#)," *The Anchor Yale Bible Dictionary* (New York: Doubleday, 1992) 562.

**Walter Hooper** - "In October 1919 he [Barfield] went up to Wadham College, Oxford, on a Classical scholarship. However, because of his growing interest in English literature, it was not Greats he read, but English Literature. During his first term he met Lewis and they were friends from then on. 'Barfield towers above us all', Lewis wrote in his diary of 9 July 1922. Lewis's diary (*AMR*), which covers the years 1922 to 1927, contains much about their shared interests.<sup>7</sup>

**Owen Barfield, *History in English Words* (1926)** - "When a new thing or a new idea comes into the consciousness of the community, it is described, not by a new word, but by the name of the pre-existing object which most closely resembles it."

**Saul Bellow (1915-2005)** - "During this later period of his life, the US novelist and Nobel laureate Saul Bellow wrote: 'We are well supplied with interesting writers, but Owen Barfield is not content to be merely interesting. His ambition is to set us free. Free from what? From the prison we have made for ourselves by our ways of knowing, our limited and false habits of thought, our "common sense." These, he convincingly argues, have produced a "world of outsides with no insides to them," a brittle surface world, an object world in which we ourselves are mere objects. It is not only what we perceive but also what we fail to perceive that determines the quality of the world we live in, and what we have collectively chosen not to perceive is the full reality of consciousness, the "inside" of everything that exists.'"

## INKLINGS

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*Britannica*, Peter Schakel at "Inklings" -

**Inklings**, informal group of writers that included C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien and that met in Oxford, Oxfordshire, England, in the 1930s and '40s.

As Lewis's brother Warren ("Warnie") put it, "There were no rules, officers, agendas, or formal elections." Lewis was the central figure, and others in it were mostly friends and university colleagues of his. **Other members in addition to**

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AMR All My Road Before Me: The Diary of C. S. Lewis 1922-27, edited by Walter Hooper (1991)

<sup>7</sup> C. S. Lewis, [The Collected Letters of C. S. Lewis](#), ed. Walter Hooper (New York: HarperCollins e-books; HarperSanFrancisco, 2004-2007), 979.



Lewis, Lewis's brother, and Tolkien were Owen Barfield, Charles Williams, Colin Hardie, Adam Fox, Hugo Dyson, Lord David Cecil, and Nevill Coghill. The group's name was taken over from a student literary club at the University of Oxford when it ceased in 1933. But "pre-Inkling" meetings of Lewis with Barfield and Tolkien had started in the late 1920s, before the group adopted the name. Tolkien explained the name as a pun, meaning both "people with vague or half-formed intimations and ideas" and "those who dabble in ink" – thus doubly suitable for a group of writers discussing works-in-progress.

When the group was most active, the Inklings held meetings twice a week, with six to eight members typically attending. On Tuesday mornings they convened at the *Eagle and Child* pub (commonly known as the "Bird and Baby") in Oxford for beer and wide-ranging conversation. **But their most important meetings were Thursday evenings in Lewis's rooms at Magdalen College, when various members read aloud from books or poems they were writing, and other members responded with vigorous critiques and suggestions.**

## BIOGRAPHICAL

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### Owen Barfield (1898–1997)

C.S. Lewis and Owen Barfield were drawn together during their undergraduate days at Oxford by a common interest in poetry. As they read and critiqued each other's work, Lewis found in Barfield a second great friend. The two men shared interests, but not points of view; Lewis described Barfield as his "anti-self," "the man who disagrees with you about everything."

After Oxford, Barfield worked as a free-lance writer until financial demands forced him to enter his father's legal firm as a solicitor. He maintained his friendship with Lewis for the rest of their lives and was influential in shaping Lewis's views about the importance of myth in language, literature, and the history of thinking. Barfield resumed his writing career after retiring from law.

Raised an agnostic, Barfield became a Christian in his late twenties; nevertheless, he was never comfortable with Lewis's apologetics or his evangelism. He later



embraced and wrote about anthroposophy, a form of religious philosophy which he believed complemented rather than detracted from Christianity.<sup>8</sup>

*Wikipedia* – “**Owen Barfield** was born in London, to Elizabeth (née Shoults; 1860–1940) and Arthur Edward Barfield (1864–1938). He had three elder siblings: Diana (1891–1963), Barbara (1892–1951), and Harry (1895–1977). He was educated at Highgate School and Wadham College, Oxford and in 1920 received a First Class degree in English language and literature. After finishing his B. Litt., which became his third book *Poetic Diction*, he was a dedicated poet and author for over ten years. After 1934 his profession was as a solicitor in London, from which he retired in 1959 aged 60. Thereafter he had many guest appointments as Visiting Professor in North America. Barfield published numerous essays, books, and articles. His primary focus was on what he called the "evolution of consciousness," which is an idea which occurs frequently in his writings. He is best known as the author of *Saving the Appearances: A Study in Idolatry* and as a founding father of Anthroposophy in the English-speaking world.”

**Walter Hooper** – “In 1925 they moved to London to help with Barfield’s literary career. He worked for the magazine *Truth*, and during this time he wrote a fairy tale of the Hans Andersen kind, *The Silver Trumpet* (1925). This was followed by *History in English Words* (1926) which is not merely about the changes in the meanings of words over time but what he called ‘evolution of consciousness’. In 1928 he published a revised version of his B. Litt. thesis, *Poetic Diction: A Study in Meaning*, which contains many of his leading philosophic ideas.”<sup>9</sup>

**The Wade Center at Wheaton College** – “Barfield remembered his parents maintaining a respect for the Christian faith, and his father having a particularly deep regard for the teachings of Jesus Christ. One feature of his father's character throws light on a certain aspect of Barfield's relationship with C.S. Lewis. Cecil Harwood, who regularly visited the Barfield home as a boy, remembered Mr. Barfield as a "remarkable man of an acute intelligence," who used to alarm him by shooting questions at him as to why he believed this or that, when he had "no valid reason except that he had been brought up to believe it" ("Owen Barfield" in *Evolution of Consciousness: Studies in Polarity*, ed. Shirley Sugerman, 31). Harwood's observation suggests that Barfield received a training under his father in the art of dialectic not unlike that which Lewis received under William T. Kirkpatrick. J.R.R. Tolkien appears to corroborate this in a letter to his son Christopher: "O.B. is the only man who can tackle C.S.L. making him define everything

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<sup>8</sup> “[The Gallery – Family and Friends of C.S. Lewis](#),” *Christian History Magazine*-Issue 7: *C.S. Lewis: His Life, Thought & Theology* (Worcester, PA: Christian History Institute, 1985).

<sup>9</sup> C. S. Lewis, [The Collected Letters of C. S. Lewis](#), ed. Walter Hooper (New York: HarperCollins e-books; HarperSanFrancisco, 2004–2007), 980.

and interrupting his most dogmatic pronouncements with subtle *distinguos* (*Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien*, 103). It is not at all surprising, then, that it was Barfield who effectively challenged Lewis's atheistic assumptions and chronological snobbery.... During his first term [at Wadham College, Oxford] he [Barfield] was introduced to C.S. Lewis whom he came to consider his most intimate friend. After taking a First in English Literature in 1921, he remained on to write his thesis, *Poetic Diction*, for his B.Litt., which was published later in 1928.... During his years at Oxford, Barfield joined the Oxford branch of the English Folkdance Society. There he met Matilda (Maud) Douie, a Scottish woman who danced professionally. They were married on April 11, 1923 and raised three children, a daughter and two boys. (To their daughter Lucy, C.S. Lewis dedicated *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*, and to their youngest son Geoffrey, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*).... Tributes to the originality of Barfield's mind abound, and many have considered his years involved in the mundane affairs of a solicitor's office [his dad's legal office, where he worked as a Solicitor until he retired from it in 1959] a waste of such a gifted mind. Cecil Harwood, however, believed that Barfield's legal training benefited many, and that his association with the ordinary run of life effectively added weight and judgment to his writings ("Owen Barfield," 31).... It is worth noting that when he was seeking to decide whether to join the family law firm, Barfield told his father (who was concerned that becoming a lawyer would interfere with his son's literary ambitions) that he was not really looking for a literary career at all, but rather seeking to influence **the consciousness of the age** by contributing to its evolution. All of his books, lectures and essays were directed towards this one aim."

## ANTHROPOSOPHY

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**Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925)** taught at a workingmen's college and edited a literary journal, *Magazin für Literatur*, in Berlin. In 1901 he embraced a spiritualism which emphasized a form of knowledge that transcended sensory experience and was attained by the "higher self." He held that man had previously been attuned to spiritual processes by virtue of a dreamlike state of consciousness but was diverted from this consciousness by preoccupation with material entities. Through training, one could retrieve the innate capacity to perceive a spiritual realm. [The Cambridge Dictionary of Philosophy. Cambridge University Press. Kindle Edition.]

*Wikipedia* at "**Owen Barfield**" - "Barfield's writing was not derivative, it was profoundly original, but he did not see himself as having moved beyond Steiner, as, in his opinion, Steiner had moved beyond Goethe. Barfield considered Steiner a much

greater man in possession of a greater mind than Goethe, and of course he considered himself very small compared to both of them.”

While Barfield worked on *The Silver Trumpet*, his debates with Lewis mounted in intensity. The turning point came when he and Harwood confessed their enthusiasm for **Rudolf Steiner**. Lewis was aghast, exclaiming in his diary (July 7, 1923) that “Steiner seems to be a sort of panpsychist, with a vein of posing superstition, and I was very much disappointed to hear that both Harwood and Barfield were impressed by him.” Many years later, in *Surprised by Joy*, he would provide more details about his reaction: “I was hideously shocked,” he writes, for “here ... were all the abominations ... gods spirits, after-life and pre-existence, initiates, occult knowledge, meditation. ‘Why – damn it – it’s *medieval*,’ I exclaimed.” His revulsion may seem extreme but should not surprise, for during the early 1920s he was still a self-proclaimed pagan, a proponent of *élan vital*, in love with energy, growth, and truth – all of which, he was convinced, perished the instant supernatural considerations entered the conversation. Barfield and Harwood had gone over to the enemy. [Zaleski, Philip; Zaleski, Carol. *The Fellowship: The Literary Lives of the Inklings: J.R.R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, Owen Barfield, Charles Williams* (pp. 112-113). Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Kindle Edition.]

“Steiner’s philosophy, which he felt to be in harmony with Christianity though not sectarian, holds that the process of evolution, which involves **not just humankind but the whole universe, is anthropocentric. It is a process of coming to consciousness in which humanity has become progressively more aware, both of itself and of its surroundings**, while at the same time (and indeed as an inevitable part of the process) becoming increasingly separate from the surrounding world and the power that began the whole process. This increasing consciousness, now at a stage of complete sense of separation from the natural and supernatural worlds, is a necessary step in the progression to full consciousness, a final step of full self-awareness both of our human individuality and our union with God and the universe.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

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## BARFIELD AS FRIEND OF C.S. LEWIS

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“In particular, they shared an abiding interest in the history of language and its relationship to myth. Beyond these, they seem to have enjoyed a certain community of mind,<sup>2</sup> for Barfield said that in some areas, notably in the concept of the poet as world-maker (“sub-creator” is Tolkien’s term), he felt that Tolkien was rather closer to his own

point of view than was Lewis, with whom Barfield enjoyed not so much community of mind as vigorous and challenging intellectual interaction." [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, "Poetic Diction and Splintered Light" (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

From *Surprised by Joy* – **"My next was Owen Barfield. There is a sense in which Arthur [Greeves] and Barfield are the types of every man's First Friend and Second Friend.** The First is the *alter ego*, the man who first reveals to you that you are not alone in the world by turning out (beyond hope) to share all your most secret delights. There is nothing to be overcome in making him your friend; he and you join like rain-drops on a window. But the Second Friend is the man who disagrees with you about everything. He is not so much the *alter ego* as the *anti-self*. Of course, he shares your interests; otherwise he would not become your friend at all. But he has approached them all at a different angle. He has read all the right books but has got the wrong thing out of every one." [Lewis, C. S. *Surprised by Joy* (p. 244). HarperOne. Kindle Edition.]

*Wikipedia* – "Barfield and C. S. Lewis met in 1919 as students at Oxford University and were close friends for 44 years. "It is no exaggeration to say that his friendship with Barfield was one of the most important in his [Lewis's] life..." The friendship was reciprocal. **Almost a year after Lewis's death, Barfield spoke of his friendship in a talk in the USA: "Now, whatever he was, and as you know, he was a great many things, C. S. Lewis was for me, first and foremost, the absolutely unforgettable friend, the friend with whom I was in close touch for over 40 years, the friend you might come to regard hardly as another human being, but almost as a part of the furniture of my existence."** When they met, Lewis was an atheist who told Barfield, "I don't accept God!" Barfield was influential in converting Lewis. Lewis came to see that there were *two kinds of friends*, a first friend with whom you feel at home and agree (Lewis's close friend Arthur Greeves was an example of this) and a second friend who brings to you a different point of view. He found Barfield's contribution in this way particularly helpful despite, or because of, the fact that "during the 1920s, the two were to engage in a long dispute over Barfield's (and their mutual friend, A.C. Harwood's) connection to Anthroposophy *and the kind of knowledge that imagination can give us...* which they affectionately called 'The Great War'."

**From *Surprised by Joy* about the "Great War" between Lewis and Barfield** – "For Barfield's conversion to Anthroposophy marked the beginning of what I can only describe as the Great War between him and me. It was never, thank God, a quarrel, though it could have become one in a moment if he had used to me anything like the violence I allowed myself to him. But it was an almost incessant disputation, sometimes by letter and sometimes face to face, which lasted for years. And this Great War was one of the turning points of my life." [Lewis, C. S. *Surprised by Joy* (pp. 253-254). HarperOne. Kindle Edition.]

**From *Surprised by Joy*** – “It was then that a really dreadful thing (dreadful to me) happened. **First Harwood (still without changing his expression), and then Barfield, embraced the doctrines of Steiner and became Anthroposophists.** I was hideously shocked. Everything that I had laboured so hard to expel from my own life seemed to have flared up and met me in my best friends. **Not only my best friends, but those whom I would have thought safest; the one so immovable, the other brought up in a free-thinking family and so immune from all ‘superstition’ that he had hardly heard of Christianity itself until he went to school. (The gospel first broke on Barfield in the form of a dictated list of Parables Peculiar to St Matthew.) Not only in my seeming-safest friends but at a moment when we all had most need to stand together.** And as I came to learn (so far as I ever have learned) what Steiner thought, my horror turned into disgust and resentment. For here, apparently, were all the abominations; none more abominable than those which had once attracted me. Here were gods, spirits, after-life and pre-existence, initiates, occult knowledge, meditation. ‘Why – damn it – it’s medieval,’ I exclaimed; for I still had all the chronological snobbery of my period and used the names of earlier periods as terms of abuse. [Lewis, C. S. *Surprised by Joy* (p. 252). HarperOne. Kindle Edition.]

**From Schakel, *Reason and Imagination in C.S. Lewis* (1984)** – “Barfield’s concern – and I think it has not been given sufficient attention in considerations of Lewis’s work – is that a consciousness of self, and of the inevitability of a degree of subjectivity, is necessary to proper understanding even of “objective” things, and that Lewis’s failure to include self in his thinking was an inhibiting factor in his thought and work. Barfield does not indicate that this attitude changed later in Lewis’s life. It appears to me, however, that for the final decade and a half of his life Lewis gradually shifted his emphasis to give fuller consideration to the self and the subjective, simultaneous with and related to an altered emphasis on reason and imagination, all of which leads to a noticeably different approach and tone in his later works.”<sup>10</sup>

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## BARFIELD’S PROJECT – THE ANCIENT SEMANTIC UNITY

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“The start of World War I in August 1914 marked the end of what the folklorist Richard Dorson has called “the golden century” of folklore studies. The beginning saw the publication in 1812 of the first volume of *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*, the Grimm brothers’

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<sup>10</sup> Peter J. Schakel, [\*Reason and Imagination in C. S. Lewis: A Study of Till We Have Faces\*](#) (Grand Rapids, MI: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 1984), 89–90.



collection of German folk and fairy tales by which they hoped to discover the Germanic folk spirit and validate and unite the German people as one nation. The Grimms were not alone in this quest for national identity through language and myth; the whole of Western Europe and the British Isles appeared to be engaged in the same search. Ireland, Scotland, Norway, and Finland all ransacked their cultural attics for evidence of folktale, legend, and myth to uncover their heritage and validate their ethnicity. Folktale collections proliferated. Asbjörnson and Moe's *Norske Folkeeventyr*, Jacob's *Celtic Fairy Tales*, Lönnrot's Finnish *Kalevala*, the collecting of Islay in Scotland, Croker and Curtin in Ireland, Rhys in Wales – it seemed that every language group wanted to discover itself through myth. Comparative works such as Frazer's *The Golden Bough* explored the links and postulated universal themes behind the stories. In this context it is no wonder the young Tolkien became fired with the ambition to create a mythology and dedicate it "to England," at the time one of the few national entities without a mythological heritage. Then came the war." [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, "Poetic Diction and Splintered Light" (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

"In particular, work done in England by Owen Barfield and in Germany by Ernst Cassirer built on the foundations already laid and suggested **an interconnectedness of myth and language** that spoke directly to Tolkien's interests, both professional and avocational. Of the two, Barfield seems to have been the stronger influence on Tolkien. While he could certainly have read Cassirer in German, his work was not translated into English until much later." [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, "Poetic Diction and Splintered Light" (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

"Some time in or about 1928, Tolkien's friend and Oxford colleague C. S. Lewis remarked to his longtime friend Barfield: "You might like to know that when Tolkien dined with me the other night he said, *à propos* of something quite different, that your conception of **the ancient semantic unity** had modified his whole outlook, and he was always just going to say something in a lecture when your concept stopped him in time. 'It is one of those things,' he said, 'that when you've once seen it there are all sorts of things you can never say again'" (Carpenter, *Inklings*, 42)." [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, "Poetic Diction and Splintered Light" (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

"The concept of ancient semantic unity to which Tolkien's remark referred is the thesis of Barfield's best-known critical book, *Poetic Diction*, published in 1928 and, quite clearly, freshly read by Tolkien." [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, "Poetic Diction and Splintered Light" (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“In the poem [“Mythopoeia”<sup>11</sup> by Tolkien], as opposed to the earlier prose passage about the adjective, Tolkien emphasizes the right to sub-create – not just to make, but to make by “the law in which we’re made.” The preposition is important; we are not made *by* a law but *in* that law. We are part of it not just products of it. **That law is the word, the Logos, the highest expression of Barfield’s ancient semantic unity, the whole vision shattered as we have fallen and as our perceptions have fragmented.** Making still by that law in which we’re made – the word – we have “dared to build/ gods and their houses out of dark and light.” This polarity adumbrates the theme of the *Silmarillion*.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“Because his interests extended over a wide range of disciplines, Owen Barfield is a difficult figure to categorize. By profession, he was for many years a solicitor. By avocation and natural inclination, he was a philologist, a mythologist, and most of all a philosopher whose work on the development of consciousness encompasses the other two disciplines and draws extensively on his accumulated knowledge in those fields.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“Their friendship [Lewis and Barfield] continued, deepened on annual walking tours of England and stimulated by a running battle of ideas that they called “the Great War.” This lively debate pitted Lewis’s then-agnostic rationalism against Barfield’s growing interest in and enthusiasm for the writings of Rudolf Steiner. Through Steiner, Barfield came to believe that that the universe was the product of design and was suffused with meaning and, moreover, that imagination can be used quite as well as logic and reason to gain a better understanding of that universe and to comprehend the phenomena of the world around us.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

**Di Fuccia, Michael Vincent. *Owen Barfield: Philosophy, Poetry, and Theology*.**

ASIN: B01N3U32N1

Publisher: Cascade Books, an Imprint of Wipf and Stock Publishers (November 8, 2016)

Publication date: November 8, 2016

Language: English

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<sup>11</sup> Flieger notes: “The poem in its entirety is now published together with “On Fairy-stories” and “Leaf by Niggle” as part of a new edition of *Tree and Leaf* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1989). It is pure Barfield.”



“Barfield notes that as a young boy he was raised without religious beliefs and if anything a slight bias against them. Indeed, he thought such things were “humbug.” But as he grew older he noted, “I began to abhor this vacuum in myself which did not at all fit with the promptings either of my emotional or of my moral nature....” **This drove him to study poetry, which kindled that part of him that his earlier skepticism had denied.<sup>12</sup> What he discovered was that poetry (i.e., the subjective imagination) actually enhanced the “outer” or objective world, revealing a deeper meaning than he had hitherto envisaged.** This is precisely *the type of aesthetic encounter* his poetic philosophy seeks to verify. It was these early experiences that marked the beginning a lifelong endeavor to rectify the division between rational and poetic discourse. Hence, Barfield’s bookplate reads, “Zwie seelen wohnen ach! In Meiner Brust” (“Two souls dwell, alas! In my breast!”) – a line borrowed from Goethe’s *Faust*. **The “two souls” are the rational and poetic, objective and subjective, that his participatory philosophy sought to bring into harmony.** At bottom this poetic philosophy is linguistic, based upon his earliest work in philology. In a time when words had become merely arbitrary, Barfield discovered them to be of vital, ontological *gravitas*. **According to Barfield, the language one uses directly coincides with one’s philosophy or consciousness (i.e., a restricted language coincides with a restricted ontology).<sup>13</sup>** [Di Fuccia, Michael Vincent. *Owen Barfield: Philosophy, Poetry, and Theology* (Veritas Book 20) (pp. 2-4). Cascade Books, an Imprint of Wipf and Stock Publishers. Kindle Edition.]

“He is most critical of Cartesian<sup>14</sup> thought (the relegation the non-material or non-spatial to the mind) for arbitrarily creating a chasm between subject and object, which dominates the modern consciousness and forms the basis of the social and physical

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<sup>12</sup> “Barfield, *Poetic Diction*, 14–15. In his second preface to *Poetic Diction*, Barfield critiques I. A. Richards for dividing scientific language (or real language) from that which is poetic or emotive (not real), arguing poetry was a way to knowledge.” [Di Fuccia, Michael Vincent. *Owen Barfield: Philosophy, Poetry, and Theology* (Veritas Book 20) (p. 16). Cascade Books, an Imprint of Wipf and Stock Publishers. Kindle Edition.]

<sup>13</sup> “For example, analytical certainty often comes at the expense of the qualitatively real. For this reason, a majority of Barfield’s major works, both fiction and non-fiction, address the dire implications of de-ontologized language.” [Di Fuccia, Michael Vincent. *Owen Barfield: Philosophy, Poetry, and Theology* (Veritas Book 20) (p. 16). Cascade Books, an Imprint of Wipf and Stock Publishers. Kindle Edition.]

<sup>14</sup> “**Descartes, René (1596–1650)**, French philosopher and mathematician, a founder of the “modern age,” and perhaps the most important figure in the intellectual revolution of the seventeenth century in which the traditional systems of understanding based on Aristotle were challenged and, ultimately, overthrown. His conception of philosophy was all-embracing: it encompassed mathematics and the physical sciences as well as psychology and ethics, and it was based on what he claimed to be absolutely firm and reliable metaphysical foundations. His approach to the problems of knowledge, certainty, and the nature of the human mind played a major part in shaping the subsequent development of philosophy.” [*The Cambridge Dictionary of Philosophy*. Cambridge University Press. Kindle Edition.]

sciences. His poetic philosophy sought to overcome this dualism so that man might apprehend those real forms of reality (what he generally refers to as “qualities”) in the world that had been lost to such reductive philosophies. Barfield believed that the properly trained imagination could “rediscover” a world before this Cartesian division, where subjects and objects are not divided, but “intermingle” or participate in one another.” [Di Fuccia, Michael Vincent. *Owen Barfield: Philosophy, Poetry, and Theology* (Veritas Book 20) (p. 4). Cascade Books, an Imprint of Wipf and Stock Publishers. Kindle Edition.]

## POETIC DICTION: A STUDY OF MEANING (1928)

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“Barfield’s theory holds that myth, language, and humanity’s perception of the world are interlocked and inseparable. The word *myth* in this context must be taken to mean that which describes humankind’s perception of its relationship to the natural and supernatural worlds. **Words are expressed myth**, the embodiments of mythic concepts and a mythic worldview. **Language in its beginnings made no distinction between the literal and the metaphoric meaning of a word, as it does today. Indeed, the very concept of metaphor, or one thing described in the terms of another, was nonexistent. All diction was literal, giving direct voice to the perception of phenomena and humanity’s intuitive mythic participation in them.** The modern distinction between the literal and metaphoric uses of a word suggests a separation of the abstract from the concrete, an abstracting of qualities from one thing in order to bestow them on another. This, says Barfield, must surely have been a late development in the history of language. Humankind in its beginnings had a sense of the cosmos as a whole and of itself as a part of that whole, a sense that has long since been left behind. **We now perceive the cosmos as particularized, fragmented, and entirely separate from ourselves. Our consciousness and the language with which we express that consciousness have changed and splintered.** In that earlier, primal worldview every word would have had its own unity of meaning embodying what we now can understand only as a multiplicity of separate concepts, concepts for which we (no longer able to participate in the original worldview) must use many different words.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“The Gospel of Saint John provides yet another example. The opening sentence, “In the beginning was the Word,” translated the Greek *logos* as “word.” **To John and his audience, *logos* would have conveyed co-equally with word, “speech,” “reason,”**

**“organizing principle,” and “cosmic harmony.”** All of these now-discrete concepts would have been apprehended as the same phenomenon. **To translate *logos*, as we are forced to do today, by selecting one from among these meanings, is arbitrarily to isolate that meaning and that concept from the entirety of meaning it must have originally expressed.** Word, percept, and concept have altered so that the former wholeness has, of necessity, been *fragmented*.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“The theory views words as indices and instruments of developing consciousness. Humanity’s growing consciousness of itself as separate from the surrounding phenomena, and of these phenomena as separate from one another, results in a **consequent fragmentation of perception and of the vocabulary with which it is expressed.** As the progression continues, this fragmentation of vocabulary itself leads to further fragmentation of perceptions: more refined percepts lead to more words, which give rise to further percepts that generate new words – and a self-perpetuating process is established.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“Tolkien told Lewis that Barfield’s concept “stopped him in time” from saying “all sorts of things” about language that he could “never say again,” presumably because he must have then seen them as wrong or misleading. This is the negative, or constraining, side of the revelation; but the positive side, far from stopping him, may have enabled him to both see and say other sorts of things that he might not have otherwise been able to say.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

**“Thus, Tolkien’s fictive world-making enhanced his capacity to enter imaginatively, through the gateway of one word, into a long-past culture and its language, while his scholarship gave him a solid base on which to build imaginary peoples and their languages.** The impact of Barfield’s concept on Tolkien’s thinking is evident in “On Fairy-stories,” wherein Tolkien writes about the nature of fantasy, the power of language to create a fantasy world, and the way in which a word can modify perception, thus stimulating the imagination that uses it (122). The same approach to words is at the heart of the central concept of the *Silmarillion*, a work of Primary Imagination, in Coleridgean terms, that strikingly illustrates the very kind of development and fragmentation of language Barfield’s theory describes.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“*Sub-creation* was the process through which he made the *Silmarillion*, and his primary tool of sub creation, as well as an important component of the sub-created world, was language used as Barfield had described it in *Poetic Diction*.” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

“The critical center of the essay [Tolkien, “On Faerie Stories”] is the section in which Tolkien discusses the writing of fantasy as an act of sub-creation. He describes it as the making of a Secondary World in imitation of God, creator of the Primary World. **God is the Prime Mover, the First Creator; the writer must therefore be a secondary creator, or sub-creator.** For Tolkien this is not a dismissive term but the title of a high calling. To be second to God is no mean accomplishment. **The writer’s tools of sub-creation are words – a subdivision of the logos of John, and thus also are in imitation of God. This being the case, words are not merely for describing or reporting but for actual making, for *real-izing* in the literal sense of the word the writer’s imaginary world.**” [Flieger, Verlyn. *Splintered Light: Tolkien's World*, Revised Edition, Chapter 4, “Poetic Diction and Splintered Light” (2002). The Kent State University Press. Kindle Edition.]

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## HISTORY IN WORDS (1926)

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Owen Barfield, *History in English Words* (1926). This was his second published work. –

ASIN: B008RLXELG

Publisher: Lindisfarne Books (June 1, 2003)

Publication date: June 1, 2003

Language: English

Print length: 236 pages

The immense debt which the foregoing pages owe to the *Oxford English Dictionary* – now practically complete – is, I hope, too obvious from the text to need further emphasis. Without access to that unrivalled monument of imaginative scholarship a great deal of the first part, and nearly all the second part, of this book could never have been even attempted. Readers who wish to study history in English words for themselves should lose no opportunity of consulting its fascinating volumes. And in case the fear of wearisome repetition has induced me to mislead, I should like to take advantage of this opening to point out that the O.E.D. is the authority for practically all

the English etymological and semantic material on which my book is based. [Barfield, Owen. *History in English Words*, from the "Afterword" (p. 206). Lindisfarne Books. Kindle Edition.]

**Colin Duriez (2016)**<sup>15</sup> – "His affinity would be with the Romantic movement for the rest of his life, particularly the poet and thinker Coleridge. Barfield remembered that reading experience:

What impressed me particularly was the power with which not so much whole poems as particular combinations of words worked on my mind. It seemed like there was some magic in it; and a magic which not only gave me pleasure but also reacted on and expanded the meanings of the individual words concerned.

That moment of illumination seems to have set the course for his entire life. He became fascinated not only with what happens in the mind of a reader of poetry, but with the mystery of human consciousness itself, in play when we recognize faces, see flowers in a meadow, or observe a rainbow. Language, Barfield discovered, had a unique power to transform human consciousness. It also captured changes that took place in this consciousness over time. A sort of archeology could be practised on language, as he undertook when he wrote his book, *History in English Words* (1926)."

**Colin Duriez (2016)** in the subsection of this speech on *A History in English Words* (1926) – "This, Barfield's second publication, is a meditation on the etymology of key words – that is, the origins and historical development of meanings of words. Barfield masterfully traced changes in human consciousness, changes he regarded as marking an "**evolution of consciousness.**" This is a fundamental notion in his thought. **For Barfield, a history of consciousness must be very different from a history of ideas**, as he points out in his book, *History, Guilt and Habit*. Consciousness is intimately related to perception as well as to the products of thinking. *Once upon a time, he was convinced, there was a feeling, thinking and a perceiving element unified in a word.* The etymology of words often gives a glimpse of an ancient unity of consciousness, as Barfield tries to show. Cultural and historical changes might be better explained therefore by shifts in consciousness than by changes in intellectual ideas."

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<sup>15</sup> Duriez, Colin (2016) "Owen Barfield and C. S. Lewis: A Critical Friendship," *Inklings Forever: Published Colloquium Proceedings 1997-2016: Vol. 10, Article 95*. Available at: [https://pillars.taylor.edu/inklings\\_forever/vol10/iss1/95](https://pillars.taylor.edu/inklings_forever/vol10/iss1/95).

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# GANZ NOTES ON OWEN BARFIELD – “STYLE”<sup>1</sup> (1933)

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Find at: <https://www.owenbarfield.org/read-online/articles/style/>.

Barfield was 35-years old when he published this article, these thoughts on “style.” On the Barfield website it summarized this article: “There are points of contact in this article with familiar style-guides, such as Barfield’s, noting that style is not something stuck on to writing after it is finished, and that a writer needs a large vocabulary to avoid cliché. **The burden of the article, however, is that good writing arises when an individual is willing himself to arrive at truth.** As such, this article was very clearly written downstream from *The Philosophy of Spiritual Activity* by Rudolf Steiner.

