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“C.S. Lewis: An Irish Writer”

By David Clare

The impression of C.S. Lewis that seems to exist in the popular mind is of an Oxbridge don, whose writings exhibit a very English propriety and fastidiousness.¹ The assumption that Lewis was English also appears to stem from the fact that he set his most famous works in England, including *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe* and *The Screwtape Letters*, and because many of his admirers are aware that he taught at Oxford and Cambridge for most of his adult life.² The impression of moral propriety (even in his early, atheistic works) and intellectual fastidiousness is not unjust, but actually stems from a very different source than many would suspect: Lewis was in fact an Ulster Protestant, born in Belfast in 1898 and raised there until his mother’s death when he was nine.³ After she died, he was sent to boarding schools in England, but always returned to Belfast for school holidays (as many as three times per year); in fact, he returned to Ireland for his holidays almost every year for the rest of his life (always to Co. Down, Co. Antrim, Co. Derry, or Co. Donegal, but sometimes with side trips to the rest of the island).⁴ Only World War II or an illness in his household prevented Lewis from making his annual trip back “home.”⁵ When one considers that writers now undisputedly seen as Irish spent much less time in Ireland than Lewis (Sheridan left at eight, never to return; Shaw, Wilde, and O’Casey stayed away from Dublin for decades; Bowen and MacNeice – both sent to boarding schools in England as children – arguably knew Ireland less than Lewis did), it becomes incumbent upon us to reassess him as an Irish writer.⁶ This is especially true since – as this paper will show – Lewis saw himself as Irish and was seen by others as Irish.

This reassessment has already begun, and two excellent studies have already been written on the subject. The first, a 1988 essay entitled “C.S. Lewis: Irishman?” by Terence Brown, contends that after the horrors of serving in World War I and nursing an Irish friend through madness in 1923 that had resulted (in part) from dabbling in the occult, Lewis strayed away from his early interest in the Irish Literary Revival and its intersection with “magic” and

chose instead the “safe” path of mainstream Englishness.⁷ Lewis’s writings and letters, however, demonstrate that he maintained a relationship with Ireland and a sense of his own Irish identity throughout his life. The second powerful study is the 1999 book *The Backward Glance: C.S. Lewis and Ireland*, by Ronald W. Bresland, which primarily looks at Lewis as a *Northern* Irish writer. In this talk, I will show that Lewis and his writings were actually influenced by the entire island of Ireland. This seems an obvious angle to examine: after all, his youth was spent in pre-partition Ireland, his parents were both born in Co. Cork, he was deeply affected by time spent with his relations in Dublin, and he himself once expressed a preference for “the real Ireland of Patsy Macan [sic]” over “our protestant north.”⁸ The fact that Lewis’s *Collected Letters* in three-volumes (published between 2000 and 2007) were unavailable to Brown and Bresland when they did their pioneering work also makes a new assessment of Lewis’s Irish background necessary.⁹

Some portraits of C.S. Lewis’s family background have assumed that his family were Ulster planters who had always been in the North since coming to Ireland. In fact, Lewis’s paternal grandfather, Richard Lewis, was a Welsh boiler maker from Saltney who emigrated to Cork in the early 1850s for work. It was in Cork City in 1863 that C.S. Lewis’s father, Albert James Lewis, was born to Richard and his Liverpoolian wife, Martha Gee. When Albert was five, the Lewis family moved to Belfast where Richard started (with John H. MacIlwaine) the successful firm of “MacIlwaine and Lewis: Boiler Makers, Engineers, and Iron Ship Builders.” After Albert graduated from Lurgan College in 1879 (where he studied law), he moved to Dublin, where he worked for five years for the firm of Maclean, Boyle, and Maclean. He moved back to Belfast in 1884, and, shortly after his return, he began seeing C.S. Lewis’s mother, Florence Augusta “Flora” Hamilton, whom he eventually married (after a *very* long courtship) in 1894.

The Hamiltons were originally Scottish planters who settled in Lisbane, Co. Down during the reign of James I. In the intervening centuries, however, the line that produced Flora moved from Lisbane to Dublin to Armagh to Clonfert, Co. Cork to Kilkenny to Dublin to Inishmacsaint, Co. Fermanagh and then to Queenstown (now Cobh), Co. Cork, where Flora was born in 1862. Flora’s mother’s family, the Warrens, had been resident in south Munster since coming to Ireland with the Normans in the twelfth century.

Flora lived in Queenstown until she was eight. At that point, her father, the Church of Ireland minister Thomas Robert Hamilton, accepted the post of chaplain to Holy Trinity Church in Rome. The family lived in Italy from 1870 to 1874, at which point Robert was made rector of St. Mark's, Dundela in the Strandtown area of East Belfast. Now 12, Flora began taking classes at the Methodist College in Belfast and later excelled in her studies at Queen's University Belfast, eventually winning first-class honours in Geometry, Algebra, and Logic and second-class honours in Mathematics. It was in Strandtown that Albert and Flora's two sons were born – first Warren Hamilton “Warnie” Lewis in 1895 and then Clive Staples “Jack” Lewis in 1898.

With family histories which occurred across the island of Ireland (mostly outside of Ulster) over – in the case of the Warren branch – eight centuries, the Lewis and Hamilton families were therefore far from your typical Ulster Protestants, resident in one townland since the early 1600s.¹⁰ They *were* typical of Ulster Protestants, however, in the fact that they were all Unionists, with the exception of Flora's mother Mary (née Warren) who was “a liberal in politics, an enthusiastic feminist, a supporter of the suffragettes, and a Home Ruler.”¹¹ Mary was later joined in her Home Rule views by her young grandson, Clive (who from the age of four insisted on being called “Jack,” in honour of the recently deceased family dog). In an essay written when he was ten, a young Jack defended Home Rule vigorously, writing, “You ask, ‘What would we do with Home Rule if we got it?’ ... What we would do is our business but we would do a good deal more than you would like.”¹²

His early love for Ireland was only strengthened by being sent to school in England shortly after the death of his mother in August 1908. He was very upset at having to leave the beautiful countryside he loved in Co. Down and the Irish people whom he knew growing up.¹³ He could not understand why he and his brother were not being sent to the local public school, Campbell College. The die was cast, however, even before his mother's death. Albert and Flora had decided years earlier to educate their sons in England. The reason for turning their Irish sons into “English gentlemen,” as A.N. Wilson has pointed out, seems to have been a combination of the British middle-class “urge to gentrify,” “snobbery” based on the Hamilton's tenuous links to the Ascendancy, a desire to give their sons “the best” of everything (which “in this context meant an English public school”), and Unionist fears over the future for Irish Protestants within Ireland.¹⁴ Less than two weeks after the death of his mother, C.S. Lewis and his brother Warnie crossed the Irish Sea to begin the school term. Warnie, who had already

begun attending the school to which they were headed (Wynard House in Watford), got seasick on board. As for Jack, his stomach remained strong on the passage, but his soul was in turmoil both during the crossing and after they landed:

No Englishman will be able to understand my first impression of England. When we disembarked ... I found myself in a world to which I reacted with immediate hatred. The flats of Lancashire in the early morning are in reality a dismal sight; to me they were like the banks of Styx. The strange English accents with which I was surrounded seemed like the voices of demons ... Everything was wrong; wood fences instead of stone walls and hedges, red brick farmhouses instead of white cottages, the fields too big, haystacks the wrong shape ... I have made up the quarrel since; but at that moment I conceived a hatred for England which took many years to heal.¹⁵

