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The
**Charles
Williams
Society**



Newsletter

No. 90 Spring 1999

The Charles Williams Society

The Society was founded in 1975, thirty years after Charles Williams's sudden death at the end of the Second World War. It exists to celebrate Charles Williams and to provide a forum for the exchange of views and information about his life and work.

Members of the Society receive a quarterly newsletter and may attend the Society's meetings which are held three times a year. Facilities for members also include a postal lending library and a reference library housed at King's College London.

Officers of the Society

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ◆ Chairman: Mrs Eileen Mable 28 Wroxham Way Harpenden Herts, AL5 4PP 01582 713641 ◆ Secretary: Revd Dr Richard Sturch Islip Rectory The Rise, Islip Oxford, OX5 2TG 01865 372163 ◆ Treasurer: Mr Richard Jeffery Lothlorien Harcourt Hill Oxford, OX2 9AS 01865 248 922 | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ◆ Membership Secretary: Mrs Lepel Kornicka 15 King's Avenue, Ealing London, W5 2SJ 0181 991 0321 ◆ Librarian: Dr Brian Horne Flat 8, 65 Cadogan Gardens London, SW3 2RA 0171 581 9917 ◆ Newsletter Editor: <i>Until the appointment of a new editor. Please send all newsletter material and editorial correspondence to Eileen Mable.</i> |
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Spring 1999

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Reading groups

For information about the **Oxford** reading group please contact Brenda Boughton, tel: 01865 515589.



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No 90 Spring 1999

From the Editor

I must apologise for the late arrival of this issue. My work commitments have increased significantly in recent months, and I have simply found it hard to make the time to give to the Newsletter. For that reason, and because I will probably be returning to full-time study in the near future, I have decided I must resign as Editor. I have made this decision with some regret, having hoped originally to continue in the role for some years.

You will notice elsewhere in this issue a notice for a new Editor. I would urge any of you with sufficient time and interest to consider this position. It is very satisfying putting together a publication, even a modest one such as this, and a good way of forging links with other members of the Society. You can be assured of excellent

support from both Andrew Williams and Eileen Mable. I would be happy to talk or correspond with any members considering this position about what it may entail.

Lastly, I would like to thank all of you who have contacted me with comments and contributions over the past 15 months.

With Best Wishes

Mark Brend

The Newsletter – Help Wanted

It is sad news indeed that Mark Brend is resigning as Newsletter Editor because of increasing work commitments. He and Andrew Williams have made a good team and since early 1998 have given the Society good and well presented Newsletters. We owe them a great deal. Certainly I had hoped that the partnership would continue for a long time.

We offer our thanks and appreciation to Mark for all he has done and wish him well in the future. He will be very busy but we hope that he will still be able to get to some of our meetings.

Andrew Williams is also taking on considerable additional work and needs some assistance in producing the Newsletter.

We now urgently need:

- 1 *A Newsletter Editor* who will be responsible for compiling and editing the newsletter and, in due course, the Web site, before passing it to Andrew for setting up on the computer.
- 2 *A Production Assistant* to arrange printing, packing and mailing of the newsletter. The master copy of the newsletter and mailing labels for each edition will be supplied by Andrew Williams.

If you think that you can help, please get in touch with Andrew, mark or myself for more details

Eileen Mable

Andrew's address:

22 Ramsay Road

London, W3 8AZ

Tel: 0181 993 4478

andrew.williams22@virgin.net

Charles Williams Society Meetings

- ◆ **Saturday 5th June 1999**
Annual General Meeting at 12.00 noon in the Church Room of St. Matthew's Church, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, London, W2. At 2.30 pm Grevel Lindop will speak on "Charles Williams, Robert Graves and the White Goddess".
- ◆ **Saturday 16th October 1999**
Bishop John V. Taylor will speak on The Doctrine of Exchange. The title is to be confirmed. The meeting will take place in Pusey House, Oxford, at 2.30 pm.
- ◆ **Saturday 5th February 2000**
In the Church Room of St. Matthew's Church at 2.30 pm. Speaker to be arranged.
- ◆ **Saturday 6th May 2000**
Annual General Meeting at 1pm in Pusey House, Oxford. Meeting at 2.30 pm, speaker to be arranged.
- ◆ **Saturday 14th October 2000**
In the Church Room of St. Matthew's Church at 2.30 pm. Speaker to be arranged.