The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “**style**” – “**Etymology:** < Old French *style, stile, stil, estile*, etc. (modern French *style*), < Latin *stilus* (also incorrectly written *stylus*) a stake or pale, pointed instrument for writing, style of speaking or writing; < root \**sti-* (? to prick).” And so its earliest meaning: “*Ancient History*. An instrument made of metal, bone, etc., having one end sharp-pointed for incising letters on a wax tablet, and the other flat and broad for smoothing the tablet and erasing what is written: = [stylus n. 1](#). Also applied to similar instruments in later use.” Very soon “style” came to mean not the instrument by which a person writes his or her thoughts, but the way in which he or she expresses them: “The manner of expression characteristic of a particular writer (hence of an orator), or of a literary group or period; a writer's mode of expression considered in regard to clearness, effectiveness, beauty, and the like.”

**E.B. White<sup>2</sup> writing the “Introduction” to *The Elements of Style*, Fourth Edition (1979)**

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<sup>1</sup> See: <https://www.owenbarfield.org/read-online/articles/style/>.

<sup>2</sup> E.B. White writes: “At the close of the first World War, when I was a student at Cornell, I took a course called English 8. My professor was William Strunk Jr. A textbook required for the course was a



White quoting Professor Strunk – “Vigorous writing is concise. A sentence should contain no unnecessary words, a paragraph no unnecessary sentences, for the same reason that a drawing should have no unnecessary lines, and a machine no unnecessary parts. **This requires not that the writer make all sentences short or avoid all detail and treat subjects only in outline, but that every word tell.** [Strunk Jr, William. *The Elements of Style*, Fourth Edition, from the “Introduction.” Kindle Edition.]

“Style rules of this sort are, of course, somewhat a matter of individual preference, and even the established rules of grammar are open to challenge. Professor Strunk, although one of the most inflexible and choosy of men, was quick to acknowledge the fallacy of inflexibility and the danger of doctrine. **“It is an old observation,” he wrote, “that the best writers sometimes disregard the rules of rhetoric. When they do so, however, the reader will usually find in the sentence some compensating merit, attained at the cost of the violation. Unless he is certain of doing as well, he will probably do best to follow the rules.”** It is encouraging to see how perfectly a book, even a dusty rule book, perpetuates and extends the spirit of a man. Will Strunk loved the clear, the brief, the bold, and his book is clear, brief, bold. Boldness is perhaps its chief distinguishing mark.”

**Baldick, Chris. *The Oxford Dictionary of Literary Terms (Oxford Quick Reference)* -**

STYLE - Any specific way of using language, which is characteristic of an author, school, period, or \*genre. Particular styles may be defined by their \*diction, \*syntax, \*imagery, \*rhythm, and use of \*figures, or by any other linguistic feature. Different categories of style have been named after particular authors (e.g., Ciceronian), periods (e.g., Augustan), and professions (e.g., journalistic), while in the \*Renaissance a scheme of three stylistic ‘levels’ was adopted, distinguishing the high or ‘grand’ style from the middle or ‘mean’ style and the low or ‘base’ style. The principle of \*decorum held that certain subjects required particular levels of style, so that an \*epic should be written in the grand style whereas \*satires should be composed in the base style. **Since the literary revolution of \*Romanticism, however, this hierarchy has been replaced by the notion of style as an expression of individual personality.** Adjective: stylistic.

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slim volume called *The Elements of Style*, whose author was the professor himself. The year was 1919.” [Strunk Jr, William. *The Elements of Style*, Fourth Edition, from the “Introduction” by E.B. White (1979). Kindle Edition.]



[Baldick, Chris. *The Oxford Dictionary of Literary Terms* (Oxford Quick Reference) (p. 439). OUP Oxford. Kindle Edition.]

Concerning **Anthroposophy** as a philosophical/gnostic movement sourced in Rudolf Steiner, a man whom Owen Barfield thought the most brilliant intellect that he had ever experienced, living or dead. See in the *Cambridge Dictionary of Philosophy* at “Steiner, Rudolf”

**Written by G.J.S.** - Steiner, Rudolf (1861–1925), Austrian spiritualist and founder of anthroposophy. Trained as a scientist, he edited Goethe’s scientific writings and prepared the standard edition of his complete works from 1889 to 1896. Steiner’s major work was *Die Philosophie der Freiheit* (1894). His *Friedrich Nietzsche: Ein Kämpfer gegen seine Zeit* (1895) was translated in 1960 as *Friedrich Nietzsche: Fighter for Freedom*. Steiner taught at a workingmen’s college and edited a literary journal, *Magazin für Literatur*, in Berlin. **In 1901 he embraced a spiritualism which emphasized a form of knowledge that transcended sensory experience and was attained by the “higher self.” He held that man had previously been attuned to spiritual processes by virtue of a dreamlike state of consciousness but was diverted from this consciousness by preoccupation with material entities. Through training, one could retrieve the innate capacity to perceive a spiritual realm.** Steiner’s writings on this theme are *The Philosophy of Spiritual Activity* (1894), *Occult Science: An Outline* (1913), *On the Riddle of Man* (1916), and *On the Riddles of the Soul* (1917). His last work was his autobiography (1924). To advance his teachings, he founded the Anthroposophical Society (1912) and a school of “spiritual science” called the *Goetheanum* near Basel. **His work inspired the Waldorf School movement, which at one time comprised some eighty schools for children.** The anthroposophy movement remains active in Europe and the United States. [G.J.S.]

## TEXT

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SOURCE: *Anthroposophical<sup>3</sup> Movement* 10.11 (8 June 1933): 83-86

People who are faced with the problem of preparing something for publication in a hurry are sometimes heard to make such a remark as: "I'll hash something up myself and then hand it over to Smith to put into decent style." If this simply means that the unoffending Smith is to go through the MS, and excise the grammatical errors and solecisms<sup>4</sup>, there may be no harm in it. If it means – or rather if it is *meant* to mean – anything more, you may be sure that, as far as writing and the meaning of words is concerned, the speaker lives in a cloud-cuckoo-land<sup>5</sup> of his own illusions. There appear, however, to be so many people living in this cloud-cuckoo-land that the present writer (who in his time has known what it is to be a Smith) has long felt an impulse (or, as we used to say, "wanted") to say something about it.

In the first place the idea that "style" is something which can be stuck on to a piece of writing paper after it is finished, like the pinchbeck<sup>6</sup> imitation half-timbering on the front of an Edwardian villa, is, to use the mildest expression that could reasonably apply, disgusting. It is disgusting because it remains false, and because the result, if such an attempt were made, would be insincerity. **This does not, however, mean that no attention must be given to the way in which our thoughts are expressed in writing. The very closest attention must be given. But it must be given, not with the**

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<sup>3</sup> *Wikipedia* – "The General Anthroposophical Society is an "association of people whose will it is to nurture the life of the soul, both in the individual and in human society, on the basis of a true knowledge of the spiritual world." As an organization, it is dedicated to supporting the community of those interested in the inner path of schooling known as anthroposophy, developed by Rudolf Steiner. The Anthroposophical Society was founded on December 28, 1912 in Cologne, Germany, with about 3000 members. Central to this founding was Rudolf Steiner, who acted as an advisor and lecturer."

<sup>4</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at "solecism" – "Etymology: < Latin *solæcismus*, < Greek *σολοικισμός*, < *σόλοικος* speaking incorrectly, stated by ancient writers to refer to 'the corruption of the Attic dialect among the Athenian colonists at Σόλοι in Cilicia'." And its current meaning: "An impropriety or irregularity in speech or diction; a violation of the rules of grammar or syntax."

<sup>5</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at "cloud-cuckoo-land" – "Etymology: translating Greek *Νεφελοκοκκυγία* (< *νεφέλη* cloud + *κόκκυξ* cuckoo), the name of the realm in Aristophanes's *Birds* (l. 819) built by the birds to separate the gods from mankind." And its current meaning, "A fanciful or ideal realm or domain."

<sup>6</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at "pinchbeck" – "figurative. A thing that is false, counterfeit, cheap, or worthless; *spec.* something that appears valuable but is actually cheap or tawdry. Also: the state or condition of being tawdry or worthless."

**object of producing something that sounds pretty or looks appetising, but because it is only with very great labour and attention that it is possible to express “our” thoughts at all.** The literary production of a man whose only object is to write a good style will be mannered<sup>7</sup> and precious<sup>8</sup>; **the literary production of a man whose concern it is to express his thought, and who succeeds in doing so, will be – good style.**

In other words, the words chosen and then how one chooses to arrange them into sentences and paragraphs are *expressive of who he or she is* or should be expressive of that. (We speak of a writer “finding his or her VOICE”) Through the “natural style” of a particular person, we, the readers, can experience the character and development of the writer – his or her *consciousness*. (I like to speak of this as one’s degree of *awakeness*.) I remember how St. Augustine somewhere explored the idea that one could identify a Christian – a genuine follower of Christ – by the way that he or she wrote. Their written “style” would “out” them as followers of Christ. In other words, Augustine wondered whether there would have to exist a distinctive Christian “style” or “rhetoric.”<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “**mannered**” – “Of art, architecture, etc.: characterized by or given to mannerism; artificial, affected, or overelaborate in style.”

<sup>8</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “**precious**” – “Aiming at or affecting refinement in manners, language, etc.; fastidious, particular. Now usually *depreciative*: over-delicate, over-fastidious; affectedly refined in matters of taste, language, etc.”

<sup>9</sup> I have found the reference in the magisterial *Augustine Through the Ages* at “Rhetoric” – “Until he was eighteen years old Augustine cultivated only the rhetorical ideal, which was to learn to speak eloquently. **With the reading of Cicero’s *Hortensius*, however, an enthusiastic quest of wisdom came to birth in him. His conversion coincided with his abandonment of his profession as rhetor and a dedication of himself to a philosophical search for wisdom, although he did not cease to acknowledge the positive value of rhetoric.** This latter outlook emerges in *De ordine*, in which rhetoric is assigned an auxiliary role in the realm of philosophy. If dialectic is the “discipline of disciplines” because it teaches how to find and teach the truth, **rhetoric has the lesser but perennially important task of inculcating convictions about what is just, useful, and decent in human beings who are ignorant of it and incapable of seeing truth in its purity and simplicity.** Rhetoric carries out this task not only through instruction but above all by rousing the emotions of the heart through appropriate stylistic devices (ord. 2.13.38). This is an outlook far removed from that of Plato and closer to that of Aristotle, as received through the mediation of Cicero. **The same cultural tradition is the source of the requirement, expressed in *De doctrina Christiana*, that eloquence be accompanied by wisdom.** Like Cicero, Augustine allows that rhetoric can be used to convince people of what is true or what is false, but precisely for this reason he defends its usefulness: “Why should not decent people use it on behalf of the truth when the wicked use it for corrupt and vain purposes, in the service of wickedness and error?” (doc. Chr. 4.2.3). **Augustine has no difficulty admitting that the sacred orator may speak wisdom even if he lacks eloquence, provided he use the words of Scripture, which have an innate power to convince and draw believers who listen to them. But he does not hesitate to allow that “one who tries to speak not only wisely but eloquently will be more useful if he can do both” (4.5.8).** [Nello Cipriani,

A poet will sometimes say of a poem which he does not feel to be quite finished, that it needs “polishing.” Some of the misunderstandings about style may have arisen from the misinterpretation of this word. It is rather an unpleasant word and may easily be taken to mean the same as “varnishing,” that is, the addition of a thin alien veneer to the surface of the object. **Actually, as George Macdonald<sup>10</sup> points out in one of his essays, the effect of polishing is not the addition of anything new, but the removal of existing stains and impurities. The characteristic of polished wood is that it reveals the nature of the material itself.** You may polish a piece of deal<sup>11</sup> till your gloves drop off; you will never make it look like oak. To try and make it look like oak you have got to use varnish and practice deception. But the more you polish oak itself, the more it will look like oak.

**Thus, if it is necessary to give attention to the way in which things are expressed, that is because otherwise they are *not* expressed.** They may be there, in a sense, but they are clouded and obscured and cannot reach the light. For other things are there as well, things which the author never intended to be there. The author has, in a sense, said what he means. But he has also said other things which he did not mean. And therefore, he has not really said what he means.

I remember that someone asked Ernest Hemmingway about how he wrote what he wrote, his technique. He replied, “I write one true word ... and then I write another one.” What Barfield is saying is that if a person really knows what he or she wants/needs to say, then it is best to write it just the way it must be written, excluding from the sentence, paragraph, or essay what is not what he or she

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“Rhetoric,” *Augustine through the Ages: An Encyclopedia* (Grand Rapids, MI; Cambridge, U.K.: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 1999), 724–725.]

<sup>10</sup> **George MacDonald (1824–1905)** - The man C.S. Lewis regarded as his master barely made a living as a poet, novelist, lecturer, and writer of children’s books. Yet Lewis said of the retired minister, “I know hardly any other writer who seems to be closer, or more continually close, to the Spirit of Christ Himself.” In his teens, Lewis was profoundly changed by reading MacDonald’s *Phantastes*, a Faerie Romance, an experience Lewis considered the “baptism” of his imagination. Lewis considered MacDonald the best writer of fantasy alive, and he found a sense of holiness in all MacDonald’s writings. Lewis was touched by MacDonald’s devotional writings as well. He wrote, “My own debt to (Unspoken Sermons) is almost as great as one man can owe to another,” and he recommended the book with success to many seekers. [“The Gallery – Family and Friends of C.S. Lewis,” *Christian History Magazine-Issue 7: C.S. Lewis: His Life, Thought & Theology* (Worcester, PA: Christian History Institute, 1985).]

<sup>11</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “deal” - “In the timber trade, in Great Britain, a *deal* is understood to be 9 inches wide, not more than 3 inches thick, and at least 6 feet long. If shorter, it is a *deal-end*; if not more than 7 inches wide, it is a [batten n.1](#). In North America, the standard deal (to which other sizes are reduced in computation) is 12 feet long, 11 inches wide, and 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inches thick. By carpenters, deal of half this thickness (1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches) is called whole *deal*; of half the latter (5/<sub>8</sub> inch) slit *deal*.”

means. Finding what he or she needs to say, and then to find out how best to say/write it, will give to his or her writing its unique style. By analogy, consider the dreadful sound that Bob Dylan makes when he sings. Yet, his voice is exactly the sound that he wants for the words that he sings. He worked long to “find” just the sound that he sought to make with his voice. Early on, he specifically imitated Woody Guthrie.

**A man may say and write things which he does not mean for two reasons.** He may do so because he, personally, is a *poseur* and a hypocrite. But on the other hand, he may do it because he either will not or cannot express himself, because he has no style. Thus, there is an artistic or literary insincerity<sup>12</sup> as well as a personal one. In the purely artistic insincerity, the ego takes no part, and so no obvious moral blame attaches. But it is nevertheless actual insincerity, for things have been uttered which purport to be uttered by the ego, but which have in fact been uttered by something or somebody else. And to the extent that the ego allows this – though it might have prevented it – the ego is to blame.

This use of “**ego**” here is odd, not how we would deploy the word in our common speech. I think that what Barfield means by it here is that *ego* is that portion of the Self (a much vaster, and most unexplored thing than the *ego* can access or express) that a person is convinced that he or she can control, train, and for which he or she is responsible.

“which have in fact been uttered by something or somebody else” – I remember how clear it was to me when teaching high school students that for them to have a genuine thought – their own thought, generated creatively from themselves – was rare if ever in underclassmen, but even not very common among upperclassmen. I could hear their parents – the convictions, biases, choice of words, etc. – in what they said or wrote, and often they did not notice this about themselves.

***How does literary insincerity arise? It arises from the fact that the words which a writer uses are not created by him for his purpose as he goes along. They are there already, filled already with potential meaning.*** As soon as two (or more) words are placed together by a writer, there has to be taken into consideration not merely the fact that this writer has placed these words together, but that *other people may also have placed them together before him*. If so, the words will to that extent have acquired a meaning which may be independent of, or additional to, or even positively *different from*, the meaning which this writer intended. And this, although grammatically and

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<sup>12</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “**insincere**” – “Not sincere or genuine; assuming a false guise in speech or conduct; dissembling, disingenuous. Said of persons and their actions or behaviour.”

etymologically the sentence is perfectly sound. **For it is not simply the dictionary “meanings” which have to be taken into account, it is a question of all the overtones and associations which cluster round words, but above all round groups of words, according as they have been used in the past.**<sup>13</sup> Thus, as soon as he puts two words together, a writer enters a battle. “Look in thy heart and write!” said Sir Philip Sidney, and that is necessary in order to achieve even personal sincerity. But to achieve literary sincerity something else is necessary also. There are positive, objective hindrances to be overcome. **Thus, the price of literary sincerity, like that of liberty, is eternal vigilance, and the writer is a man waging perpetual war against an enemy perpetually on the watch to cozen<sup>14</sup> him of his own thoughts.**

See this from **Garrison Keillor on 24 February 2022** – Today is the birthday of Jane Hirschfield, born in New York City (1953). She went to Princeton, where she was in the first graduating class to include women - in 1973. She published her first poem not long after then went off to northern California to study Buddhism for the next eight years, during which time she didn't write at all. **She said, “I don't think poetry is based just on poetry; it is based on a thoroughly lived life. And so, I couldn't just decide I was going to write no matter what; I first had to find out what it means to live.”**

Critics call this enemy *cliché*. Anthroposophists know that he has many other names.<sup>15</sup> It is mainly because of this enemy<sup>16</sup> that a writer needs a large vocabulary. A well-stocked vocabulary is necessary, not for ornament and variegation, but for the purpose of avoiding *cliché*. It is the writer's armoury from which, as the old ones are temporarily blunted, he draws new and sharp weapons to strike off the hydra-heads of the monster.

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<sup>13</sup> This is the reason why the *Oxford English Dictionary* was so revered by Barfield (and by me too!), because it is written “on historical principles.” In other words, this extraordinary work of English analyzes every word in English with an exhaustive study of its etymology, but then by identifying its earliest attested (i.e., written) appearance and what it meant there, and then, further identifying each “moment” that same word's meaning changed in the hands of later writers. In each English word one, then, can trace the unfolding insights of humans through Time. Barfield refers to this as “the development of [human] consciousness”, and this was to be his Master Idea that would preoccupy him throughout his scholarly life. “Every word *is* a history” as, I think, Maupassant wrote.

<sup>14</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at the verb “**to cozen**” – “*transitive*. To cheat, defraud by deceit.”

<sup>15</sup> Probably what Barfield means is that Anthroposophists recognize that there exists a “high plane” of existence that humans forgot existed, but which can be perceived again, with training, with a “higher vision”. Thus, the language used to articulate the reality of the lower or false world will itself be false, or to use the spiritual language of “temptation”, the lower world seeks to keep people from seeing and therefore able to articulate the higher world.

<sup>16</sup> “enemy” – He must be referring to the spiritual enemy; the dark spirit.



Such a fascinating and unexpected conviction! Of all of the “weapons” we might consider traditional and effective for us to use to ward off the “enemy of our human nature” (St. Ignatius’ language for the dark spirit in the world), it had not occurred to me to consider “a well-stocked vocabulary” as one of them. But once I have absorbed his point, I see what he means. When I think of the third-grade vocabulary deployed by a former President of the United States, I recognize how that profound limitation makes him enormously susceptible to control by dark forces (to the enemy of our human nature and its many servants in this world) and makes it impossible for those more developed (with more vocabulary, if you will) not to see just how damaged his character is.

Further, a person with a “well stocked vocabulary” (i.e., an easily accessed fund of English words and what they mean) will be a person sensitive to the use of particular words. *Cliché* is constituted by words that no longer “tell”; rather they are constituted by words that, arranged in precise ways, are like magical incantations, which people mimic.

The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “**cliché**” – “A phrase or expression regarded as unoriginal or trite due to overuse. Also, as a mass noun.” Further, “A very predictable or unoriginal person or thing; a trite or stereotyped idea of someone or something.”

Thus, to write an article on, say, the modern girl, all that is necessary is to close the eyes, hold the pen tightly between the thumb and two fingers, and then **to cease thinking in thoughts and begin thinking in words**; or rather to let stale old groups of words begin arranging themselves. The rest is practically automatic. Let us begin in the middle of the supposed article, and in the middle of a sentence: “... no plaster saint, but at least she is not a hypocrite. If Victorian modesty has gone, Victorian shams<sup>17</sup> have gone with it. Miss 1933 claims as her birthright the right to express her own personality as she chooses, and if some of the ways she chooses make the older generation raise its eyebrows, well, that is...”

*Britannica* - **Automatic Writing**, in spiritualism, writing produced involuntarily when the subject’s attention is ostensibly directed elsewhere. The phenomenon may occur when the subject is in an alert waking state or in a hypnotic trance, usually during a séance. What is produced may be unrelated words, fragments of poetry, epithets, puns, obscenities, or well-organized fantasies. During the late 19th century, at the height of popular interest in the phenomenon, inspiration for automatic writing was generally attributed to external or supernatural forces.

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<sup>17</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “**sham**” – “A trick, hoax, fraud, imposture; something devised to impose upon, delude, or disappoint expectation; a ‘sell’.”



Since the advent, around 1900, of theories of personality that postulate unconscious as well as conscious motivation, the inspiration for automatic writing has been assumed to be completely internal. Modern psychodynamic theories of personality propose that traits, attitudes, motives, impulses, and memories that are incompatible with the person's conscious awareness may be dissociated from awareness and rarely expressed overtly in the course of normal waking behaviour. These elements may be revealed, however, in the content of automatic writing.

This sort of writing is only just not "automatic writing." In automatic writing there is a total eclipse of the ego.<sup>18</sup> In modern journalism there is an occultation,<sup>19</sup> which falls just short of total eclipse. **But, although cliché is characteristic of journalism, it is not confined to journalism. No choice of subject, however sublime, will save you from it: for cliché is simply the abdication by the ego of its prerogative of thinking what it speaks and speaking what it thinks.** How is it that the result is not a mere babble<sup>20</sup> of meaningless nonsense? Because, no sooner has the ego abdicated, but something else, a **sort of synthetic ghost of previous uses of the words, steps into its place and preserves intact a hollow shell of superficial meaning.** Let us try writing an extract from an article on another subject, by the same means. We will begin, as before, in the middle: "... the man of our time has the task to grasp the concept of freedom in a living way. Such a concept can never be grasped by the dead materialistic purely intellectual thinking which is characteristic of natural science. Natural science, with all its wonderful achievements in the outer world, cannot help man forward any further on the path which he must tread. Only when quite new forces are brought to bear, forces which live and weave in the plant world and in the living world of colour, will there arise in man the necessary inner impulse which must be aroused if he is to fulfil the cosmic purposes which underlie that which weaves in the forces of his destiny."

It must be confessed that this stuff is very nearly as easy to write as the other. But it is much more destructive. How quickly and smoothly – if we do not keep wide awake

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<sup>18</sup> If there is no *ego*, then there is no (original) thought behind the words that a person composes, and, further, he or she takes no responsibility for what he or she writes, and there is no *style*, because "style" according to Barfield can only infuse a person's written expression when he or she is saying what he or she means, and who knows that there is no better way for him or her to express it than as he or she has.

<sup>19</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at "**occultation**" – "Originally: †hiding, concealment (*obsolete*). In later use: the fact of being cut off from view, esp. by something interposed; an instance of this."

<sup>20</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at the verb "**to babble**" – "*intransitive*. To talk excessively or inappropriately; to chatter quickly, excitedly, or at length; to speak indiscreetly; to tattle. Also, with *on*."

when writing about Spiritual Science – Ahriman<sup>21</sup> glides up behind us and seizes the pen and himself chooses, with a mocking grin, what shall be written by it.

Barfield’s dramatic point here is that *human communication is never neutral*. Either one thinks carefully, ponders genuinely, works hard to find just the right way to say what he or she means – a work of the Light, of genuine “style” – *or one fails to care about meaning*, becoming a sort of drone, a person possessed by “the enemy of our human nature”, who communicates what the “fallen world” wants to hear and for its malign purposes.

How can we protect ourselves? Only by again and again, with repeated tests, assuring ourselves that what we are expressing is in every detail *our own* thought. This does not mean that what we are thinking must never have been thought by anybody else. **It does mean that what we write must be what we have thought and not simply what we have overheard.** I would like to found a society of writers, and translators, on Spiritual Science, the members of which would be pledged to go through all that they have written and cut out the word “inner” wherever it occurs. They could then look again to see if it had made any difference to the meaning, and if it had made any difference (for the worse) they would be allowed to put the epithet back again. And the same with many other words and phrases.

Herr Steffen once wrote an article (a translation of which appeared in this periodical) in which he pointed out that the solution of the problems of style is really a way of initiation. **Both may be conceived as a progressive disengagement of the not-self from the self. Initiation is not the acquisition of something new; it is the progressive revelation of something already there. By purging and purifying away the stains and irrelevancies which obscure it, the ego is laid bare, the true Self is found.**

In other words, Barfield is articulating a conviction that language is “fallen”; it sits “out there”, a crystallized and therefore dead meaning. We each must train ourselves to go “behind” the words, so that we each can *recover* their original meaning, when the word *was* the experience that it names or describes. I am reminded of Lewis’ first Christian publication, **The Pilgrim’s Regress (1933)**. The

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<sup>21</sup> Joshua J. Mark at “**Ahriman**” in the *World History Encyclopedia* – “Ahriman is the evil spirit in Early Iranian Religion, Zoroastrianism, and Zorvanism, Lord of Darkness and Chaos, and the source of human confusion, disappointment, and strife. He is also known as Angra Mainyu (evil spirit or dark spirit) and exists in opposition to Spenta Mainyu (good spirit or bright spirit) also known as Ahura Mazda and Ormuzd. In the early polytheistic Persian religion, Ahura Mazda was the king of the gods and creator of the world, and Angra Mainyu/Ahriman, lord of the legions of demons, his opponent. After the reforms of Zoroaster (c. 1500-1000 BCE), resulting in the monotheistic religion of Zoroastrianism, Ahura Mazda became the one true god, and all the other deities emanations and avatars of his power, but Ahriman remained the source and embodiment of evil.”

*Oxford English Dictionary* at the verb “**to regress**” – “*intransitive*. To return to or towards an earlier state or condition; to revert to an earlier (esp. a less developed) form.”

And at the same time the discovery is made that this true Self, is from the earthly point of view, selfless.

Perhaps another way of saying this is that the true self is *a relational self*; it is always a WE, not an I.

It is this fact which underlies the difference between style and mannerism<sup>22</sup>, between originality and oddity. **To be original does not mean to be odd or peculiar; it means simply, not to be a copy. It is in this sense that style may be said to be the expression of thoughts which are “our own.” The words uttered by a self which is determined to think only its own thoughts will not be peculiar. On the contrary. It is the parrot which is such a peculiar bird. Such words will not be a mere rattling of the dried husks of what was once thought but is so no more.** They will be the expression of present and actual thought; and as such they needs must bear a universal significance. For thought is universal. Thought is at once our own and not our own. Thought bears the soul outward on its wings and teaches it to expand, without losing its integrity, into the majesty of the etheric universe. **To write what I have thought is to write what the spirit has thought. And that is style.**

*Owen Barfield*

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<sup>22</sup> The *Oxford English Dictionary* at “**mannerism**” – “The adoption, to a pronounced or (according to some writers) excessive degree, of a distinctive style, manner, or method of treatment, esp. in art and literature. In spec. use (usually Mannerism): a style of 16th-cent. Italian art characterized by stylistic exaggeration, distorted scale and perspective, and unusual effects of colour and lighting.” And, further, it means: “A habitual peculiarity of style or manner; an idiosyncratic habit, gesture, way of speaking, etc.”

Part I  
Chapter I

Once upon a time there were two little Princesses whose names were Violetta and Gambetta; and they lived in Mountainy Castle. They were twins, and they were so like each other that when Violetta came in from a walk with her feet wet, Gambetta was sometimes told to go and change her stockings, because the Queen couldn't tell which from the other. But that didn't often happen, because if Princess Violetta was out for a walk, Princess Gambetta was almost sure to be out with her. Indeed they were so fond of one another that you might have thought they were tied together with a piece of string. All the same, the Queen used to be so fussed and worried by the confusion that, what with one thing and another, she persuaded the King to appoint a special Lord to distinguish between them. And he was called the Lord High Teller of the Other from Which. The first thing he did, after he was given this office, was to decree that everyone should call them by shorter names, because, as he said, their names both ended with "etta", and that made it much harder to tell.

"Why does it make it harder to tell?" said the King. "I don't see why it should make it harder."

"Never mind why, Your Majesty," the Lord High Teller replied firmly, "but it *does*."

"Very well," said His Majesty, "I think you are rather a fool, but I will do as you say, and I will see that my subjects do as you say, because this is your job and not mine." And he went off hunting.

So after that one of the sisters was called Princess Violet and the other was called Princess Gambo.

Now, as it happened, the Lord High Teller of the Other from Which was not a fool at all but a very wise man. He had noticed something about the two little Princesses which nobody else had noticed. Moreover he knew a great deal about the magic power of names, for, soon after he had given them these new names, everybody else began to notice the same thing too. And before very long it was the rarest thing in the world for anybody about the Court to mistake one for the other. But first you must know how it came about that these two Princesses were so much alike, even after they were quite tall girls.

Well, the King and Queen had had a party at their christening, and among all the grand people they had asked Miss Thomson to step in. Now Miss Thomson was a relation by marriage of the Queen's and she was a nobody and she wasn't of the Blood Royal, or else she wouldn't have been called Miss Thomson. She lived in a little cottage in Tyttenhanger Lane. But the Queen had heard tell that this Miss Thomson was growing a witchery sort of woman in her old age, and that she knew this and that. So she said to the King: "If we don't ask her she may turn sour and come in at the window of her own accord on a broomstick and do this and that. But, if we ask her to come, come she will because of the Christening Breakfast, and she may bring the babies a present worth all the golden rattles and silver teaspoons, and mahogany rocking-horses with real hair and eyes that move up and down in the world." So they sent her an invitation and she came. She was dressed in black and, when she walked, she leaned on a black stick with a silver handle, and of course her hat was narrower at the top than it was at the bottom. Her eyes were black, too, and didn't they sparkle! Now when she had finished her bacon and toast and marmalade she went up to the cradles, where all the grand people were standing about talking,

and leaned over them. And the King and Queen, who had been watching her all the time from the other end of the room, held their breaths very hard and said, “Now it’s coming, now it’s coming,” to themselves, as she leaned over the cradles.

Then the corners of Miss Thomson’s mouth began to go into little creases, and she looked so whimsical and said very solemnly, waving her stick and looking at the King and Queen out of the corner of her eye:

Fumble, Fumble  
All around tumble,  
Baby Princesses,  
Always be  
As like as one  
To another pea;  
This gifty I give  
For as long as ye live,  
Fumble, Fumble,  
All around tumble.

Then she went up to the King and Queen and said politely: “I am afraid I must be going now, Your Majesties; thank you so much!” The Queen said: “Not at all!” and she added, “Thank you very much for your kind present to my daughters.”

“It was magic,” said Miss Thomson.

“I know,” said the Queen, who was really bitterly disappointed that Miss Thomson hadn’t given her babies something nicer.

“It was magic you wanted,” said Miss Thomson sharply.

“Yes,” said the Queen humbly.

Now this Miss Thomson was really a kind-hearted old lady and she couldn’t bear to see the Queen look so disappointed, especially after such a lovely breakfast. So she said, “Wait a minute,” and went back to the cradles again. And this time there were no creases round her mouth, and she didn’t wave her stick; but she frowned and looked hard into the little Princesses’ eyes and said quietly:

“As long as you both live, you shall love each other more than all else in the world. As long as one of you is living, both shall *be*.”

