

The Charles Williams Society

NEWSLETTER

No. 47, AUTUMN 1987

MEETINGS OF THE CHARLES WILLIAMS SOCIETY

27 February 1988: Eileen Mable will speak on the subject "The August Predecessor: Julian of Norwich and Charles Williams".

4 June 1988: The Society will have an all-day meeting including the AGM in Fusey House, Oxford. George Sayer will be the speaker.

12 November 1988: Doreen Berry will speak - subject to be announced.

The meetings in February and November will be held at Liddon House, 24 South Audley Street, London W.1.

LONDON READING GROUP

Sunday 10 April 1988: We will continue reading C.W.'s biography Rochester. We will meet in St Matthews Church Vestry, 27 St Petersburg Place, Bayswater, W.2. (nearest stations Queensway and Bayswater) at 1pm. Tea and coffee will be provided but please bring sandwiches.

OXFORD READING GROUP

For details please contact either Anne Scott (Oxford 53897) or Brenda Boughton (Oxford 55589).

CAMBRIDGE READING GROUP

For information please contact Geraldine and Richard Finch, 5 Oxford Road, Cambridge CB4 3FH, telephone Cambridge 311465.

LAKE MICHIGAN AREA READING GROUP

For details please contact Charles Hattar, 188 W. 11th St., Holland, Michigan 49423, USA, telephone (616) 396 2260.

BOOKS FOR SALE

The following C.W. books are available for sale, second-hand:

- All Hallow's Eve (Berdman, paperback, as new) £2.50
- The Descent of the Dove (Religious Book Club edition) £2.50
- The Descent of the Dove (Berdman, paperback edition, as new) £2.50
- Four Modern Verse Plays (Penguin paperback, includes Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury) £1.00
- War in Heaven (laminated ex-library copy of Faber paperback) £1.00
- Essays Presented to C.W., edited by C.S.Lewis (withdrawn library copy) £1.00

Please write to Mrs Gillian Lunn, 26 Village Road, Finchley, London N3 1TL if you would like any of these, but please send no money when ordering. When the books arrive please add the cost of postage to the book price. If anyone has any spare Jiffy bags, Gillian would be most grateful to have them for the dispatch of second-hand books.

BOOK REVIEW

Ben Robertson has written the following review of Charles Williams by Kathleen Spencer (No. 25 in the series 'Stormont Readers Guides to Contemporary Science

Fiction and Fantasy Authors').

This short study of Williams as a fantasy writer consists of two sections, an introduction to his main ideas and a guide to the novels and the Arthurian poetry.

Spencer's first section is a concise and thoughtful summary of the central themes in Williams' work. She is particularly good at relating his development as a theologian to his history as a person. Rather than delving for suspect psychological theories, she shows how he constructed his practical theology from his experiences. For example, she accounts for Williams' emphasis upon accuracy as truth and the 'quality of disbelief' as a constructive development from his innate pessimism. This is an interesting approach to Williams and a valid one given that he was a theologian of the Affirmation of Images and an admirer of the existentialist theology of Kierkegaard.

Best of all (for this reader at least), is Spencer's discussion of the role of authority in Williams' thought. Firstly, she takes the problem sufficiently seriously: "Authority and obedience, though powerful and noble concepts for Williams, cause some of his readers, particularly Americans, great uneasiness". Secondly, taking her evidence from various sources, she tackles the relationship between authority, co-inherence, intelligence, mutual love and equality in Williams more lucidly than previous writers on the subject.

The second section of the 'Stormont Guide' is unfortunately not as successful as the first. Given that so much has now been written about the novels, it is not really surprising that Spencer has few fresh insights to offer. When, therefore, she does say something intriguing, such as that the dialogue in the novels is "to some tastes exaggeratedly British", it is a shame that she does not go on to explain what she means.

Another complaint is that her chapter on the Arthurian poems is far too short to serve as an effective guide for the beginner. In this respect Agnes Sibley (who wrote a similar volume for the 'Twayne's English Authors Series') towers over Spencer.