Society Conference in 2000

We are now making plans for a 24 hour Conference on Friday 16th to Saturday 17th June 2000 to be held at the Royal Foundation of St. Katharine, London E14. Those who attended the 1997 Conference know what a comfortable and pleasant venue this is.

There will be more information later. In the meantime, do make a note of the dates.

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Charles Williams Society will be held at **12.00 noon on Saturday 5th June 1999** in the Church Room at St. Matthew's, Bayswater.

Agenda

- 1 Apologies for absence.
- 2 Report on the year's activities by the Hon. Secretary.
- 3 Report by the Hon. Librarian.
- 4 Presentation of the accounts by the Hon. Treasurer.
- 5 Report by the Newsletter Editor.
- 6 Report by the Membership Secretary.
- 7 Report by the Hon. Chairman.
- 8 Election of Council members under paragraph 5 of the Society's constitution.
- 9 Any other business.

Richard Sturch
Hon. Secretary.

The attendance at last year's AGM was very disappointing. Only two members were present in addition to the Council. Please come this year if you can. This is the one formal occasion in the year which provides an opportunity for members to ask questions and raise any matters they wish.

Be encouraged by the knowledge that the AGM is usually over by one o'clock or even earlier. This leaves plenty of time for talk with friends over sandwiches (tea and coffee provided) before Grevel Lindop's talk at 2.30. *That* promises to be interesting.

Eileen Mable

Letters

The Editor welcomes letters on any issue relating to the life and work of Charles Williams and will publish those of general interest to members of the society.

Co-Inherence Discussion Group

Thank you for listing the Co-Inherence discussion group on the Internet. However, the group's address has changed. To inquire about joining, please e-mail <elven@altavista.net>, the URL of David Davis, the moderator. The group's address is <coinherence-1@egroups.com>

We are contemplating a discussion of *The Figure of Beatrice* now. Dave has asked recently how list members would rate the seven novels in overall literary quality, just out of curiosity. Answers can be posted on

<http://www.egroups.com/vote?id=914010194866>

Helen Hobbs

Four Virtues

In *Descent into Hell* (Faber New Edition mcmxlix, p. 63), Peter Stanhope (aka Charles Williams) responds to Mrs Anstruthers's question, "What does one need to say poetry?", with the answer, "What but the four virtues, clarity, speed, humility, courage?"

I have long felt how right this is (and how much better to say poetry rather than "speak" it). But may I raise two questions about it.

First, was this C.W.'s original choice of virtues, or does it relate to a further source, and, if so, what? And second, are we to interpret the "four virtues" as having significance, as a group, outwith the saying of poetry?

John Hibbs

New member

A warm welcome is extended to the following new member of the Charles Williams Society:

Dr Adrian Risdon
54 Firmstone Road
Winchester
Hants, SO23 8PA

George Hay

We are sorry to give the news, only recently received, of the death of George Hay in October 1997.

Members who have attended the London meetings will remember George's lively and sometimes provocative contributions to discussions. We shall miss him.

The Masque of the Manuscript

The Society is pleased to be able to publish *The Masque of the Manuscript* over this, and the following, edition of the newsletter. The work is copyright and the Society gratefully acknowledges the permission to print granted by Michael Williams and arranged with David Higham Associates.

Subscription renewals

Members are reminded that subscriptions fell due on 1st March 1999 for the financial year 1999-2000.

The current subscription rates for individual/joint members are:

- ◆ **UK members: £10/£15**
- ◆ **Concessions £6/£9**
- ◆ **Overseas £12/£17 or \$22/\$30**

Prompt payment of subscriptions is greatly appreciated. Members are also urged, where possible, to pay subscriptions by standing order (direct debit). To pay by standing order simply complete the appropriate section of the membership renewal form. Please note that this arrangement can be rescinded at any time. Members who have already made arrangements to pay by standing order, need not return this form.

Membership forms and enquiries about membership should be sent to:

Mrs Lepel Kornicka
15 King's Avenue, Ealing, London,
W5 2SJ Tel: 0181 991 0321.

The Masque of the Manuscript

Charles Williams

The Masque of the Manuscript was written by Charles Williams and set to music by Hubert J. Foss. It was presented in the Library of Amen House, London (the then headquarters of the Oxford University Press) on 28th April 1927. The Masque was written for performance by staff of the O.U.P.

One hundred copies of the Masques were printed for private circulation only.

The Masque will be published in two parts, the second appearing in the next issue of the Newsletter. There is no break in the original text between the two parts.