Lewis's letters from England to Belfast friends like Arthur Greeves are full of homesickness and of his continued dislike for the landscape and people of England. He longed for the Irish people he left behind (the "old familiar faces") and the beautiful places ("none loves the hills of Down (or of Donegal) better than I").¹⁶ In a letter written to Greeves in 1915, Lewis writes:

These last few days [in England]! Every little nuisance, every stale or tiresome bit of work, every feeling of that estrangement which I never quite get over in another country, serves as a delightful reminder of how different it will all be soon. Already one's mind dwells upon the sights and sounds and smells of home, the distant murmuring of the 'yards', the broad sweep of the Lough, the noble front of the Cave Hill, and the fragrant little glens and breezy meadows of our *own* hills! And the sea! I cannot bear to live too far away from it. At Belfast whether hidden or in sight, still it dominates the general impression of nature's face, lending its own crisp flavour to the winds and its own subtle magic to horizons, even when they conceal it.¹⁷

Writing two years later to Greeves from Oxford, Jack describes a conversation with fellow Irishman and Oxford student Theobald Butler thus:

Like all Irish people who meet in England we ended by criticisms on the invincible flippancy and dullness of the Anglo-Saxon race. After all, there is no doubt, *ami*, that the Irish are the only people: with all their faults I would not gladly live or die among other folk.¹⁸

While going to school in England, he had come to appreciate “being born in a race rich in literary feeling.”¹⁹ This pride in his Irishness did not leave him, nor did his homesickness for Ireland. (A recurring theme in his letters is “I love and ‘desire [Ireland] all my days’.”)²⁰ In 1931, he wrote to Greeves after one of his annual visits, expressing the sadness he felt at leaving the land of his birth once again:

I had a delightful evening, though tinged with melancholy, on the Liverpool boat, watching first the gantries and then the Down coast slipping past and picking out, more by imagination than sight, our favourite woods. I did not go to bed till we were off the Copelands ... I probably enjoyed the [visit] more than you did, for the hills cannot have quite the same feeling for you who have never left them.²¹

In the early 1930s, with his father dead and the family home sold, Lewis seriously contemplated renting a house in Cloghy, Co. Down on a permanent basis, since he came to Co. Down for his holidays almost every year.²² On these trips, he made “glorious jaunts” through the Mourne Mountains in Co. Down which were in fact shockingly long hikes over very rugged terrain.²³ One particularly Herculean effort was a walking holiday involving Lewis, his brother, and Arthur Greeves, in which they walked from Belfast to Ballynahinch to Newcastle to Rostrevor. Each night they would stop at the next town and stay in a pub, where they would thoroughly enjoy the hot meal and drink set before them.²⁴ (Lewis and his brother also took enjoyable walking holidays in England, but, as we shall see later, Lewis greatly preferred the Irish landscape to the English one, once lamenting to his friend and fellow walker Owen Barfield, “Hardly any districts in England are unspoiled enough to make walking worth while [*sic*].”)²⁵ In the end, Lewis’s finances would not stretch to renting the house in Cloghy, so he stayed at pubs, lodging houses, and occasionally hotels when back in Ireland. His favourite place to stay was The Old Inn at Crawfordsburn. (Lewis brought his wife Joy to stay at The Old Inn for their honeymoon.) In 1942 and 1945, Lewis was bitterly disappointed when invitations to deliver lectures at Queen’s fell through.²⁶ And we have the words of Lewis

himself to dispute any idea that he must have lost his Irish identity after so many years in England. In 1954, when Lewis was firmly established as a world-famous author, he wrote an essay arguing for the importance of Ireland to the work of Edmund Spenser, and in it, Jack describes himself “an Irishman.”²⁷ Likewise, in 1958, during a recording session for a radio production, Jack – now aged 60 and five years from the end of his life – was told that his heavy breathing was having a bad effect on the sensitive sound recording. In frustration, he cried out, “I’m Irish, not English. Did you ever know an Irishman who didn’t puff and blow?”²⁸

Other indications that Lewis saw himself as Irish include the fact that, throughout his adult life (as late as 1955), he referred to Ireland as “home” or “my own country” in his letters and writings, and described the Church of Ireland as his original church.²⁹ He was very proud of the brief – and enjoyable – time he spent at Campbell College in Belfast in 1910 (while his father was looking to switch him from one English boarding school to another) and was happy to meet other Campbell men in adult life. He even contributed a piece to the Campbell school magazine in 1959. In letters to Greeves and his brother, Lewis speaks of Irish students and writers as “one of us.”³⁰ And, as someone born and raised before partition, his pride was in Ireland as a whole. Right up until the last year of his life, in his letters, diaries, and fiction, he refers with familiarity and affection to places all over the island, including Gort, Drumshanbo, Carlingford, Mullingar, and Waterford.³¹

Furthermore, Lewis’s fiction, essays, and letters throughout his entire career are full of Hiberno-English, including “looks as if butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth”,³² “it beats Banagher!” (referring to something that “excels or exceeds the norm”);³³ “I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb”,³⁴ “a holy terror”,³⁵ “mountainy man”,³⁶ “heart’s-scald” (usually rendered “heart-scald” and meaning a “troublesome individual or situation”);³⁷ “make a poor mouth” (from the Irish *an béal bocht* and meaning “a persistent complaint of poverty”);³⁸ “good crack” (from the Irish *craic*, meaning “entertaining conversation” or “high-spirited entertainment”);³⁹ “as long as a Lurgan spade” (usually referring to a “gloomy countenance” or long face);⁴⁰ “Whisht, now!” (from the Irish *tost* with the initial aspiration – *bí i do thost* – and meaning “Silence!”);⁴¹ and “Sassenach” (“a derogatory name for an English person,” derived from the Irish for a Saxon, *sasanach*).⁴² Lewis also makes extensive use of the word “cod,” not just in the normal Irish senses of “a joke” or “deception, deceit or stupidity” but also in the Ulster sense of “humorous and insincere self-deprecation.”⁴³ In fact, the original title of Lewis’s first poetry collection (*Spirits in Bondage* from 1919) was going to be *Metrical*

Meditations of a Cod. He also frequently used a variation on “cod” that he invented himself: “codetta.”⁴⁴ Its meaning and use were similar to the contemporary Hiberno-English word “codology.”⁴⁵ Finally, as Lewis winds up his arguments in the essay “The Literary Impact of the Authorised Version” and in the last chapter of his greatest theological work, *Mere Christianity*, he announces that he is going to make an Irish bull, at once emphasising his Irish background and asking to be excused for his “unusual” turn of phrase.⁴⁶ Lewis obviously also used English slang in his work on occasion – two examples that stand out are “sending ... people to Coventry” from the essay “After Priggery” and his reference to “Charlies” (English slang for “a fool”) in the poem “To the Author of *Flowering Rifle*.”⁴⁷ However, what is noteworthy about Lewis’s Irish slang is that many of the terms and phrases he uses are obscure. Their use is the result of an intimate knowledge of Ireland; they are not commonly known phrases that any English author might pick up through books.