Despite these shortcomings, and one or two factual errors (e.g. Williams did not supervise the first edition of Kierkegaard in English - it was rather the first in England). Charles Williams can be recommended as a good read to those of us who are still novices on the Way of Affirmation.

REFERENCES TO C.W.

In Newsletter 46 I typed Glen Cavaliero's news about In Semperiternam Percent being reprinted in the Oxford Book of English Short Stories - I should have called it The Oxford Book of English Ghost Stories, a mistake for which I apologise. Ed.

Whilst on the subject of this short story, John Withrington has reported that it was also reproduced in the paperback collection Black Water: The Anthology of Fantastic Literature edited by Alberto Manguel (Pan 1983).

John Withrington's article on CW, incorporating a list of second-hand book prices will be appearing in a forthcoming edition of the monthly magazine Book and Magazine Collector (available through W.H. Smith).

William Mum reports that Gerard Lenley Hopkins: the Critical Heritage has

recently appeared, edited by Gerald Roberts (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1987, ISBN 0-7102-0414-0). There are a number of contemporary references to C.W.'s work on the second O.U.P. edition of Hopkins' poems (all, so far as a 'skimming-through' showed, favourable) and his Introduction to that edition is re-printed in full.

John Hibbs has also written to say that C.W.'s influence is recognised as significant in Adrian Hastings' History of English Christianity 1920-1985 (Collins 1986). Mr Hibbs has also come across a reference to C.W. by the Bishop of London in the parish magazine of All Saints with St James, Brightlingsea, Essex - as he says, an unexpected place to find a reference!

George Hay writes with reference to John Heath-Stubbs' talk on "The Figure of Crossida" reproduced in our Summer Newsletter, number 46 - 'I note that the speaker referred to Walter de la Mare's novel Henry Brocken. Should members of the C.W. Society be interested, a limited edition of this novel has been re-issued by The English Language Society at a cost of £8.50 plus 50p postage and packing. Copies can be obtained from Mr Hay, 5 St Andrews Mansions, St Andrews Road, London W14 9SU. Cheques should be made payable to M. Gillam.'

Martin Moyrhan reports that there were two talks specifically on C.W. at the International Arthurian Congress in Louvain in July this year: Iyra Hinman from Kansas University spoke on War in Heaven and Judith Kollmann from Michigan on C.W.'s adaptation of Le Morte D'Arthur. There were also talks on Arthurian literature generally by Dr and Mrs Brewer. News was also confirmed of an Arthurian Seminar arranged by the British Council under the chairmanship of Professor Brewer at Cardiff from 28 August to 7 September 1988; central themes will include Malory, historical background of the early Arthurian legend, French texts, modern Arthurian writing and Arthurian art. An Arthurian Encyclopaedia has now been published, edited by Norris J. Lacy, Garland Publishing Inc., 15 Bolton Street, London W1Y 7EA. It contains an excellent summary of Charles Williams' Arthurian poems by Dr Karl-Heinz Goller of Regensburg, and contains a mention by Professor Thompson of Arcadia University, Nova Scotia, of Sir Henry Newbolt's moving tragedy Mordred.

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Members might be interested to read Charles Williams's review of The New Testament in Basic English (Cambridge University Press, 8s 6d) printed in the August 1941 edition of Theology and reproduced with permission.

"There are necessarily two points of view from which any translation of the New Testament must be judged: i. accuracy of translation, ii. English literary value. Basic English is a system of English consisting of 850 words, enlarged for the present purpose to a thousand, and 'used in accordance with a few simple rules'. It is claimed that it is 'the best first step to complete English'.

If this simplified English, developed by Mr C.K. Ogden, is found to be useful and to last, it will obviously be a good thing that the Bible should exist in it, supposing that that can be done without the Bible being over-simplified. The difficulties are obvious, so are the advantages. As the jacket points out, you have in Basic English at least to say something. Whether what you say is nearer or farther from the original than the authorized Version is another matter, and one the present writer is incompetent to judge. He understands more clearly, however, the difficulties of the Church when translations first began.