Part One

Persons of the Presentation

THE INTRODUCER OF THE MASQUE

THE SINGER

THE MASTER OF THE MUSIC

PHILLIDA

THE MANUSCRIPT

DORINDA

ALEXIS

COLIN

The Masque presents the Library at Amen House, the front wall of which forms the back of the stage.

CAESAR'S *chair is between the two recesses, but rather more forward; the rest of the spectators are behind him.*

The Masque opens with the sound of trumpets; after a few measures the curtains are withdrawn for the INTRODUCER, who kneels to CAESAR, and then rising speaks:

For no desire of long dead days that were
When Herrick or when Wither sang, great sir,
The Christmas revel, or at Jonson's Call
Dances of gallant masquers thronged Whitehall,
Or Milton, young, bright-harnessed, and still glad,
Made Comus' self more beauteous than law bade –
For no such trick of backward-thrusting sight
Have we desired or framed an hour's delight.
But since by you and in this house at least
Joy hath not wholly ended, nor surceased
From labour, nor from anger (if such be),
But makes a glad and perfect memory
Mixed with some worth of every day's employ,
And that rich exile, that wild vagrant, Joy –
She who alone all sheaves of harvest binds –
Wandering one autumn day about our minds,
Met with a chance and high-fantastic thought,
And for some season of pure nonsense sought –
Twelfth Night or Shrovetide or what carnival
Of private honour levels with them all,
Caesar, the praise of fair months made your own
In this imperial and sacred throne.
Since still such thought and fantasy endures,
Missing God's birthday, let it fix on yours;
With what Alexis, what Dorinda, gave,
What Colin, and what Phillida, made brave,

And all the rest, here or beyond, who knew
 Aught of the absurd and pleasant thing we do:
 Ah, too absurd! and yet a place should be
 For this of ours, for all absurdity!
 Solemn devices have no better thrift
 Than that the Athenian craftsmen for a gift
 Brought to their Duke; as they, so we to ours;
 As he to theirs, be tender to our powers.
 If it amuses, well; if not, forgive,
 And bid your children and your liegemen live.
 In this fifteenth and happiest year of grace,
 Let our Birth Night solemnity have place.

[He withdraws. The curtains are closed after him and a song is heard from behind them.]

THE SINGER Over this house a star
 Shines in the heavens high,
 Beauty remote and afar,
 Beauty that shall not die;
 Beauty desired and dreamed,
 Followed in storm and sun,
 Beauty the gods have schemed
 And mortals at last have won.

Beauty arose of old
 And dreamed of a perfect thing,
 Where none should be angry or cold
 Or armed with an evil sting;
 Where the world shall be made anew,
 For the gods shall breathe its air
 And Phoebus Apollo therethrough
 Shall move on a golden stair.

The star that all lives shall seek,
That workers of books desire,
All that in any wise speak
Look to this silver fire:
Shakespeare in utmost night
Moved on no other quest
Than waits who studies aright
Edition and palimpsest.

O'er the toil that is given to do,
O'er the search and the grinding pain,
Seen by the holy few,
Perfection glimmers again.
O dreamed in an eager youth,
O known between friend and friend,
Seen by the seekers of truth,
Lo, peace and the perfect end!

*[The curtains are drawn aside and PHILLIDA is discovered working at her table
in the Library.]*

THE MASTER OF THE MUSIC (*sings*)

Lo, the library unclosing
On the sadness of the earth,
All its occult lore exposing
To the souls of mortal birth.
The books upon the shelves
Sing sweetly by themselves.

Lo, the youngest of the wardens
And celestial defence,
Sword about the heavenly gardens
Of all bright intelligence:

Lo, fairer than her books
 She rules them by her looks.

[The music quietly ends.]

PHILLIDA

Here on my watch I sit, and all around
 The ancient masters of the music sound,
 Pythagorean, spherical; rune and rhyme
 Concordant moving with the face of time
 Against the dark of future and the void.

[She stands up and moves forward.]

I am the Delphic symbol; I am buoyed
 By this vast science on the changing sea
 Of time that shifts and murmurs under me;
 As if an African and warrior maid
 Rode through the waters with her people, stayed
 On some huge hippopotamus's back
 Fabled divine. Here see I track on track
 Far-leading towards the Asian or the Greek
 And all who else a little strive to seek;
 Yes, from my treasuries of words and lives
 I learn that man only and ever strives;
 Nor hath his riddle any answer fair.
 Yet there is Plato, yet Spinoza there!
 The Orient wisdom there, and hard at hand
 The mighty rituals and professions stand;
 The various mathematics opposite
 Each in its harmony diversely sit;
 Medicine, and law! . . . O search on search! O mind
 Lost in itself, with but itself to find!
 Whom next shall trumpets usher through the door?