Despite Lewis’s orthodox Christianity, he still blamed mischief late in life on “the Little People.”⁴⁸ And a letter written to an American friend in 1954 gives greater insight into his feelings about the Irish spirit world:

Fairies – the people of the *Shidhe* (pronounced Shee) – are still believed in many parts of Ireland and greatly feared. I stayed at a lovely bungalow in Co. Louth where the wood was said to be haunted by a ghost *and* by fairies. But it was the latter who kept the country people away. Which gives you the point of view – a ghost is much *less* alarming than a fairy ... I have seen a leprechaun’s shoe, given to a doctor by a grateful patient. It was the length, and hardly more than the breadth, of my forefinger, made of soft leather and slightly worn on the sole. But get out of your head any ideas of comic or delightful creatures. They are greatly dreaded, and called ‘the good people’ not because they *are* good but in order to propitiate them. I have found no trace of anyone believing or ever having believed (in England or Ireland) in the *tiny* fairies of Shakespeare, which are a purely literary invention. Leprechauns are smaller than men, but most fairies are of human size, some larger.⁴⁹

Two years later, while on holidays at the Drumbeg Hotel in Inver, Co. Donegal, Lewis lamented, “I doubt if you’ll find any Leprechauns in Eire now. The Radio has driven them away.”⁵⁰

Another key indication of Lewis's sense of himself as Irish is the fact that, as Bresland has pointed out, "the only 'realistic' or 'modern' novel Lewis ever wrote was set in the familiar world of Belfast."⁵¹ Lewis never completed the novel (only two chapters survive) but it was written between 1924 and 1927, 14 years after he was sent to school in England and at least a year after the incident that Terence Brown alleges made Lewis sour on Ireland (nursing his mentally ill, Irish, theosophical friend).

More important, perhaps, than Lewis perceiving himself as Irish was the fact the people who met Lewis in England perceived him as Irish. This impression may have been enhanced by the fact that Lewis repeatedly attached himself to Irish households while living in England. As a teenager he lived with and studied under William Kirkpatrick from Co. Down, who had taught Lewis's father at Lurgan College and then moved to Surrey where he tutored boys privately. Kirkpatrick and his wife were surrogate parents to Lewis during these years.

At Oxford, he befriended two Irish students who had a profound effect on him, "Paddy" Moore and the "violent Home Ruler" Theobald Butler.⁵² Lewis served with Paddy, who was born in Kingstown (now Dún Laoghaire), Co. Dublin, in World War I. Paddy worried about what would happen to his mother and sister if he should die (his mother Janie King Moore, who was born in Co. Tyrone but raised in Co. Louth, was separated from her husband and had moved with her daughter Maureen to live near Paddy at Oxford). Lewis was similarly worried about his widowed father. The two young men made a pact that the one who survived would look after the other's single parent. Paddy died on the Somme; therefore, Lewis looked after Mrs. Janie King Moore for the rest of her life, sharing a house with Janie and Maureen, and providing for them until Janie's death and Maureen's unexpected inheritance from rich relations in Scotland. Indications are that Jack was enamoured with Mrs. Moore even before Paddy's death and that he needed little motivation to move in with her. Some have even surmised that the relationship was sexual, especially given the secrecy which surrounded it. (Lewis, through silence and, in some cases, outright lies, concealed the exact nature of the relationship from his father and even his trusted brother.) For our purposes, however, it is enough to point out that the Lewis/Moore household was seen as an Irish household and Lewis seen as one of the Irish. In 1932, Jack wrote to his brother about the fact that the sons of his English neighbours at Oxford were not respecting the Lewis/Moore private property, running through it repeatedly without shame or apology. Lewis says that he angrily confronted the neighbour, who replied:

Ah you Irish! I love to listen to dear Mrs. Moore – wouldn't be happy without a grievance. It's really most remarkable.⁵³

In 1932, Jack's brother Warnie moved into the house at Oxford and lived there until his death in 1973. Therefore, even after Mrs. Moore's death, one could argue that the house – occupied as it was by two brothers from Belfast – remained an Irish household in England.

A.N. Wilson, in his biography of Lewis and his journalism about Lewis, paints a picture of Lewis as an outsider among the faculty at Oxford, and the hint is that, in addition to his Christianity and his nineteenth-century perspective, this was because Lewis was “an old Ulsterman, who enjoyed verbal fisticuffs.”⁵⁴ Lewis was close to three Irish colleagues on the faculty – Eric Dodds, John Bryson, and Neville Coghill – and those friendships may have enhanced the perception of Lewis as Irish. Lewis discussed Ireland with these men regularly, and Coghill, in his tribute to Lewis after Jack's death, wrote of his friend's “North of Ireland ... habit of Protestantism [which] was a rooted thing in him and gave colour even to his atheism: it was part of his formidableness.”⁵⁵

Lewis's closest friend on the Oxford faculty – the Englishman J.R.R. Tolkien – was also well aware of Lewis's Irish background, and, as we shall see later, he felt that Jack's Ulster background strongly coloured his Christianity. As Humphrey Carpenter has noted, Lewis – excluded from various cliques in his college and on the English faculty – “soon broke away and formed his own clique with Tolkien ... It was to a large extent this clique – Lewis, Tolkien, Coghill and others of like mind – who were the nucleus of the Inklings [the influential Oxford-based literary club] when that group began to meet.”⁵⁶

Jack's closest English friend was lifelong intellectual sparring partner Owen Barfield, whom he met as an undergraduate at Oxford. Lewis cherished their extreme differences of opinion, describing Barfield as “the wisest and best of my unofficial teachers.”⁵⁷ Barfield, like Tolkien, was very cognizant of the fact that Lewis was Irish, for Lewis discussed his Belfast childhood and his adult trips back to Ireland in a number of his letters to Barfield.⁵⁸

All of this emphasis on Lewis's Irishness may make us lose sight of the fact that because Lewis was an Ulster Protestant, a British identity was also available to him. Lewis makes clear in *The Four Loves*, however, that he sees “Britishness” as a supranational identity comprised of the English, Scottish, Welsh, and Northern Irish peoples.⁵⁹ And, as we saw from the quotes

mentioned earlier, he regarded his nationality within the British scheme as Irish. This is not unusual among Ulster Protestants. A quick look at the list of people who have accepted OBEs for services rendered to the British Empire reveals several Protestants from Northern Ireland who also trade on their Irishness, such as the musicians Van Morrison and James Galway, playwright Marie Jones, and politician David Bleakely. Although Lewis turned down a CBE when he was offered one by Winston Churchill in 1951, we see him acknowledging his own Britishness in a letter to his father from 1920.⁶⁰ Referring to reports of the unrest in Belfast caused by the Anglo-Irish War, Lewis wrote, “When I come home I shall (like Lundy in the play) buy favour with green on one side and orange on the other, turning the appropriate colour outwards according to circumstances.”⁶¹ This seeming ambivalence, however, was probably a bit overstated for his Unionist father, because, even if Lewis saw himself as British, he certainly did not see himself as an Orangeman. Repeatedly in adult life, he expressed, in his own words, his “natural repulsion to noisy, drum-beating, bullying Orangemen,” comparing them to the “Klu Klux Klan” and “McCarthyites.”⁶² Lewis rejected his father’s suggestion that he join the UVF to avoid serving in France during World War I.⁶³ And, in an infamous passage cited by Unionists to prove that Lewis is not a true Ulsterman, he once commented:

The country [around Ulster] is very beautiful and if only I could deport the Ulstermen and fill their land with a populace of my own choosing, I should ask for no better place to live in. By the by it is quite a mistake to think that Ulster is inhabited by loyalists: the mountains beyond Newcastle and the Antrim ‘hinterlands’ are all green.⁶⁴

He found many of his Unionist relations to be full of “provincialism, narrow Ulster bigotry and a certain sleek unreality” and was disgusted when they told him the “story of a ‘decent man’ shooting Catholics outside one of the [voting] booths” on election day.⁶⁵ He asked his scandalised relations how they could say that “the Sinn Feiners made a great attempt at intimidation ... [when] they were in the minority?”⁶⁶ He also disliked “the most unpleasant feature of an Irish [Anglican] service – the large number of people who have obviously no interest in the thing, who are merely ‘good protestants’ [*sic*] ... I am sure the English practice of not going unless you believe is a much better one.”⁶⁷