On the literary side, though this system avoids rhetoric, it is bound to introduce clumsiness. One has to say 'have knowledge' instead of 'know' and 'have love' instead of 'love', and so with belief and hate. 'Whoever puts you to death will have the belief that he is doing God's pleasure'. The omission of the verb 'look', by the accidental slang of our time, is still more awkward. Of St Mary Magdalene: 'While she was still weeping she took a look into the hole', and in the Apocalypse: 'No one in heaven, or on the earth, or under the earth, was able to get the book open or to take a look at it'. A similar vulgarization takes place just before in St John's vision: 'And there was a circle of coloured light round the throne, like an emerald'. A circle of coloured light is too like firework displays.

It would be unfair merely to pick out such things; they can be paralleled by others which, if not sudden illuminations, are variations which arouse the attention. "Every lover of what is true gives ear to My voice." Pilate said to Him: "True? What is true?" It is not, perhaps, merely abstract truth about which Pilate was thinking; he did perhaps fundamentally disbelieve in the possibility of reliable evidence. So even with St Paul's 'I have been put to death on the cross with Christ; still I am living; no longer I, but Christ is living in me; and that life which I now am living in the flesh I am living by faith'. The last phrase seems to emphasize the derivation of the flesh from faith.

Shades of changing meaning cannot be expressed, and in a general way the translation has no speed. But it has clear value in a number of ways, and especially as a book of continual suggestiveness. It is, in a literary sense, a step in the wrong direction; obviously to reduce the vocabulary of a language is to blunt the instrument of the mind. We do not invent words only for fun. And even when the prospectus claims for it more 'directness' than the Authorized Version, it goes too far: 'By this time the body will be smelling' is nothing like 'By this time he stinketh'. It has inevitably a faint reflection of the cheapness of journalism; that is not so much its fault as journalism's. Except in the Epistles. It was St Paul who gave us the Christian vocabulary; it is St Paul whose passion burns in all the variations."

Charles Williams

A Review by A.R.V. of The New Christian Year by Charles Williams, Oxford University Press, 5s. Published in Theology July 1941 and reproduced with permission.

"Those who have made use of The Passion of Christ will be won in advance to this new book of devotion edited by Mr Williams. For every day of the Christian year he has chosen passages from the teachers and saints of the Christian Church; most of them are pregnant sayings of only a sentence or two. We wish that he had been able to provide exact references, for often one is incited to seek out the context of a quotation; also an index of authors would have been useful. Perhaps Mr Williams will meet these needs next time; for we are sure he has material for another book of this kind, which he must not be allowed to withhold."

SUPPLEMENT

There is no Supplement with this Newsletter.

the following talk was given to the Society by Dr Kranz on 3 October 1987. We are pleased to be able to reproduce it in this Newsletter.

Priests in Charles Williams's novels

(Dr. Gisbert Kranz, Erster Rote-Haag-Weg 31, D-5100 Aachen)

The subject on which I am going to talk could as well be called: "**Anglican Priests in Charles Williams's novels**", because all the priests I found in the novels, six in number, are incumbents of the Church of England. I warn you in the beginning about a fact that will become obvious before I reach the end of my paper: In every respect I am an outsider. I never met Charles Williams as some of you did; I started reading his novels not earlier than ten years ago; English is not my native language; I am neither a British subject, nor a member of the Church of England, nor a priest - although I nearly was "sworn of the priesthood" (finding that the celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy was not my way, I preferred to marry). Of course it is far easier to talk about priests, even about priests in fiction, than to be a priest. Possibly the very fact of my talking as an outsider will be fun to you, and I hope you will be so kind as to correct my erroneous statements during the discussion period, so that I may profit from your inside knowledge.