Then she went back to the King and Queen and said in a businesslike voice:

“Now I really *must* be going.”

But the Queen, who had heard what she said over the cradles, fell suddenly on her knees and wept tears of joy, thanking dear Miss Thomson over and over again, kissing her hands and saying: “I don’t deserve it, I don’t deserve it. I only asked you here because I hoped you would give my daughters a present. I don’t deserve it. Oh, now I know that my daughters will make each other happy.”

“Don’t be too sure about that!” said Miss Thomson, and bowed out of the room backwards, like the little lady she was.

That was how it came about that the two Princesses were so like each other, and that was how it came about that they were so fond of each other. Of course it would have been quite easy to tell them apart by making them dress in different clothes; but unfortunately there was a law in that country that all princesses were to wear the same clothes, until they reached the age of twenty-one, when they might choose for themselves. Indoors they had to wear little sky-blue tunics with silver-grey stockings, and out of doors a little black cloak over it all.

As for their hair, a princess in that country was banished at once if she was found with her hair plaited, or tied up with a bow, or anything of that sort. “*Whereas she shall have her hair to hang loosely down her back, and well keemed.*” That was what the law said, meaning “well combed”. It was only in the Royal Nursery or in the West Corner of the Queen’s Garden that Violetta and Gambetta were allowed to wear just what they liked and to do their hair just as they pleased.

What was it that the Lord High Teller of the Other from Which had noticed about the two Princesses, before he had their names altered? One day he was walking in the garden to take the air, when he saw the two sisters playing together near the entrance-gate. Just then a little ragged boy passed along the road outside, crying and crying. Violetta’s eyes filled with tears, and she ran out and gave him an apple she had in her hand and asked him what was the matter. The Lord High Teller couldn’t hear what she said or what the little boy said, but he saw the little boy gradually stop crying as he listened, and go off at last with his face all shining. Then the Princess Violetta came back to her sister, and the Lord High Teller heard them talking to each other.

“What are you crying about?” said Gambetta.

“I can’t help it,” said Violetta, “I am thinking of all the other little ragged boys. Oh dear, I am so miserable.” And she went on crying.

“Don’t be silly,” said Gambetta, “I expect he started crying like that on purpose to make you give him your apple.”

“Why should you think so?” said Violetta.

“People are like that,” said Gambetta.

“I don’t believe it,” said Violetta through her tears.

“You’ll learn in time, my dear,” said Gambetta, who was one minute older than her sister.

The Noble Lord didn’t hear any more of their conversation, but he smiled rather sadly to himself as he walked on. And a week later, when the King appointed him Lord High Teller of the Other from Which, he knew quite well, of course, that the Princesses ought to be called Violet and Gamboy. And they were.

From that time on the King and Queen and the whole Court gradually began to see what the Lord High Teller had seen already. It was this: The two little Princesses, who were so much alike on the outside that you couldn’t tell them apart, were as different inside as a Church from a Booking Office. But the two spells which Miss Thomson had laid on them at their christening remained unbroken. When Princess Gamboy had said so many sour things that an ugly wrinkle began to show in her face, the same wrinkle began to show in Princess Violet’s face, whether she liked it or not. But, on the other hand, when Princess Violet had danced and sung so much (for she was very fond of singing and dancing) and made so many people happy that two quite new dimples appeared on both sides of her mouth, the same dimples appeared on both sides of Princess Gamboy’s mouth, whether she liked it or not. Of course the dimples and wrinkles got in each other’s way a good deal, and the dimples were not quite so pretty and the wrinkles not quite so ugly as they might have been. In short, while Princess Gamboy was not *nearly* so ugly as she would otherwise have been, neither was Princess Violet *quite* so beautiful. That was what the spell did. As for the other spell, the only thing in the whole world which Princess Gamboy loved was Princess Violet, and, among the hundreds of thousands of things which Princess Violet loved, Princess Gamboy, no matter what she might say or do, was far and away the first. They could not bear to be out of each other’s company for an hour, although, when they were together, they did nothing but argue and have conversations like the one which the Lord High Teller overheard.

So the two Princesses grew up side by side in the Castle until one morning when Princess Violet was dancing, as a leaf dances in the wind, in the West Corner of the Queen’s Garden, and Princess Gamboy was reading in a big black book called *Excerpta* and continually looking up and saying to Violet, “Keep still, can’t you!” they heard a silver trumpet sounding faintly in the distance. Princess Violet knew it must be a silver one, because the noise it made was like a bell. But Princess Gamboy said rudely:

“Nonsense. I don’t believe you can tell what it’s made of. And if it is, it’s ridiculous to waste so much of the public money on a trumpet. Silver indeed! Tut!”

And she bent her head down over her book again, frowning and mumbling something which sounded to Violet like “Formforze ate Toosten.” Poor Violet felt crushed, but she didn’t say anything, and ran straight off to the gate to see who it was; for she felt quite sure the trumpet had been blown by someone on his way to the Castle. She pressed her forehead against the bars of the gate and made two white marks on it; but there was nothing to be seen yet in the dusty white road leading away up over the hills. Then, suddenly, she heard the trumpet again, and this time it sounded a little nearer:

too.  
 tootity      Too  
 tootity      tootity  
 tootity      tootity  
 Rooty      tootity      too.  
             too.      too.      too-oo-oo.  
 Rooty      Rooty      Rooty

“It *is* like a bell,” she said to herself; “and I know it’s made of silver.” And she began to feel so happy because it seemed as though there must be a piece of silver somewhere inside her which was still vibrating on and on to the trumpet, till she fell in a dream in which she was listening to church bells across the water on a summer evening. But then, right on top of the hill, where the road vanished into the sky, she saw a little cloud of dust. The cloud grew bigger, and she knew it was made by advancing horsemen. Then the trumpet-call again, ringing out clear and loud and joyous this time, as the sweet waves of sound welled from its mouth and spread out through the air until they lapped smoothly on her ear, unbroken by any wind.

too.  
 tootity      Too  
 tootity      tootity  
 tootity      tootity  
 Rooty      tootity      too.  
             too.      too.      too-oo-oo.  
 Rooty      Rooty      Rooty

At last the dust began to clear a little, and Princess Violet could distinguish the figure of a tall young man on a white horse at the head of the party. He was clad in glittering silver armour—not that kind which is made in separate stiff pieces and makes a man look like five tin



sausages, but the kind which is called “chain-mail”. It is all woven in shining links, so that it looks like a million watch-chains and fits as close as wool.

Violet rushed back to where Gamboy was sitting.

“It’s a *Prince*,” she shrieked, and she waltzed round Gamboy singing over and over again a little song which meant absolutely nothing at all. It sounded like,

“Create a sensation of glory  
All in the land of Judea.”

She always sang it when she felt excited.

You see, they hardly ever had a visitor at Mountainy Castle, and Violet, happy as she was, sometimes felt dull and cross and tired of singing and dancing all by herself. But all Princess Gamboy said was:

“Well, don’t get so excited about him; it will only make him more conceited than he is already.”

“How do you know he is conceited already?” said Princess Violet.

“I don’t know,” answered Gamboy, “but they nearly always are.”

“But you’ve never met any,” said Princess Violet, “so how do you know?”

“Ah!” said Princess Gamboy, who was one minute older than her sister, and she smiled and wouldn’t say any more.

Meanwhile the party of horsemen, with the Prince at its head, had reached the gate. Violet watched from behind a bush, where she could not be seen. She saw the Prince send forward a herald, who struck thrice on the bell with his riding-crop (for, although the Prince was in chain-mail, none of the party carried swords). Then the Prince himself moved his horse forward a few paces and told it to stand still. But the horse, instead of standing still, kept moving its feet about in a mincing little dance, as horses do. So, without waiting, the Prince stood up in his stirrups and taking a shining silver trumpet from his baldric. . . . (“There, it *is* silver,” thought Violet, and she nearly went and told Gamboy, but she was too interested) . . . taking a shining silver trumpet from his baldric, he placed it to his lips and calmly blew:

too.  
tootity Too tootity  
tootity tootity  
tootity tootity  
Rooty tootity too.  
Rooty too. too. too-oo-oo.  
Rooty Rooty Rooty

Now at the very first note of the trumpet, the Prince’s horse, which had been criss-crossing its feet all this time, and shaking its head and behaving dainty, suddenly stiffened, pricked up both its ears, and stood as stock still as a marble horse. And at the very first note of the trumpet, Princess Violet forgot the Prince and the garden and Princess Gamboy and Mountainy Castle and the sky above her and dreamed she was afloat beneath tons and tons of clear green water near the bottom of the sea, and—oh, yes—far away someone was booming a huge bell. She couldn’t hear it, but she could tell because all that great water shook. And at the

very first note of the trumpet Princess Gamboy lost her place in the book where she was reading how "Formforze ate Toosten", and instead of being angry and shutting it with a bang, as she usually did when she lost the place, she leaned back in her garden-chair and began to think of the time when she was a little baby, before she was called Gamboy and before Violet and she grew so different from one another; and she even wondered for a moment whether she was really so very much wiser than her sister, even though she *was* a whole minute older. And at the very first note of the trumpet, all the porters and doorkeepers and sweepers and cooks and bakers and pastry-makers in Mountainy Castle stopped carrying and doorkeeping and sweeping and cooking and baking and pastry-making, and looked at each other and listened. And the head-porter didn't tell the under-porters to get on with their work, and the head-doorkeeper didn't tell the under-doorkeeper to get on with *his* work, and the head-sweeper and cook and baker and pastry-maker didn't tell the under-sweepers, cooks, bakers, and pastry-makers to get on with *their* work; but they all stood still, staring and listening like so many loons.

too.  
 tootity                  Too  
 tootity                  tootity  
 tootity                  tootity  
 Rooty                                  tootity  
                                         too.                  too.                  too-oo-oo.  
 Rooty                  Rooty                  Rooty

As the last note died slowly away, everybody in the Castle stirred slowly, like a man waking from sleep, and looked mazedly round him; all were full of wonder, and many opened their mouths to ask their neighbours what had happened. But, just as they were about to speak, they seemed to change their minds; they turned their eyes away from each other and down to the ground, as though they were ashamed of something—as though they all knew something they were all pretending they didn't know—and went on with their work. Only the head-doorkeeper spoke. He told the under-doorkeeper to go and open the gate. And as the last note died slowly away, Princess Gamboy stirred and shook herself and opened her book again. "Don't be a fool, Gamboy," she said to herself (for she had a way of talking to herself). "*You* are a nice sensible girl. V. is a great silly. Ugh!" And as the last note died slowly away, it seemed to Princess Violet that she was rising slowly through the silent green waters, which still shook all through to the booming of that unseen bell, until at last her head burst up into the open air, and, lo and behold! there was no water at all, and she was back in the Castle gardens looking at the Silver Prince, who had just taken the trumpet from his lips.

## Chapter II

The gate was unbarred, and the Prince dismounted gravely from his horse and gave it to the herald to hold.

"Is His Majesty at home?" he inquired of the under-doorkeeper.

"His Majesty is at home, Sire, but he is about going a-hunting, and loves not to be delayed."

"Never mind," said the Prince boldly, "I demand an audience."

"By what right?" said the fellow sullenly.

“By my own right,” sternly answered the Prince. “By the right of courtesy.” And he handed the under-doorkeeper a polished mahogany tablet with

PRINCE COURTESY

engraved on it. “Take this to your master,” he said, and turned away.

The under-doorkeeper louted low and went into the Castle. In a few moments the head-doorkeeper appeared and said with a low reverence:

“His Majesty awaits you, Sire, in the guest-chamber.” Prince Courtesy followed the head-doorkeeper into the Castle, across the courtyard, and up a flight of fine stone steps to the guest-chamber, where the King was waiting.

“Your Majesty,” said the Prince, “is doubtless aware that I am heir to the throne of the neighbouring kingdom of Dravidia. The King, my Father, has sent me abroad to seek adventures and to choose a maiden to be my Queen.”

“Well,” said the King, “it all depends what you mean by adventures. We have no dragons at Mountainy Castle, nor riddles to be solved, nor ogres to be slain, and the nearest thing we have to a witch is old Miss Thomson, who, though she is not of the Blood Royal, is a kindly old body and would not willingly harm a mouse. Besides, she doesn’t live in the Castle. As to the second part of your request—I have two daughters. Need I say more?”

“Have I your consent then, Sire, to the hand of one of them?”

“You may have the hand of either of them, provided that you first win her heart, but that,” said the King, rising from his chair, “is your job and not mine.” And he went off hunting.

Prince Courtesy was rather dumbfounded at being left alone in a strange Castle. He did not know where to go, so he decided to stay where he was (until something happened), and sitting down patiently on a chair he began to ponder deeply how he could best follow his Father’s instructions.

“Hullo, you!” said a voice.

Prince Courtesy looked up astonished, but saw no one.

“Hullo, you,” said the voice again. “Who are you?”

This time the Prince saw who had spoken. Deep in the very biggest and reddest arm-chair in the room was sitting a stout little Dwarf all dressed in red, so that you could hardly see him.

“I have been watching you think for ten minutes,” said the Dwarf. “Does it hurt, and who are you?”

“I am Prince Courtesy,” answered the Prince politely. “And may I perhaps inquire *your* name?”

“Oh, *me!*” said the Dwarf—and he climbed down off the chair, planted his minikin legs apart, and stuck out both his arms in one long, tremendous yawn—“*I am the Little Fat Podger.*”

“I see,” said the Prince, who was very much surprised indeed, “and will it be inquisitive to ask what you do?”

“Not in the least,” answered the Little Fat Podger; “I am Curator of the Royal Dump.”

“You are—?” said the Prince.

“I cure the King’s megrims, you know.”

“Oh!” said Courtesy.

“Wit, you know—wit,” said the Dwarf, “jokes, practical jokes, chestnuts, japes, jests, gibes, pranks, cheek, balder-dash, noodledum, nincompoopery, somersaults, tumbling, twinkling, capers, and the sidestep step, and the sidestep step, and the sidestep, sidestep, sidestep step.”

As he said the last words he danced solemnly up and down the room keeping time to them and flopping his arms and legs about all loosely. He looked so absurd that the Prince leaned

back in his chair and shouted with laughter. But the Little Fat Podger himself never even smiled. He stopped at last quite out of breath and looked across at the Prince.

“The Grotesque, you know—anything Gothic,” he said gently.

Now the Prince was so polite that, as soon as he saw that the Dwarf wasn’t joining in the laughter, he stopped, although it very much hurt his sides. And then the Dwarf came up to him and shook hands with him as though they had only just met.

“Can I be of any use to you?” he said. “Advice good and better, criticism of life, information about the Castle, introduction to the daughters of the house, etc., etc.”

It was very curious. The Dwarf spoke so fast and used such funny long words that the Prince understood a good deal less than half of what he said. And yet he somehow *felt in his bones* that this queer little creature was good and meant kindly by him. HE FELT IT IN HIS BONES.

“Advice,” he said thoughtfully, “yes, tell me where to find adventures. My father sent me out to seek adventures and choose a Queen, and I do feel the adventures ought to come first.”

The Dwarf suddenly stood very still with his head perked on one side, like a startled sparrow.

“Did I understand you to say you were *looking* for adventures?” he said slowly.

“Yes.”

“*Looking* for them?”

“Yes, looking for them,” said the Prince.

“*Looking* for them?” said the Dwarf again, wagging his head.

The Prince began to get rather angry with this rude little man.

“You offered me your advice,” he said. “I asked you a question, and all you do is to pretend you are deaf. It is unkind.”

The Little Fat Podger bowed: “Apologies,” he said, “amends, repentance, genuflexion, the *amende honorable*—anything refined. But—*looking* for them! Poor fellow, poor fellow.” He came close up to the Prince, whisked on to the arm of his chair, and standing on tiptoe, whispered in his ear:

“Take my advice and don’t make yourself absolutely *hot* over it!”

“Very well, then, can you take me to the Princesses?” said Courtesy.

“Follow me,” said the Little Fat Podger, “to the West Corner of the Queen’s Garden.” And off they went.

### Chapter III

When they reached the Queen’s Garden, the Dwarf pointed to a tall, dark yew-hedge, which looked very quiet and sleepy in the sunlight.

“You see that hedge?” he cried.

“Yes,” said the Prince.

“Well,” said the Dwarf, “the ladies are walking behind there. Good-bye!” And he suddenly gave a hop and a skip and a hop and a jump away from the Prince, murmuring busily to himself as he did so. “*One, two, three, and ON to it.*”

“Hi!” shouted the Prince.

At this the Little Fat Podger, poised on one leg, looked back over his shoulder and sang a song:

“Princesses, Princesses,  
Identical dresses,

And faces as like as peas—”

and he would have been off again, had not the Prince cried out appealingly that he might at least have told him the ladies’ names. At that he twirled right round on his toe, and, after a pause, gave a leap back in the Prince’s direction, saying as he landed on both feet,

“Take Violetta.”

Then he stood quite still and nodded twice very wisely, saying as he nodded,

“Much better, much better.”

Then he took another leap towards the Prince, balanced on one foot, and shouted out quite loud,

“If you can get her.”

Then he took *another* leap, landed right beside the Prince, stretched up on tiptoe, beckoned to him to bend his head down, and, seizing the Prince’s hair in both hands, put his lips to his ear and whispered sharply,

“Without Gambetta.”

At which the Little Fat Podger let go the Prince’s head and danced oddly away, murmuring to himself, “*To the side, to the side, point, point, point. To the side, to the side, point, point, point,*” and so vanished into the Castle.

The poor Prince was very much bewildered by all this, and he did feel shy as he tiptoed across the wide green lawn which lay between him and the hedge. But when he went round the hedge, he found to his surprise that there was only one Princess there. She was sitting reading.

“This must be Violetta,” he thought, for she looked very beautiful. So he went up to her, and kneeling on one knee, said humbly:

“Most Gracious Lady, pardon the intrusion of one who is at yet a stranger to you. If I am something too forward in my address, you must believe that it is your beauty which has stolen my manners.”

But Princess Gamboy (for it was she) looked up from her book and said:

“Stuff!”

The poor Prince was so taken aback that he hadn’t a word to say. He didn’t know whether to get up or stay on his knees. At last, as he was not very clever, he said the same thing over again:

“Most Gracious Lady, pardon the intrusion of one who is as yet a stranger to you. If I am something too forward in my address, you must believe that it is your beauty which has stolen my manners.”

Princess Gamboy went on reading.

“—M—which has—er—stolen my manners,” repeated the Prince nervously. “Will you not vouchsafe—”

Princess Gamboy looked up and interrupted him:

“If my beauty has stolen your manners, young man, I should have thought the less said about it the better.” And she got up, slammed her book, tucked it under her arm, and walked off.

In a little while Princess Violet came round the hedge to look for her sister. But the Prince, who thought it was Princess Gamboy come back again, pretended not to see her. She recognized him at once as the Silver Prince who had ridden up to the gate on horseback. So she sat down on Gamboy’s chair and waited for him to speak. But as he continued to stand still with his face turned away from her, at last she rose and went to him, saying kindly:

“Most Gracious Prince, I fear you are weary after your long journey. Will you not come into the Castle and there rest yourself, after you have eaten and drunk your fill?”

“Ah, Lady,” said Prince Courtesy sorrowfully, “that is kind of you: but how can I tell that even as you have just now changed from ungentle to kind, you will not change back again from kind to ungentle? Nay, I had rather be left alone.” And he shook his head sorrowfully.

How politely they both talked to one another, using much longer words than they did at any other time! Wasn’t it funny!

“I do not understand you, Prince,” said Violet, “I change? How changed, when until now you have never seen me?”

“Five minutes ago—” began the Prince.

“I was with my Mother in the Castle,” she said. But then the Prince suddenly remembered how the Dwarf had sung,

“Princesses, Princesses,  
Identical dresses,  
And faces as like as peas—”

Yes, faces, he thought to himself, *faces* as like as peas, oh, faces to be sure—but most certainly nothing else.

“I am sorry,” he said humbly, “I thought you were Princess Gamboy.” And he knelt and kissed Princess Violet’s hand and rose and went with her into the Castle.

From that moment began one of the strangest stories that could possibly be imagined. The Prince stayed on at Mountainy Castle, and, of course, he and Princess Violet grew quickly fonder of one another. It was only at first that he actually used to mistake Violet for Gamboy and Gamboy for Violet. That was only at first, because very soon he knew quite well which was which, without having to send a page for the Lord High Teller. Nobody else could ever be quite sure, but Prince Courtesy became of fond of Violet that HE KNEW. But although, whenever he saw Gamboy, he knew she *was* Gamboy, that didn’t make any difference to the fact that he saw very much too much of her. It was the one thing about which he and Violet could not agree. For while Violet still loved her sister more than anything else in the world, more even than Prince Courtesy himself, the Prince—well, he just didn’t love her at all. She was so hopelessly in the way. It would take much too long to tell how she never left them alone; how, when Violet was dancing to the Prince in the West Corner of the Queen’s Garden, she would make sarcastic remarks in a loud voice about people who wasted their time *jumping about like toads*; how, when the Prince thanked Violet for dancing so beautifully and made pretty speeches about her little feet, Gamboy would get up from her chair, slam her book, and say, “Little feet, indeed. Tut!”—how, in fact, she always managed somehow to spoil their happiness together. But one fine day the Prince, who had brought some musicians along with him in his train, ordered them after supper to come out into the West Corner of the Queen’s Garden.



First of all out came a man carrying a little fiddle, then came another man with another little fiddle, then came another man with a fiddle a little bigger than these, then another man with a fiddle nearly as big as himself, but lastly a fifth man came with a fiddle so simply enormous that he could hardly carry it. And the men were all dressed in pink, with white frills round their wrists and necks, and yellow stockings, and curly grey wigs on their heads. They sat down and scraped their fiddles once or twice with their fiddling-sticks. Meanwhile Gamboy was grumbling surlily at not being left to read in peace, because of the deafening noise they were making. Prince Courtesy would have liked to say, "Well, go away then!" but he knew Violet wouldn't like it, so he kept silence. But at last the musicians stopped scraping.

There they all sat still, in the yellow sunlight, with the dark yew-hedge behind them.

Then the first man began to play a little tune on his little fiddle, and before he had got very far the second man began to play the same tune on *his* little fiddle, but the first man didn't stop playing his little tune—oh no, he went straight on; and then the third man began to play the same tune on *his* fiddle, and the fourth man on his, and lastly the fifth man began that very same tune on his great big fiddle, so low down that it sounded like growling thunder.

Now Violet and Gamboy had never heard anything like this before, and, as the music played on, they dreamed that the sounds coming from the five fiddles were five shining silk threads, each of a different colour, twisting and twining and curling and winding in and out and over and under one another in a marvellous pattern and always moving on and on and on, till Violet thought, "It's better than dancing," and Gamboy thought—well, as a matter of fact she thought of nothing at all. But the curious thing was that when the music stopped, Princess Gamboy sat on in silence with her hands folded across her lap, staring away into nothing. And all the rest of that evening she never spoke one harsh word. Later on the three of them wandered round the Queen's Garden, just as the sun was setting and a great golden moon rising out of the mist opposite. And the Prince put his arm through Violet's and Violet put her arm through Gamboy's and they were all three of them so quiet and happy that they never forgot that evening all the rest of their lives. Sometimes, when they were very miserable and hot and tired, the memory of it would suddenly come back to them like a cool breeze blowing on their foreheads and make them happy again.

The next morning the Prince, who had grown very friendly with the Little Fat Podger, told him about this and asked him what he thought it might mean.

"Music hath charms," said the Dwarf. "Harmony, you know, harmony—Form versus Chaos—Light v. Darkness—and the Dominant Seventh. It's all one."

The Prince thought this was rather foolish. It was advice he wanted, and he now asked the Dwarf point blank how he might keep Gamboy for ever in her gentle mood.

"Prince," said the Dwarf, planting his legs very wide apart, "you are a nin-a-kin." And he opened his legs wider and wider (for he had very few bones), and slid down till they stuck out flat on the floor each side of him. Then he jumped up and slapped both his thighs one after the other very quickly, saying:

"*One, two!*"

"What about the Silver Trumpet?" he shouted, and he slapped both the Prince's knees, "*One, Two!*" so that the poor Prince howled with surprise. But before he recovered himself, the Little Fat Podger was gone.

What does he mean? thought Courtesy. Then he remembered the Silver Trumpet hanging from his baldric, the one he had blown so boldly at the Castle gate.

That afternoon Gamboy was at her old tricks again. But just as she was beginning to say something nasty and sneery about Princes, Prince Courtesy took the Silver Trumpet from his baldric and blew.

“Your Princes,” Gamboy was saying, speaking half through her nose, “are—”

(Prince Courtesy reached out his hand towards the trumpet.)

“—very fine *gentlemen*, no doubt—”

(Prince Courtesy’s fingers closed on the handle.)

“—but whether that’s a—”

(The trumpet was at Prince Courtesy’s lips.)

“*compliment*—

Rooty  
tootity  
tootity  
tootity  
tootity  
too.

Princess Gamboy gulped back the rest of the words and turned her nose down.

Too  
tootity  
tootity  
tootity  
tootity  
too.

Princess Gamboy’s mouth shut with a snap,

Rooty      too.      Rooty      too.      Rooty      too-oo-oo.

Princess Gamboy folded her hands in her lap and leaned back in the chair, staring far and far away into nothingness. She was dreaming. And oh—she was silent!

After that Violet and the Prince were much happier, for the Prince had only to blow his trumpet to bring them peace and the quiet they loved. Nevertheless their troubles were by no means at an end, nor was Gamboy subdued. As soon as the drowsy dream brought upon her by the Silver Trumpet began to fade, she would open her mouth and start carping and sneering more than ever. So that the Prince would have to put the trumpet to his lips and blow again; and it was a tiresome thing to be continually making this odd noise all over the Castle grounds. Moreover, if by any chance he left the trumpet behind in his room one day, or if the mouth-piece was clogged up so that it wouldn’t blow, they were at the mercy of Gamboy’s horrid tongue. At such times she seemed to be bitterer than ever, not because she had anything to complain of, but as though she were making up for all the time she had lost beneath the spell of the Silver Trumpet. Thus, although Violet and the Prince could be sure of any number of peaceful half-hours together, yet in a way matters grew worse and worse, for Gamboy had become so sharp and ill-natured that

she and the Prince frequently quarreled openly. After these quarrels the Prince would always feel very worried and miserable; “She is Violet’s beloved sister,” he would say to himself, thinking sadly of the loud, unkind voice in which he had reproved her and the many things he wished he had not said, because they had hurt poor Violet’s tender heart.

At last the Prince asked Violet if she would marry him and be his Queen.

She told him to wait until the following day, when she would give him her answer. Now she was certain in her own mind that the answer would be “Yes”; but all the same she wanted to tell somebody and pretend to ask their advice. So she set out to look for Gamboy, who had been left indoors. But on the way she met the Dwarf, and he was such a very great friend of hers that she decided to tell *him*.

So she told him.

“Hooray!” shouted the Little Fat Podger. “The answer is in the affirmative,” and he seized hold of Princess Violet’s knees, for he couldn’t reach any higher, and insisted on teaching her there and then a new dance, shrieking excitedly, “*To the right, step, step. To the left, step, step. Behind, to the side, in front, hop.*”

They danced up and down together.

“Now I am going to tell Gamboy,” said Violet breathlessly.

“What’s that?” said the Dwarf, stopping short.

“I am going to tell Gamboy,” said Violet.

“Don’t!” said the Dwarf.

“Shall!” said Violet, still laughing.

“Don’t!” said the Dwarf.

“Shall,” said the Princess, jumping up and down.

Now the Little Fat Podger hated Gamboy as much as he loved Violet, and it was a source of great sorrow to him that Violet could be so fond of anybody so disagreeable. He longed to separate them. Suddenly he changed his mind.

“Yes, do!” he said, “and, when you have told her, listen very carefully to what she says.”

That Dwarf was a wise little fellow. He knew a hawk from a handsaw, and, what is more, he knew Princess Gamboy’s heart inside out.

So Violet went dancing off into the Castle;

“Create a sensation of glory  
All in the land of Judea,”

she sang, till she came to where Princess Gamboy was. She was sitting in a high-backed chair, casting up the accounts of the *Amalgamated Princesses’ Society*.

“Gamboy, dear,” she began shyly—“Gamboy, darling—I say, ’Betta!” And she went on and told her everything. But, when she had finished, Princess Gamboy behaved in the most unexpected way; for she got up from her chair, tucked her book under one arm, and with her hands clasped behind her back began to stride up and down the room in silence, frowning angrily. At last she stopped and turned sharply to Violet.

“Listen, Violet,” she said, “I hate that Prince, and if you marry him, I’ll have no more to do with you.”

But, ’Betta!” said Violet, opening her eyes wide with astonishment, “*why* do you hate him?”

“Because,” answered Gamboy, “because—what’s that to you, Miss? I hate him. Now— which of us are you going to choose?”

Violet began to cry, “Oh, ’Betta, ’Betta,” she said, “why won’t you understand? He loves me. And—and—I love him.”

“Understand!” snapped Gamboy. “Stuff! Don’t you imagine that *love* butters any parsnips. He *said* he loved you. Oh yes, he *said* he loved you. Of course he did—they all say that. Do you know what he really loves? Himself. You admire him so much that when he looks into your silly great eyes he thinks himself the finest fellow that ever was. That’s what he loves. They may say what they like of little Gamboy, but she’s no fool. Oh no, my dears, she’s no fool!”

Princess Gamboy was so much pleased with her little speech that she began to strut triumphantly up and down the room, repeating the last words to herself under her breath. But inside Princess Violet’s head something seemed to snap suddenly, as though an elastic band had been broken there. It was the spell cast on her by old Miss Thomson at the christening, for there was one thing in the world strong enough to break it, and that was her love for Prince Courtesy. But she did not know this, for she had never heard of the spell. She only knew that something very strange had happened to her, and from moment on she loved Prince Courtesy more than she loved anything else in the world. But she still loved Princess Gamboy next best. She stopped crying, and without saying a word looked straight into her sister’s eyes. Gamboy stopped still, and the two Princesses stood for a whole minute looking at each other in silence. But then Princess Gamboy’s eyes fell to the ground abashed, and Princess Violet turned and left the room. She found the Prince waiting in the garden.

“Courtesy,” she cried; “you needn’t wait till tomorrow. The answer is ‘Yes!’”

#### Chapter IV

And now the story must hurry on, for there are many more things to be told yet, so many, that if you knew all that is still to happen you would say it had scarcely begun. Therefore you must try and imagine to yourself what took place in the next few months; how happy the Prince and Violet were together in spite of Gamboy’s ill-nature; how for a long time she refused to speak to either of them, and how unhappy this made Violet, though the Prince didn’t care a rap. But although she wouldn’t speak to them, neither would she leave them alone. You see, it would have been very little pleasure to her to sulk alone in her room and from her window see them walking and whispering together down in the garden. So she contrived to be always waiting round the corner, and as soon as they came near, she would get up from her chair, pull her skirts about her, and march away with her head in the air without looking at them. Or if they came into a room in the Castle, she was sure to be sitting there already, and she would get up and go out, slamming the door after her. This always made poor Violet feel unhappy for quite a long time, and even the Prince would feel uncomfortable, which was just what Princess Gamboy wanted. You may be surprised that she should still have wanted Violet to feel unhappy, when she loved her better than anything else in the world; but there are two ways of loving people: one is to like seeing them well and happy, which was Violet’s way of loving, and the other is to like to do what you tell them to, which was Gamboy’s way.

One day Princess Violet stopped Princess Gamboy and asked her why she was so angry with her, and Gamboy raised her eyebrows and answered coldly:

“My dear child, I am not in the least angry with you. Why should I be angry? I am only concerned for your own happiness. I am sure I hope you will *always* be as happy as you are *now*.” And she swept out of the room and left Violet crying. But the Prince frowned and said:

“Stuff!”