Lewis also showed no love for the British monarchy or the agents of the British state in Ireland. In *The Great Divorce*, both Henry V and Henry VIII are said to be in Hell.⁶⁸ On one

of his crossings to Ireland in 1929, Lewis was told the name of the boat he was travelling on, and it sounded to his ears like the “Ulstermanic.” Lewis commented: “I thought it an odd name but nothing like so bad as the name they have actually given her”: the “Ulster Monarch.”⁶⁹ Then, writing in 1958, Lewis responded to the question of whether or not man is getting more enlightened by listing off several recent evils. He listed the Black and Tans alongside Hiroshima, the Gestapo, OGPU, brain-washing, and Russian slave camps.⁷⁰ Would an English writer have remembered the Black and Tans with such venom in 1958? This quote, along with his anti-Black and Tans remarks in *That Hideous Strength* and *The Four Loves*, also brings balance to his seeming indifference regarding the War of Independence in the letter to his father from 1920.⁷¹ It is also an indication of Lewis’s hatred of the violence associated with British colonialism: Lewis once wrote, in the context of Ireland, that “conquest is an evil productive of almost every other evil both to those who commit and to those who suffer it,” and noted in his autobiography that he “hated whatever [he] knew or imagined of the British Empire.”⁷² What’s more, as Nicole du Plessis has noted, most of the novels in *The Chronicles of Narnia* involve a people being taken over – or nearly taken over – to their detriment by imperialistic invaders or supernatural beings.⁷³ (It should be noted that this is also the plot of all three of Lewis’s science fiction novels.)

As for Lewis’s desire to see an Ulster denuded of people, it does not mean that he was no longer “of Ulster.” He was merely expressing what Terence Brown has shown is a common theme in Irish Protestant writing – praise of the Irish landscape (as opposed to its people) as a way of gaining “possession of an authentic Irish identity.”⁷⁴ Confrontation with the people that populate the beautiful, beloved landscape would require Irish Protestant writers to confront sectarian conflict and/or what Elizabeth Bowen called “the inherent wrong” that gave birth to their “ignobly gained” positions.⁷⁵ Thus, Lewis’s praise of the land and disparagement of her Protestant populace can be seen as a lament for the sins of history and the sectarian conflict that plagued Ulster throughout his lifetime. For Lewis as a Christian, the religious conflict was deeply distressing. Lewis describes his sadness over the division very well in a letter to his friend Don Giovanni Calabria, a Roman Catholic priest, just before leaving England to go on one of his walking holidays in Ireland in 1953. In the letter, he states:

I am crossing over ... to Ireland: my birthplace and dearest refuge so far as charm of landscape goes, and temperate climate, although most dreadful because of the strife, hatred and often civil war between our dissenting faiths.

There indeed both yours and ours ‘know not by what Spirit they are led’. They take lack of charity for zeal and mutual ignorance for Orthodoxy.⁷⁶

His heartbreak over the intemperate sectarianism afflicting his “temperate” land of “dearest refuge” did, however, have one good result: in his works of Christian apologetics, he repeatedly extolled the virtues of all branches of the Christian faith, emphasising a need for unity among Christians around what the Catholic writer G.K. Chesterton called “mere Christianity,” the core doctrinal beliefs that all denominations share. As A.N. Wilson has pointed out, it was certainly his youth in Belfast that led Lewis to such a strong ecumenical stance, years before “ecumenism” became the important movement it is today.⁷⁷

Lewis’s Catholic friend J.R.R. Tolkien was disappointed that, when Lewis converted from atheism to Christianity (partially on the basis of Tolkien’s arguments), he did not declare himself a Roman Catholic, and chalked Lewis’s reluctance up to what he called an “ulterior motive.”⁷⁸ This seems a bit unfair as Lewis was very committed to overcoming the religious prejudice of his background. In *Letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer*, he mocks his grandfather’s spiritual self-assurance and assumption of superiority based on the fact that he was “an Evangelical clergyman of good family.”⁷⁹ He even took the battle for religious tolerance back to his old church in Belfast. In January 1963, less than a year before his death, Lewis was asked to write a piece for *The Lion*, the church newsletter for St. Mark’s, Dundela, in Strandtown. The piece he sent them contained a story about a Catholic Irishwoman. In it, Lewis treats her faith seriously and mentions Confession without disparaging it.⁸⁰ The message Lewis was sending would not have been lost on the East Belfast Protestants who attended his home church.

That Lewis was open-minded about Confession is not unusual. Despite his horror regarding “High Church” services when first confronted with them as a boy (“Was I not an Ulster Protestant?”), Lewis’s adult faith was quite Anglo-Catholic.⁸¹ He went to an Anglican priest for confession himself;⁸² believed in Purgatory and praying for the dead, as well as in a form of transubstantiation (“Next to the Blessed Sacrament itself, your neighbour is the holiest object presented to your senses. If he is your Christian neighbour, he is holy in almost the same way”);⁸³ had no problem crossing himself;⁸⁴ fasted and ate fish on Fridays;⁸⁵ referred to the saints by their titles (that is, “St. Paul,” not simply “Paul” as an Evangelical would); was against priestesses in the Church;⁸⁶ was criticised by Protestants for not emphasising justification by

faith enough (he wrote that asking whether faith or works was more important was “like asking which blade in a pair of scissors is most necessary”);⁸⁷ and loved liturgy but hated hymns (which he once referred to as “fifth-rate poems set to sixth-rate music”).⁸⁸ It is little wonder then that many people influenced by Lewis’s arguments have not only converted to Christianity but have also become Roman Catholic.⁸⁹

Though consciously very ecumenical in his writings and in his life, Lewis’s Ulster Protestant prejudice did emerge untamed from time to time, such as in a letter to Arthur Greeves about his book *The Pilgrim’s Regress*. Although Lewis denied that the land of Puritania in the allegory was Ulster, many critics agree that he was at least subconsciously thinking about Ulster, especially given the fact that it was written in a two-week burst during a holiday spent at Greeves’s house in East Belfast.⁹⁰ Lewis’s denial (in a letter to Greeves) is fierce:

My other bit of literary news is that Sheed and Ward have bought the *Regress* from Dent. I didn’t much like having a book of mine, and specially a religious book, brought out by a Papist publisher: but as they seemed to think they could sell it, and Dents clearly couldn’t, I gave in. I have been well punished: for Sheed, without any authority from me, has a blurb on the inside jacket which says ‘This story begins in Puritania (Mr Lewis was brought up in Ulster)’ – thus implying that the book is an attack on my own country and my own religion. If ever you come across anyone who might be interested, explain as loudly as you can that I was not consulted & that the blurb is a damnable lie told to try and make Dublin riff-raff buy the book.⁹¹

Perhaps it was hearing occasional outbursts like this that led Tolkien to deduce his theory of the “ulsterior motive.” Or, to be fair to Lewis, perhaps sending this explanation to Greeves was his way of sending word to the people in his old neighbourhood that he was not the one behind the blurb on the inside jacket, which would have greatly offended them. Or perhaps these were Lewis’s real feelings on the subject, much less rational than his carefully reasoned beliefs.