In the first chapter of *Shadows of Ecstasy* we hear talk about a number of simultaneous native risings in the interior of Africa. Christian missionaries have been killed. But the Archbishop has written at once to the Prime Minister "stating that the ecclesiastical authorities were entirely opposed to the dispatch of punitive expeditions, and begging that none should be sent. The Bishops were of the opinion that no secular action should be taken to avenge the martyrdom of the slaughtered missionaries and converts" (SE 24). To the House of Lords the Archbishop makes the same declaration. An indignant peer asks him whether he means that war and the use of force is a sin. The Archbishop replies that the use of force in circumstances like the present appears to himself and his colleagues a breach of Christian principles. "Another peer demanded whether, if the Government were to dispatch punitive expeditions, the Archbishop would seriously accuse them of acting in an unchristian manner? The Archbishop said that the noble peer would remember that Christianity assumed a readiness for martyrdom as a mere preliminary to any serious work, and that he was sure no noble lord who happened to hear him and was a Christian would be unwilling to suffer tortures and death without wishing a moment's pain to his enemies. He apologized to the House for reminding them of what might be called the first steps in a religion of which many of his hearers were distinguished professors" (24-25).

Ian Caithness, the vicar of a Yorkshire parish, agrees to this attitude: "It seems pretty obvious, after all" (25). "It is their [the missionaries'] duty, their honour, to die, if necessary; it is a condition of their calling... the martyrs of the Church must not be avenged by secular arms" (18).

In the course of the tumultuous events narrated in *Shadows of Ecstasy*, Caithness shows courage often enough. This priest doesn't shun the risk of being killed. He fights the Pseudo-messiah Considine, who is a sort of devilish superman, responsible for the African massacres, for the war against Britain, for the bombing of London, and for depriving the Christian Zulu King Inkamasi of his will by infernal power. Caithness offers the soul and mind of comatose Inkamasi to Our Lord in the operation of the Mass celebrated by the Archbishop at Lambeth Palace, and by the supernatural means of the Church militant the Zulu King is set free from Considine's power. When later on Inkamasi is captured again by Considine and his followers, Caithness accompanies him in captivity in order to save the King's soul, if not his life, and to defy Considine. "I don't hate him," Caithness says, "except that he's set himself against God, like Anti-christ which is to come" (190).

The priest connives with Mottreux, one of Considine's followers, who is going to shoot Considine: "Anyone who saved England, ... would be a friend to all men" (199). Ironically at this decisive moment there comes the memory

"of his talk with the Archbishop, of his insistence that the Church must not use the secular arm" (198 seq.). But Caithness thinks this situation to be exceptional. Wouldn't the end justify the means, at least this time? "Never as an ordinary rule - never but when - never but, for this once, **now** - never afterwards, for this couldn't happen twice. And even now it wasn't he or his friends or the Church; it was the man's own follower" (199). Let him kill Considine - it would be a good deed. If Caithness "were partly responsible for Considine's death, it was a noble responsibility, and he would bear it" (215).

What will C.W. have us think of this priest? As soon as C.W. introduces Caithness in his story, he describes him in these words: "He was a tall man ... and looked like an ascetic priest, which was more by good luck than by merit, for he practised no extreme austerities. But he took life seriously, and ... attributed his temperament to his religion. He was therefore not entirely comfortable with other people of different temperaments who did the same thing" (17). This doesn't sound laudatory. Outright censorious is a passage near the end of the novel: Caithness "saw everything in terms of his own good and evil, and so ... to resist evil rather than to follow good became the chief concern of his exhortations. So perhaps the great energies are wasted; so perhaps even evil is not sufficiently resisted... He thought of himself ... as the chief champion of Christendom against Antichrist. It was also a little annoying to be treated as if he were in an elementary stage of his own religion, and a personal rancour unconsciously reinforced the devotion of his soul to its hypothesis" (196 seq.). This zealous priest has serious shortcomings. His zeal borders on fanaticism and misleads him to becoming a tacit accomplice in the killing of Considine. C.W. seems to be convinced that only a holy priest, free from the least tinge of pride, can be a good priest.

One of the spiritual masters of C.W., William Law, writes in his **Serious Call** (ch. x): "A bishop must be an eminent example of Christian holiness, because of his high and sacred calling... As soon as you think of a wise and ancient bishop, you fancy some exalted piety, a living example of all those holy tempers which you find described in the Gospel... The wisest bishop is he who lives in the greatest heights of holiness, who is most exemplary in all the exercises of a Divine life... If you were to see a bishop in the whole course of his life living below his character, conforming to all the foolish tempers of the world, and governed by the same cares and fears which govern vain and worldly men, what would you think of him? Would you think that he was only guilty of a small mistake? No, ..."