Which was quite right, because it was all lies from beginning to end, and he knew it.

And you must also imagine to yourself how the preparations went forward for the wedding, and how the Prince began to feel horribly nervous lest, in the excitement of the moment, he should find himself *married to Gamboy instead of Violet*. How dreadful that would have been! But remember that the two Princesses, in accordance with the law, were dressed exactly alike, and both wore their hair hanging loosely down their backs *and* well keemed. It might happen, you know. So at last in his perplexity the Prince went for advice to the Little Fat Podger. And when he had told him his trouble, the Little Fat Podger stood thinking for a while and then skipped away with three great grasshoppery, jiggery jumps, looking back over his shoulder and crying out at each step,

“Twiddlem  
Twaddlem  
Twenty-one.”

How puzzled the poor Prince was, till suddenly he remembered having been told that the law about the Princesses only held good till their twenty-first birthday, and then he understood what the Dwarf meant. So he delayed the preparations for the wedding, in spite of his impatience, and arranged that they should be married on Violet’s twenty-first birthday, when she would be able to wear what she pleased.

At last, at last, the longed-for morning came, and at breakfast-time everybody waited to see what kind of clothes the two Princesses would wear. Of course they had both looked forward very much to the day when they would be able to wear what they pleased, and each of them, without saying a word to the other, had been secretly preparing her new dress for a month past. Yes, even Gamboy was pleased and excited about this, for, as she said, it was not the clothes themselves that mattered, but *the liberty to choose them for yourself*. By which she meant the liberty to make yourself look as ugly as you pleased.

Gamboy came down first, and everybody gasped to see how different she looked from yesterday. She had put on a narrow, straight, skimpy black dress, which was no wider at the bottom than it was at the top, so that she looked like an umbrella-stand; as for her hair, she had just taken hold of it with both hands, pulled it back as far as it would go over the top of her head, and tied it there with three pieces of string. But she had tied it so tightly that her eyes looked as though they were starting from her head with surprise. She did look funny. And when they saw Gamboy’s hair, all the ladies-in-waiting at the breakfast-table put down their knives and forks and let their bacon get cold, while they giggled and tittered to each other:

“She’s done it in a bun, she’s done it in a bun!”

“What’s that?” said Gamboy sharply. And everybody dropped their eyes and picked up their knives and forks and went on eating in silence. But then the door opened and Princess Violet came in! She was dressed in white from head to foot and her skirt fell spreading from her waist so lightly that she seemed to float on air. And her beautiful long hair was piled and piled on top of her head up against a marvellous comb, made of old silver, which rose above it at the back like a tower on the top of a rocky hill, or like St. Michael’s Mount in Cornwall. And once again

everybody put down their knives and forks and stared. They stared at her in amazement, for yesterday she had been a pretty little girl and now it seemed she was a beautiful lady. How glad Prince Courtesy was that he had waited till her twenty-first birthday! And even the King, who had come downstairs in a bad temper, because he was to go to the wedding that day instead of going hunting, even the King smiled with delight, and rose and kissed his daughter and was most sweet-tempered all the rest of the day. No fear of mistaking them *now*, thought Courtesy to himself, and indeed it would be hard to imagine two more different people. Their very faces no longer looked the same, though of course they were exactly the same really; and if Princess Gamboy had cared, she could have made herself look as beautiful as her sister.

When Violet and Gamboy had opened all their parcels (for people receive more presents on their twenty-first birthday than on any other), there was a tremendous bustle throughout the Castle, and everybody, from the Lord High Teller of the Other from Which (who no longer had any work to do, but still went on drawing a high salary for it from the King's Treasury) to the smallest and dirtiest of the stable boys, began to scrub himself up and put on his best clothes in readiness to start for the Church. At eleven o'clock every soul in the Castle started off in a long winding procession, some in chariots, some on horseback, some in sedan chairs, and some afoot, to go to the Church, which lay a mile off.

The wedding, too, you must imagine for yourself, and how Princess Gamboy, in her skimpy black dress, sat in the front row and glowered at the bride and bridegroom all the while it was going on. She would have frowned as well, only she had tied her hair back so tightly that she couldn't move her forehead. But as the party came out of the Church, the Prince's herald, who had been stationed at the door, put the Silver Trumpet to his lips and blew. And the sound that came out of the mouth of the trumpet was

too.  
 tootity      Too  
 tootity      tootity  
 tootity      tootity      tootity  
 Rooty      tootity      tootity      tootity      too.  
             too.      too.      too-oo-oo.  
 Rooty      Rooty      Rooty

And Gamboy, who was just passing him as he blew, started and smiled in spite of herself, and ran as best she could in her narrow dress to Violet and kissed her on the lips. But then the sound of the trumpet died away out of her ears, and she fell back ashamed of herself, glowering at everybody near her, and walked on in moody silence at the tail of the procession.

But when they reached the Castle, there was still another surprise in store for them. For the old King came up to the Prince and suddenly fell on his knees before him, offering him the hilt of his sword and saying:

“Homage to King Courtesy and Queen Violet!” Then Violet, who could not bear to see her father akneel, put her arms round his neck and raised him up, whereupon he explained that he and the Queen had decided that they were too old and too tired to reign any more, and they wished King Courtesy and his wife to govern the realm from now onwards. So Courtesy humbly thanked the old King for his kindness and vowed he would strive to be worthy of so great an



honour. He and Violet took the oath there and then, and, as they mounted the throne, everybody in the Castle shouted aloud with one great shout:

“Long live King Courtesy and Queen Violet!” till the old stone walls echoed to the sound. And, as they mounted the throne, the Silver Trumpet rang out again, high above the shouting and the din:

too.  
tootity      Too  
tootity      tootity  
tootity      tootity      tootity  
Rooty      tootity      tootity      too.  
tootity      too.      too.      too-oo-oo.  
Rooty      Rooty      Rooty

and then died slowly away, while Princess Gamboy walked, as in a dream, to the foot of the throne and bowed her head, doing homage to the King and to her sister, the Queen.

That night lights blazed from every window in the Castle, so that far away on the hills the shepherds, gathered around their fires, saw three unbroken rows of little twinkling lights like stars. And they took off their caps, crying:

“Long live the King and Queen!”

Nor did they know that it was a new King and Queen they were hailing.

But inside the Castle a great ball was afoot, with Japanese lanterns in the courtyard, and strawberries and peacocks for supper, and the Great Throne Hall blazing with candles. All the while the Little Fat Podger danced madly in and out of the throng, leaping higher and higher: “Up—up—up—and *again!*” he shrieked and turned two somersaults in the air, because Violet was happy. Nor was the new Queen herself too dignified to dance a little dance of her own in the centre of the hall, while everybody looked on. And when she had finished everyone applauded clamorously, not because she was Queen, but because she danced like a leaf in the wind. Everyone, that is, except Princess Gamboy. She sat alone and aloof at a corner of the supper-table, eating, eating, eating, and drinking, drinking, drinking. She had not even changed her clothes. And all the time she grew more and more jealous of the Prince and spiteful towards everybody; for this was not the kind of music that made her dream.

## Part II Chapter V

A year slipped by. The young King and Queen lived all that time in almost perfect happiness, for there was nothing now to mar their joy except Gamboy’s tantrums. And though these were growing more frequent and more violent, yet they gave less trouble than before, because, now Courtesy was King, he took the law into his own hands and refused to let her come into the Presence unless she would behave herself. Violet agreed to this with great reluctance. She saw that it was necessary, but the coolness between herself and Gamboy was an increasing load of sorrow about her heart, a load which she could still feel in the midst of all her happiness, and one of which she longed to rid herself.

But what of the Silver Trumpet? Would not that serve to soften her sister’s heart and to bring them together again, at least for an hour? Alas, it was lost! It had never been seen since the

night of the wedding. On that night Queen Violet had asked the King to give it to her to play with. He had refused at first, for when he left home his Father had bidden him never, never to part with it, no, not even to save his life. But when he told Violet this, she only laughed and pouted a little, saying:

“Pooh, sir, you have small faith in our happiness, if you think it hangs on such a toy. Keep your old trumpet!”

She was merry with jest and dancing and meant small harm; yet Courtesy, who had never heard her speak so before, was troubled inwardly and felt his heart ache for a moment, as though he were alone. So, to ease his little pain, he gave it to her with a forced smile, saying:

“Guard it well, then, and at night see you keep it under lock and key.”

Whereupon she took it and tossed it up like a ball for joy, but that very night left it lying on a couch in the Throne Hall. And when she woke in the middle of the night and remembered what she had done, she was sorry, but she would not trouble to go and put it away. For it seemed to her then that nothing could ever make her unhappy again, and that she and the King had no need to be careful of anything.

And now nobody knew where it was. Nobody? Yes, one person knew: Princess Gamboy. She had found it in the Throne Hall early the next morning, and taken and hidden it in an old disused loft above the stables. Princess Gamboy had come to hate and fear the strange power which that trumpet had over her. She was too proud, you see, to surrender to anything except her own self-will. And the thought of the new King everlastingly blowing his own trumpet drove her hopping mad.

But there were the five musicians with their five fiddles. Why could not they be brought in to make life more smooth at the Castle? Surely the King had not forgotten that wonderful moonlit evening in the West Corner of the Queen’s Garden? No, he had not forgotten it, but (how sad it is to tell!) all was not well in the land over which King Courtesy ruled. Last year’s harvest had failed, and his subjects were growing very poor. There would have been a famine in the cold winter, and all the little children would have starved or frozen to death, if the King had not sent abroad to the neighbouring countries to buy grain and fuel for his subjects. But the rich merchants of the neighbouring countries would not yield up their grain and their coal except for money. Consequently the King’s Treasury grew emptier and emptier, the musicians had to be dismissed, and the King and Queen, although they lived in a great Castle, were very, very poor. In the evenings, while King Courtesy was racking his brains for ways and means to relieve the distress, the Queen would sit by the fire (such a small one!) mending up his old socks and turning his old clothes inside out to make them look like new. And this was a great hardship to the King, who until that year had always been given a new pair of socks every day. For the hardest of all trials in this world is to have to do without something you have been accustomed to all your life, and just at first I believe it was very nearly as hard for the King to do without his socks as it was for the poor people to do without their fires. But he knew, all the same, that fires were very much more important than new socks, so he said nothing about it to anyone.

Yet even this was not the saddest part of the story, for the people, in spite of all their King’s efforts to help them, in spite of his empty Treasury and his tired, white face, began to growl and complain and even to threaten. They had never had a famine before, they said, and they had never had a King Courtesy before; therefore the one must be because of the other. Moreover there were many ill-natured people going about the land, who stirred up and increased this hatred as much as they could. And in particular there was one woman, whose fame soon spread abroad, because in that country it was not usual for women to get up and address a crowd.

“Citizens,” she would cry, standing on a tub in the market-place, “fellow citizens, we’ve had enough of this! What happened last night? What will happen again tonight?” and she would pause, as though waiting for a reply. Then, as there was none, she would reply herself: “Why this will happen—some of us will be cold. Some of us will be frozen! ALL OF US WILL BE HUNGRY!”

And from the crowd of listeners would come a loud growl of assent. Then she would raise one accusing arm and sweep it round in the direction of Mountainy Castle with its rows of blazing windows: “Are the people in *there* cold? Are *they* hungry?” she would ask fiercely, and the crowd would raise its voice as one man and thunder out an indignant

“No!”

till the market-place rang again with the noise. When she had finished her speech, the people would gather into knots and talk in low voices, threatening to march up to the Castle and drag the King from his bed and kill him, while all the time, if they had only known, the poor man sat shivering in his fireless study signing papers, interviewing farmers, and devising schemes for the distribution of food and fuel to his subjects. But in the end they always decided to stay at home; for however much, in their ignorance, they had begun to hate King Courtesy, they still loved Queen Violet far too well; they had all loved her devotedly ever since she was a child. So for the present the King and Queen were safe.

One night the Queen lay in bed very ill, and beside her in the bed lay a tiny little daughter, two days old. The Physicians had spoken gravely to the King, telling him that the young Queen-mother must be kept absolutely quiet for a long time, as the slightest shock now might cause her death. Her death! The poor King was distracted with anxiety, but his Counsellors told him that he must not allow it to appear in his face, as the people were so discontented that they feared a revolution if it was known that the Queen lay in danger. “They would be certain,” said the Counsellors, “to blame Your Majesty for it.” This made King Courtesy very sorrowful, for he loved his subjects dearly and would have given his life for them. But what could he do? “Moreover,” said the Counsellors, “Your Majesty would be wise to order every room in the Castle to be lit up tonight, so that the people down in the City and the shepherds far away on the snow-covered hills may see the lights and be persuaded that all is well in Mountainy Castle.” Then the King gave orders accordingly, and the lights blazed forth from the windows into the dark night.

But down in the City the same wicked woman, who had stirred the people up before, was speaking again:

“Look at those lights,” she cried, pointing to the Castle: “nobody is cold in *there*; nobody starves *there*; big fires blaze all day on the hearths of empty rooms, burning up the coal that might be warming your wives and children; the tables in there are loaded with peacocks’ breasts, while you are left to starve!” and the hungry men, shivering in the freezing east wind, their wet feet numbed by the snow about their boots, did not stop to ask if the woman were speaking the truth. Is it any wonder?

Nobody knew who she was or where she lived. Only one night a man had sworn that he saw her disappear into the Castle itself. That was strange. Tonight, too, she seemed to make off in that direction.

“She has gone to set fire to the Castle,” suggested a young man in fun.

“She has gone to set fire to the Castle,” shouted his neighbour.

“She has gone to set fire to the Castle. She has gone to set fire to the Castle,” cried everybody, and everybody, except the young man who had suggested it, believed that it was true; for people will believe almost anything when people are excited and hungry enough.

“Stop her!” cried one.

“No!” said another.

“Yes!” shouted a third.

“What about Queen Violet?” cried another. “Are we going to let her be burnt alive?”

“No!”

“No!”

“No!”

“No!”

came the shouts from all sides, and everybody began talking at once at the top of everybody’s voice. At last they decided that they would march to the Castle in procession, with flaring torches to show them the way, to rescue Queen Violet when the Castle was set on fire. But Princess Gamboy and the King, they said, they would leave to burn to death. Then they thought what a fine big blaze the burning Castle would make, and of the red glare that would go up into the sky, and their hearts grew warm within them as though they had drunk brandy. Half-an-hour later the procession started off; some of the men carried pitchforks and some axes, and their red faces peeped from the black night beneath the glare of the flaring torches. And as they marched they sang this song:

“Left right, left right,  
    No more flour in the sack—  
Left right, left right,  
    No more coal on the stack—  
But we’re going to get warm tonight,  
    My Boys,  
    Before we all come back.”

“Do you see the flames bursting out?” said one.

“Look how the roof is smoking already!” cried his neighbour. But they only thought they had seen these things, because they wanted to see them.

“Ah,” said a third, “I wonder how the woman got into the Castle. It is well guarded, neighbours, very well guarded.”

“And I wonder who she is,” said a fourth. They did not know that it was Princess Gamboy herself who had been speaking to them half-an-hour ago, and who had now gone back into the Castle simply because she lived there. You see, as she grew wickeder and wickeder, she had grown more cunning too, and she had taken to disguising herself and going out to try and stir up rebellion against her brother-in-law, the King, whom she hated so much. Many a time she had tried to tell the citizens how Violet lay ill, knowing that this, which was true, would inflame them against the King more than all the lies she could invent. But somehow the words stuck in her throat; she dreaded the outburst of indignation which would follow, for it would remind her of the great love which the people bore to her sister. Princess Gamboy still loved Violet more than she loved anything else in the world. But that was so little that even her love for Violet had become a kind of hatred. So she said nothing about her when she spoke to the citizens. And then, you see, she didn’t want them to attack the Castle, because she lived in it herself. Besides, she had another plan on foot for satisfying her ugly jealousy of the King and Queen. She was hurrying back now to see if it had been successful.

She did not know, as she crept into the Castle, that the citizens were marching with their torches up the hill. She had heard a low, strange noise like the buzzing of gnats in the distance, and wondered for a moment what it was. That was all. But if she had listened very carefully she might have heard low, like the angry murmur of the sea, but getting steadily louder and louder:

“Left right, left right,  
No more flour in the sack—  
Left right, left right,  
No more coal on the stack—  
But we’re going to get warm tonight,  
My Boys,  
Before we all come back.”

## Chapter VI

But what had been happening inside the Castle all the time Gamboy was making her speech and the citizens were preparing to march? For many days past the Little Fat Podger had been striving hard to lighten the King’s load of sorrow by jesting and dancing before him in the most ludicrous manner he could devise. Since Courtesy was now King, it was the Dwarf’s duty, as Curator of the Royal Dump, to try to make him laugh, for his official task was to cure the King’s megrims. And as he loved his new master even more than his old one, and could not bear to see him unhappy, he tried all the harder to do his duty well; but it was very uphill work.

Now the Dwarf had a little workshop, right at the top of a high round turret, and there he made all his own clothes and furniture; for no tailor would make a suit of clothes small enough for the Little Fat Podger, and no carpenter could make a tiny enough wash-stand. So he made them all himself. But he was so neat and tricky with his fingers that he could make all sorts of things besides ordinary clothes and furniture. In addition to the little red suits of clothes which he wore every day, he used to make wonderful costumes and machines to dance in. He had cloth-covered wooden frameworks, some of which were like birds, some like fish, and some like the different animals, but one in particular, all covered over with green, with a wonderful attachment of wooden laths and steel springs, which were covered to look like a grasshopper’s legs, he would perform the most ridiculous jigs that you ever saw. In happier days King Courtesy had been known to fall down weeping with laughter at the mere sight of it, but of late he had watched the Dwarf executing his wildest fandangos and had not even smiled. He was very unhappy indeed.

The poor Dwarf did not know what to do, and when he saw that the King took no notice of him he began to pine and mope. Everybody always laughed at him, but the only people he really *liked* to laugh were Courtesy and Violet and Violet’s Father and Mother, who were getting too old now to laugh very much. He would eat no food and spent most of the day sitting in his little workshop, staring idly at his tools, with the tears trickling down his coat. Alas, this went on for a whole month, and the Little Fat Podger grew so thin that he ought to have been called the Little Thin Podger. But one evening he was looking vacantly out of the window when he saw the King pacing up and down the garden underneath. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and burst out laughing. The Little Fat Podger could not believe his eyes: he craned out of the window to see what it could be that had made his gloomy master smile, and what was his surprise to see that it was nothing more than a clumsy great green toad, which had lollopped into the middle of the garden path and sat there looking at the King without taking the slightest trouble to get out of his

way. The Dwarf stood at the window looking out at the King, and the King stood in the garden looking at the toad. The King laughed. The Dwarf gaped. There they stood stock-still, till the toad gathered itself together and flumped heavily to the side of the path.

Lollop-lump, lollop-lump, lollop-lump! went the toad.

The King went on his way.

Up jumped the Dwarf and flew to his bench. Off came his coat, and in two minutes he was working furiously, surrounded by the greatest pudder that was ever seen—tools of every shape and size, gold paint, green paint, black paint, varnish, laths, steel springs, elastic bands, glass eyes, electric bulbs, cranks, pulleys, and the insides of seven clockwork engines.

“Never say die till you’re dead!” he whistled, as he planed away at one of the best and smoothest of his stock of laths, and the plane was so sharp and the wood so soft and firm that it was like paring a slab of cheese. He worked on without stopping for two days and nights, and all that time he ate nothing but bananas. Every half-hour he would pause for a minute to eat a banana, so that by the end of the second day he had eaten ninety-six bananas. But he wasn’t ill. And on the evening of the second day there in the corner of his workshop, striped with glossy black and green and gold, and shining-new with varnish, stood a beautiful mechanical toad, ten times larger than life. All four legs could be worked from the inside by springs, and the eyes were two bulging bulbs, which could be lit up by means of a little electric switch inside the body. It was lovely. The Little Fat Podger ate four more bananas and drank a glass of port; then in he jumped and began to lollop down the winding stair to look for the King and make him laugh.

Lollop-lump, lollop-lump, lollop-lump.

On the way he passed a scullery-maid, and she screamed and ran away for fright, but the Little Fat Podger didn’t hear this because in his hurry he had forgotten to make ear-holes in his machine.

Now this was the very afternoon of the day on which Princess Gamboy went down into the City, all of which you have already heard about. What you haven’t heard is that, just as she was starting out, she had met the Dwarf inside his toad. But *she* wasn’t frightened—not she. And it was then that she suddenly thought of her plan. It was a very cruel plan.

She called to the Dwarf; but he didn’t hear, because he had forgotten to make ear-holes. So she called again. But still he didn’t hear,—he just went lolloping on, as though nobody was there. Then she ran after him and thumped on the toad’s wooden back, calling out:

“Little Fat Podger! Little Fat Podger!”

This time he could just hear, but he was so muffled up in his machine that he could not tell whose voice it was.

“Yes?” he shouted.

“Will you take this note to Queen Violet for me?” cried Gamboy.

“Very well,” called the obliging little fellow. “Put it under me!”

So Princess Gamboy took a piece of paper from her purse, folded it up, and scribbled “V. R.” on it, which stood for *Violetta Regina*, which is Latin for Queen Violet, and she thrust it underneath the machine, and the Dwarf took it.

But there was nothing written inside the piece of paper.

The Little Fat Podger gave up looking for the King, however, and trundled off to Violet’s room with the note. The Queen was in bed with her tiny little daughter, alone in the dark. She was very pale and thin. When the Dwarf knocked at the door, she called out in a weak voice:

“Come in!”



Of course the Dwarf didn't hear this, but he opened the door very gently and went in without waiting for an answer. He knew the Queen wouldn't mind.

Shut up in his workshop for two whole days, he had not heard of the Physicians' orders that Violet was to be kept very quiet. Nor did he know anything about the tiny little daughter, so he opened the door very gently and went in.

Far away, down in the City, Princess Gamboy on her tub was pointing scornfully to the brilliantly-lit Castle, and all the citizens were thinking, "How happy everybody must be in the Castle! I expect there is dancing going on behind those bright windows. How different from all *our* misery!"

But now Queen Violet looked from her bed and saw a great green toad coming in at the door with bulging eyes that shone right across the dark room. And she was very ill, and she raised herself up in bed and uttered one loud scream of terror and fell back dead.

But the Dwarf didn't hear her scream, because he had forgotten to make ear-holes.

And he thought to himself: "Now I am here, I will try and cheer the Queen up a little." So he worked the springs and switched the lights on and off and flopped clumsily up and down the room, chuckling to himself to think how the Queen must be laughing, though he couldn't hear it, and how much better she would be for it afterwards. And the little two-day-old baby in the bed looked on all the time with wide, wide eyes, not knowing at all what was happening, but much too young to feel frightened. But then the Dwarf happened to turn the toad's electric eyes in the direction of the bed. They shone full on the Queen's pale face. He saw what had happened.

Crash! He had jumped through the side of his machine, like a circus-rider piercing a paper hoop, and was kneeling by the bedside, chafing the Queen's hands and imploring her to answer him. But she said nothing. And then the Little Fat Podger began to weep, because he had killed his mistress.

This was Princess Gamboy's plan, you see.

Soon the Physicians came in to see how Queen Violet was. And when they saw what had happened, they sent for the King. But I will not try and tell you what King Courtesy felt when he came into that bedroom. Of course everybody thought it was the Dwarf's fault, and the King at once ordered him to be arrested. But the poor little Dwarf didn't care at all what they thought of him. He only wanted so badly to explain to Queen Violet that he hadn't *meant* to frighten her.

"Mistress! Mistress!" he kept saying, while they put handcuffs on him and took him away, "Oh, mistress, you do understand, don't you?"

But of course Violet didn't understand, because she couldn't hear.

And now a noise was heard outside the castle wall. It was the mob of citizens who had at last arrived at the top of the hill:

"No more flour in the sack"

they sang. And they beat upon the Castle gate with their pitchforks and axes, crying, "Let us in, let us in!"

The King did not know what it was; but when he had listened to them out of the window for a little, he understood, and himself went quietly downstairs and alone across the courtyard to open the gates. As soon as the gate began to creak ajar, the foremost among them made a rush to get in, but when they saw the King, they were abashed and fell back. Yet the people behind still pressed them forward.

"Where is Queen Violet?" they cried. "We have come to save her."

And then the King began to speak to them, and he spoke in the same funny polite voice in which he had spoken to Violet when he first met her in the West Corner of the Queen's Garden.

"Sirs," he said, "I fear your zeal outruns your discretion. Nevertheless it is now my painful duty to inform you that your kindness arrives too late. The lady is dead, you see—Dead—no doubt you have heard the word before. And now, sirs, I perceive animosity in your looks. If anyone would care fillip me up a little with an axe or a pitchfork—what can I say? I am his King and therefore entirely at his service." And King Courtesy bared and bowed his neck, waiting for someone of his subjects to come at him and strike off his head.

But not one of the crowd made a move. The anger suddenly died out of them when they thought of their beloved Queen lying white and cold in her bed in the Castle. Gradually they fell back, and one by one slunk away down the hill towards their homes.

"Goodnight, sirs," called out the King through his nose. "Oh, goodnight, I'm sure!" and he closed the Castle gate.

But when he had shut the gate and was alone, his queer manner suddenly changed. His head hung down, his shoulders began to droop, his knees bent beneath him, and he looked like an old, old man.

## Chapter VII

There was no bacon at little Princess Lily's christening. Princess Lily was the name of Violet's tiny little daughter, who was now growing larger and larger every day. But the christening was a very quiet affair, with no breakfast and no guests, because the King would have it so. After he had sent the citizens back to their homes on the night the Queen died, the King had walked straight to his private study and locked himself in. He had refused to see anybody or to take any interest in affairs of State. He would not even see his little daughter or give orders as to what was to be done with her. He was too full of hopeless grief to be able to think of anything but Violet, Violet, Violet. All day long and all night the thought of her filled his mind. Where was she? He could not believe that she would not soon knock gently on the door and come in.

Only once did he send for anybody to come to his chamber. And that was on the second day after he had entered it, when he sounded a bell and sent a page for the Lord High Teller of the Other from Which, who had recently been appointed Lord Chancellor. The new Lord Chancellor appeared, and the King asked him:

"When does the trial of my Dwarf fall due?" He would not use the name "Little Fat Podger," because that was a funny little name.

"Sire," said the Lord Chancellor, "it falls due tomorrow, but it will not take place."

"How!" exclaimed the King, "are my orders disobeyed, then?"

"Sire," said the Lord Chancellor, "I regret to say that the Dwarf passed away this morning in gaol." And he told the King how the shock had been too much for the Little Fat Podger. Weak as he was already, from having eaten nothing for a whole month except a hundred bananas, he quickly grew weaker still, and never recovered himself enough even to understand that he was in gaol awaiting trial for Murder and High Treason. He had talked continually, said his gaoler, of the dreadful mistake he had made, and was troubled because Violet had not answered when he tried to explain to her. Yet he seemed, as the time went by, to grow calmer and calmer, until this morning (and the Lord Chancellor mournfully repeated the words he had used before) he had "passed quietly away".

But the King, when he heard this, only frowned and commanded that the Dwarf should be buried outside the common burying-ground, alone and with no inscription on his tomb, and that no man should speak his name under penalty of death. For he knew nothing of Princess Gamboy's plan, and believed, as was to be expected, that the Dwarf had deliberately killed his mistress. So nobody knew what had happened, except Princess Gamboy, and though keeping quiet was not one of her habits, she kept very quiet about this.

For six months little Princess Lily lived with her Grandfather and Grandmother. They were stricken with grief for their favourite daughter and glad to have a little baby to look after. But after six months King Courtesy began to recover himself like a man and strove to take an interest in the government of his country. He no longer lived locked in his study, but went about the Castle in the old way, though at first everything he came to reminded him of the Queen, and gave him a great stab of pain in the heart, and made him want to sit down. He never went near the West Corner of the Queen's Garden.

But he soon became very fond of his little daughter, the Princess Lily. She, too, reminded him of Violet, but somehow that did not seem to hurt in the same way. As she grew up, she grew more and more beautiful, and it was soon plain that when she became a lady she would be even more beautiful than Violet herself had been. You see, she had no twin, no Gamboy, with whose looks her own were magically linked. And as her heart was like Violet's and not like Gamboy's, her face blossomed into what Violet's face would have been but for Gamboy's wrinkles and old Miss Thomson's queer spell. Very soon—even before she was a year old—she and her father became the closest companions. Wherever he went, he would take her with him, perched on his shoulder or in a little sling at his side, and all the time he would talk and talk to her—long before she could understand what he was saying. As soon as she grew more sturdy on her pins, the King was very anxious that she should learn to dance. For now that the Little Fat Podger and the Queen were both gone, there was nobody at all to dance to him. And then a very strange thing happened.

It was discovered that she could dance most beautifully without being taught a step!

“Quite *beautifully*, my dear!” said all the *Amalgamated Princesses* who came to the Castle to see Princess Gamboy, and who didn't really care for dancing in the least but were much too silly to say so and have done with it. So for a long time Princess Lily and the King were very happy together, at least she was very happy and he was not so sad. Every evening they would sit together in his study, little Lily and her Father, and he would take her on his knee and read to her all the wise and lovely things written by the men who lived a long time ago, and, when they were tired of this, Princess Lily would get up and go into the light of the lamp and dance a solemn little dance of her own making, and the King would clap his hands with delight and look quite young again. She had a way of making little dresses for herself to dance in, you know, and one evening she suddenly appeared to the King in a papery frock all of russet-brown and danced wildly and oh so lightly up and down the great room with her hair streaming out behind, as though there were a strong wind blowing. “That was my Leaf Dance,” she cried out, as she ran back to her Father's knee. But she found there were tears in his eyes and great lines of sorrow down his face, for he remembered how his Queen, too, had used to dance like a leaf in the wind. So she never wore that dress or danced that dance again, the dance in which she pretended to be a brown autumn leaf, blown along by the jolly wind. But she made other dresses and danced other dances, a Spring Dance, all in green, a Summer Dance, and a Winter Dance, in white like a snow-flake. And sometimes, while the King was reading to Lily beside the shaded lamp, or Lily was dancing to the King beneath the hanging one, Princess Gamboy, pretending some errand or

other, would open the door and come into the room. She would stand just inside the door looking at them, and then, if the King was reading, she would say:

“Stuff!”

or if little Lily was dancing, she would say:

“Tsch!”

after which she would turn on her heel and go out, slamming the door. At such times Princess Lily would ask, “What is the matter with Aunt Gamboy?” And King Courtesy would reply meekly, “I don’t know, my dear,” and fall silent with a cloud over his eyes. For since the Queen’s death he had never had the heart to be angry with Gamboy. He knew how much Violet had loved her, and anything Violet had loved was precious to him. Therefore he always tried his hardest to please her, although the only thanks he received would be

“Stuff!”

or

“Tsch!”

All the same Aunt Gamboy (she was *Aunt Gamboy* now) had given up trying to stir rebellion among the King’s subjects. That was something. But whether this was out of gratitude to the King for his gentleness or because she had another little plan of her own, you must guess for yourself.

Luckily the harvests had been good since the dreadful winter when the citizens had marched up to the Castle on the cold night of Queen Violet’s death, so that they were happy and contented. Moreover they were sensible citizens and soon began to discover what a wise, unselfish ruler their King really was. And gradually they came to love him nearly as fondly as they had once loved the Queen.