We have seen how sectarian strife in his native Belfast led Lewis to write his powerful ecumenical works, but Lewis’s Irish background also had a big effect on his fiction and poetry. Lewis’s beloved nurse, Lizzie Endicott “awoke [Jack’s] young imagination with her tales of leprechauns and the old Irish gods.”⁹² Then, during Lewis’s teen years, under the influence of

W.B. Yeats (whom he read voraciously during this period), he immersed himself more formally in Irish mythology – so much so that he once mused:

There were more leprechauns than fags in my house [at Malvern College]. I saw the victories of Cuchulain more often than those of the first eleven. Was Borage the head of the college? Or was it Conchubar MacNessa?⁹³

Love of the Irish sagas led him to attempt a drama about Queen Maeve of Connaught in 1914 and to start a narrative poem about Oisín and Niamh in 1921.⁹⁴ Ultimately, these projects came to nothing, but the characters from these myths did resurface in his poetry and fiction for the rest of his career, as did those from other Irish sagas. In Lewis's first poetry collection, *Spirits In Bondage*, Cuchulain, Iseult, Maeve, and Angus are all mentioned by name;⁹⁵ a leprechaun appears in one poem;⁹⁶ and Lewis also alludes to Fand, Fionn, and the Children of Lir.⁹⁷ In the original manuscript version of that collection, *Metrical Meditations of a Cod*, Cuchulain is mentioned again, as are The Morrigan (the Irish female war god), and Mananayne (the Irish god of the sea, usually spelled "Manannán").⁹⁸ Lewis's narrative poem *Dymer* seems to be partially based on the Oisín and Niamh myth. Oisín (spelled Usheen) is briefly mentioned in the poem, and Dymer, in Cantos III to VII, pursues a mystical beauty he met one night to the "land of dreams."⁹⁹ This is similar to Oisín following Niamh to Tír na nÓg. At the end of the poem, Cuchulain is evoked when Dymer – like Cuchulain – meets his own son in hand-to-hand combat.

The Oisín myth may also have been an influence on the plot of Lewis's novel *That Hideous Strength*, in which the Celtic Merlin comes back from a mystic state of sleep to help the forces of good in order that his "soul should be saved."¹⁰⁰ This recalls Oisín's return from Tír na nÓg and the salvation he gains through his conversion by St. Patrick. (In *That Hideous Strength*, Merlin's soul is in jeopardy for having been half-Pagan and half-Christian in life.)

Queen Maeve's influence is felt most in the late novel *Till We Have Faces*. While the book is obviously based on the Classical myth of Cupid and Psyche, Lewis makes the main character (one of Psyche's sisters) a warrior queen quite like Maeve. Queen Maia, like Maeve, is hungry for power and wealth and falls in love with the chief of her bodyguard.

The Ulster Cycle and other Irish sagas were also a big influence on the mythology Lewis created for *The Chronicles of Narnia*, as he acknowledges in a letter to the Irish-

American critic Charles A. Brady (“On the Tir-na’n-og element [sic], you hit the bull”).¹⁰¹ The hospitality of the animals in Narnia, the “fairy blood” of Uncle Andrew’s godmother, the allusion to Tír na nÓg in *The Magician’s Nephew* (the “land of youth”), the selection of Peter as High King (recalling the ancient Irish *Ard Rí*), and the “rough magic” encountered by the children on the Island Of The Voices certainly resemble the adventures of the Knights of the Red Branch more than they do the sober coldness of the Norse myths that also interested Lewis.¹⁰² Also, one could argue that the children turning young instantly at the end of *The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe* is a case of Lewis reversing Oisín’s instant aging upon his return from Tír na nÓg in the Fenian Cycle. Much less speculative is the fact that Lewis consciously fashioned *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* as an *immram* (Irish tales from the eighth to the tenth centuries, which tell of a hero’s journey by boat to the Otherworld, with the hero stopping at several islands along the way). Lewis based the adventures that the novel’s characters get into on (and between) the “various islands” on incidents from the most famous of all *immrama* – the eighth-century Latin manuscript *The Voyage of St. Brendan*.¹⁰³

The landscape of Narnia was also affected by Lewis’s Irish background. It has been pointed out by many that Narnia strongly resembles Ulster, with the Bight of Calormen resembling Belfast Lough and Cair Paravel mirroring Belfast Castle. (David C. Dowling also compellingly argues that Cair Paravel is based visually on Dunluce Castle in Co. Antrim, which Lewis visited and drew a picture of at the age of eight.)¹⁰⁴ The hills south of Cair Paravel in Narnia occupy the same place as Lewis’s beloved hills of Down occupy in the Belfast landscape. (Lewis paid eloquent tribute to the hills of Down in the poems “The Roads,” “Couplets,” and, of course, “The Hills of Down.”) The mountains of Archenland can be seen as a parallel to the Mourne Mountains, and the Wild Lands Of The North in Narnia contain Harfang (the ruined city of the Giants), in exactly the same direction from Cair Paravel that the Giant’s Causeway is from Belfast. One critic, F.S. Kastor, has even suggested that the blue lake near the magic apple tree in *The Magician’s Nephew* is Lough Neagh and that the mountains of the Western Wild could be the Sperrin Mountains.¹⁰⁵ One wonders if Lewis, in creating Narnia, was consciously or subconsciously recreating the Eden he lost by being sent to school in England as a boy.

While the topography of Narnia mirrors Ulster, Lewis’s secretary and literary executor Walter Hooper said that Lewis told him the Cooley Mountains near Carlingford Lough in Co. Louth were “the area that ... most resembled Narnia.”¹⁰⁶ This is not mentioned in Bresland’s

book, perhaps because it is a case of Lewis ignoring the border between Ulster and Leinster and celebrating a place in Éire over places in Northern Ireland. Lewis's use of this area as the model for Narnia is also important, because the Cooley Mountains are, of course, the place from which the *Táin Bó Cúailnge* (a classic tale from the Ulster Cycle) takes its title, and, in the *Táin*, important events take place in the Cooley Mountains, including the hurling-related incident which would earn Cuchulain (né Setanta) his new name.

Homesickness for his lost Irish home may have not only inspired the creation of Narnia; it may also have contributed to Lewis's Christian Platonist belief, propagated in both his fiction and his theological writings, that the earth is just "shadowlands" and that we are all strangers on earth aching for our "real" home, which is heaven. Psyche in the novel *Till We Have Faces* says:

The sweetest thing in all my life has been the longing – to reach the Mountain, to find the place where all beauty came from – my country ... Do you think it all meant nothing, all the longing? The longing for home? For indeed it now feels not like going but going back.¹⁰⁷

Maybe even more tellingly, Aslan, at the end of the last book of *The Chronicles of Narnia*, says:

All of you are – as you used to call it in the Shadowlands – dead. The term is over: the holidays have begun. The dream is ended: this is the morning.¹⁰⁸

Here Lewis actually compares reaching heaven to a school term ending and getting to go home for the holidays; this recalls Jack's homesick letter to Arthur Greeves quoted earlier in which he longs for school in England to end so that he can get back to his own dear Belfast.

Such subconscious longing for home may also explain Lewis's attraction as a teenager to what he called "Northerness."¹⁰⁹ This desire was awoken in him by Wagner and the Norse myths, but "Northerness" may also have soothed the homesickness of a Belfast schoolboy who felt his spirit being called homeward to a place with a more "northern" mentality, as he languished in a boarding school in southern England.