Now compare this view by William Law, to which, I am sure, C.W. subscribed, with the picture, C.W. draws of the Bishop in **War in Heaven**: "a young and energetic and modern Bishop, who organized the diocese from railway stations, and platforms at public meetings before and after speaking, and public telephone-boxes, and so on... The Archdeacon liked the Bishop very much, but he did not believe him to be patient or credulous" (WH 52). Mrs. Lucksparrow says, the Bishop is "a bit on the hurried side, always wanting to get on somewhere else and do the next thing. I don't hold with it myself, not so much of it. What's done too quick has to be done twice my mother used to say..." Bishops are "meant to teach us", and they ought to take their time for this (147 seq.). The Bishop doesn't appear in the story in person. When the Archdeacon is in need of his directions and tries to contact him, he is away for some time. The Bishop seems to be a priest who is brimming with activity at the cost of spirituality.

Certainly spirituality is lacking in Mr. Batesby, "a rather elderly clergyman whom the Archdeacon thoroughly disliked" (42), a "tall, lean, harassed, talkative, and inefficient priest" (43), a specimen of "human futility" (43). We never hear of his prayers; important to him are "practical things", e.g. supervising the "Lads' Christian Cricket Club in his own parish" (100).

When the Archdeacon was an invalid for some weeks, "Mr. Batesby carried the hint of the New Testament, 'I was sick and ye visited me' to an extreme

which made nonsense of the equally authoritative injunction to be 'wise as serpents'." Batesby, "chatting of Prayer Book Revision, parish councils, and Tithe Act, imported to them a high eternal flavour which savoured of Deity Itself" (56).

On another occasion, Mr. Batesby tells the Archdeacon about a visitor: "He thinks morals are more important than dogma, and of course I agree with him... And he gave me five pounds towards ... anything active. He was very keen, and I ... thought just the same, on getting things done. He thinks that the Church ought to be a means of progress... I was greatly struck. An idealist, that's what I should call him. England needs idealists to-day... He thinks Christ was the second greatest man the earth has produced... It shows a sympathetic spirit, doesn't it? After all, the second greatest -! That goes a long way. Little children, love one another - if five pounds helps us to teach them that in the schools. I'm sure mine want a complete new set of Bible pictures" (70).

In one of his sermons, Mr. Batesby said "that the police were as necessary for the Ten Commandments as the Church was" (193). His ecclesiastical views were "incredibly silly". He "would rather have been talking about his own views on the ornaments rubric than about the parishioners" (70). He is "dreadfully keen on Reunion; he has a scheme of his own for it - ... if only he could get other people to see it in the same way." The scheme "was highly complicated ... and involved everyone believing that God was opposed to Communism and in favour of election as the only sound method of government" (99).

Batesby's shallowness is most obvious when he is talking to Prester John: "Shrines of rest and peace, that's what our country churches ought to be, and are, most of them. Steeped in quiet, church and churchyard - all asleep, beautifully asleep. And all round them the gentle village life, simple, homely souls. Some people want incense and lights and all that - but I say it's out of tune, it's the wrong atmosphere. True religion is an inward thing" (149).

The conversation of this garrulous priest is always sententious and full of platitudes, without sound theology. "'Make hay while the sun shineth, for the night cometh,' and then, feeling dimly uncertain of this quotation, [he] went on hastily, 'We must all do what we can, mustn't we? Each in our small corner.'" (149). "Didn't one of our poets say that Heaven lies about us in our family? And where else, indeed?" Prester John asks: "What then do you mean by the Kingdom of Heaven?" The priest answers: "'Well, we have to understand.' ... Mr. Batesby's superior protectiveness seemed to increase; he became more than ever a guide and guard to his fellows [at that moment to Prester John! - the irony!], and the Teaching Church seemed to walk, a little nervously and dragging its feet, in the dust behind him. 'We have to understand. Of course, some take it to mean the Church - but that's very narrow. I tell my young people in confirmation classes the Kingdom of Heaven is all good men... One knows good men... By their fruits, you know. They do not kill... They are just kind and honest and thrifty and hard-working, and so on" (191).