[The music begins a dance measure. She catches up her sword.]

. . . Nay, hark, what rash foot beats the enchanted floor?

THE MANUSCRIPT [*entering, dances twice round the Library and comes to a stop opposite PHILLIDA. The music ceases.*]

Is this then the place of achievement, the end of the waiting,
The portal of freedom, the high city's final un gating?
Am I come at the last to the house of all holy indwelling,
Where is peace for desire, and the time for the printing and selling?

Is this then the place of disposal, of wide proclamations,
Of news that are rumoured afar through the tribes and the nations,
Where the heads of the just are raised up, and the righteous assembled,
But folly hath fled to her caves and presumption hath trembled?

PHILLIDA

Wayfarer, come; but yet forbear
Unless thy heart be true and clear.
Foul falls thy road – bethink thee still! –
Without submission and good-will.

THE MANUSCRIPT

I was my father's sole delight,
His *dulcis filia*, lass of might.
He sent me forth – and here I am –
That the high gods may bless or damn.

PHILLIDA [*making the sign of the magical pentagram*]

Art thou purged as by fire and by water made clean?

THE MANUSCRIPT

I mean what I say and I say what I mean.

PHILLIDA

Nine years has thy father revised thee with pain?

THE MANUSCRIPT

Twice nine on his desk I have patiently lain.

PHILLIDA

Of what dost thou treat, then, and what is thy name?

THE MANUSCRIPT

To fill up a certain *lacuna* my aim,
 I am called *A Short Treatise on Syrian Nouns*
As used in the Northern and Sub-Northern Towns
In Five Hundred B.C., with two maps and three charts:
By Walter Lackpenny, poor Master of Arts.

PHILLIDA [*speaking as if in a trance of memory, while the music makes distant harmonies*]

I had a Syrian nurse when I was young
 Who sang me into slumber with a tongue
 Laden with rich enchantments, such as grew
 Among the giants and aged kings that knew
 The neighbourhood of spirits when Nimrod reigned,
 And Babel rose, and magic was not feigned
 But marvellous incantation; in a box
 That none could open, though it had no locks,
 She kept a broken wand, which once I felt
 And a vast shape half-seen, before me knelt,
 Such as the ancient Djinn are thought to be.

[To THE MANUSCRIPT]

And for her sake let me be friends with thee.

THE MANUSCRIPT

And be thou, for thy intent and counsel sage,
Named high upon my prefatory page.

PHILLIDA

Uncloak, uncloak! Alas, what sight is this?

THE MANUSCRIPT

Nay, but I know not. Is there aught amiss?

PHILLIDA

What are these bandages?

THE MANUSCRIPT

Corrections.

PHILLIDA

These?

THE MANUSCRIPT

Additions.

PHILLIDA

These long tails?

THE MANUSCRIPT

Appendices.

PHILLIDA

Alas, unfortunate! what wilt thou do
When the severe gods condescend to view
This loathed apparel? fly: nay, 'tis too late.
Who enters here must bide, and bide her fate.

Nor can myself to Cæsar's throne appeal,
High-judging Zeus!

[She throws THE MANUSCRIPT to the ground.]

such insolence would seal

Me with thyself outcast, and not for all
Memories of nurses may such lot befall!
But that thy death may be with softer stroke
Let me some lesser deity invoke!

[She slides to the telephone as the music sounds the warning bell, and sings:]

Dorinda . . . Dorinda . . . Dorinda, yes please . . .

Is that you, Dorinda? can you come down here

Just a moment? A manuscript's here, on her knees

For admission . . . although there's no earthly, I fear . . .

I'm asking Alexis to look at her, too . . .

Yes, I know, but I thought he might give us his view.

Alexis . . . Alexis . . . is that you, Alexis?

Could you come down here for a minute or so? . . .

I know that you're busy . . . I know that it vexes

Your heart, but a manuscript 's waiting to know

I'm asking Dorinda to look at her, too . . .

Yes, I know, but I thought she might give us her view.

THE MASTER OF THE MUSIC

On the Sacred Throne attending
See the princes round about
From the chair of grace descending
To the judgement seat without,
Porphyrogenital,
And clad in royal pall.