Incidentally, Lewis's affair with "Northerness" was given vital encouragement when he discovered a book on Wagner in the home of his relations in Dundrum, Co. Dublin. And,

on that same visit to Dundrum, Lewis made a cycling trip through the Wicklow Mountains that he credited with deepening his appreciation of nature – an appreciation that would have a profound influence on his work. (Meredith Veldman credits Lewis’s Narnia books with being a key inspiration for the British ecology movement of the 1960s and 1970s.)¹¹⁰ These life-changing experiences in Dublin and Wicklow further exemplify the fact that Bresland, by focussing so much on the “link with Ulster that remained throughout [Lewis’s] life,” underrepresents the influence of the rest of Ireland on his life and work.¹¹¹

Lewis was similar to many Irish artists working in England in his fascination with the language spoken by the new people among whom he found himself. Just as Bernard Shaw was fascinated and distressed by the cockney dialect spoken by Eliza Doolittle (in *Pygmalion*) and Henry Straker (in *Man and Superman*), Lewis likewise demonstrated a deep interest in the more curious forms of English spoken in England. The most famous examples are, of course, from *The Chronicles of Narnia*. One can feel Lewis’s delight in rendering the cockney accent of the Cabby in *The Magician’s Nephew*, the blustery Victorian accent of Uncle Andrew in the same book (“that’s a plucky gel ... a dem fine woman, sir, a dem fine woman”), and the genteel language of the well-to-do English schoolchildren in *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe*.¹¹² He also loves giving voice to the liberal, middle-class, Home Counties child Eustace Clarence Scrubb in *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*. This enthusiasm on Lewis’s part, however, often strikes one as the excitement of the outsider confronting what J.M. Synge called “the shock of new material.”¹¹³ His broad rendering of English accents often approaches “stereotype” and “cartoon-strip caricature,” as critics have noted, and lacks the subtlety of a writer like Dickens who was immersed in English culture from birth.¹¹⁴ That is to say, Lewis comes across less like a true Englishman than he does like an Irishman still trying to get his head around the dialects spoken in the home of “the King’s English.”

Lewis was also like many Irish writers before him in that he made his living in England and wrote for a primarily English audience, and like them, he therefore set most of his works – that is, the ones not set in fantasy worlds – in England, populating them with mainly English characters. Still, one might ask, did Lewis put any obviously Irish characters into his books? One Irish character is Mrs. Macready from *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe*, who seems to be modelled on some of the staff in Lewis’s childhood home. (Macready is a common surname in Co. Antrim and Co. Down.) The most likely parallel to the perpetually cross Mrs. Macready is Mary Cullen, a cook in the Lewis household whom Jack and Warnie called “the

Witch of Endor” due to her intimidating manner and breathless way of speaking.¹¹⁵ Mrs. Macready’s few words in the book are not in an identifiably Irish dialect, but, although she speaks with “proper” syntax and without obvious Irish idioms, her manner and surname still suggest that she is a Northern Irish character. The producers of the 2005 film version of *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* certainly think so, and Mrs. Macready is played with an Irish accent. (The accent is not that well rendered and veers wildly between Ulster and the rest of the island. Another Irish accent in the film is that of Aslan, whose voice is provided – appropriately enough – by Northern Irish actor Liam Neeson.)

By contrast, MacPhee from the space novels is an Irish character who speaks with a strong, obviously Irish accent. Although he is referred to once as a Scot in both *Perelandra* and the unfinished *The Dark Tower*, it is clear from *That Hideous Strength*, the book in which he has his biggest role, that he is an Ulster Scot.¹¹⁶ Four times in *That Hideous Strength*, he is called an Ulsterman, including when he is introduced.¹¹⁷ (When he first speaks, it is “in what Jane took to be a Scotch accent, though it was really that of an Ulsterman.”)¹¹⁸ In addition to all the “ochs,” “ayes,” “wees,” and “yons” that pepper his speech, MacPhee also uses the term “forbye” twice, which is an Ulster Scots expression meaning “besides” or “in addition to.”¹¹⁹ Most critics agree that MacPhee is Lewis’s tribute to his former teacher William Kirkpatrick. MacPhee and Kirkpatrick could each be described as an almost “purely logical entity,” and both “spoke the purest Ulster ... [despite] years of residence in England.”¹²⁰

Some have wondered if Kirkpatrick was also the model for Professor Kirke in the *Chronicles of Narnia*, but Kirke mirrors Lewis himself much more than he mirrors Kirkpatrick. Kirke, like Lewis, was forced as a child to move from beautiful countryside to what he thought was “a beastly Hole,” had to deal with a dying mother while still a boy, and grew to become a Professor.¹²¹ Many have also pointed out that the Professor’s house in *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe* is mirrored on Little Lea, the Lewis family home in Strandtown, even down to the big wardrobe, and have also noted that Lewis and Mrs. Moore – like Kirke – took in evacuees during World War II. About the only major difference between Lewis and Kirke is their accents. Kirke’s is undeniably English (almost Stage English), even from childhood in *The Magician’s Nephew*, while Lewis’s retained a touch of Ulster to the end of his life, as the few surviving recordings of his voice confirm.¹²² English people who met Lewis as an adult regularly noted “his curious accent.”¹²³ In some cases, they detected the “slight remains of a Belfast accent” or that he pronounced certain words in a “very Irish” way.¹²⁴ In creating the

character of a professor living in England, it is hardly surprising that Lewis would think to draw on elements of his own life, but not necessary that he would make the character the same “marginalised” nationality as himself.¹²⁵ That said, Kirke does seem to be of Irish ancestry; in his house (which he inherited from his family), there is a room all decked out in green, with a harp in the corner.

Another Irish character from Lewis’s work is Captain O’Hara from *That Hideous Strength*. According to the book’s narrator, O’Hara has an accent “English people [call] a Southern Irish brogue and Irish people, ‘a Dublin accent you could cut with a knife.’”¹²⁶ His three lines of dialogue are effectively executed Hiberno-English (though perhaps a bit Stage Irish). Although a member of the evil organisation the N.I.C.E., O’Hara is not as philosophically corrupt as the other members of the organisation. He is reminiscent of many of Shaw’s Irish characters, whose early poverty has taught them a hard practicality that means they will do whatever it takes to survive.

Lewis once claimed “I have no patriotic feeling for anything in England, except Oxford for which I would live and die.”¹²⁷ He expressed a similar sentiment to David Bleakley, a Belfast student studying under him at Oxford in the late 1940s. “David,” asked Lewis, “could you define Heaven for me?” Knowing he was speaking to the greatest lay theologian of the twentieth century, Bleakley began to spout a series of “theological meanderings.” Lewis stopped him, saying, “My friend, you’re far too complicated ... Heaven is Oxford lifted and placed in the middle of the County Down.”¹²⁸ Lewis loved Oxford because, as he said in his poem about it, it is one city “that was not built for gross, material gains / Sharp, wolfish power or empire’s glutted feast.”¹²⁹ Other than Oxford, the rest of England left Lewis cold, with the exceptions of Devon (because it reminded him of Co. Down) and parts of Surrey (which he said in a poem is “a pleasant land / though it be not the land where I would dwell”).¹³⁰ English cities left Lewis even colder. This antipathy found its way into Lewis’s fiction. In *The Great Divorce*, Lewis’s description of hell sounds shockingly similar to a depressed English commercial city:

I seemed to be standing in a bus queue by the side of a long, mean street. Evening was just closing in and it was raining. I had been wandering for hours in similar mean streets, always in the rain and always in evening twilight. Time seemed to have paused on that dismal moment when only a few shops have lit

up and it is not yet dark enough for their windows to look cheering. And just as the evening never advanced to night, so my walking had never brought me to the better parts of the town. However far I went I found only dingy lodging houses, small tobacconists, hoardings from which the posters hung in rags, windowless warehouses, goods stations without trains, and bookshops of the sort that sell *The Works of Aristotle*.¹³¹