Evidently the picture of brainless and windy Mr. Batesby, who has only dim recollections of the Bible and mistakes the ideals of the petty bourgeoisie for the Kingdom of Heaven, is a caricature. C.W. intended him to be a ridiculous person, who doesn't live up to his ministry and waters down Christian doctrine. As a shopkeeper Batesby would have been a harmless man; as a priest, a minister to souls, he is a disaster (no offence meant to shopkeepers - C.W.'s father was a shopkeeper, and so was mine).

That night, when Persimmons attended a Witches' Sabbath, "Mr. Batesby was asleep..., and the Archdeacon was engaged in his prayers" (71). In this sentence, C.W. sums up the decisive contrast between Batesby and the other priest in this novel: Julian Davenant, the Archdeacon of Castra Parvulorum or Fardles. He is a chubby, round, dapper little cleric in gaiters, wearing gold rimmed eye-glasses (WH 20). He keeps to fencing for getting exercise (99), and he is "practised on his feet in many fencing bouts" (119), which enables

He lives up to it: "No-one had ever seen the Archdeacon excited, not even when, in the days of his youth, he had assisted his friends to break up a recruiting meeting in the days of the Boer War" (40).

When he happens to learn from unpublished scholarly research that - of all places - his own parish church contains the Holy Graal, he remains sober and calm and says: "In one sense, of course, the Graal is unimportant - it is a symbol less near Reality now than any chalice of consecrated wine" (37). "He attached little importance to the vessel itself" (41). It might all be nothing but a fantasy, but whether the chalice be the real Holy Graal or not, the Archdeacon is resolved to be courteous to it and keep it (42). "Carrying it as he had so often lifted its types and companions, he became again as in all those liturgies a part of that he sustained; he radiated from that centre and was but the last means of its progress in mortality. Of this sense of instrumentality he recognized, none the less, the component parts - the ritual movement, the priestly office, the mere pleasure in ordered, traditional, and almost universal movement. 'Neither is this Thou,' he said aloud" (50 seq.). Some days later, "he looked at the vessel before him. 'Neither is this Thou,' he breathed; and answered, 'Yet this also is Thou.' He considered, in this, the chalice offered at every altar" (137). Yet later, he says: "I would give up any relic, however wonderful, to save anyone an hour's neuralgia." And he gives up the Graal to Manasseh that dying Barbara might be cured (184).

When his church has been burgled and has suffered havoc, he says: "Sacrilege is hardly a thing a priest can prosecute for - not, anyhow, in a present-day court" (49). And when he was knocked down and robbed of the chalice that was supposed to be the Graal, he "felt that, so far as the property itself was concerned, he was very willing to let it slip - Graal or no Graal... He had a strong objection to using the forces of the State to recover property" (78). "I don't care for the Church to make use of the secular arm" (112). He doesn't call the police, and when a Chief Constable interferes, he is annoyed.

The Archdeacon disapproves of Kenneth's striking blaspheming Persimmons: "I'm sorry you let yourself so go... We **must** be careful not to get like him... We **must** keep calm." The Duke protests: "After that vile blasphemy? ... To insult God -". "How can you insult God?" the Archdeacon replies. "About as much as you can pull His nose. For Kenneth to have knocked Mr. Persimmons down for calling him dishonest would have been natural - a venial sin, at most; for him to have done it in order to avenge God would have been silly; but for him to have got into a blurred state of furious madness is a great deal too like Mr. Persimmons's passions to please me" (135).

When a second attempt on the Graal is going on, this time by practices of black magic, the Archdeacon cries to his companions: "I think there is devilry. Make yourselves paths for the Will of God... Pray, pray in the name of God" (139). "The interior energy of the priest laid hold on the less trained powers of his companions and directed them to its own intense concentration" (140).