See the judging gods assembled
In the awful place of truth;

Many a purpose there hath trembled,
Pleading for a little ruth;
Implacable, austere,
The powers of doom are here.
[DORINDA appears and advances.]

DORINDA

From the machinery of government
Summoned to wait upon this new event,
I come; from many a subtlety of price
And issue and appointment; and the nice
Poise of decision I descend. What need
Invokes the awful tolerance I concede?

[ALEXIS appears and advances.]

ALEXIS From the loud turmoil of the outer press,
From mastering barbarians, from the stress
Of telling journeying men what they should choose,
And spreading in the vulgar tongue reviews
Subtly interpreted, I come. What need
Invokes the awful tolerance I concede?

PHILLIDA *[thrusting THE MANUSCRIPT forward]*

Look . . . But if aught I did e'er pleased your mind,
Though you must judge, be . . . O you gods, be kind!

ALEXIS I have looked, and seen with pain.

DORINDA

I have looked, but not again.

ALEXIS I do not know and never knew

DORINDA

What the Press is coming to,

ALEXIS What the children of the age

DORINDA

Think is meant by printed page,

ALEXIS Why their generations bring

DORINDA

Those who like this kind of thing,

ALEXIS What these young ones understand

DORINDA

By our glory through the land,

ALEXIS Reputation, credit, fame:

DORINDA

Child, have you no sense of shame?

BOTH Child, have you no sense of shame?

[PHILLIDA and THE MANUSCRIPT escape in terror between them to the back of the stage, as the music leads into this duet.]

ALEXIS Ah, Dorinda!

DORINDA

Ah, Alexis!

BOTH O how sad it is to see

ALEXIS How these dreamers

DORINDA
And these children

BOTH Interfere with you and me.

ALEXIS All the day I plan and plot,

DORINDA
All the day I linger not,

BOTH But we always are defeated in the end

ALEXIS By the small things and the slow,

DORINDA
By the twig of mistletoe,

BOTH By forgetfulness and folly in the end.

ALEXIS Ah, Dorinda!

DORINDA
Ah, Alexis!

BOTH O how sad it is to feel

ALEXIS You can never

DORINDA

Nor you ever

BOTH Bring these little ones to heel!

ALEXIS I can like a lighthouse shine,

DORINDA

I do hardly stop to dine,

BOTH For it's I that keep things going in the end.

ALEXIS No, pardon me, but I—

DORINDA

You, but I wonder why!

BOTH For you aren't the central pillar in the end.

ALEXIS Ah, Dorinda!

DORINDA

Ah, Alexis!

BOTH O how sad to think that you

ALEXIS Are supposing —

DORINDA

Are assuming —

BOTH That you are not number two.

ALEXIS All the day you spoil my themes,

DORINDA

All the day you break my schemes,

BOTH And 'tis you that cloud the glory in the end.

ALEXIS

You are death and utter night,

DORINDA

You are madness in its might,

BOTH And 'tis you that flaw the kingdom in the end.

© 1927 Michael Williams.

Time Machines and the Stone of Suleiman

By Richard Sturch

When H. G. Wells introduced the idea of a time machine into fiction, he began certain conventions which have been accepted by most writers of science fiction ever since, simply in order to make the imaginary process work. For example, the rider in such a device is not visible during his or her passage. (Wells was aware that a problem arose here, and his characters discuss it; most later writers take this invisibility for granted.) Again, time travellers arrive at their destination without interfering with whatever is occupying the space they materialize into. Somehow, they never materialize in the heart of a mountain or a thousand feet up in the air. Perhaps the machine detects this and moves them to somewhere safer; again, this is usually taken for granted. And the traveller duly arrives at his or her temporal destination, body and soul together, with memories intact, prepared to discover what has happened in the world during the journey, or to meet figures from the past, as the case may be. We may call these Wells's First, Second and Third laws of Time Travel.