## Chapter VIII

When Princess Lily was between seven and eight years old, a curious thing happened in Mountainy Castle. It was all the more remarkable because, if there ever was anybody in the world who could be relied upon to behave in exactly the same way upon all occasions, morning and evening, year in year out, Sundays and Christmas Day included, that body was Aunt Gamboy. You always knew just what she was going to wear, just what she was going to say; for all you needed to do was to think carefully as she opened the door of her mouth, what thing you most hoped she wouldn’t wear, do, and say. And then she wore, did, and said it.

But now, very slowly as it seemed, she began to change.

She would still snap the heads off the Castle servants with her sharp tongue, she would still set the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord High Teller of the Other from Which (who had lately received the honourable title of Lord Tullywich) and all the other noble lords of the land by the ears with some ill-judged remark, she would still pore for hours over her black-bound book called *Excerpta*, and she would still feed the *Amalgamated Princesses* on aerated bread and desiccated cocoanut, but nevertheless there *was* a change. And with Aunt Gamboy any sort of change at all, even the tiniest one, was startling enough to everyone who knew her. She put on different clothes. She began to tie her hair with one piece of ribbon instead of three pieces of string. If she was talking to the King, or if she was talking to anyone else and the King was within hearing, her voice would grow a little softer and her tongue a little less sharp. Sometimes she was almost kind to him, on one occasion she even said “Thank you” instead of “Stuff!” and the next night she filled his hot-water bottle from her own kettle.

No doubt she had noticed what everyone else in the Castle had begun to see—that King Courtesy, in spite of little Lily and her pretty pranks, was a sad and lonely man. As he grew older and more tired he seemed to miss the Queen more and more, and at night, when his work was over and he sat in the firelight, he would sometimes fancy she was there beside him, till one of the flames, leaping higher than before, would light up all the room and remind him that he was alone. This would always be long after Princess Lily had gone to bed. At such times he would sit by the hearth far on into the night, his elbows upon his knees and his chin upon his hands, gazing, gazing into the fire, until it turned grey and then black and he was shivery with cold. Then he would trudge wearily up to bed and lie awake till morning, wondering why he had been born.

No doubt Aunt Gamboy had noticed all this.

### Chapter IX

One blowing autumn afternoon the King was out walking alone with Princess Lily. He was plodding slowly over the damp fields and footpaths of his demesne, with little Lily's small hand gripped tight in his big one and little Lily's little legs hurrying along beside his large ones, two steps to one. They were talking happily together of this, that, and the other, and watching the round sun putting on his gorgeous red clothes before he went to bed. But when silence fell between them, the King began to puzzle to himself over the strange alteration in Aunt Gamboy's behaviour and he could not help thinking how pleasant it would be, when the walk was over, to come back to the Castle and find her waiting with the China tea made ready and the Royal Slippers warming by the fire; for she had taken lately to drinking tea with him. But Princess Lily had a bright little picture in *her* head of the warm Nursery, with the blinds drawn and the fire flickering away behind the guard, and Indian tea and thick bread and butter with the Royal Nurse. "How nice it will be," she thought, "not to have that horrid Aunt Gamboy fussing in and out, making draughts and banging the door. She always stays downstairs now, thank goodness!"

They walked on in silence. Suddenly Princess Lily stopped dead, threw up her hands, and screamed a great scream. Her eyes and her mouth opened wider and wider and rounder and rounder; once, twice, three times she screamed aloud. Then she raised herself up on tiptoe and down she plopped backwards in a dead faint. The poor King was astonished. He snatched her up in his arms and turned to see what it could be that had frightened her so much. He looked all round, but there was nobody in sight. He looked all round again. Still he saw nothing. He looked all round *again*. And then he threw back his head and began to laugh. For lolloping along by the side of the path, believe me, in the clumsiest and most ridiculous way imaginable, was a great grey-green toad.

Lollop-lump, lollop-lump, lollop-lump!

But then the King suddenly understood that it was this which had frightened poor little Lily and sent her off a-fainting. He stopped laughing and looked very gravely at his daughter lying in his arms. And now she slowly opened her eyes and asked wonderingly where she was and what had happened.

"You are out for a walk with your Father and you have just seen a toad," said the King.

"What is a toad?" asked Lily.

And then King Courtesy (and you will remember that although he was not very clever he was very wise) thought for a moment and, when he had thought, he looked bang into Princess Lily's eyes and said:

"Are you a brave little Princess?"

“Yes,” said Lily, “I think so.”

The King put her on her feet and, taking her hand in his, said:

“Now you are quite safe, and you know there is nothing to be frightened of when you are with me, don’t you?”

“Yes, Your Majesty,” said little Lily.

“You are quite sure?”

“Yes, Father.”

“Very well. *That* is a toad!” said the King, pointing to it and watching his daughter to see what would happen. Well, her eyes began to open wider and wider and her mouth to grow rounder and rounder and she was just going to scream again; but the King pressed her hand tight, to remind her that he was there, and this time she did not faint, though she felt little trembles running up and down all over her like mice. She just stood shivering and shaking like a leaf hanging on the branch of a tree, when the wind blows it about, and she would not look at the great grey-green toad lolloping along in the ditch.

“Oh, Father, take me home, take me home!” she whimpered. So the King turned with her and walked towards home.

How queer, thought the King, as they walked home, that a thing which makes one person laugh should make another scream and shiver. He could not understand it. He did not remember the little two-day-old baby who only lay in a Queen’s bed and watched with wide-open eyes the antics of that strange mechanical toad. Nor did Princess Lily herself remember it, for she had been so young then that her memory hadn’t started. But somewhere inside her, somewhere behind those wide, wide eyes, the jumping toad with its electric glare and her Mother’s loud scream in the dark had printed their mark, just as a picture is printed inside a picture-machine, though if you opened the machine you would see nothing.

This was the first time since then that she had seen a toad. Oh, if only she had listened to nobody but her Father! For now His Majesty began to explain, as they walked along, that there was nothing to be frightened of in a toad or indeed in any other of God’s creatures—except lions and tigers.

“Only weak and silly people scream when they see mice and spiders and toads,” he said: “all sensible people know that they are really just as beautiful as bees and butterflies and robins. But you must get to know them and you mustn’t be frightened.”

Then Princess Lily began to feel a little ashamed of herself. All the way home the King talked to her in this way and promised to help her to be brave and untrembly, telling her stories of the way in which other people had conquered their fears.

When they reached the Castle, Lily ran upstairs to the Royal Nursery for tea. She said nothing to her old Nurse about the toad, because she felt she would rather not speak of it to anyone. She only wanted to forget all about it very quickly.

King Courtesy opened the door of the Tea Hall and went in. He found Aunt Gamboy sitting behind a table waiting for him. She had put away her spectacles (indeed she hardly ever wore them now except in her own room) and she had left her black book upstairs (she hardly ever read it now except in her own room); and there she sat behind the table. How like the Queen she was! The King was beginning to notice this more and more, and sometimes, when they sat alone together in one of the rooms in the Castle, a great peace would come to him and he would almost believe that Violet was with him again. If he looked very hard at Aunt Gamboy at these times, he fancied her face changing under his very eyes; not the features themselves, but the look on them seemed to slide and change, to change like the shape of a cloud, until he fell in a dream



that his beloved Queen herself was looking out at him through Gamboy's eyes. Then the world and the Castle and the walls of the room would all seem very shadowy and far-away, and he would dream on, wondering what might be the difference between life and death.

He sat down at the table:

"Such a curious thing happened this afternoon, when we were out for a walk," he said.

"What was it, my dear?" said Gamboy.

Yes, Aunt Gamboy called the King "My dear"! So he told her all that had happened, and of course she was *very* surprised, and told the King that she couldn't understand it at all. She quite agreed, she said, that little Lily must be taught to conquer her silly fear. It was not the thing, she said, for a Princess to be afraid. *She* had never been afraid of toads, she said, or anything else, and she would do her best to cure her niece. That was the end of their talk on that matter.

But Aunt Gamboy knew more about toads than anybody else in the country. She had read about them in that black book of hers. There was a good deal of magic in that book. And, of course, as it was a black book, it was Black Magic. It was because she knew so much about toads that she had sent the Little Fat Podger into her sister's room on the night he finished his machine and got inside it. She had known well enough what would happen. That was why she had done it, and since that night she had been reading, reading, reading. She had taken lately, as you know, to leaving her book upstairs, but she had not stopped reading it. When she was not smiling sweetly at the weary King or calling him "My dear", you would have found her, if you had looked, upstairs in her room, horn-rimmed spectacles on nose, poring over her book and reading about—toads.

"Oh dear! Here's that horrid Aunt Gamboy," thought Lily to herself as she heard Aunt Gamboy's footsteps coming upstairs to the Royal Nursery.

## Chapter X

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Gamboy, closing the door behind her, "and did you have a nice walk?"

It was the first time Aunt Gamboy had ever called her niece "My dear". Lily couldn't help feeling a little proud, because that was what the *Amalgamated Princesses* called each other, and though she didn't like those ladies very much, they *were* grown up. They called each other "My dears" and children "*Little dears*". Lily had always hated being called "Little dear". So when Aunt Gamboy called her "My dear", she was very glad. You see, the *Amalgamated Princesses* was a society of gentlewomen from the neighbouring kingdoms, who met together once a month at Mountainy Castle to talk. They had all been Princesses at one time of their lives but had been banished from their countries for disobeying regulations. Some of them had tied their hair up before they were twenty-one years old, some of them had neglected to keep it well keemed, some of them had worn the wrong clothes, and some of them had broken other laws of which you have not heard. But they were all alike in this, that they were no longer Princesses. That was why they called themselves the *Amalgamated Princesses*. And they all acknowledged Aunt Gamboy, who really was a Princess, as their leader. So Lily knew that if Aunt Gamboy called her "My dear", all these ladies would be sure to call her "My dear" too, and she would no longer have to bear their horrid patronage. That was why, although she had been so cross when she first heard Aunt Gamboy's step on the stair, she turned to her now with a pleasant smile and said:

"Yes, thank you, Aunt."

Aunt Gamboy sat down.

“What nasty weather we are having!” she said. Princess Lily felt prouder than ever, for though her Aunt had often *talked* to her before, she had never *conversed* with her like this. She sat up straight and patted her hair.

“Yes, isn’t it nasty?” she said primly. “Won’t you have some tea?”

“I’ve already had some, thank you, my dear,” said Aunt Gamboy, smirking to herself at the success of her little plan. And so the conversation went on, and all the time it was more like two Aunts conversing together than an Aunt talking to a niece. After a time a little page-boy came in and cleared up the tea things. Then he swept the Royal hearth, drew the curtains, and went away leaving Princess Lily and Aunt Gamboy sitting opposite each other over the bright, clean fire. They sat watching the flames in silence, and Princess Lily forgot all about the toad and only thought how nice it was to be quiet and peaceful and grown up, and how kind Aunt Gamboy was when you really got to know her.

The clock ticked the silence away.

A rustling sound, a mouse in the wainscot, or perhaps somebody scraping a chair in the room below; and behold, Aunt Gamboy gave a little tittering scream, yes she did, and hopped up on to her chair switching her skirts about her knees. What was the matter? Little Lily’s heart went thump, thump.

“Why, Aunt,” she cried, trembling to see her Aunt tremble so, “whatever is the matter?”

But Aunt Gamboy was panting (so it seemed to her niece) for want of breath. She began to gasp words out:

“I-h-thought-h-it-h-might-h-be-h-a-T—”

But then her teeth chattered, clack, clack, clack, like Spanish castanets, so loudly that she could not utter the last word at all. Now Lily had never looked inside her Aunt’s black book. If she had, she might have seen a paragraph beginning:

TEETH: Chatter, how to make (a) Others.

(b) Own.

And she would have noticed that (b) was underlined which would have been a very good thing for her. But, as it was, *her* teeth began to chatter too, for there is nothing more terrifying than to see someone else terrified, and she, too, jumped up on her chair and snatched at her skirts, though without knowing why. So there they stood, trembling and staring at each other from two chairs on either side of the fireplace.

Soon, however, Aunt Gamboy grew calmer. She climbed down and sat in her chair once more. So Princess Lily climbed down too, and again she asked her Aunt what was the matter. For a long time Aunt Gamboy made no reply. Then at last she went to Princess Lily and, throwing her arms round her neck, wept on her shoulder.

“Oh, my dear,” she cried, shuddering, “I thought I heard a T—” and she gulped a sob down and would not speak the word. Then suddenly it came into Lily’s mind that the thing her Aunt was so frightened of, the word she could not speak, was “Toad”. As the tide rushes into a pool of sand, rushed back to her now the memory of her afternoon’s walk and of the great grey-green shining thing with its bulging eyes. In a moment she became even more trembly than Aunt Gamboy. She shivered and shook so that the chair rattled beneath her, and her eyes opened themselves wide and stared as they had stared only once before, when she was a baby two days old. Her breath came faster and faster. Aunt Gamboy unlocked her arms from her niece’s neck and stood up. Whereat Princess Lily gave one long sigh and fell with her head over the arm of

the chair, like a doll; and Aunt Gamboy, looking her up and down without moving, uttered the word

“Successful!”

Then she sat down in her chair again to wait. “Weak,” she murmured to herself, “a weak child—easily upset. Hm—a weak child, a lonely father, and” (here Aunt Gamboy rose and looked at herself in the glass) “Princess Gamboy, at your service,” she simpered, bowing to the image in the mirror, which bowed as politely back.

Little Lily, on her chair, began to stir her limbs. Aunt Gamboy arranged her face in front of the glass, knelt down beside her niece, and began to whisper to her the most pitiful words.

“My darling childie, are you better now?” she whispered. “Put your head in my lap, my sweet. There, there, then!” And Princess Lily opened her eyes and looked wonderingly up into her Aunt’s eyes. Then, when she saw who it was, a trustful little smile spread over her face and she closed her eyes again and pretended to sleep. Aunt Gamboy began to talk to her.

“Are *you* afraid of Toads, Aunt?” said Lily, opening her eyes.

“Hush, dear, don’t think about it.”

“Yes, but are you?”

“Hush, hush, there’s a good child! There are not many things your old Aunt is afraid of.”

“Yes, but, tell me, are you afraid of Toads?”

“Hush!”

“Aunt!” said the little Princess, beginning to cry: “You *are* afraid of them, you are, you are. Oh, what are they? What will they do to me if they catch me? Tell me!” And she began to shiver again. But Aunt Gamboy, who had just promised the King to help his daughter to conquer her fear, said nothing and looked away. She is frightened, thought Lily; if she, who is so strong and fearless, cannot protect me, then who will? And she wept for loneliness and fell to trembling again more than ever. Then she thought of her Father.

“Father told me there was nothing to fear,” she sobbed out.

Aunt Gamboy said nothing.

“Father told me there was nothing to fear,” she cried again.

“Yes, but—your Father—” said Aunt Gamboy and stopped.

“Why should he tell it me if it wasn’t true?”

“—is—” went on Aunt Gamboy slowly, as though she hadn’t heard. She was thinking of something false to tell her niece.

“Oh, I’m so frightened. Need I sleep alone tonight?” wailed Lily.

“—a man,” finished Aunt Gamboy, “Your Father is a man, my child, and doesn’t understand.”

“Oh, why not?” cried Lily miserably. “I am going to tell him at once and ask if I can sleep in the room next to his tonight,” and she started running towards the door.

“Come here!” said Aunt Gamboy from her chair by the fire.

“No. I am going to find the King.”

“Come here!”

“I want my Father!”

“Listen, Lily, do you love your Father?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know that he is very tired and unhappy just now and very full of affairs? Are you going to trouble him still more and turn his hair grey? For shame! Besides, he is a man, and

couldn't understand if you did tell him. He couldn't help you. If you love him, you will say nothing about it."

Poor little Lily was young enough to believe all this, to believe that it would be wrong to tell her own Father that she was trembly!

"I won't tell him, Aunt," she said. "May I come and sleep in the room next to yours tonight?"

"You're a good girl. Of course you may. And we'll both do everything we can to keep the—to keep them out. If we can't" (and she shrugged her shoulders), "we can't,—that is all." Saying which Aunt Gamboy turned and left the room.

"*If we can't, we can't,*" the terrible words echoed in Princess Lily's ears. How she longed to tell her Father everything. She remembered how wisely he had spoken to her on the way home from their walk and how he had told her to fear none of God's creatures. Why, he had even laughed at the horrible thing, as if it was a joke. Perhaps it was a joke. How safe Lily would feel if she could hold his hand and tell him all about it. Surely it would be all right. She would do it. But no; for then she remembered her Aunt Gamboy's words. How dreadful, if she were really to turn her father's hair grey!

A cinder clicked in the grate, and Princess Lily started and remembered suddenly that she was alone in the room.

She had never feared to be alone before, but now she began to shiver and shake from head to foot. What was that noise? How tall Aunt Gamboy had looked just now standing on the chair—and how strange! What was that shadow moving on the wall? Princess Lily ran out of the room, turning her face away from the looking-glass as she passed, and fled downstairs to the Great Hall, where she could hear the Castle servants moving about. There she felt safer.

Meanwhile Aunt Gamboy was talking to the King in the Tea Hall:

"Yes," she said, "I've done my best to help the child. Poor little tot! I told her there was nothing whatever to be frightened at. I think she has got over it already. I am sure you will find she'll say no more about it to you. Best keep quiet about it yourself, my dear. By the way, in case she *should* feel at all nervous, I have arranged for her to sleep in the room next to mine tonight. She said she would feel quite, quite safe there—quite, *quite* safe."

And the King, who knew nothing of what had happened upstairs, was much moved and full of love for Aunt Gamboy because of her kindness in helping his daughter in her trouble. He looked at her as she sat with her eyes fixed modestly on the floor, and, when he had been gazing for a little, she raised her head and looked steadily back at him. Then it was that the King positively started because of her likeness to Violet. Her eyes seemed to grow larger and more transparent and to move nearer to him, and it was as though a voice spoke out of them saying "It is I, Violet, who am looking at you, my own darling: not dead, but hidden in here." And, as he looked, an agony of dreary longing sighed in the King's lonely heart, like a wind over the sea at night, and with it came once more the dream and filled all the room, till the world and the Castle and the walls of the room grew shadowy and far away, and only the Queen was near. He leaned his head over the table nearer to Gamboy's: "Most Gracious Lady," he began whispering to her, "pardon the intrusion—pardon the intrusion—pardon the intrusion—er—if I am something too forward in my address, you must believe that it is your beauty which has stolen my manners." "What a fool!" thought Aunt Gamboy, as she listened to what he was saying—"What a fool he is! But he is rich, and a King, and I would like a Prince to my son or a Princess to my daughter."

That night Princess Lily, lying in the room next to her Aunt's, dreamed a dream. She seemed to be standing amid long green grasses by the margin of a willowed pool, waiting for her

Father. How happy she was; but suddenly the grass near her began to move, and she walked away, pretending not to hurry, for she knew something dreadful had seen her. As she came out on to the road, she looked back and saw a great green toad lolloping along behind her. She quickened her pace; the toad did the same. She broke into a run. Faster and faster lolloped on the toad, always drawing a little nearer, always staring at her with stony eyes. Oh dear, oh dear, how frightened she was in her dream! Princess Lily flew on and on towards the Palace and, looking back once, she saw that the toad had ceased lolloping and broken into a steady run, striding over the ground with long spidery legs. She was panting for breath. Would she reach home before her strength gave out? Ah, at last there was the door in front of her! She seized hold of the handle, but it had stuck fast and would not even rattle in her hand. She screamed "Help!" but no sound at all came out of her mouth, and she felt the toad's warm breath blowing the hair about her neck, as she flung herself on the door and discovered that it had been open all the time, only needing a push. She tried to slam it behind her in the animal's face, but it had caught on a hook in the wall and would not move. Sobbing for breath, she stumbled upstairs to her Aunt's room and found her standing stock still behind the bed, smiling. Princess Lily ran round the bed to her and tried to speak, but could not for want of breath.

Lollop-lump, lollop-lump, lollop-lump!

Poor little Lily dreamed she heard the toad hoisting itself up the stairs the way she had come. She seized her Aunt by the dress and pointed to the door, but tall, thin Aunt Gamboy only stood stock still and smiled and smiled; yet Princess Lily knew somehow that she understood it all, though she would do nothing. In despair she rushed out of the other door and down Gamboy's own staircase to the King's study. If only she could get to her Father!

Lollop-lump!

She heard the toad at the top of the stairs as she pushed open the study door. There, inside, was her Father standing with his arm in Aunt Gamboy's, and Lily never stopped to wonder how her Aunt had got there. "Father!" she shrieked (and this time her voice came), "the Toad, the Toad!" but His Majesty only burst out laughing, and when she called to him again she saw that he was very small and round like a little toy figure of indiarubber, and his head only came up to Gamboy's waist. He went on giggling, and Aunt Gamboy stood and smiled and smiled, nor did either of them seem to understand that the toad was even now pushing open the door behind her. She stood—in her dream—frozen with terror, watching her little father open his mouth wider and wider, and louder and louder grew his laughing till it grumbled and muttered round the whole room, and she woke up to find herself alone in the dark with a thunderstorm going on outside.

At first she lay still, not daring to move or make a sound, full of the dream, but then, remembering where she was, she called out through the door to her Aunt:

"Auntie, Auntie, are you there? I'm frightened." And Aunt Gamboy, lying awake next door and listening to the storm, heard little Lily call out to her; but she made no sound, as though she were asleep and hadn't heard, she made no sound. Then Lily cried out again:

"Auntie, Auntie," and again and again "Auntie, Auntie!" But Aunt Gamboy lay and smiled to herself in the dark and answered not a word. At last Lily felt ashamed of crying any more in case any other people in the Castle should hear her, and as she dared not get out of bed and find her way in the dark to her Aunt's room, she lay trembling and starting at every little creak of the woodwork and every rumbling echo of the thunder, until the window-pane turned grey. Then, when the dawn was come, she felt safer again and so tired that she turned over and went straight off to sleep. But in the morning she woke tossing and tossing in the throes of a high

fever. And when someone came and stood by her bed, she thought in her delirium that the lady was her own dear Mother, of whose loving-kindness the King had so often spoken to her, and at once she held out both her hands to her, crying piteously:

“Oh Lady-Mother, my forehead is so hot!”

hoping and hoping that her Mother would stoop and comfort it with her darling cool palms.

But of course, Aunt Gamboy did nothing of the sort.

### Part III Chapter XI

“Very well, then. Go! And never let me see your face again!”

It was the Court of Strenvaig, and old King Stren was speaking to his son. Without a word Prince Peerio turned away and went slowly off to pack his knapsack. But since his Father was banishing him penniless from the Kingdom, he had very little to put together, nothing at all in fact except a little knapsack containing one day’s provisions, two clean pairs of socks, a compass, and a picture of a Princess named Lily, who lived in the Castle of Mountainy, on the other side of the world.

It was this picture which had been the cause of their quarrel. A wealthy merchant of the kingdom, who, although he was a merchant, loved good painting, had bought it a week ago for a heavy heap of gold and presented it to the Prince; and Prince Peerio, the moment he saw it, had fallen in love, not with the picture, but with the Princess. He told his Father that unless he could find Princess Lily and persuade her to marry him he should certainly live in misery for the rest of his life. But old King Stren had his own ideas of love, and especially of love at first sight, and more especially still of love at first sight of a picture. He said:

“I think not.”

And he then explained to his son that it was his duty to marry Princess Killum, the daughter of a neighbouring monarch, who, besides having a large fortune, would make him a very good wife. But Prince Peerio said:

“I think not.”

And then the quarrel began which ended in the King’s banishing his son for ever. So Prince Peerio set out on a Sunday morning to walk round the world with a picture in his heart and knapsack. Luckily it was a very small picture and quite light. He was very sad when he thought of the quarrel, for he loved his Father and was afraid the old man would be lonely. But “It’s no use worrying,” he said to himself; “it can’t be helped.” And he determined to listen to the birds singing.

Well, he walked and he walked and he walked, and his boots wore out. So then he stopped at the town of Bremen and worked hard for a week, till he had earned enough money to buy a new pair of boots. And he walked and he walked and he walked, and his third pair of socks wore out. So then he stopped at the town of Tobolsk and worked hard for a week, till he had earned enough money to buy three new pairs of socks.

As for food, he lived all this time on roots and berries and what he could beg by the wayside. But he bought a little meat with the money that was left over when he had paid for his boots, and a little more with the money that was left over when he had paid for his socks.

And he walked and he walked and he walked, till his knapsack wore out and the picture dropped through the hole on to the ground. But luckily the ground was frozen hard at that time, so that, although the picture fell face downwards, it didn’t get smudged. So then he stopped at the town of Yakutsk and worked hard for a week, till he had earned enough money to buy a new

knapsack and a little more meat. And he walked and he walked and he walked, and his boots wore out *again*; so he stopped at the first large town that he came to. But it seemed as though he had been in that town before, for he found that he knew his way about the streets.

“What is the name of this town?” he asked of the first kind face that he saw.

“Yakutsk,” answered the face.

“How can that be?” said the puzzled Prince; “I left Yakutsk a month ago, and I have been walking ever since.”

“Let me see your map,” said the face kindly.

“Alas,” said the Prince, “I have no map. When I left Strenvaig, I set my course by compass and I have steered myself by that and the stars.”

But at that the face looked so old-fashioned, and its owner hurried away so fast, that he didn’t care to ask anybody else just then. But when he had finished his week’s work, he asked his master:

“How shall I get to Mountainy Castle?”

“Mountainy,” said the master, a knowledgeable fellow; “let me see—ah!—that is in warmer climes. You must turn down south. It lies south-south-east by two degrees east and then back a little way.”

So Prince Peerio bought some new socks with the money he had earned, set his compass again, and started off. But he was dispirited, because he had thought, when he set out from Strenvaig, that if he only walked by his compass, he must reach Mountainy Castle by the very shortest route. And what am I to do, he said to himself miserably, if I walk for a month and find myself back here again? But at last, after walking for two months, he learnt that he was only three miles from Mountainy Castle. It was night, and he entered a little inn: for he had saved some money from his last purchase at Yakutsk to have at the end of his journey, meaning to rig himself out a little before he went a-wooing.

“Go away!” said Mine Host, coming out of the parlour door. “I have no room at all for you. There is a big party dining here tonight, and many of them staying, and I am at my wits’ end already.”

Yet Prince Peerio, who had come to understand a good deal about faces in the course of his beggar’s walk round the world, saw at once that the man was not really unkind but only very tired and troubled. So though he was tired out himself with his day’s tramp, he said gently:

“Perhaps I can help you. I can’t cook, but I am sure I could wash up rather neatly.”

At once the man began to smile:

“I am sorry I spoke so tartly,” he said: “It is very kind of you to offer to help. I’ll tell you what. I can’t give you a room to sleep in, but, demme, if you shan’t have a kip in the kitchen. No sheets and blankets, you know—but at least it will be warm. I expect the Lit—my cook—will knock you up some kind of a bed. He’s a bonny little carpenter, is my cook.”

Prince Peerio entered the inn, took off his coat, and started in at once to help Mine Host lay the table. Going out to the kitchen to fetch in more crockery, he noticed what an odd little fellow the cook was. To begin with, he was scarcely that high—and, besides that, he had a way of whistling and singing to himself as he went about—not regularly, but in sudden jerks and snatches; he fidgeted, too, at abrupt intervals. He would be moving smoothly and silently to and fro just like any other cook (except that he was so small), when all of a sudden he would shrug his shoulders and click out a leg or an arm in front or behind or to the side of him, his eyebrows would shoot up and his lips out, and he would whistle half a phrase of music, such as “God save our gra—” or “Speed bonny bo—” or perhaps “Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your

gar—” and then remember himself and stop dead, and go on quietly with his work again. Prince Peerio could not help laughing at first, but he soon saw that the cook was an absent-minded little man and that the head, which seemed so very much too large for that crooked little body, was crammed full of some trouble of its own which couldn't get out.

But now the guests had arrived and were all assembled in the dining-room, talking.

“—Ha, ha, ha . . .”

“—My dear sir! . . .”

“—So sorry he can't come . . .”

“—Ha, ha, ha, ha . . .”

“—and the best of the thing was . . .”

“—old Gamboy . . .”

“—What? . . . *No!* . . . Ha, ha . . .”

“—delicious soup . . .”

“—Now, my dear feller . . .”

That was what the Prince heard as somebody opened and closed the dining-room door.

The Prince and the little cook were both very busy running in and out with heavy dishes. Prince Peerio had never done this kind of thing before. Hitherto other people had always waited on *him*. But didn't he enjoy it, tired as he was! What he liked most was to set down an enormous dish in front of Mine Host, or in front of the Vice-President at the other end of the table, and then to whisk the covers off and watch the cloud of steam leap up after it, like a man trying to catch his hat. And, moreover, as he walked out into the kitchen, he saw a tiny little porky reflection of himself in the bright nickel-plated cover, which made him laugh for pure joy. He had long ago forgotten how weary he was, and when the dinner was over and the dwarf-cook began to show him how to wash up the dishes, he was as ready to talk as the cook was to listen. He began at the beginning, therefore, and told the little man all his adventures, his setting out from Strenvaig, and his long, long tramp around the world. At first he was greatly disconcerted by the little cook's odd manner; for he would be explaining some exciting adventure encountered on his journey, how once he was robbed by a thief and another time nearly murdered by Chinesees, when the little cook, who appeared to be following his story with the greatest interest, would suddenly shoot up his eyebrows, click out an arm, and shrug his shoulders all in a trice, and there he would stand looking for all the world as though he had been frozen stiff in the middle of a dance. The first time the cook did this, the Prince politely stopped his narrative and waited, but “Go on, Go on!” cried the little man. “This has got nothing to do with it. I'm listening.”

So Prince Peerio went on with his long story, till he reached the point where he had asked the name of the town he had been in before and was told “Yakutsk”.

“How did that happen?” he paused and asked the cook. “Did I dream it? I can't have done. I remember the season changed from Autumn to Winter between my first and second visits.”

“H'm,” said the little man, “what map did you use?”

“No map at all. I used a compass.”

“Ah, that explains it,” said the cook. “You must have done just what the Mercator did. *He* hadn't got a map either. In fact he went round on purpose to make one. See ‘cosmic circumambulation’ in the *Encyclopedia Montanica*.”

“Expound, expound,” said the Prince, laughing at the little fellow's long words.



But the little fellow didn't like being laughed at.

"Very well, then," he said in a hurt voice. "Next time you have an orange, *you* try and spread the peel out flat on the table. Australia happens twice. Siberia happens twice. That's more than my advice does. Next time you ask questions, listen to the answer. Handsome is as handsome does. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. Catch hold!" And he threw a sopping, slippery dish to the Prince, who deftly caught it and began drying it with a dish-clout.

For a little while they worked in silence; but when at last they had broken the back of the job, and the great pile of greasy clobber on the wash-board was turning slowly into polite rows of shining plates in the rack and dangling cups in the cupboard, and when the cook perceived that, however quickly he washed, the Prince could wipe a little faster and was always waiting for him, he grew good-humoured again, and at last, as they sat down at the yellow kitchen table to their own meal:

"Well," he said, "what did you do it for?"

"Do what?" said the Prince.

"Why, walk round the world," said the little cook.

"Well," said the Prince, "it is true I was happy enough at home with Stren, my Father. But one day a wealthy merchant, who, although he is a merchant, loves good painting, came to the palace and brought with him this—" and he got up and walked over to his knapsack to show the little cook his picture. But before he could get it out, the cook held up one hand like a policeman stopping the traffic.

"Portrait?" he said.

"Yes," answered the Prince, tugging at the frame to get it out of the bag.

"Aha," said the little cook, archly wagging his finger. "*La grande passion!*"

"I beg yours?" asked the Prince politely.

"*No compos mentis,*" explained the cook gently; "it's the same thing nowadays." And laying his cheek flat on the flat table, he looked hard at the Prince, whistled "Let the great big world keep tur—" <sup>1</sup> and stopped dead. . . .