How different to the Strandtown area of Belfast where Lewis grew up, or to the villages in rural Co. Down where Lewis and his father cycled and he and his brother took walks. Warnie, in fact, shared his brother's antipathy to English cities, and on a trip to Liverpool noted in his diary that Birkenhead "is exactly Hell as described by [Jack] in the opening chapter of *The Great Divorce*. How can any government expect content from the inhabitants of such a place?"¹³²

By contrast, Heaven in *The Great Divorce* sounds suspiciously like Ireland. We learn that it is "emerald green" with translucent mountains similar to those Lewis prized in Ireland.¹³³ (On his walks through the Irish countryside and on his sailings to and from Ireland, Lewis loved seeing those "perfectly transparent mountains, so extraordinarily spiritualised that they absolutely realised the old idea of Ireland as the 'isle of the saints'".)¹³⁴ Heaven in *The Great Divorce* is also described as having "soft wet turf," "heather," and "moss."¹³⁵

As an outsider everywhere in England, even his beloved Oxford, Lewis was forced into the role of observer of the English. Like other Irish writers before him (Sheridan, Goldsmith, Wilde, Shaw, etc.), Lewis was able to see the English more clearly than they could see themselves and was able to comment on their peculiarities with insight, wit, and, if the situation demanded it, praise. Nowhere is this clearer than in the book that may be Lewis's greatest work of fiction, *The Screwtape Letters*. As the devil Screwtape, Lewis is able to make cutting observations about "the English humans." He comments on English patriotism, the English sense of humour, the English view of chastity, and, in "Screwtape Proposes A Toast," the English education system and English political "liberty."¹³⁶

The portraits he draws of the English relations and friends of the young man the devils are tempting are very witty and, it seems, a gentle send-up of English manners and attitudes, reminiscent of Wilde. The young man's mother is depicted as saying "Please, please, please ... *all* I want is a cup of tea, weak but not too weak, and the teeniest weeniest bit of really crisp

toast.”¹³⁷ She speaks of “the days when you could get good servants” and, after being very picky about her food, says she does not mind what she eats herself but “does like to have nice things for her boy.”¹³⁸ Such passages could be seen as part of what Colm Tóibín has called “the long, comic and sly history of Irish disrespect,” a tradition which depends on “the quality of minute observations” and “the cheeky choice of detail.”¹³⁹ (Tóibín includes Swift, Sterne, Sheridan, Wilde, Joyce, Beckett, and Flann O’Brien in this tradition.)

Through the devil Screwtape, Lewis also mocks different types of mid-twentieth century Church of England clergymen. One is described as having “so long engaged in watering down the faith ... that it is now he who shocks his parishioners with his unbelief, not vice versa.”¹⁴⁰ Another leaves his parishioners “puzzled to understand the range of his opinions – why he is one day almost a Communist and the next not far from some kind of theocratic Fascism – one day a scholastic, and the next prepared to deny human reason altogether ... The man cannot bring himself to preach anything which is not calculated to shock, grieve, puzzle, or humiliate his parents and their friends.”¹⁴¹ The devils conclude that he always preaches out of hatred. Obviously, Lewis is trying to draw portraits of people that have parallels in any other culture, but the comically critical view of the English in *The Screwtape Letters* is one of the book’s strengths. And, as with Lewis’s often broad rendering of English accents, the book comes across as the work of an outsider (in this case, a devil) observing a strange race. Similar comic portraits from English writers like Austen, Dickens, or E.M. Forster do not have that same sense of distance or detachment.

Lewis also makes brilliant observations about the English in *The Abolition of Man*. In this book from 1947, he builds his critique of modern education on an actual English textbook for “boys and girls in the upper forms of schools.”¹⁴² With an outsider’s incisive point of view, he sees through the textbook’s ideology and agenda very clearly. This outsider perspective in *The Abolition of Man* is certainly informed by Lewis’s Christianity, despite the fact that in this book he attempts to avoid any explicitly Christian statements. (Quite tolerantly, he argues that all education should be grounded in what he calls the universal “Tao” – that is, the moral code shared by all cultures at all times.)¹⁴³ Nevertheless, there is a degree to which his critique of English education is based on his specifically *Irish* outsider perspective. For Lewis is particularly appalled by the way in which the aforementioned textbook is encouraging the students to suppress their feelings and emotions and by the way it seeks to cultivate “commonplace rationalism” at the expense of imagination.¹⁴⁴ His “Irish” anger over this

“English” agenda suggests that Lewis, with his late Victorian vision, was still influenced by the Arnoldian notions of the Celtic versus the Saxon temperaments which had been popular in his youth – the Celts being emotional and imaginative and the Saxons being rational and practical. It also makes one think that he may have believed Shaw’s theory that “every rule-bound Englishmen should be sent [to Ireland] for a spell in order to learn flexibility of mind.”¹⁴⁵

So why did Lewis, a proud Irishman, choose not to promote himself as an Irish writer or write more regularly about Irish themes? Insight into this can be found in two letters written to lifelong friend Arthur Greeves. In 1917, at the age of 18, as Lewis was writing the poems that became *Spirits In Bondage*, he told Greeves, “If I ever do send my stuff to a publisher, I think I shall try Maunsel, those Dublin people, and so tack myself definitely onto the Irish school.”¹⁴⁶ By the time he had finished writing the book, however, Lewis had changed his mind. Upon hearing that Greeves, a fellow northern Protestant writer, was taking an interest in the Irish Literary Revival, he commented:

So you are inclining to the New Ireland school are you? I remember you used to laugh at my Irish enthusiasm in the old days when you were an orthodox Ulsterman. I am glad you begin to think otherwise ... [but] here I must indulge my love of preaching by warning you not to get too much bound up in a cult. Between your other penchant [Arthur’s homosexuality] ... and the Irish school you might get into a sort of little by-way of the intellectual world, off the main track and lose yourself there. Remember that the great minds, Milton, Scott, Mozart and so on, are always sane before all and keep in the broad highway of thought and feel what can be felt by all men, not only a few ... it is partly through this feeling that I have not begun by sending my M.S. to Maunsel.¹⁴⁷

While Terence Brown takes this quote as a sign that Lewis was turning away from Irishness, I take the view (in light of Lewis’s literary ambitions and his lifelong relationship with Ireland) that he was instead setting his sights higher than the Irish Literary Revival, which he had come to see as an intellectual cul-de-sac.¹⁴⁸ As Lewis grew older, he questioned the value of much of the Celtic Twilight work he had once idolised. (Eventually, only early Yeats and the novels and stories of James Stephens remained high in his estimation.)¹⁴⁹ Lewis wanted to avoid being caught in a temporary movement and instead aspired to be thought of in “the broad highway of thought” alongside the Irish Protestant greats he admired (Swift, Berkeley,

Sterne, Goldsmith, Burke, Wilde, and Shaw) – writers he felt to be in the same league with the English writers he also loved and respected (Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Malory, Spenser, Donne, Bunyan, Dryden, Johnson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Austen, Trollope, Dickens, and Morris). All of these writers, he felt, had broad appeal and therefore touched many more people with their work and ideas. This meant that Lewis, like the Irish writers he most admired, had to on some level be conscious of the English market and the English-speaking world generally when choosing subject matter.

From the national point of view, the fact that Lewis was, for the most part, writing fantasies that took place in invented worlds meant that his cultural associations were always going to be somewhat vague or under cover. As we have seen, despite this and despite his attempt to gain broad appeal, his fiction is heavily indebted to his Irish background and to his outsider status in England.