Often he is in his study, the door shut, and gives "himself up to interior silence and direction" (236). "By long practise he had accustomed himself in any circumstances - in company or alone, at work or at rest, in speech or in silence - to withdraw into that place where action is created" (118). More often than not he sees that it is "not his business to display activity, but to wait on the Mover of all things" (234). "Delight was far too small a word for the peace in which the Archdeacon moved; a sky of serenity overarched Gregory when he thought of the priest against which his own arrows were shot in vain" (236).

The secret of this peace is disclosed by the Archdeacon's habit of singing softly on the unlikeliest occasions. He is thinking of a man he dislikes, and what does he do? He sings: "Oh, give thanks to the God of all gods, for His mercy endureth for ever" (43). The first attempt on the Graal has just been

made - but he "re-entered the Rectory, singing again to himself: 'Who alone doeth marvellous things; for his mercy endureth for ever'" (48). He is invited by Gregory Persimmons, whom he rightly suspects to be his enemy, and he goes with him. "And half under his breath, as they turned towards Cully, he sang to himself, 'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious; for His mercy endureth for ever.' 'I beg your pardon?' Gregory asked... 'Nothing, nothing,' the Archdeacon said hastily. 'Merely an improvisation. The fine weather I suppose.' He almost smirked at the other, with gaiety in his heart... Gregory ... began almost seriously to consider whether he were not halfwitted" (81 seq.). And at another critical moment, when he is with the Chief Constable and others in Persimmons's house, he is amused and risen to "delirious delight", and he hums under his breath: "Oh, give thanks to the God of all gods... For His mercy endureth for ever" (116).

If this habit needs any explanation, it is to be found in chapter xv of William Law's **Serious Call**: "Of chanting, or singing of psalms in our private devotions", from which I quote the following: "Do but so live, that your heart may truly rejoice in God, that it may feel itself affected with the praises of God; and then you will find that this state of your heart will neither want a voice nor ear to find a tune for a psalm... Singing is a natural effect of joy in the heart... Would you know who is the greatest saint in the world? It is ... he who is always thankful to God, who wills everything that God willeth, who receives everything as an instance of God's goodness, and has a heart always ready to praise God for it... The shortest, surest way to all happiness, and all perfection" is this: "make a rule to yourself, to thank and praise God for everything that happens to you." So far William Law, C.W.'s spiritual master. I think it is clear that C.W. meant the figure of the Archdeacon in **War in Heaven** to be recognized as a saint.

As every saint is a follower of Christ, and every priest a second Christ, the Archdeacon near his end suffers his own Calvary. He feels "that the power to which he had slowly taught himself to live in obedience was gradually withdrawing and abandoning him". In this "overwhelming desolation", he says to himself: "This also is Thou". "For desolation as well as abundance was but a means of knowing That which was Ail. But he felt extraordinarily lonely in the darkness of the small room" (240). His enemies, who serve Satan, bind him and lay him stretched on the ground. They begin to destroy him in a most infernal way. "He cried desperately to God and God did not hear him" (242). Or so it seems to him. Crucifixion is followed by resurrection. He is rescued by the legendary Prester John, who overthrows the magicians. The climax and end of the story is a Mass in the parish church of Fardles. The celebrant is not the Archdeacon, who is present in the stalls, but Prester John. The Priest-King and the Graal vanish, and with them the soul of the Archdeacon is received in Heaven.

But the last word in the novel has Batesby. When he is told that the Archdeacon has died on the steps of the altar, he hurries to the church and says (garbling his scripture texts into sheer nonsense): "Dear, dear, how truly distressing! 'In the midst of life' ... The Archdeacon too... Cut down like a palm-tree and thrust into the oven..." (256). [Psalm 92 : 13, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree"; Matthew 3 : 10, "every tree which bringeth **not** forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire"; cf. Matthew 7 : 19 and Matthew 6 : 30, "the grass of the field ... cast into the oven"]. On this note of bathos C.W. ends his novel.

Shall I sum up my paper with the sentence: It takes all sorts of clergymen to make a church? No, I shan't. That would sound like coming from the mouth of Mr. Batesby.

(I am obliged to Prof. Dr. Judith Kollmann for revising my paper as to English usage)

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