"—What pleasure it gives me to see us all here again tonight . . ."

"—Hear, hear . . ."

"—Shame! No, no! . . ."

"—Tullywich, the port is with you . . ."

"—this grave occasion which calls us all together, calls for something more than . . ."

once more a burst of talking floated in from the dining-room, as somebody opened the door and went out into the yard.

"All the same," said the cook at last, lifting his head slowly from the table and addressing the Prince as though he were a baby, "let me see pretty picture!"

It was a rude thing to say, but he did not say it rudely—only as if he were very tired. For there was a clear ring of kindness in his voice, and the Prince, who had come to understand a

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<sup>1</sup> *Let the great big world keep tur—*" Of course this is not really the tune the little cook whistled, any more than the language I am writing in is the language which he and the Prince spoke. But as nobody would understand the popular songs of Mountainy, if I quoted them, it seemed better to find the English songs most like them and put them in instead. Much better.

good deal about voices in the course of his beggar's walk round the world, was not offended by it. So he took the picture over to his companion.

How startled he was by the result! For

"Princess Lily!"

gasped the little cook, all his queer manners fallen from him like an overall.

"What, then, do you know her?" cried the Prince.

"Yes! No! That is—I—once knew her Mother." The little man was white and trembly.

"Do you love Princess Lily?" he asked.

"Love her!" said the Prince. "I—"

"Yes, yes," said the little cook, looking at him, "cut all that out, but do you *love* her?"

"Yes," said the Prince, looking at him.

"I'll help you!" said the cook, putting his hand in the Prince's.

Now the Prince looked rather old-fashioned at this, for he did not see how this little man, a cook in a wayside inn, could help him, the Prince of Strenvaig, to woo his lady. But the cook took no notice.

"The only thing I can do," he said in a thoughtful voice, "is to give you an introduction to Miss Thomson. You'll need it, let me tell you, before you've done, with a fox at the cupboard like old Gamboy. Heaven knows what she may be up to nowadays."

"Who's 'Old Gamboy'?" asked the Prince.

So then the little cook, who had lived many years ago at the Castle, began to explain to Prince Peerio who Princess Gamboy was; and if it took him as long as it is taking me, it must have been very late that night before the cook knocked up a wooden bed for the Prince and they both went off to sleep.

## Chapter XII

Early the next morning, with the little cook's letter to Miss Thomson in his pocket, and a full day's wages in his purse, Prince Peerio set out for Mountainy Castle. When he came to the town at the foot of the hill, he went into a shop, just as it was being opened, the pavement swabbed, and the shutters lifted down with a clatter, and bought himself a new lace-collar and a new cocked hat. He would have liked to wear his suit of bright chain-mail, but there were two reasons why he had not brought that with him. One was that it was rather too heavy to walk round the world in, and the other because he wanted to approach the Castle, not as a Prince, but in disguise. For he wished to find out all about the people in the Castle before he told them why he had come. He thought himself very lucky, therefore, when, on arriving at the Castle gate, he saw a stable-boy leaning idly against it.

This stable-boy was a good-natured hobbledehoy young lout, all legs and wings, who yanked about the Castle in a suit of corduroy reach-me-downs, with a straw hanging out of one side of his mouth and a melancholy whistle tootling out of the other.

"Mornin'," he said to the Prince.

"Good morning to you!" answered Peerio pleasantly. Very soon they fell talking, and Prince Peerio began to ask the stable-boy what was going on inside the Castle. The little cook at the inn had already told him what had gone on while *he* was still at the Castle, but he didn't seem to know much about what had happened since. He had not been at the Castle since Princess Lily was born, so he said, and that was nearly twenty years ago.

“Yes,” said the stable-boy gloomily, “things is going from bad to worse inside. Old Gamboy, she’s got ’em all into the coop, like a lot o’ chicks, an’ she’s sitting on the lid—and there she’ll stay, I reckon, as long as she’s on top of dirt.”

He shook his head sadly from side to side, and the straw hanging from his mouth wagged to and fro as solemnly as the pendulum of a grandfather’s clock. Then, out of the other side of his mouth, he went on talking:

“Them *Amalgamated Princesses!*” he said indignantly. And, after a pause, “Anyone ’ud think the Castle belonged to ’em. ’Is por old Majesty stuck in his study from morning to night, not knowin’ what’s goin’ on and not darin’ to come out and see for hisself. They do say as if he so much as shows ’is face at the door, old Gamboy is up and fussin’ all over ’um, before you can say ‘Sneeze.’ ‘*Well, dear, wot is it, me dear? Troublin’ that por old ’ead of yours, are you? Better leave it all to me, darling, much better leave it all to me. Yes, Lily’s quite well, me dear, I’m looking after ’er.*’ O Lord, ’aven’t I ’eard all about it from the parlermaids? Aven’t I ’eard it more than one times?”

Prince Peerio’s heart leaped when he heard the stable-boy say “Lily,” but he said nothing, for he wanted the lad to go on.

“They do say,” he continued at last in a hoarse whisper, leaning forward to the Prince’s ear, “as he just sits an’ stares! sits in ’is study all day, just starin’ an’ starin’ at nothing. ’E don’t seem to know quite where ’e is, por gentleman. P’raps it’s a good thing ’e don’t. I tell you, when I ’eard ten years ago that ’e was married to ’er—yer could have knocked me down with a feather—just like that, yer could!—knocked me down with a feather! Nobody knows how it ’appened. I don’t believe ’Is Majesty knows ’imself. They say ’e just kinder woke up one morning an’ found it ’ad ’appened—started callin’ ’er ’is Queen. I don’t wonder neither, seein’ as she’d been bossing ’im about enough for fifty Queens ever since ’er sister died. But the queer thing is, Mister, they say as ’e don’t always seem to know be rights who she is. ’E mixes up the old an’ the new in ’is por old ’ead—calls ’er Violet, yer know.”

By this time the Prince and the stable-boy, without knowing what they were doing, had entered the Castle grounds. The stable-boy went on:

“I tell you I don’t like it at all. You should have ’eard ’er talkin’ down in the market-place, when the famine was on. I wasn’t but a little nipper then; but, my, she said some nasty things. My Father believed ’em all, too—marched up to the castle, ’e did, the night the Queen died.”

But Prince Peerio had heard all this from the little cook at the inn. So he interrupted:

“What are the *Amalgamated Princesses?*” he asked.

“Ah!” said the stable-boy.

“Well, what are they?”

“*She* knows!” said the stable-boy, darkly squinting.

“Doesn’t anybody else know?”

“Not properly they don’t. But I’ll tell you, Mister: I know one thing, and that’s not two!” He leaned forward and whispered again. “They pays ’er subscripshuns. An’ she *spends* ’em—spends ’em all on ’erself and ’er own fenarious schemes!”

“Embezzles them,” suggested the Prince.

“That’s it, Mister, the first thing she did with ’er bloomin’ subscripshuns, as didn’t properly belong to ’er, was to purchase that great black book of hern. An’ she spent the rest of ’em *hex*perimenting with the magics in the book. I tell yer, it fair gives yer the creeps to walk underneath her window at night an’ hear the old lady up there a mumblin’ and a mutterin’ to

'erself or the Devil, it's pretty much the same thing, I reckon. An' them *Amalgamated Princesses*, they still goes on payin' their subscripshuns, oh yus, they still go on payin' up through the nose. They seem ter like it. There's nought so queer as folk, I reckon—very!"

They were talking so hard that they never noticed they had come right up to the Castle wall and were standing underneath Gamboy's window.

But Aunt Gamboy, up in her room, bending her head low over the squiggled pages of *Excerpta*, had heard their footsteps. She perked up her head, and her dark eyes gleamed suddenly with a baleful light. She crept to the window. She could see them. She could hear every word they said.

She heard Prince Peerio ask the stable-boy where Princess Lily was and what she was doing.

The boy pointed to a building a little way outside the Castle grounds; it was a high, stalk-like tower, with a little door at the bottom of it and at the very top a few narrow slits of windows. The rest was blank, staring stone.

"She's in there," he said.

And then Gamboy heard him tell the Prince what follows:

When the Princess Lily had at last recovered from her long illness, she was so wasted by fever and so weakened by pain that her own Father could scarcely recognize her. Nor was she indeed the same girl. Ever since the day Aunt Gamboy had had tea with her she had been peak-faced, irritable, and headachy. A silence had fallen on her. She would never open her mouth of her own accord, and, if she was asked a question, would answer "Yes" or "No," and say no more. If anybody asked her to do anything, to play at ball or go a walk, she would only look peevish and avoid complying. She no longer read the wise and beautiful books on her Father's shelves, nor did she dance any more, as she had danced to him in the old days for joy, but sat about in drooping attitudes with her white hands hanging listlessly in her lap, thinking.

She was a burden to all who came near her, and all were astonished at the change. Her own servants, who had delighted to serve the gay young thing she once was, now avoided her whenever possible, and pouted back sour and sullen looks at her querulous upbraidings. But there was one thing which nobody noticed (nobody, that is, except old Lord Tullywich, and he saw most things that went on under his nose), and that was that Princess Lily had grown timid. She, who had never trembled until she saw the toad, was now ready to be scared by her own shadow, terrified by the darkness, and startled out of her skin by the banging of a door two rooms away.

Often, just before she went to bed, she would run to Gamboy and cling on to her hand:

"Auntie," she would say, "will you promise me that no toads will get into my room tonight? They won't, will they?" And Aunt Gamboy would turn her head and look down at Lily through her great round spectacles, and say, oh so kindly:

"I can't *promise*, my darling—it's very unlikely—it's never happened before—and I sincerely hope it never will; but—they *may* of course. Anything *may* happen, you know. You mustn't be frightened, there's a good girl."

Then Princess Lily would answer obediently (for she was still obedient to her Aunt):

"No, Auntie. I only thought I'd just like to ask you."

And then she would go off to bed, trembling with fear, and lie awake half the night with her eyes wide open, staring into the darkness. All the time, as the days went by, she came more and more to lean on her Aunt, to go to her for comfort, and to believe every word she said. So that if Gamboy had once told her firmly (what was no more than the truth) that no toad could

possibly get into her room as long as she kept the windows shut, she would have slept quite happily every night; and very soon she would have been peak-faced and white no more, but as healthy as it is possible for anyone to be who sleeps with the windows shut.

But Aunt Gamboy never told her this.

As for her Father, she scarcely ever saw him now. For he, too, had come to lean all his strength on his new Queen. He believed himself to be happy, because he no longer thought much about anything—not even about Violet. But he was not really happy.

So Queen Gamboy gradually gathered all the affairs of State into her own hands, and at last even began to attend the meetings of the Privy Council in her husband's place, while he sat mooning in his study. As a matter of fact, she used to put slumber-syrups in his coffee. Ever since their marriage she had insisted on making it for him with her own hands, and ever since their marriage the King had grown sleepier and sleepier. So that poor, pale little Lily scarcely ever saw her Father nowadays, or, if she did see him, he seemed only half to know her, and would make some foolish remark or other about the weather or the political situation. *He* could never tell her that she was safe from toads. He didn't even know she was frightened of them.

So at last, at the Queen's suggestion, she had had the high, stalk-like tower built for her. But even there she did not feel safe from toads.

And there she sat all day and every day, with her hands in her lap, staring. Books all round her, and she never read one of them; pictures, and she never looked at them. She did not know the history of her own country, and she might have learnt the history of the world. Indeed, so far from knowing its history, she did not even know how it was made or what it was made of. Every spring the wild flowers burst into a sea of blossom that foamed up against the very foot of her tower, Honeysuckle, Loosestrife, Ladysmock, Daffodils, Goldilocks, Orchises, Palm, and the Drooping Star of Bethlehem—and she never troubled to learn their names. The birds perched on her high little window-sill, and said “Jug-jug” and “Deedle-deedle”, but she could not tell one from the other; and at night the constellations, Orion and the Great Bear, looked in, but she did not know them apart. She did not even know the difference between a star and a planet. What is the good of knowledge? she said, and began to forget all that her father had taught her. Nothing seemed to her to be worth doing, for nothing she did brought her any pleasure. Nor could she think of anything for long at a time except toads. At night she dreamed of them.

In his own words the stable-boy explained all this to Prince Peerio. He did not know all I have told you. What he did know he had only heard from the Castle servants. But he knew enough to make the Prince understand. For months, nay, for years now, the Castle, he said, had been like a painted castle. There was a spell on it. The King silent in his study all day and the Princess shut up in her tower. Even the servants went about their work with hushed voices and glum faces. A silence like death seemed to have come upon them all. One person only seemed alive. One person moved to and fro with a purpose—Queen Gamboy. She, too, was silent, but not with the silence of death. She was silent rather as ants and spiders are silent, and it was with their swift hurrying that she glided to and fro.

Now when the stable-boy had finished his story, he nodded to the Prince and loitered away to the stables. But the Prince stood still, pondering deeply how he might win Princess Lily to be his Queen. For nothing that the stable-boy had said had changed his love for her. He only longed more than ever to marry her and to give back to her her joy in life.

Somebody else stood still, too. Up in her window, a little way above his head, Queen Gamboy was standing still, thinking. And as she thought, she frowned. She had overheard every

word of the talk between the Prince and the stable-boy. What is more, she had heard the trembly sound in Peerio's voice, when he asked after the Princess Lily.

She was no fool, wasn't Queen Gamboy.

"Aha!" said she to herself. "A poor chance for your schemes, Gamboy, my dear, if this young fellow is to come and set us all by the ears, because he happens to have seen a picture of my niece. And just when we're all getting on *so* comfortably, too! I couldn't stir up those fool citizens down there in the town to rebel, even when they were starving. So it's plain they must have *some* king or other over them; but if there's to be another king in Mountainy after King Courtesy, it shall be my son—mine—Queen Gamboy's." And she scowled fiercely at the looking-glass—partly because she hadn't even got a son yet.

"That young man wants taking down a peg or two, I fancy!" she muttered, and she peeped out of the window to see if he was still there. Yes, there he was, standing underneath the window, dreaming like loon. Gamboy tiptoed across her room to the table and picked up *Excerpta*. Softly, with the great black volume under her arm, softly she crept back across the carpet to the window.

He was still there.

Now she opened the book at a page she knew well enough and began (softly) to murmur her spell. She whispered it, whispered it lest he should hear and start away, before it had time to work. And as she whispered it, she moved her corky arms to and fro, engraving wicked rhombs and pentacles on the empty air.

Now I cannot tell you the exact words she uttered. If I did, the same thing might happen to you that happened to Prince Peerio. Not exactly the same thing, of course, unless the story is being read aloud to you and the person who is reading it happened by chance to make the exact patterns in the air which Gamboy made. But even if all this should not be so, even if you are reading the book to yourself, quite enough might happen to make you very, very uncomfortable. Aunt Gamboy had been studying that book for years now, you see, and her magic had grown very much stronger since the last time she used it, which was when she made her own and Princess Lily's teeth chatter up in the Royal Nursery, ten years ago. These, then, were something like the words she whispered (but not the exact words):

"No dimber, dambler, angler, dancer,  
Prig of cackler, prig of prancer,  
No swigman, swaddler, clapper-dudgeon,  
Cadge-gloak, curtal, or curmudgeon,  
No whip-jack, palliard, patrico;  
No jarman, be he high or low,  
No dummerar or romany,  
Hobson, jobson, jigamaree,  
Nepot, niminidoxy, duffer,  
Nor any other will I suffer  
To prevent me from transmogrifying that young man."

No sooner had she finished than the dreaming Prince came to himself with a jerk. He felt sick, wondered where he was, and in the twinkling of an eye saw his stomach shooting out in front of him, and felt his eyes bulging from his head. And now Gamboy craned her scraggy neck over the window-sill and gave a long sorcery chuckle to see on the ground beneath her, just on

the spot where Prince Peerio had been standing a moment before, a great grey-green lolling toad!

### Chapter XIII

Poor Prince! As he felt the icy change come over him, he cried out and clutched by instinct at his most valuable possession, the picture of Princess Lily in his knapsack. But the cry simply turned into a dismal reedy croak, and instead of the picture his little legs closed on something else. And since he clutched hold of it with a part of him that had already been changed, it stayed in his grasp. If he had caught it a moment sooner and with his own human hands, it would have vanished with them, when they vanished. If he had reached for it a moment later, it would already have been swallowed up like everything else, his knapsack, his boots, and his buttons and all, in the change. But luckily for him he got hold of it at exactly the right moment, and when he recovered himself enough to look about him, he perceived that he was holding between those little legs the letter of introduction to Miss Thomson, which had been given to him by the little cook at the inn. He would have wept (if toads could weep) because it was the letter and not the picture which he had retained. He did not know that that was really the most fortunate thing that could have happened.

At first he squatted there on the ground in despair, not knowing what had happened to him, and hopeless of ever regaining his human shape. He nearly broke down; but he was a brave toad, and not to be dismayed by anything that befell, however dreadful. So he set about thinking. Then he guessed that Queen Gamboy had something to do with the matter. What was he to do?

He took up the letter in his mouth and began trundling off to find Miss Thomson's cottage in Tyttenhanger Lane.

But he took such a long time to get there, partly because toads can only move very slowly and partly because he could not ask anybody the way, that we shall have to go back and see what happened at the Castle while he was on his way.

That stable-boy was a very lazy fellow. When he had finished talking to the Prince and had got back to the stables, "Oh dear," he said to himself, "I suppose there is nothing to do now but work": and he saw the long morning stretching out ahead of him with nothing but grooming, grooming, gloomy grooming till he had groomed the whole double row of horses that stood there with their heads to the wall and their tails hanging down behind. He picked up a curry-comb and began slowly cleaning a brush: "S—s—s—s—s—," he said, to make it sound as though he were working dreadfully hard; then he dropped the curry-comb, yawned, and as he yawned happened to look up into the stable roof.

There he saw the trap-door that led up to the loft above the stables.

"I'll go get some more hay down," he said, meaning to have a quiet nap up there among the sweet-smelling hay. So he fetched a ladder and climbed up through the trap-door into the hay-loft, and he was just going to throw himself down on a pile of hay, when he saw something gleaming in the far corner of the dark loft. It was half covered by a stack of dirty, used-up straw, and he couldn't think what it was, so he yanked with his great hob-nailed boots across the loft and pulled at the bright thing, till it came clear of the straw that covered it. He had never seen anything like it before. First he turned it over and over in his hand. Then he wiped it clean on his red pocket-handkercher with white spots, saying as he did so, "S-s-s-s-s" through his teeth, just as though he were grooming a horse. And then, at last, when he had wiped the mouthpiece, he put it to his mouth and blew through it.

too.  
 tootity      Too  
 tootity      tootity  
 tootity      tootity  
 Rooty                      tootity  
 Rooty                                      too.

And with the very first sound of the trumpet, another sound, a sound that had been going on in the stables all this time, suddenly ceased. This was the noise of horses. For they had stopped chumping hay and stamping and shambling with their feet, and all of them were standing stock stone still in rows, like marble horses. And their tails hung down behind them straighter than ever. And at the very first note of the trumpet (for it was heard in the Castle too), all the porters and doorkeepers and sweepers and cooks and bakers and pastry-makers in Mountainy Castle stopped carrying and doorkeeping and sweeping and cooking and baking and pastry-making, and looked at each other and listened. And at the very first sound of the trumpet King Courtesy, lolling in his study half-asleep, half-awake, dreaming of nothing on a sofa, started bolt upright, and cried out with a loud voice:

“Violet! Violet!”

And at the very first sound of the trumpet Aunt Gamboy drew in her scraggy neck from the window, and sat down upon her bed, and began to be so unhappy, so unhappy, dreaming of the time when she was a little girl called Gambetta with a sister called Violetta. But Princess Lily, alone up there in her tower, also heard the Silver Trumpet. And she had never heard it before. And she wondered. She wondered why she was mewed up there, when other Princesses walked about the world beneath the open sky, and she wondered what would happen to her as she grew old, and if she would spend all the rest of her life in that one little room in the tower, and what the world was like.

too.                      too.                      too-oo-oo.  
 Rooty                      Rooty                      Rooty

As the last note died slowly away, everybody in the Castle stirred slowly, like a man waking from sleep, and looked mazedly round him. Many of them opened their mouths to ask what had happened, but, just as they were about to speak, they seemed to change their minds, they looked away, they dropped their eyes to the ground as though they were ashamed of something, as though they all knew something which they were all pretending they didn't know. And as the last note died slowly away, Princess Lily looked up and said: “What was that noise?” and she sounded a little bell for her maid-in-waiting to come, and when she came, scolded her for allowing vagrant musicians to play within earshot of the tower; for it was against all orders. Then she began to dab her forehead with cold water and ordered a dish of tea. And as the last note died slowly away Aunt Gamboy frowned and said:

“Tut!”

and, getting up from her bed, craned out of a window to catch a last glimpse of the toad, that had once been poor Prince Peerio, lolloping awkwardly away over the lawn to the Castle gates. And as the last note died slowly away, the light left King Courtesy's face, and he sank back on the sofa with only a vague troubled look in his eyes.



But as the last note died slowly away, the stable-boy was so pleased with the sound the trumpet made that he put it to his lips and blew again. Once more the sound floated out from the stable, across, and in at the windows of the Castle. Once more Princess Lily began to wonder, and then suddenly she knew that she was very unhappy.

“I must help myself!” she cried, and before the sound had died away, had rung her little bell once more and told the maid-in-waiting who came to answer it:

“Send a messenger at once to Miss Thomson, Bee Cottage, Tyttenhanger Lane, and ask her to come and see me.”

Once more Aunt Gamboy sat a-dreaming, and then, if you had been there, you would have seen a queer change come over her face; the corners of her mouth began to turn up, the wrinkles to leave her forehead, and her eyes to lose their look of cunning. It seemed for a moment as though she were turning into another person. But then, as the sound ceased, her face slipped back, and she became all Gamboy again. And some say that, this time, Violet herself, deep down in her grave, heard the Silver Trumpet, and that she stirred and trembled there, and that her face too began to change, taking new wrinkles to its white brow, and that a look of cunning began to creep into her eyes underneath their coverlet of darkness.

But when King Courtesy heard the trumpet for the second time, he started up, ran to the door of his study, and called out in a voice that was itself like a trumpet:

“Who is doing that, who is doing that? Send him to me!”

For the trumpet reminded him too keenly of his beloved, and made him sadder than he could bear. So they found the stable-boy and brought him to the King, and the King threatened to execute the stable-boy, but forgave him when he heard that he had found the trumpet by accident and did not know who it belonged to. And then Courtesy took the Silver Trumpet from him, and locked it up in a cupboard in his study, and pronounced the death penalty on any man who should put it to his lips again. After he had done that, he sank back again upon the couch and buried his face in his hands.

But the stable-boy went down the hill into the town, and told the citizens all that had happened. Now the citizens were getting very tired of Gamboy’s arrogance, for she was a hard Queen. And when they heard the stable-boy’s story of the Silver Trumpet and of its strange effect upon their King, they smelt a rat, they did. “She has deceived *us*,” they said, remembering the time of the famine. “Why should she be cheating the King and our poor Princess? Why are they both so wretched?”

Therefore they determined to march up to the Castle once more and to demand an audience of their King. And it would be ill, they said, for Queen Gamboy, if they found aught amiss.

This they determined to do on the following day but one, for the next day was a Sunday.

#### Chapter XIV

Meanwhile, Princess Lily’s messenger had started off on horseback to find Miss Thomson, and it was not long before he reached Bee Cottage, Tyttenhanger Lane. He gave Miss Thomson his mistress’s message, and asked her if she had any answer he might take back with him.

“Yes,” said Miss Thomson, “tell your mistress that Miss T. always helps those who have the courage to ask her. I will come.”

So the messenger went posting back with his answer, and a hundred yards from the Castle gate narrowly escaped crushing with his horse’s hoofs a toad which was lolloping wearily

along the road in the other direction. For that was as far as poor Prince Peerio had managed to get in all this time. You see, he found it so difficult to get along with the letter in his mouth, because it stopped him from taking breath easily.

As soon as the messenger had left her, Miss Thomson put on her sugar-loaf hat and her little old cloak, took her stick, and started out on foot for the Castle. It was not very far, and soon she perceived coming towards her a great grey-green toad. How surprised she was, when she saw that it had a letter in its mouth, and how much more surprised when she stooped down and saw that the letter was addressed to herself! At first the toad would not let go, but she spoke to it and said that she was Miss Thomson. Then the toad let go. It let go of the letter and waited while she read it. And when she had read what the little cook at the inn had written in the letter, Miss Thomson bent her peaky nose right down to the toad's ear and began whispering in it.

"I am sorry," she said, "that *I* cannot turn you back again into a prince. There is only one way of doing that, and that is if somebody loves you and cherishes you *as you are now*, in the shape of a toad."

Alas! thought Peerio to himself, who will do that to a hideous, icy creature like me? Must I spend the rest of my life like this?

But Miss Thomson read his thought and answered it. She spoke to him for a quarter of an hour, telling him exactly what he must do. And he listened and laid well to his heart all her counsel. Then, as she went on her way, he lolloped off the road into a ditch and rested there; for there was no longer any need for him to go to her cottage.

When Miss Thomson arrived at the tower, Princess Lily had almost forgotten why she had sent for her, for the sound of the Silver Trumpet was no longer in her ears. Therefore she had grown languid again, and she began talking to Miss Thomson as though she were one of the Royal Physicians, complaining of headaches and sleeplessness, and moaning peevishly of the wretchedness of her lot. But all Miss Thomson said was:

"What do you want?"

"Oh, I'm so miserable—such a wretched, useless creature."

"Well then, what are you afraid of?"

"How do you know I am afraid of anything?"

"You must be afraid of something, if you are a miserable, wretched, useless creature. What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing. That is—I am afraid of—I don't like—that is, I hate the idea of—of—" (she would not mention the word).

"Of what?" said Miss Thomson sharply.

"Of t—of toads," answered Princess Lily, and began crying softly.

Miss Thomson's voice grew kinder.

"And why," she said, "why, pray, should you hate one of God's creatures more than another? Eh?"

Princess Lily had no answer. And now she remembered what her Father had said to her all those years ago on their way home from their walk, in the afternoon, before she had told Gamboy about the toad. "Only weak and silly people scream, when they see mice and spiders and toads," he had said. "You must get to know them and you mustn't be frightened."

"I don't know," she answered humbly. "I'll try not to."

"That's right," said Miss Thomson. "You must get to know them. And shutting yourself up in this tower all day is hardly the best way about it, is it?"

"No—no," said Lily, through her tears.

“I suppose you think that being afraid of a thing is a reason for running away from it?”

“W-well,” said Lily doubtfully. “It does seem to be rather a good reason.”

At that Miss Thomson paused and looked thoughtful. Then she smiled good-humouredly. Then she grew serious again and said slowly:

“Ye-es, but as a matter of fact it isn’t. I can’t tell you why: you’ll have to take that from me.”

And then she said:

“Do you want to be like the Princesses in the books your Father used to read to you?”

Princess Lily did not answer; for after Miss Thomson said that, far away, deep down, deep down in her memory she heard her Father’s voice reading aloud to her the stories of Alcestis and of brave Imogen. She thought of all those happy evenings, when she was a little girl, when he had read to her, and when she had danced to him in the light of the hanging lamp. But then she thought of her Father, as he was now, growing old alone in his study, and of herself, shut up alone in her dismal tower. How long was it since she had heard his voice or even since she had danced a step? All this she thought of, but she did not answer Miss Thomson.

“Silence gives consent,” said that lady at last.

Then she leaned forward and, talking for a quarter of an hour in a low earnest voice, told Princess Lily what she must do if she wished to make herself once more into a real Princess. After that, Miss Thomson departed, and as on her way home she passed the ditch where that toad was resting itself, she called out to him:

“Tonight!”

and passed on without waiting for an answer.

That night, for the first time in eight years, Princess Lily slept alone. For she had resolved to do everything that Miss Thomson had told her to do. She was frightened of being alone after dark; therefore, as soon as it grew dark, she called all her maids-in-waiting round her, and all the men-servants whose duty it was to guard the tower, and told them to go away and sleep in the Castle. She was dreadfully frightened of sleeping in a dark room, and every night for eight years had had a little night-light kept burning in her chamber, so that she could see the walls. Therefore tonight, before she went to bed, she put out that night-light. And oh, she was dreadfully, dreadfully frightened of opening her little window, for the creepers grew up to it from the ground, and she feared—she dared not say to herself what she feared. Therefore tonight she opened that little window as wide as it would go, and lay in her bed looking at the star that peeped in through it.

Sleep? She couldn’t even stop herself trembling. The darkness seemed like a black stuffy bag which someone had dropped noiselessly over her head. Over and over again she moved as though to get up and light the light, and if there had been anyone below in the tower, she would have called out for companionship. But then she would say to herself, “Hold on tight, Lily, hold on tight, and be a Princess,” and with that she would clench her fingers hard upon her thumbs, or grasp a handful of the bedclothes and cling tight to them to keep the Fear away.

And when the Fear grew almost too great to bear, and the creepers rustled in the wind, and the moaning wind flapped the curtains against the walls of the dark chamber, and the floorboards creaked as though someone were tiptoeing upstairs to her, she would give one great lonely sob and say to herself:

“They can’t do worse than kill me.”

And then:

“I can only die once.”

And again:

“Death is better for me than another eight years like the last.”

Nevertheless her heart stood still, as she heard something drop down from the window-sill on to the floor of her room. For she knew, without seeing it, that it was a toad.

But when, in the darkness, Prince Peerio heard the loud thumping of her heart, a great pity for her smote him, so that he yearned to cry aloud and to speak comfortably to her. But he could not, for he could not speak at all.

Yet, amid all her terror, Princess Lily knew what she must do. And when she had kissed the toad upon its icy head, and cherished it, the moon, which had risen in the meantime behind a bank of clouds, stood forth suddenly and shone into the little room. And there was no longer any loathsome toad on her bed, but there in the middle of the chamber, his chain-mail flashing silver in the moonlight, stood a beautiful young Prince. And when she arose from her bed, he took her in his arms. Nor did Princess Lily ever know Fear again, either in the darkness or in the daytime.

## Chapter XV

It was not very long before the Prince went away into the adjoining room to wait while Princess Lily dressed herself. “I wonder,” he thought to himself, “how I come to be wearing this suit of chain-mail which I thought was at the other side of the world.”

He did not know that it was not his own chain-mail at all, but a brand-new suit, which old Miss Thomson herself had fashioned for him out of dreams, and put upon him, while the toad was walking, and he himself was only a dream. But it was.

Then he returned to the Princess, and all night long they sat together talking, until the moon sank down in the west, and the sun arose and looked in at the casement. And although she had never seen him before, Princess Lily knew that Prince Peerio was her Prince. She told him all about her life at the Castle, of the horrible dreams, and how unhappy she had been all those long years and years. But, as she told him of it, the unhappiness seemed to vanish even from her memory, so that now it all seemed unreal, her life in the tower, her sickly headaches, and her fears.

And then, because that great weight had been pressing on her heart for so long and was now lifted from it suddenly, as suddenly she wept. So that if there were left in her any dregs of sorrow at all, the sweet tears washed them away.

When she was herself once more, her first thought was for her Father, and she told Prince Peerio that if he could win King Courtesy back to be his old self again, he would indeed have made her the happiest Princess in the world.

Very carefully had the Prince listened to all she told him of affairs at the Castle, and especially, at the end, to her account of hearing the Trumpet-call. As he listened, he remembered also sundry things which the little cook at the inn had told him; for he too had spoken of a Silver Trumpet.