The Stone of Suleiman in *Many Dimensions* operates quite differently - as one might expect from Charles Williams. It obeys the Laws when movement in space is concerned (Wells's machine, too, was meant to move in space as well as in time.) But what of time travel? We are told of two attempts to use the Stone for movement in time: the laboratory assistant Pondon's move into the past, and that of Professor Palliser and Sir Giles Tumulty into the future. Pondon's move obeys the first rule, after a fashion: he vanishes completely. Sir Giles guesses at a possible reason - the action of return has to be made at the starting-point, and Pondon cannot now return, until thanks to Lord Arglay he gets access to the Stone again. The natural assumption is that, having returned to his own past, he simply relives the intervening period, at the end of which he has the Stone and wishes "again" to be in the past. It would seem, then, at first glance, that the Stone does not obey Wells's Third Law. Pondon arrives in the past without knowledge of his wish, or

of what followed from it, and therefore unable to change it. As the Hajji says, he is living but that one period of time over and over again, without knowing it. (The Second Law is obeyed all right, as he returns to exactly as he was at the time aimed at, and occupies the same space as he did first time round.)

Pondon is restored by Lord Arglay's reaching him with the Stone at the moment he was holding it, the moment of his wish. Time is in the Stone, as Chloe says; therefore it can reach Pondon at the time of his starting out. And Arglay has not wished himself to be back at the time of Pondon's wish, only to offer him a way of return, and therefore does not get himself caught in a circle as Pondon had. And Pondon returns to normal time at the moment of Arglay's reaching him (obeying Laws One and Two - he materializes into air in the laboratory where he began.)

So far the operation of the Stone is coherent enough. It is not a time machine; it operates more directly on the person using it. When we come to the attempt of Sir Giles and the Professor to move forward in time, we have greater problems - as of course did Sir Giles. Here the First Law does not hold, logically enough. For whereas with a time machine those near it have to see either something very queer (perhaps a phantom machine) or (as the Law states) nothing, here they can see everything happening as normal. For no-one except Tumulty and Palliser is affected; they are seen by others during the time of their passage (and even remember the events they did not experience). The characters in the book discuss at some length what exactly has happened. Palliser is not bothered, but Sir Giles most certainly is. "Was what was happening now actually happening, or was it merely foresight?" "Perhaps all this is happening in a millionth of a second and we're still sitting there." Hajji Ibrahim evidently supports this: "I think that he has experienced, in an infinitely small fraction of time, all his future until he enters the End of Desire."

The idea evidently is that Tumulty's consciousness leaps forward (in the "millionth of a second") to the point half an hour after his wish and then carries on. If he and the Hajji are right, this experience is then to be followed by his actual life (which will of course be identical with what he has already foreknown). Hence his agonised uncertainty over "whether I'm knowing it all first of all". Ac-

tually, he isn't, if the Hajji is right in his further suggestion that the memory of this foreknowledge has gone. And undoubtedly the Hajji's reasoning is correct here. Otherwise we should get an infinite regress. If Sir Giles is to remember his own foreknowledge, he must have foreknown that remembering, and therefore remember that, and so on.

The difficulty with all this is that it is not what he and Palliser asked for. They wished "to be as we shall be at twelve o'clock", not "to know what we shall be like at twelve o'clock". There is, however, another possibility; I am pretty sure it is not what Williams meant, but I think it is consistent with what he wrote. Sir Giles's train of consciousness is described. He wishes to be as he will be at twelve; and the next thing we know he is listening to Palliser talking to the police inspector. A possible conclusion is that only his consciousness "jumped the gap"; indeed, clearly his body did not, for others saw it and spoke to it during the intervening half an hour. I suggest that during that half an hour his body and brain (and Palliser's) continued to function as they would have done normally, but without any directing mind and will. It would be rather like the experience most of us have had of walking along, or (more alarmingly) driving, making all the correct responses to our surroundings, and then "snapping out of it" and realising that our actual thoughts and awareness had been off on some other business all the time. And of course this would keep Wells's Laws just as well as the other explanation. "Why do you want to be free?" Sir Giles asks shortly before the experiment. "What good could you do if you were free?" If I am right, he had half an hour in which he was not free, but only a kind of fleshly automaton. But this would not have given him the nightmares the other theory did.

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Editorial Policy

The Charles Williams Society's Newsletter and Web site have two functions. Firstly, to publish material about the life and work of Charles Williams. Secondly, to publish details of the activities of the Society.

Contributions to the Newsletter and the Web site are welcome. If you wish to submit a contribution, please take note of the following:

- ◆ Submissions should be sent to the Editor.
- ◆ Submissions over 300 words should be made on floppy disc, typewritten paper, or by e-mail.
- ◆ Submissions under 300 words can be hand-written.
- ◆ Submissions on paper should be one-sided and double spaced.
- ◆ All quotations should be clearly referenced, and a list of sources included.
- ◆ The Editor reserves the right to decide whether to publish a submission.

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