Now he was a very wise young Prince (wise in his schooldays, and wise when he started out from home). And not for nothing either had he walked all alone round the world, and been turned into a toad at the end of it. Such adventures are very uncomfortable while they last, but they give a man understanding.

So he knew what to do.

First of all he packed off a messenger to the inn to fetch the little cook, for he could not forget how much he owed to his letter of introduction. That was the first thing he did.

Then he set out to find Aunt Gamboy.

Aunt Gamboy was up in her privy chamber, addressing a large mass-meeting of the *Amalgamated Princesses*. I shan't tell you what she was saying to them, for it was very much like what she had said before to the citizens of Mountainy from her tub in the market-place. Very much like it. And, moreover, she was telling them all to go back to their own countries, in disguise, and there, upon tubs in the different market-places, to say what she had said, and to arouse rebellion and discontent among the citizens. For there was distress at that time in many of those countries. Gamboy was promising, if they would do this, to make them all Queens of those countries.

And they believed her!

But she had no intention at all of doing any such thing. Oh no. For now that she was Queen, she no longer wished her own subjects to be discontented, but she very much wanted the citizens of all the neighbouring countries to rebel. For then, thought she, when they are all in confusion, I will make old Courtesy send great armies among them, and I will subject them all to my rule, and my son shall be King of half the world, Amen.

Then Prince Peerio walked in.

Well, he went straight up to where Aunt Gamboy was standing speaking, he took hold of her, and he bounced her up and down on the floor, just as though he were driving piles, or hammering a nail into his shoe with a poker, or knocking in stumps with a cricket-bat. He did that until he had fairly shaken the breath out of her. Then he did that again. Then he took her under his arm like a holster and marched plonk out of the room with her.

And when he had gone for two or three minutes, those astonished *Amalgamated Princesses* shut their mouths again; but not before.

He walked straight into the office of the Head Gaoler. He put Queen Gamboy down on the table, and he said to the Head Gaoler:

“Here!”

Then he went out of the office and up to King Courtesy's private study, knocked at the door, and went in.

The King was drinking coffee and staring at the cat. The Prince said:

“Good morning, sire. Your daughter is being married tomorrow morning at ten.”

But the King only stared at him in a silly way.

So he went to the cupboard, took out the Silver Trumpet, and came downstairs with it. Then he called the Castle servants about him, and bade them make all preparations for a magnificent wedding. Then he returned to Princess Lily.

“But, dear,” said she, when he told her what he had done, “how am I to marry you tomorrow when I have no wedding dress?” With that he sounded a little bell, and in came the first maid-in-waiting, who stood there and listened while he told her what to do.

At last the next morning came, and with it the time for their wedding. There was Princess Lily in the beautiful, wide, white dress which her mother, the Queen Violet, had worn on her own wedding-day (for such were the orders Peerio had given to the maid-in-waiting). And there was Prince Peerio himself in his shining suit of bright silver mail with a silver casque on his head and a nodding grey plume to it.

Just before the wedding four stately bearers were sent with a royal litter to the King's chamber to carry him down. And at first, when he came, he saw nobody, and peering with his white face from the curtained litter seemed not to know where he was. But when he saw Princess Lily standing in her mother's dress—“My daughter!” he said, and stepped down from the litter. At the same time, by the Prince's orders, Queen Gamboy was released from gaol and given leave

to attend the wedding. Nor did she stand humbly at the back among the onlookers, as might have been expected, but came boldly forward and stood with sullen, scowling face beside her niece.

Some of the Castle servants, eager to please their new master, started forward to hale her away from there; but Lily stopped them with a wave of her hand and bid them let her be.

Now when the wedding was over and they came out of the Church into the sunlight, Prince Peerio stepped forward, and taking the Silver Trumpet from his baldric, placed it to his lips.

And the sound that came from the mouth of the Trumpet was:

too.  
tootity Too  
tootity tootity  
tootity tootity  
Rooty tootity tootity  
Rooty too. too. too-oo-oo.  
Rooty Rooty Rooty

Whereupon the procession stood very still, listening, and waiting for the noise to die away. But just as silence fell, and all were about to move forward again, the Prince raised the Trumpet to his lips a second time, and blew:

too.  
tootity Too  
tootity tootity  
tootity tootity  
Rooty tootity tootity  
Rooty too. too. too-oo-oo.  
Rooty Rooty Rooty

Then a third time, and a fourth he blew, and again and again and again, till the air rang to the sweet silver din, and all the world seemed rocking about them like a steeple. Then it was that all eyes were turned upon the Queen, and men saw what they would hardly believe afterwards that they had beheld. For again the queer change came over her face, again the corners of her mouth began to turn up, the wrinkles to leave her forehead, and her eyes to lose their look of cunning.

And still the Trumpet rang on, till the air about their ears felt as solid as water and shook as tempestuously. Her features went on changing and sliding into one another, like clouds over the sky, moving and clearing until there, beside her husband, white-robed and laughing in the sunlight, stood none other than Queen Violet herself!

“Where is the Silver Trumpet?” she cried at once, as she awoke, and looking anxiously round her: “where is the Silver Trumpet?”

“Here, Your Majesty,” said Prince Peerio, walking up and handing it to her with a low reverence.

She took it and gave it to King Courtesy.

“Guard it,” she said; “guard it in the future even at the cost of your life.”

Whereat the stooping King straightened his old back as by a miracle. Now the vague meandering look went out of his clear eyes, and taking the Silver Trumpet from Violet’s hands, he kissed her: “Most gracious lady,” he said, “most gracious lady,” and broke down and wept, declaring that they would guard it together. And so they must have done, for it was never again lost from Mountainy Castle.

And some say that deep down in the grave other features upon another face had been changing too and sliding—that to this day a body, which is Aunt Gamboy’s, lies buried in that churchyard. But no man can point to her grave, and therefore many do not believe in it. For the tombstone that had V. R. engraved upon it, now that Violet was alive, was gradually let fall into ruin, and soon men began to say that there never had been a grave in that spot. And in less than thirty years they were saying that there never had been anybody called Aunt Gamboy at all. But others pointed to the things she had done, to the *Amalgamated Princesses*, for instance. Why else should they be Amalgamated? And they would also point to the high, stalk-like tower, crumbling now and disused, where Princess Lily had spent so many years of her life. Why should she have hidden herself away up there, they would ask, if Aunt Gamboy had not fastened her claws into her heart? And again, why, they would say, should old King Courtesy have all those white hairs, and Queen Violet none, if Aunt Gamboy had not led him such a dance above the earth, while Violet was sleeping quietly beneath it? So the two parties would argue with one another, and never agree. And as time went on, it became harder and harder to decide which party was right. And it will go on getting harder still, I expect, unless this very story should travel as far as Mountainy. For then of course everybody will know that there certainly was an Aunt Gamboy—very much so. Everybody, that is, except those who will swear it is a forgery. But that is really looking too far ahead.

Now as soon as Prince Peerio saw that King Courtesy and Queen Violet had finished embracing one another, he went up to King Courtesy, who stood bareheaded in the sunlight, trembling with amazement and joy, and handed him his sword. And he asked pardon courteously for the way in which he had taken upon himself to order the King’s servants about that day and the last, hoping that the King would forgive him.

“You shall order them about as you please,” said the King, “for from this day forth you are King of Mountainy, and Lily my daughter is Queen.”

Whereat there was a great shout, and again the Silver Trumpet rang through the air, while the old King and his new-found wife took both hands, threw their hands back, and danced round each other, singing:

“And Lily my daughter is Queen,  
Tra-la-la.  
And Lily my daughter is Queen.”

Up the hill came the citizens—tramp, tramp, tramp—singing in a low threatening tone:

“Here we are, here we are,  
To make Queen Gamboy sing *sol-fa*.”

But when they reached the church and heard the news, they cast away their pitchforks and axes, and flung their caps in the air, crying:

“Long live King Peerio and Queen Lily!”  
and spread themselves over the grass plot outside the churchyard.

Then from the other direction a party of seven were seen approaching with rapid steps. It was old Miss Thomson, bringing with her the five musicians in the pink coats and curly grey wigs, and yellow stockings, for she had foreseen (witchery old lady that she was) that there would be rejoicing that day, and she had sent for them where they dwelt. But the seventh person was the little cook from the inn.

King Peerio recognized him as he drew near, and sprang forward to greet him and shake his hand for gratitude. But before he could reach him, somebody else sprang forward too, in front of him, crying out:

“Little Fat Podger! Little Fat Podger!”

It was Courtesy. And now, old white-haired Lord Tullywich came forward, and kneeling before his King explained in a thin quavering voice how he had disobeyed his orders, telling him that the Little Fat Podger had died in gaol, whereas in truth he had recovered from his illness; but he, Lord Tullywich, had not had the heart to put him to death. So he had sent him away into hiding at an inn some three miles away, where he and his friends sometimes met for dinner and fun.

“Your Majesty will remember,” went on Lord Tullywich humbly, “that I told you the Dwarf had passed quietly away, and so indeed he did; for he passed quietly away to the little inn under my protection!”

Of course the old King forgave him at once, and thanked him royally for knowing, like a good servant, when to disobey orders.

But the Little Fat Podger himself had not spoken yet, and everyone waited in silence now to hear what he would say. He could only look round smiling and nodding at everyone, with tears in his eyes, saying nothing at all. Yet some of those who stood nearest to him, thought they heard him murmuring to himself:

“All those years washing dishes—it’s as wholesome as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse—to a sick horse, you know.”

And then suddenly one left shot out, and he would have begun to dance, only he was getting too old now, so he drew it in again thoughtfully, and was heard murmuring to himself:

“*And the side-step step—and the side-step step—and the side-step, side-step, side-step—anything jocund!*”

You can imagine what rejoicings there were then—what reunions! Between Courtesy and Lily, between Violet and the Little Fat Podger, between Violet and the citizens, between Violet and Lily, who had only been two days old when she last saw her. You can imagine what shouting and laughter there was in the sunshine that morning upon the green plat of grass. Nor was it very long before the fiddlers struck up, and King Peerio himself called the first tune. And these dances were quiet enough for the Little Fat Podger to join in—yes—and even old Lord Tullywich cut a caper or two, for all his white hairs. On and on and on they danced, citizens and courtiers, lords and ladies, kings and queens, till the sun had gone down in the west, and the sky over their heads was cool green and gold. And then they all gathered in a knot round the fiddlers and danced a very old country-dance called “Mr. Barney’s Breeches”. And that was the end.



# Inklings Forever: Published Colloquium Proceedings 1997-2016

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Volume 10 *A Collection of Essays Presented at the Tenth Frances White Ewbank Colloquium on C.S. Lewis & Friends*

Article 95

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6-5-2016

## Owen Barfield and C. S. Lewis: A Critical Friendship

Colin Duriez

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### Recommended Citation

Duriez, Colin (2016) "Owen Barfield and C. S. Lewis: A Critical Friendship," *Inklings Forever: Published Colloquium Proceedings 1997-2016*: Vol. 10 , Article 95.

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# Owen Barfield and C.S. Lewis: A Critical Friendship<sup>1</sup>

by Colin Duriez

Colin Duriez, one of the keynote speakers for the 2016 Colloquium, is author of a number of books on the Inklings and fantasy literature. They include *Tolkien and C. S. Lewis: The Gift of Friendship*, *J.R.R. Tolkien: The Making of a Legend*, *C. S. Lewis: A Biography of Friendship*, *Bedeveled: Lewis, Tolkien and the Shadow of Evil*, and *The Oxford Inklings: Lewis, Tolkien and Their Circle*. Duriez is in demand internationally as a speaker on these subjects, and has appeared on the BBC, PBS, and the extended box set of Peter Jackson's *The Lord of the Rings*. Currently Colin is writing a study of Dorothy L. Sayers.

The lifelong friendship between C.S. Lewis and Owen Barfield was critical in two senses. First, their conversations were critical in eroding Lewis's atheism and other developing beliefs that were a barrier to his acceptance of a supernatural world and eventually Christianity. Secondly, the friendship was critical in that, unusually, it was founded upon and sustained by mutual opposition, much more particularly in its early days. In fact, the opposition deepened for each of them the very meaning of friendship, where a friend can be truly other, offering a different perspective and take on things. Their friendship helped Lewis find a wholeness that affirmed both reason and imagination, truth and meaning, in harmony. Barfield not only influenced his friend's thinking, but also had a radical impact on Lewis's manner of writing, particularly the increasing importance he gave to imaginative writing. Barfield himself inclined towards esoteric exposition, and Lewis helps us to understand him, though more in the areas in which they agreed than disagreed.

## THE HEART OF THE TWO FRIENDS

Though Barfield and Lewis both confessed to having serious differences, Lewis frequently expressed views that Barfield would entirely agree with. Characteristically, he wrote of the universe

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1 My talk draws upon research for books I've written on the Inklings or authors related to them over the past twenty-five years which are listed in the bibliography. For works cited see the footnotes.

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appearing to human beings at the beginning to be full of qualities of life, will, and intelligence. Every planet was a divine lord or lady and all trees were nymphs. Humans were related to the gods. With the development of knowledge the world was gradually emptied even of qualities of smell, taste, colour, and sound, which were shifted from the objective to the subjective in the general account of things. Consequently,

The Subject becomes gorged, inflated, at the expense of the object. But the matter does not end there. The same method which has emptied the world now proceeds to empty ourselves. . . . And thus we arrive at a result uncommonly like zero.<sup>2</sup>

Later, I shall touch upon Barfield's extraordinary second life, where he got increasing recognition in North America. During this later period of his life, the US novelist and Nobel laureate Saul Bellow wrote:

We are well supplied with interesting writers, but Owen Barfield is not content to be merely interesting. His ambition is to set us free. Free from what? From the prison we have made for ourselves by our ways of knowing, our limited and false habits of thought, our "common sense." These, he convincingly argues, have produced a "world of outsides with no insides to them," a brittle surface world, an object world in which we ourselves are mere objects. It is not only what we perceive but also what we fail to perceive that determines the quality of the world we live in, and what we have collectively chosen not to perceive is the full reality of consciousness, the "inside" of everything that exists.<sup>3</sup>

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2 C. S. Lewis, "The Empty Universe" in *Present Concerns* (London: Collins Fount, 1986), pp. 81–83. Lewis explores this emptying of qualities in places such as his book, *The Abolition of Man*, and sermon-essay, "Transposition." The reality of qualities are at the centre of both Barfield's and Lewis's views of knowledge. Lewis philosophically was an empiricist, who admired the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley, who like him was both an empiricist and idealist. Barfield was an idealist who believed in the reality of qualities, but had no taste for Lewis's empiricism, which is perhaps why Lewis labelled his friend's views (as an anthroposophist) as "gnostic," and as having "an element of polytheism in it" (see Note 4 below, and letter from C. S. Lewis to Miss M. Montgomery, 10 June 1952, in Walter Hooper (ed.) *Collected Letters, Volume II*, p. 198–199; see also Lewis's letter of 28 March 1958 to W.P. Wylie, *Ibid.*, pp. 928–929).

3 From the cover description of Owen Barfield, *History, Guilt and Habit*, 1979.

Barfield said of Lewis that he was in love with the imagination. It could be said of their mutual friend J.R.R. Tolkien that he was in love with human language. Barfield was also in love with language. Its creation and sustenance was for him a very important function of the imagination. In talking about Lewis and Barfield, and their larger group of friends, the Inklings, the importance of human language is necessarily a prime consideration. This talk however is mainly introductory, and as a result I've found it helpful to partly frame it in Barfield's biography, rather than plunging into what is most esoteric in his thought. However, I shall introduce characteristic themes and some representative books as we go along.<sup>4</sup> Barfield almost made his century, and his long life has much to offer and to challenge a biographer.

Much is made of differences between Barfield and Lewis, not least by the two friends themselves, but in fact Barfield endorsed several writings of Lewis, as did Lewis of Barfield's, which can therefore be taken as indicating some measure of affinity. Lewis's writings can in fact help us to understand some areas of Barfield, whose output at times can be somewhat arcane, whereas Lewis's tend usually to be brilliantly clear. These writings include *The Abolition of Man*, and Lewis's essay-sermon, "Transposition." There are also places where Lewis is clearly trying to explain concepts he owed at least partly to Barfield (which he sometimes acknowledges), such as the chapter "Horrid Red Things" in his book *Miracles*, and his essays "Bluspels and Flalanspheres: A Semantic Nightmare" and "Hamlet: The Prince and the Poem."<sup>5</sup>

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4 For understanding Barfield, the following are helpful: The biography by Simon Blaxford-de Lange, *Owen Barfield: Romanticism Comes of Age, A Biography*, and, on his thought, Stephen Thorson's recent and lucid, *Joy and the Poetic Imagination*, and Lionel Adey's, *C.S. Lewis's "Great War" with Owen Barfield*.

5 Whole areas can be explored extensively. There is a need to talk of the differences according to Barfield, and according to Lewis. Both for instance give significantly different meanings to consciousness (Lewis sees his friend's account of consciousness as a form of historicism). As a result, Barfield downplays Lewis's *The Discarded Image*, which in fact acknowledges changing human perceptions of the world over time, which are in effect changes of consciousness. Barfield makes the further observation that his point of view on things that didn't change but Lewis's did. He records his shock at Lewis's calling off the "Great War" between them after his conversion, which Barfield wished to continue. An important difference of perception between the two is brought out in Lewis's description of Barfield's views as "a kind of Gnosticism" (see Lewis's letter to a Mr. Fridama of 15

## BARFIELD'S LIFE AND SHAPING OF HIS THOUGHT

As well as being a significant friend of C.S. Lewis's (one of the most important in his life), Barfield is also known as an important member of the Oxford literary group, the Inklings, which centered around Lewis, but also Tolkien. The Inklings were friends who met together during the decades of the 1930s, 40s and 50s.<sup>6</sup> Like another significant Inklings, Charles Williams, Barfield was a Londoner. He was born in Muswell Hill, in north London, on 9 November 1898, just weeks before C.S. Lewis. Owen had two sisters and a brother, and was the youngest of the siblings. The household was comfortably secular, and full of books and music. Barfield described himself as an offspring of "more or less agnostic" parents. The natural household air they breathed was of skepticism about religion.

Owen's mother, Lizzy Barfield, was musical, a gifted pianist. His father, Arthur Barfield had been deprived of a proper school education, but achieved the status of a City of London solicitor.<sup>7</sup> Lizzie Barfield, was a suffragette, was active in feminist politics. Owen's school was in Highgate, near when he first lived in Muswell Hill. At school he shone in gymnastics, which correlated with his love of dancing.

In the Spring of 1917, Barfield was called up to the wartime army; he was then eighteen and was anxious to avoid becoming an infantryman (because, he thought, "the average expectancy of life of a young infantry officer by the time we'd got to 1916 or 1917 was about three weeks after he had got out there"). As an alternative, he served with the Royal Engineers. Like Tolkien before him, he served in the signal service. This involved learning about wireless communication, and studying the theory of electricity. Barfield in fact, unlike Lewis and Tolkien, was to have no experience of fighting at the front line. He was posted eventually to Belgium and postwar activity. He found there that, with the war over, there was little to do.

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February 1946, in Walter Hooper, ed., *Collected Letters, Volume II*), which may relate to another sticking point—Barfield's belief in reincarnation. The location of Anthroposophy on Lewis's Mappa Mundi in *The Pilgrim's Regress* (in the lands south of the Main Road) indicate another difference between the two in his perception of Barfield. The latter devotes considerable space to differences from Lewis in his *Owen Barfield on C.S. Lewis*, edited by G.B. Tennyson (1989).

6 For more on the Inklings see my, *The Oxford Inklings: Lewis, Tolkien and Their Circle* (Oxford: Lion Books, 2015).

7 There is an interesting paternal parallel: Like Barfield's, Lewis's father was a solicitor (lawyer).

There was however a chance provided by the army to get involved in education while awaiting demobilization, which helped him to make discoveries in English poetry and encouraged him to write some poetry of his own. As he had already been awarded a scholarship to study at Wadham College, Oxford, all he could do was wait. It was actually October 1919 before he actually got off the train at Oxford railway station.

It was as an undergraduate that Barfield formed his lifelong and enormously influential friendship with C.S. Lewis, being introduced by a mutual friend, Leo Baker. It was this friendship that was to lead to his becoming one of the most important members of the Inklings. Barfield experienced what the *New York Times*, in his obituary nearly eighty years later, insightfully called an “intellectual epiphany.”<sup>8</sup> This happened as he was reading through Romantic poets such as William Wordsworth, S.T. Coleridge and John Keats for his university studies. His affinity would be with the Romantic movement for the rest of his life, particularly the poet and thinker Coleridge. Barfield remembered that reading experience:

What impressed me particularly was the power with which not so much whole poems as particular combinations of words worked on my mind. It seemed like there was some magic in it; and a magic which not only gave me pleasure but also reacted on and expanded the meanings of the individual words concerned.<sup>9</sup>

That moment of illumination seems to have set the course for his entire life. He became fascinated not only with what happens in the mind of a reader of poetry, but with the mystery of human consciousness itself, in play when we recognize faces, see flowers in a meadow, or observe a rainbow. Language, Barfield discovered, had a unique power to transform human consciousness. It also captured changes that took place in this consciousness over time. A sort of archeology could be practised on language, as he undertook when he wrote his book, *History in English Words* (1926). More about this below.

The importance of poetry to the very way that we see the world was a strong element in the friendship of Barfield and Lewis. When the two met, Lewis was far more widely read in poetry. Though, like Lewis, Barfield grew up in a household full of books, Lewis

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8 *New York Times* obituary, 19 December 1997.

9 Ibid.

was always by far the most bookish of the two. While Lewis thought about everything, Barfield tended throughout his life to stay focused on a number of outstanding insights into the nature of language, particularly poetic language, and upon the historic context of human language. These insights always connected with the changing nature of human beings over the ages—what he purposely called an “evolution” of consciousness. His insights fed into conversations and writings of those who would be associated with the birth of the Inklings, especially Lewis and later Tolkien. It would, in fact, be some years after Barfield’s graduation that he would meet Tolkien and stir up the older man’s thinking. As with the creator of Middle-earth, Barfield’s main intellectual stimulus came from language. Barfield’s ideas about how poetry and reading brought about changes in how we see the world were to have an enormous impact upon Lewis and Tolkien.

The friendship with Barfield was undoubtedly one of the most significant Lewis maintained throughout most of the 1920s, especially after Barfield graduated from the English school in 1921 and began working for the distinctive Oxford postgraduate B.Litt.<sup>10</sup> The thesis was to form the foundation of his influential book, *Poetic Diction*. His desire to pursue the relationship between poetry, imagination and knowledge challenged the teaching resources of the English School at the time. Failing to find him a supervisor, the university finally agreed to let him pursue the B.Litt without one! C.S. Lewis however had no difficulty in engaging with his friend on the subject.

### *THE SILVER TRUMPET*

Before finishing *Poetic Diction* however Barfield published two books. In 1925 he brought out an accomplished children’s book, *The Silver Trumpet*, published by Faber and Gwyer. Lewis read it in manuscript and, soon after starting, he enthused in his diary (October 20): “I began to read Barfield’s faery tale ‘The Silver Trumpet’ in which with prodigality he squirts out the most suggestive ideas, the loveliest pictures, and the raciest new coined words in wonderful succession. Nothing in its kind can be imagined better.”

I’ve pointed out that Barfield’s first love was undoubtedly language (specifically poetry), yet he was in fact the first of the future Inklings

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10 The Bachelor of Literature was one of a number of postgraduate Bachelor’s degrees awarded by the University. It was eventually renamed the MLitt, one of two research degrees in the Humanities Division (the other being the DPhil).



to publish fiction, and fiction from archives of his work are still appearing. In *The Silver Trumpet* Barfield tells the story of Violetta and Gambetta, twin princesses who have a spell cast over them which makes them love each other even though they constantly disagree about almost everything. A visiting prince, who has a silver trumpet, seeks the hand of a princess, and falls in love with the sweet-tempered Violetta. A servant of the king, a dwarf called (with no awareness of political incorrectness) the Little Fat Podger, has an emphatic presence in the story. The sound of the trumpet affects all that hear it—princess Violetta dreams that she is afloat near the bottom of the sea. In an interview Barfield described *The Silver Trumpet* as a “symbol of the feeling element in life.”<sup>11</sup> Some years after publication, Lewis lent his copy of the story to Tolkien, where it was a great hit in his household. Tolkien became the second of the Inklings to publish a children’s story, *The Hobbit*.

There are strong affinities of philological interest between Tolkien and Barfield, stronger even than between Barfield and Lewis, especially their archeological digging into sometimes lost meanings of words. In both, there is a kind of linguistic mysticism. Lewis shared this affinity, but not to the same extent. For Tolkien and Barfield there are mythologies or a consciousness revealing a worldview even in individual words.

### *HISTORY IN ENGLISH WORDS (1926)*

This, Barfield’s second publication, is a meditation on the etymology of key words—that is, the origins and historical development of meanings of words. Barfield masterfully traced changes in human consciousness, changes he regarded as marking an “evolution of consciousness.” This is a fundamental notion in his thought. For Barfield, a history of consciousness must be very different from a history of ideas, as he points out in his book, *History, Guilt and Habit*. Consciousness is intimately related to perception as well as to the products of thinking. Once upon a time, he was convinced, there was a feeling, thinking and a perceiving element unified in a word. The etymology of words often give a glimpse of an ancient unity of consciousness, as Barfield tries to show. Cultural and historical changes might be better explained therefore by shifts in consciousness than by changes in intellectual ideas. He sees Lewis as mainly

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11 Oral History interview with Owen Barfield, The Marion E. Wade Center, Wheaton College. II.



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focusing on ideas, even in his *The Discarded Image*, which Barfield saw as fragmenting, but actually Lewis had a remarkable ability to bring older and ancient books and beliefs to vivid life, treating them from a perspective that belonged to their time rather than from the distance of a modern view.

Barfield explained the background to the book in an interview with G.B. Tennyson in 1992:

I . . . found that by tracing the changes of meanings of words, you do get an insight into the kind of consciousness that our ancestors had, which was very different from our own, and by writing a book dealing with individual words in some detail, I could bring that out. . . . What I was anxious to point out, and what I thought was brought out by these etymological observations was that it wasn't just people in the past who think like us but have different ideas, but who didn't think like us altogether at all. They had a different kind of thinking. That impressed itself on me fairly early. . . . Which of course is another way of formulating the concept of the evolution of consciousness.

### ***POETIC DICTION* (1928)**

Owen Barfield in fact believed that an evolution of human consciousness corresponded to stellar and biological evolution as a cosmic characteristic. The evolution of consciousness is reflected precisely in changes in language and perception, from a primitive unity of consciousness, now largely lost, to a future achievement of a greater human consciousness. It was this cosmic picture that Lewis consistently rejected as a form of historicism, forcing Barfield to constantly defend it against that charge.

Barfield's concept of changes in perception and consciousness being melded into language inspired Lewis, especially as it was translated into highly original insights into the nature of poetic language. These insights were embodied in *Poetic Diction*, which concerns the nature of poetic language and a theory of an ancient unity in human awareness that was built into speech.

*Poetic Diction* offers a theory of knowledge as well as a theory of poetry. At its heart is a philosophy of language. Barfield's view is that "the individual imagination is the medium of all knowledge from perception upward" (p. 22). The poetic impulse is linked to individual freedom: "the act of the imagination is the individual mind exercising its sovereign unity" (ibid.). The alternative, argues Barfield, is to see

knowledge as power, to “mistake efficiency for meaning,” leading to a relish for compulsion.

Knowledge as power is contrasted with knowledge by participation (a key word in Barfield). One kind of knowledge “consists of seeing what happens and getting used to it” and the other involves “consciously participating in what is” (p. 24). The proper activity of the imagination is concrete as opposed to abstract thinking—this is “the perception of resemblance, the demand for unity” (the affinity between Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Barfield can be seen here). There is therefore a poetic element in all meaningful language.

Tolkien read Owen Barfield’s *Poetic Diction*; Lewis may have lent him a copy. What particularly struck Tolkien was Barfield’s view that in ancient times thinking was not detached from participation in the world. In Barfield’s carefully argued view, the way people experienced reality as a seamless whole was embodied at that time in their language. In a way, their thought was completely poetic in the senses of being non-abstract and figurative. In an undated letter to Barfield, possibly written in 1929, Lewis observed:

You might like to know that when Tolkien dined with me the other night he said à-propos of something quite different that your conception of the ancient semantic unity had modified his whole outlook and that he was almost just going to say something in a lecture when your conception stopped him in time. “It is one of those things,” he said, “that when you’ve once seen it there are all sorts of things you can never say again.”<sup>12</sup>

Barfield’s complex book was in fact one of the most important single influences on both Tolkien and Lewis, though, for each to some extent, it may have clarified and focused ideas and insights they already had. For instance, Tolkien had already concluded as an undergraduate that mythology could not be separated from language, and vice versa. One of the main observations that Barfield made in *Poetic Diction*, and other books, is how the very way we see the world has changed over time. It is a kind of “chronological snobbery” (to use a phrase of Lewis’s) to consider the modern view superior to all past perceptions of reality.

As Barfield has shown in his introduction to the second edition of *Poetic Diction*, the ideal in logical positivism and related types of modern linguistic philosophy is, strictly, absurd; it systematically

<sup>12</sup> Letter to Barfield, quoted in Humphrey Carpenter, *The Inklings* (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1978), p. 42.

eliminates meanings from the framing of truths, expecting thereby to guarantee their validity. In Barfield's view, the opposite is the case. The richer the meanings involved in the framing of truths, the more guarantee there is of their validity.

Both friends had aspirations as poets, and both were prepared to go as deep as the issues led them. The two had a remarkable facility in philosophical thinking, and had developed an extraordinary knowledge of English and classical poetry. Their discussions were to lay the foundations of their important contributions to understanding literature, the imagination, and the nature of human language. For both, this resulted as much in the writing of poetry and fiction as in works that presented arguments—essays, literary criticism and the history of thought. Some of their prose writing was philosophical or touched on important philosophical issues. Lewis, like Tolkien, was more successful than Barfield in the pursuit of fiction. However, an increasing number of Barfield's stories are now being published by his estate, necessitating a reevaluation of his fiction, thanks to the efforts of Barfield's grandson, also named Owen Barfield.

### THE "GREAT WAR": THE "NEW LOOK," THE "OLD LOOK," AND BARFIELD'S ANTHROPOSOPHY

Lewis as an undergraduate had settled comfortably into his intellectual skepticism. To his horror, he found his close friend, Owen Barfield, taking exactly the opposite direction from him. Barfield, the product of a secular home, was now espousing the "Old Look" rather than the trends of what Lewis called the "New Look" that was slowly permeating Oxford. As far back as 1922 a "Great War" began (to give it Lewis's name, taken from the recent conflict) between Barfield and himself. It didn't in any way weaken their friendship; both thought being Other to a friend was part of the proper nature of friendship. Indeed, later Barfield was to dedicate his book, *Poetic Diction*, to Lewis, followed by the aphorism, "Opposition is true friendship." The "war" was carried on by letter and notebook and sometimes in person. It frequently operated on a highly philosophical level, often while the two were walking together. Both drew widely upon their formidable knowledge.

The friendly but at times fierce dispute began soon after Barfield's espousal in the early 1920s of Anthroposophy, a "spiritual science" based on a synthesis of theosophy and Christian thought and pioneered by Rudolf Steiner (1861–1925). Steiner applied "spiritual"

research based on his background in mathematics and science to his own experiences which transcended usual perception. Their mutual friend, Cecil Harwood, also was taken by Steiner's views, and soon became an important figure in the anthroposophical movement. According to John Carey, Steiner's "ideas have had a lasting impact on many areas of life, including education, alternative medicine, organic agriculture, art and architecture."<sup>13</sup>

Not long after Barfield abandoned his secular views, he married a professional dancer called Maud Douie, who was some years older. They had met through their mutual interest in dance, in which Barfield was also accomplished. This was soon after his graduation. Barfield was for a large part of the twenties a freelance writer. He and Maud lived for a time in the Buckinghamshire village of Long Crendon, not a great distance from Oxford. Barfield and his wife would also visit Lewis and Mrs. Moore, who was essentially his adoptive mother, whom they liked very much.

Maud was a devout Christian, and became increasingly unhappy with some discordant elements she discovered in Steiner's teaching, such as a belief in reincarnation. In fact, the sceptic Lewis and she became allies against Anthroposophy, which was a foundational element of conflict in the "Great War" between Lewis and Barfield. On one occasion, in the diary he kept at that time, Lewis reported a "heart to heart" that Maud had with Mrs. Moore during a visit to "Hillsboro" in Western Road, Headington, to the house Lewis shared with "the family." Lewis observed that, according to Janie Moore, Maud Barfield

"hates, hates, hates" Barfield's Anthroposophy, and says he ought to have told her before they were married: [which] sounds ominous. She once burnt a "blasphemous" anthroposophical pamphlet of his, [which] seems to me an unpardonable thing to do. But I think (and so does [Mrs. Moore]) that they really get on [very] well, better than the majority of married people. Mrs. Barfield is always glad when Barfield comes to see me because I have "none of those views."

In fact, Barfield's anthroposophical beliefs created a good deal of tension in the marriage, much to his sorrow.

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13 John Carey, *William Golding: The Man Who Wrote Lord of the Flies* (London: Faber and Faber, 2010), p. 48.

“CHRONOLOGICAL SNOBBERY”

Barfield’s arguments in their incessant “Great War” began to erode Lewis’s espousal of the “New Look.” Under his influence, Lewis saw that a dominant myth of his time was that of progress. Change in itself had a supreme value in the modern world. Until meeting Barfield, he had been seduced by this myth, intellectually at least. This is at the heart of why he had adopted the “New Look.” He came to see, however, that the “New Look” had the effect of blinding us to the past. One important consequence is that we lose any perspective upon what is good and what is bad in our own time. He explained in *Surprised By Joy*, “Barfield . . . made short work of what I have called my ‘chronological snobbery,’ the uncritical acceptance of the intellectual climate common to our age and the assumption that whatever has gone out of date is on that account discredited.”<sup>14</sup>

The “war” with Barfield not only refuted his chronological snobbery; it also very gradually helped to convince him that his materialism, if true, in fact made knowledge impossible! It was self-refuting—a view perhaps strengthened by his reading of Arthur Balfour’s *Theism and Humanism* and *Theism and Thought* in 1924, though he resisted Balfour’s Christian beliefs at the time. Barfield said, after their “war” was over, that Lewis had taught him how to think, but that he had taught Lewis what to think. Lewis, it is clear, passed on to him skills in logical reasoning he had learned. In hindsight, we can see that one of Barfield’s biggest contributions to their mutual learning was to help Lewis to become the Christian apologist of the future, lucidly combining imagination and reason. Thinking back over the long years of their “Great War,” Barfield said that this was a “slow business.” In one central area of his thinking, Barfield failed in his “war” to change the attitude of his materialist friend. Lewis never accepted the idea of an evolution of consciousness, though he would acknowledge historical changes in consciousness, most radically the change from an original unified consciousness.

Barfield’s concept of an original unity to human consciousness greatly appealed to Lewis, despite his scepticism about any evolutionary history of language. It also had a great impact upon Tolkien’s thinking and fiction.<sup>15</sup> Barfield’s genius lay in transforming his remarkable

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14 C.S. Lewis, *Surprised by Joy*, Chapter 13. Going out of date, Lewis was forced to concede by Barfield’s arguments, might well have nothing to do with something’s truth or falsity.

15 See Verlyn Fleger’s *Splintered Light: Logos and Language in Tolkien’s*

insights into the origins of language into an understanding of poetic language itself. So Lewis also grew to accept that there are changes to human consciousness at different times, though, for him, it couldn't be said to be an evolution.

Though C.S. Lewis remained opposed to Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophy, after the end of the "Great War" between himself and Barfield the influence of his friend is clear in his ideas and writings. Lewis was to make no secret of his debt to his brilliant friend. It was after his conversion to Christianity in 1931 that Lewis brought the "war" to an abrupt end,<sup>16</sup> much to Barfield's sorrow, though their friendship and conversations carried on unabated. Barfield continued to develop his thinking, always imagining how Lewis might counter any step. On one occasion, Barfield was invited to introduce Anthroposophism to a meeting of the Inklings, but he felt he was unsuccessful in conveying his ideas on Steiner.

It is worth mentioning the importance of the two friends' worldviews during the "great war." Essentially, throughout the friendly but hardhitting dispute of many years about the role of imagination in knowledge, Barfield was what Lewis would call a supernaturalist, whereas Lewis was at first a naturalist, moving slowly from atheism via agnosticism to various forms of idealism. After he came first to a belief in theism (around 1929 to 1930) and then to Christian belief, Barfield in effect had won much of the battle, and Lewis, it is evident, was no longer interested in the combat. Both friends were now idealists but, as might be expected, not of the same form.

Their continuing differences, though the two were on the same side of the wall now as regards believing in the reality of the supernatural world, reveal both the complexity of Lewis's thinking and development and the complexity of their friendship. Even his own College, Magdalen,<sup>17</sup> was a stronghold of Idealism.<sup>18</sup> Martin Moynihan, a former pupil and friend of Lewis's, recalls how Magdalen College had been "notably idealist... Besides Bradley there was, for one, [R.G.] Collingwood. He it was who told us how 'idealism' and

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*World* (Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans, 1983).

16 Barfield in later years remembered where the two were when Lewis declared the war over—they were on a walking trip and had arrived at the historic town of Wallingford, then in Berkshire.

17 See James Patrick, *The Magdalen Metaphysicals* (Macon, GA: Mercer University Press, 1985).

18 The philosopher John Mabbott, a colleague of Lewis's during that period, points out the intellectual isolation of Oxford during this period in his *Oxford Memories* (Oxford: Thornton's of Oxford, 1986), chapter 13.

‘realism’ were in the Middle Ages one and the same. Ideas and values were *res*, things as much as tables and chairs. And, to quote a later poet, ‘good is as visible as green.’”<sup>19</sup> The mature Lewis also seemed to make idealism and realism “one and the same” as he abandoned the Great War with Barfield. This mix can be seen vividly in his book, *Miracles*, where God is the “glad creator” and “Fountain of Facthood” a book which was part of his constant quest to capture the real, the definite, the concrete, the thing in words, expressed vividly in his sermon essay, “Transposition,” greatly admired by Barfield.<sup>20</sup>

For all their differences, however, Lewis was greatly shaped in thought and imagination by the influence of his friend. In my view, Lewis’s stylistic achievement in writing poetic prose—prose combining reason and vivid imagination—owes much to Barfield’s view of the nature of primitive and ideal language. Passages in *Perelandra*, for instance, are so successful as poetic prose that the poet Ruth Pitter was able to turn them poetic stanzas (rather as William Wordsworth turned the prose of his sister Dorothy’s journals into poetry, as in her account of the daffodils seen at Ullswater in the English Lakeland).

#### AFTER THE “GREAT WAR”; BARFIELD’S CAREER AS A SOLICITOR

Owen Barfield spent the 1930s, 1940s, and most of the 1950s in the self-imposed tedium of his family’s law business in London. He had little time to write, but when he did, the pieces often but not always related to anthroposophical teaching. When he could, he wrote poetry and fiction, including his verse dramas, *Orpheus* (which was staged in Sheffield, at the Little Theatre, in September 1948) and *Medea* (which was read on one of his infrequent visits to the Inklings). Lewis had encouraged him to retell a great myth, and he decided upon Orpheus and Euridice. On one occasion, he used his legal expertise to save his client C.S. Lewis from bankruptcy, when he accrued an enormous tax bill that, in his ignorance, he hadn’t expected. Lewis had generously given away all the royalties from his increasingly successful books, such as *The Screwtape Letters*. Barfield wrote a humorous book, fictionalizing his experience as a solicitor, entitled *This Ever Diverse Pair* which recounts the incident.

19 Martin Moynihan, unpublished A4 booklet “C.S. Lewis and Oxford,” January 1998 (copy in my possession).

20 See my chapter, “Myth, Fact and Incarnation” in E. Segura and T. Honegger (Eds.), *Myth and Magic: Art according to the Inklings* (Zollikofen, Switzerland: Walking Tree Publishers, 2007).



When Lewis was appointed to the Cambridge Chair of Medieval and Renaissance Literature in 1954, he unsuccessfully tried to obtain for Barfield his position as Fellow in English at Magdalen College. He truly understood Barfield's brilliance and insight into language and literature.

It was only in 1959, when he was able to retire from the law firm, that Barfield started an astonishing second life of scholarly and imaginative writing, which included extensive lecturing, much of it in the United States. A prophet overlooked in his own country found acceptance in the USA.

### BARFIELD'S SECOND LIFE

When Lewis died in late 1963, Owen Barfield was well into his "second life" as writer and speaker, with invitations coming from throughout North America and with a growing readership for his books in literary and intellectual circles. His fiction, though not until then being published outside of specialist or esoteric channels, from this time forward explored contemporary issues such as the environment. He, like Tolkien, knew what he had lost in Lewis's absence. In a talk he gave at Wheaton College, Illinois, less than a year after Lewis's death, he began:

Now, whatever else he was, and, as you know, he was a great many things, C.S. Lewis was for me, first and foremost, the absolutely unforgettable friend, the friend with whom I was in close touch for over forty years, the friend you might come to regard hardly as another human being, but almost as a part of the furniture of my existence.<sup>21</sup>

The Wheaton talk belongs to the period of Barfield's enthusiastic reception in North America. He never had had a popular appeal, though some of his newly published fiction is more accessible than much of his writing. The year of his talk, 1964, marked a spell as Visiting Professor at Drew University in New Jersey. This was the first of several similar posts at universities in North America right into the 1980s, when he was entering his own eighties. One of his many books of this period, *Speaker's Meaning* (1967), was made up of lectures that he had given at Brandeis University. Over a decade later, his short but seminal book, *History, Guilt and Habit* (1979) came out of lectures he

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21 A talk given on 16 October, 1964, and published as "C.S. Lewis," in G.B. Tennyson (Ed.), *Owen Barfield on C.S. Lewis* (San Rafael, CA: The Barfield Press), p. 5–16.



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gave in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Over the years Owen and Maud Barfield had first adopted two children, Alexander, and Lucy, and then later fostered Geoffrey Corbett (now Jeffrey Barfield) during World War II (to whom Lewis dedicated his *The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader"*). On some occasions, Maud (and Lucy on at least one occasion) accompanied Barfield to the USA on his speaking trips. Lucy Barfield became C.S. Lewis's goddaughter, and his *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* s dedicated to her.

Barfield thought back at the decade or more of his fruitful visits to the USA. Of the central figures in the Inklings, he was the only one, apart from Warnie Lewis, to have set foot in the new world.

I first went to America in 1964. . . . Quite a lot was happening, I was writing a lot of articles, I suppose—but then it was rather like starting a new life in America. Although I had no reputation in England, a certain part of the academic world in America, the English departments, quite lot of people... were already interested in my books. It was a strange experience, rather like the "ugly duckling"! . . . "I've read your books, of course"—that sort of thing, you know. And of course it was useful from a financial point of view; they paid you awfully well. I had no responsibilities other than teaching. That went on until 1974–5. . . . The last time was at SUNY [the State University of New York] . . . It went on for over ten years. I was going fairly regularly to America.<sup>22</sup>

As with paperback publication of Tolkien in the USA and the rise of the Tolkien phenomenon, Barfield's timing couldn't have been better. Thinkers of the counter-culture of the sixties, and others deeply concerned with the direction western culture was taking, were looking for an alternative to what Barfield called the "materialist paradigm" and Lewis had called "the Age of the Machine." Post-modernism was already in the air. Barfield, like Lewis and Tolkien, were in a sense pre-modern (though touching the heart of the culture). They could live imaginatively in the ideas and images of a pre-modern culture such as the medieval period or classical times, and help their contemporaries, through their insights and vision, to have a perspective upon the modern world. It was a way of seeing that, in Barfield's phrase, was not idolatrous. The modern person could be freed from "chronological snobbery." One of the marks of the Inklings was that they unaffectedly

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22 Oral history interview with Owen Barfield, The Wade Center, Wheaton College, Illinois.

and naturally spoke of older writers and thinkers (from Plato to Dante or Wordsworth) as if they were living. Their attitude was remarkable and attractive to many.

Warren Lewis, a key member of the Inklings, survived his brother by ten years. In his diary, Warnie told of a visit from Owen Barfield on Tuesday 29 July 1969, soon after his visit to Southern California. He had come for dinner with Warnie and to spend the night. Warnie found it pleasant to have “a long chat” with him again. He noticed that Barfield still had his usual mental alertness, but that he grumbled about not remembering names, and forgetting whether or not he had just met someone previously unknown. The two of the surviving Inklings soon got into deeper water, familiar to all who try to fathom Barfield’s thought and how it relates to his Christian belief:

In the course of our talk it emerged that he is that baffling thing, a practising Christian who is a believer in reincarnation; I objected that if there is reincarnation, the essential *me*, WHL dies, and therefore it amounts to the atheist belief that death ends everything. This he would not have, holding that in each life you add something fresh to the basic *you* from which you started. But what about the endless reincarnation of your ancestors, from which you inherit? I doubt if either of us understood the other, but I found it an interesting evening.<sup>23</sup>

### C.S. LEWIS’S DIVERGENCE ON MEANING AND TRUTH

Lewis particularly owed much to Barfield in thinking through the relation of truth and meaning, despite their differences on this subject. It is on the relationship between concept and meaning, and thought and imagination, that C. S. Lewis makes his most distinctive contribution to our understanding. He argues that good imagining is as vital as good thinking, and either is impoverished without the other. Lewis set out some seminal ideas on this topic in an essay in his book, *Réhabilitations and Other Essays* (1939):

For me, reason is the natural organ of truth; but imagination is the organ of meaning. Imagination, producing new metaphors or revivifying old, is not the cause of truth, but its condition . . . . The truth we [win] by metaphor [can] not be greater than the truth of the metaphor itself; and . . . all our truth,

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23 Clyde S. Kilby and Marjorie Mead (Eds.) *Brothers and Friends: The Diaries of Major Warren Hamilton Lewis* (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1982), entry for Tuesday 29 July, 1969.

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or all but a few fragments, is won by metaphor. And thence, I confess, it does follow that if our thinking is ever true, then the metaphors by which we think must have been good metaphors.<sup>24</sup>

This quotation gives the core of the many suggestive ideas in the essay, many of which Lewis developed and refined in later years, leading to his definitive statement about literature, *An Experiment in Criticism* (1961). Some of the basic ideas can be indicated as follows. (1) There is a distinction between reason and imagination as regards roles—reason is to do with theoretical truths, imagination is to do with meanings. (2) There are standards of correctness, or norms, for the imagination, held tacitly and universally by human beings. (3) Meaning is a condition of the framing of truths; poor meanings make for poor thoughts. (4) The framing of truths in propositions necessitates the employment of metaphors supplied by the imagination. Language and thought necessarily relies upon metaphor (and presumably our ability to receive metaphor).

Lewis never agreed with Barfield that imagination is the organ of truth. He did believe however in the ability and importance of myth in making truths tangible and definite. Lewis regarded the historical Gospel narratives as unique in being true myth—myth that had become fact in first century Palestine. But that is another story. Lewis after his conversion did concede that imagination gives knowledge, even though it is not the organ of truth. It is important to distinguish between knowledge and theoretical truths (propositions, abstractions, generalizations). Myths for instance, as Barfield, Lewis and Tolkien believed, can remarkably illuminate truths, which is why Lewis retold the much loved myth of Cupid and Psyche in his novel, *Till We Have Faces*, and Barfield composed his poetic play, *Orpheus*, based on the Greek myth. It is why Tolkien created a plausible legendarium of the early ages of Middle-earth and its divine origin. Though imagination does not, for Lewis, have the function of revelation (contrary to what Barfield believed), it helps us to perceive and receive revelation from objective sources, sources outside of us. It follows that we may imaginatively respond to The Song of Solomon or the Gospel narratives, or to the natural world as God's handiwork, as the early scientists believed in the seventeenth century, and many distinguished scientists today still do.

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24 In "Bluspels and Flalansferes," republished in C.S. Lewis, *Selected Literary Essays* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1969), pp. 251–265.

## INKLINGS FOREVER X

One of Barfield's significant complaints against his friend was that he saw him as following, in effect, the errors of scientism; Lewis was "atomistic" in his empiricism as he divorced imagination and truth. To give a taste of the issues involved, we have Owen Barfield's own brilliant picture of what he saw as limitations in Lewis's makeup:

He had a pretty sharp line between his intellectual self and imaginative self; he accepted the conventionally scientific basis of knowledge and that all real knowledge depended on scientific evidence drawn from sense experience. Lewis would not admit that the kind of experience that came through imagination had anything to do with knowledge of reality; it just enabled you to have more reality to talk about as experience or subject matter. But when it came to converting that imaginative subject matter into actual knowledge you had to go back to the ordinary scientific method, to put it on the laboratory table, so to speak.<sup>25</sup>

This picture is, I feel, a little over-simplistic. Lewis in fact made it clear in a number of his writings at different periods that there were, in his view, different kinds of truthful knowledge, as when we recognize for example that a beautiful waterfall is sublime—an example given in his philosophical essay, *The Abolition of Man*. He found useful the French distinction between *savoir* and *connaître* as forms of "to know," where *connaître* is employed in being familiar with a person or thing, and *savoir* is knowledge about a person or thing. In Hebrew (retained in English translations of the Bible) "to know" is used for physical sexual intimacy and sensual experience, as well as the usual meaning of knowledge. The Bible typically calls us to "taste and see that the Lord is good" as well as to know its teaching about the maker of heaven and earth.

Like Barfield, Lewis did believe that mankind has moved away from a unitary consciousness into a divorce of subject and object. Theoretical reasoning abstracts from real things, real emotions, real events. In his theory of transposition (set out in his essay-sermon of that name) Lewis revealed his tangible vision of how all things—especially the natural and the supernatural—cohere. He saw this desirable unity, for example, in the Gospel narrative, dominated by incarnation and resurrection, where the quality of myth is not lost in the historical facticity of the events. There is no separation of story and history, myth and fact.

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25 G. B. Tennyson (Ed.), *Owen Barfield on C. S. Lewis* (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 1989) p. 135.

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Here is Lewis's big and Barfield-like picture, taken from *Miracles* not "Transposition" (a book Barfield was critical of but which arguably is one of Lewis's best):

There is . . . in the history of thought, as elsewhere, a pattern of death and rebirth. The old, richly imaginative thought which still survives in Plato has to submit to the deathlike, but indispensable, process of logical analysis. . . . But from this descent . . . if thought itself is to survive, there must be re-ascend and the Christian conception provides for this. Those who attain the glorious resurrection will see the dry bones clothed again with flesh, the fact and the myth remarried, the literal and the metaphorical rushing together.<sup>26</sup>

Lewis sees the incarnation of the divine in the human, and the bodily resurrection of the human being led by Christ, as the complete reconciliation of the abstract-concrete division, rather than Barfield's evolutionary development of consciousness.

To finish: doesn't Lewis sound close to Barfield (or Barfield to Lewis) in this snippet from one of Lewis's most famous passages?

We do not want merely to see beauty. . . . We want something else which can hardly be put into words—to be united with the beauty we see, to pass into it, to receive it into ourselves, to bathe in it, to become part of it. That is why we have peopled air and earth and water with gods and goddesses and nymphs and elves. . . . If we take the imagery of Scripture seriously, if we believe that God will one day give us the Morning Star and cause us to put on the splendour of the sun, then we may surmise that both the ancient myths and the modern poetry, so false as history, may be very near the truth as prophecy.<sup>27</sup>

In an interview, Barfield acknowledged both Lewis's "Transposition" and "The Weight of Glory" as reminding the modern world that there is a spiritual reality.<sup>28</sup>

(c) Colin Duriez, 2016

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26 From Chapter 16, "Miracles of the New Creation" in *Miracles* (London: Collins Fontana, 1960), p. 165.

27 "The Weight of Glory," in C.S. Lewis, *Screwtape Proposes a Toast* (London: Fontana Books, 1965), pp. 106-7.

28 Conversation between G.B. Tennyson and Owen Barfield, "Conversations on C.S. Lewis," in *Owen Barfield on C.S. Lewis*, p. 151.

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# Marion E. Wade Center

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In Remembrance: Owen Barfield

Author(s): Christopher W. Mitchell

Source: *VII: Journal of the Marion E. Wade Center*, Vol. 15, C.S. Lewis and Owen Barfield Centenary Issue (1998), pp. 5-8

Published by: Marion E. Wade Center, Wheaton College

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/45296569>

Accessed: 11-03-2022 22:35 UTC

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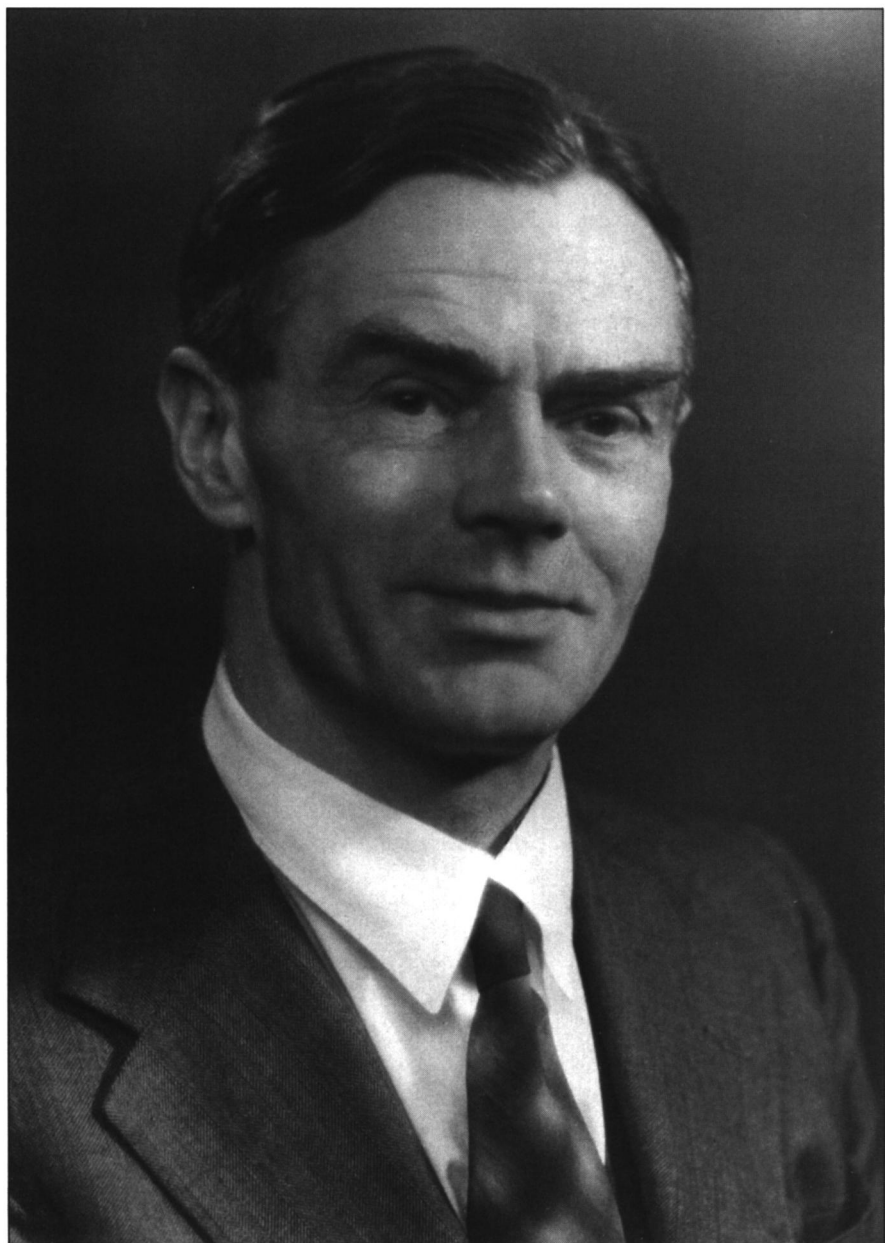
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***Arthur Owen Barfield***

November 9, 1898 — December 14, 1997

(Studio portrait, 1935)

## In Remembrance: Owen Barfield

"How many evenings out of the many hundreds, or rather thousands, that have sunk without trace, can I easily remember whenever I want to? Very few indeed," wrote Owen Barfield in 1980, in his Foreword to the first volume of *SEVEN: An Anglo-American Literary Review*. Of the very few, two evenings came "irresistibly into [his] mind" as he contemplated a journal dedicated to the seven authors of the Wade Center. The first was the night C.S. Lewis introduced him to J.R.R. Tolkien back in the 1920s at the Eastgate Hotel. The second was an October evening in 1964 when he was conducted into an "enormous, brightly-lit Hall" at Wheaton College, where he addressed an audience larger than he had ever yet faced and remembered being surprised "at the close attention with which they all listened, and at how much they seemed to be liking it."

Barfield's visit to Wheaton College for the Literature Conference that autumn of 1964 coincided with Dr. Clyde S. Kilby's submission of a proposal for the establishment of a Special Collection of seven British authors of whom Barfield was to be one. Little did Barfield know at the time that his presence helped to establish the potential importance of the Collection. That night he succeeded in converting the few remaining skeptics to the proposal. By February of the following year, the Library Committee approved Kilby's proposal and the Collection became a reality.

From its inception, Barfield's importance to the Wade Center extended beyond the fact that his work graces its collection. For more than thirty years he personally contributed to its success. In addition to the initial impetus he provided for its establishment and his contributions to *SEVEN*, to which Dr. Reynolds has already alluded in her editorial, Barfield lectured at Wheaton College on several occasions, and donated many of his own papers to the collection. More telling still was his generosity in sharing whatever light he had on the other authors in an effort to encourage further interest in them. The Wade Center is a richer resource because of Barfield's more than thirty-year association with it, and it is a honor to remember him in a journal he faithfully supported.

By vocation a writer and philosopher of language, Owen Barfield passed away in his home in Forest Row in East Sussex, England on December 14, 1997 at the extraordinary age of ninety-nine. He was born in North London on November 8, 1898, just three weeks before C.S. Lewis. His parents had initially planned to call him Humphrey, but on the way to the registry office decided upon Owen. He was the youngest of four children. His father, Arthur Edward Barfield, was a solicitor and his mother, Elizabeth (Shoults) Barfield, an ardent suffragette. Although

he was brought up more or less as an agnostic, he remembered his parents maintaining a respect for the Christian faith, and his father having a particularly deep regard for the teachings of Jesus Christ. One feature of his father's character throws light on a certain aspect of Barfield's relationship with C.S. Lewis. Cecil Harwood, who regularly visited the Barfield home as a boy, remembered Mr. Barfield as a "remarkable man of an acute intelligence," who used to alarm him by shooting questions at him as to why he believed this or that, when he had "no valid reason except that he had been brought up to believe it" ("Owen Barfield" in *Evolution of Consciousness: Studies in Polarity*, ed. Shirley Sugerman, 31). Harwood's observation suggests that Barfield received a training under his father in the art of dialectic not unlike that which Lewis received under William T. Kirkpatrick. J.R.R. Tolkien appears to corroborate this in a letter to his son Christopher: "O.B. is the only man who can tackle C.S.L. making him define everything and interrupting his most dogmatic pronouncements with subtle *distinguo's* (*Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien* 103). It is not at all surprising, then, that it was Barfield who effectively challenged Lewis's atheistic assumptions and chronological snobbery.

Barfield attended Highgate School where he pursued a classical course of study (Latin and Greek), rather than the optional modern course (German and Mechanics). During his years at Highgate, he became a rather "keen" gymnast and met Cecil Harwood who became one of his closest friends. His work in classics won him a scholarship in 1916 to Oxford University, but the war prevented him from accepting it at the time. He joined the army in the spring of 1917, and served as a wireless officer in the Signal Service of the Royal Engineers in Belgium. Returning home from Belgium, he entered Wadham College, Oxford in the autumn of 1919. Although his was a Classics scholarship, his interest had shifted to English literature during the intervening years. Upon application, he received permission to change over from a course in Greats (Classics) to read English instead. During his first term he was introduced to C.S. Lewis whom he came to consider his most intimate friend. After taking a first in English Literature in 1921, he remained on to write his thesis, "Poetic Diction," for his B.Litt., which was published later in 1928.

During his years at Oxford, Barfield joined the Oxford branch of the English Folkdance Society. There he met Matilda (Maud) Douie, a Scottish woman who danced professionally. They were married on April 11, 1923 and raised three children, a daughter and two boys. (To their daughter Lucy, C.S. Lewis dedicated *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, and to their youngest son Geoffrey, *The Voyage of the 'Dawn Treader.'*) Barfield's involvement in the Folkdance Society was important for another reason: near the end of 1922, a Rudolf Steiner enthusiast associated with the Society introduced him to Steiner's works. Early the next year

Barfield heard Steiner lecture and soon afterward became an ardent follower. According to Barfield, Steiner exerted a more profound influence on the shape of his thinking than any other individual. All of his adult life Barfield remained a promoter of Steiner's work and maintained an active membership in the Anthroposophical Society.

For the first six to seven years after finishing College in 1923, Barfield sought to establish himself as a writer. His lack of success (particularly his inability to publish his novel *English People*) and his desire to find a financially viable profession, coupled with his father's need for help with the family law practice, led him in 1929 to join the family firm. Here he worked until his retirement in 1959 at the age of sixty. Tributes to the originality of Barfield's mind abound, and many have considered his years involved in the mundane affairs of a solicitor's office a waste of such a gifted mind. Cecil Harwood, however, believed that Barfield's legal training benefited many, and that his association with the ordinary run of life effectively added weight and judgment to his writings ("Owen Barfield" 31).

Barfield's career as a writer and a scholar spanned fifty years and resulted in a dozen books, half of them published before his retirement (*Silver Trumpet*, 1925; *History in English Words*, 1926; *Poetic Diction*, 1928; *Romanticism Comes of Age*, 1944; *This Ever Diverse Pair*, 1950; *Saving the Appearances*, 1957), and half afterwards (*Worlds Apart*, 1963; *Unancestral Voices*, 1965; *Speaker's Meaning*, 1967; *What Coleridge Thought*, 1971; *The Rediscovery of Meaning, and Other Essays*, 1975; *History, Guilt, and Habit*, 1979)—see also David Lavery's review essay in this volume. It is worth noting that when he was seeking to decide whether to join the family law firm, Barfield told his father (who was concerned that becoming a lawyer would interfere with his son's literary ambitions) that he was not really looking for a literary career at all, but rather seeking to influence the "consciousness of the age" by contributing to its evolution. All of his books, lectures and essays were directed towards this one aim. (For an understanding of what Barfield meant by the "consciousness of the age," see Stephen Thorson's article in this volume.)

In 1986, six years after his wife died, Barfield moved from their home in Dartford, Kent to Forest Row in East Sussex, to live out the remaining years of his life at the Walhatch retirement home. During those latter years he happily answered the many letters he received from interested inquirers, and graciously entertained visitors from all parts of the world who were eager to meet and talk with an Inkling. Barfield was the sole surviving member of the Inklings, and his passing marks the end of one of the most remarkable minds of the 20th century.

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