Lewis was never an Englishman, despite all the decades living in England. As A.N. Wilson has written, “With a deep part of himself, he was always to remain a stranger there.”¹⁵⁰ Then again, we do not need a critic to testify to this fact. In a poem called “Leaving For Ever the Home of One’s Youth” (about the selling of Little Lea in Strandtown after the death of his father), Lewis writes:

Every other place must be raw, new colonial country till we die.¹⁵¹

ENDNOTES

¹ For “English propriety,” see Philip O’Neill. *Wilkie Collins: Women, Property, and Propriety*. London: Rowman & Littlefield, 1988. 88; see also Camille Cauti. Introduction to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. By Oscar Wilde. New York: Barnes & Noble Classics, 2003. xiv. For “traditional English fastidiousness,” see John H. Hicks. “The Critical History of *Tristram Shandy*.” In *Boston University: Studies in English 2*. Edited by the Boston University Department of English. Boston: Boston University Graduate School, 1956. 65-84. 65. For “English fastidiousness,” see also Oliver Elton. *A Survey of English Literature, 1780–1830*. Folcroft, PA: Folcroft Library Editions, 1977. 13.

² Ronald W. Bresland. *The Backward Glance: C.S. Lewis and Ireland*. Belfast: The Institute of Irish Studies at The Queen’s University of Belfast, 1999. viii.

³ For “Ulster propriety,” see Dennis Clark. *Irish Blood: Northern Ireland and the American Conscience*. Port Washington, NY: Kennikat Press, 1977. 38. For “the fastidiousness of Belfast,” see Heather Clark. *The Ulster Renaissance: Poetry in Belfast 1962–1972*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006. 32.

⁴ In 1933, Lewis took a memorable trip from Belfast down to Waterford through the Irish Free State. (He sailed back to England from Waterford.) In 1947 and 1952, he spent part of his Irish holidays in Dublin and Louth, and in 1954, he spent most of his Irish holiday touring through the “South ... [and] West of Ireland”. (C.S. Lewis. *Collected Letters, Volume 3: Narnia, Cambridge, and Joy, 1950–1963*. Edited by Walter Hooper. San Francisco: HarperCollins Publishers, 2007. 505.) During Lewis’s formative years, his exposure to the Ireland outside of Ulster consisted mainly of trips to his relations and family friends in Dublin. The last such trip was in 1919.

⁵ C.S. Lewis. *Collected Letters, Volume 1: Family Letters, 1905 – 1931*. Edited by Walter Hooper. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2000. 221, 644; C.S. Lewis. *Collected Letters, Volume 2: Books, Broadcasts, and the War, 1931–1949*. Edited by Walter Hooper. San Francisco: HarperCollins Publishers, 2004. 102, 214, 945; C.S. Lewis. *Surprised By Joy: The Shape of My Early Life*. New York: Harcourt, 1984. 234.

⁶ Bowen’s knowledge of Ireland was confined primarily to Dublin city, the area around Bowen’s Court, and her fast journeys to these two places from Dún Laoghaire or Shannon Airport. MacNeice, after graduating from Oxford in 1930, only made a handful of trips back to Ireland: in 1934, 1938, 1939, 1942, 1948, 1952, 1956, and 1962. This is much less extensive exposure than Lewis gained through his yearly pilgrimage back to Ireland (at least 30 trips in all – possibly 31 – after his own Oxford graduation in 1923).

⁷ Terence Brown. *Ireland’s Literature*. Mullingar: The Lilliput Press, 1988. 160.

⁸ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 330. Patsy MacCann is a character in James Stephens’s novel *The Demi-Gods*.

⁹ Previously, only smaller selected letters collections were available: *Letters of C.S. Lewis* (1966; revised and expanded in 1988), *Letters to an American Lady* (1967), *They Stand Together: The Letters of C.S. Lewis to Arthur Greeves* (1979), *Letters to Children* (1985), and *Letters: C.S. Lewis/Don Giovanni Calabria* (1989). A handful of letters were also included in the essay collections *God in the Dock* (1971) and *Timeless at Heart* (1987). Thanks to the three-volume *Collected Letters*, scholars now have a much larger selection of Lewis correspondence at their disposal.

¹⁰ For the tendency among Ulster Protestants to trace their roots back to the plantation of Ulster, see John McGarry. *Northern Ireland and the Divided World*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001. 277-278.

¹¹ Derek Bingham. *C.S. Lewis: A Shiver of Wonder*. Belfast: Ambassador Publications, 2004. 5.

¹² Bresland, *The Backward Glance*, 16.

¹³ Although most of the city of Belfast is located in Co. Antrim, parts of East Belfast – including Lewis’s native Strandtown – are in Co. Down.

¹⁴ A.N. Wilson. *C.S. Lewis: A Biography*. London: Harper Perennial, 1991. 12-13.

¹⁵ Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 24.

¹⁶ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 362; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 330.

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- ¹⁷ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 114. Emphasis in original.
- ¹⁸ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 310.
- ¹⁹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 28.
- ²⁰ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 480.
- ²¹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 967.
- ²² Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 871-872.
- ²³ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 738.
- ²⁴ Bresland, *The Backward Glance*, 109.
- ²⁵ Lewis. *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 248.
- ²⁶ Lewis. *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 539, 693.
- ²⁷ C.S. Lewis. "Edmund Spenser, 1552-1599." In *Studies in Medieval and Renaissance Literature*. Edited by Walter Hooper. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998. 121-145. 126.
- ²⁸ Bresland, *The Backward Glance*, 116.
- ²⁹ For "home," see Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 221, 644; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 102, 214, 945; Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 234. For "my own country," see Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 170; C.S. Lewis. *Narrative Poems*. Edited by Walter Hooper. New York: Harcourt, 1969. 4. (This second reference is from the preface to the 1950 edition of *Dymor*.) For Lewis acknowledging the Church of Ireland as his original church, see Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 702.
- ³⁰ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 330; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 301.
- ³¹ C.S. Lewis. *All My Road Before Me: The Diary of C.S. Lewis, 1922-1927*. Edited by Walter Hooper. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 1993. 26; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 590; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 3*, 784; C.S. Lewis. *Letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer*. New York, Harcourt, 1992. 77; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 116.
- ³² C.S. Lewis. *The Screwtape Letters: Also Includes "Screwtape Proposes A Toast."* New York: Touchstone, 1996. 82.
- ³³ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 618, 651; Bernard Share. *Slanguage: A Dictionary of Irish Slang*. Dublin: Gill & Macmillan Ltd, 1997. 16.
- ³⁴ Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 124.
- ³⁵ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 450.
- ³⁶ C.S. Lewis. *Till We Have Faces: A Myth Retold*. New York: Harcourt, 1984. 92.
- ³⁷ C.S. Lewis. *The Horse and His Boy*. London: Collins, 1997. 140; Share, *Slanguage*, 132.
- ³⁸ C.S. Lewis. *The Great Divorce*. New York: Touchstone, 1996. 35; Share, *Slanguage*, 220.

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- ³⁹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 626; Terence Patrick Dolan. *A Dictionary of Hiberno-English: The Irish Use of English*. Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 2004. 64; Dolan, *A Dictionary of Hiberno-English*, 64.
- ⁴⁰ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 121; Share, *Slanguage*, 175.
- ⁴¹ Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 78; Share, *Slanguage*, 309.
- ⁴² Lewis, “Edmund Spenser, 1552-1599,” 123; Robert Hendrickson. *World English: From Aloha to Zed*. Hoboken, N.J.: Wiley, 2001. 226; Dolan, *A Dictionary of Hiberno-English*, 197.
- ⁴³ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 32; Share, *Slanguage*, 56; Share, *Slanguage*, 56; C.S. Lewis. *Poems*. Edited by Walter Hooper. London: HarperCollins Publishers. 1994. x.
- ⁴⁴ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 32, 48, 70, 79, 94, 110, 111, 148.
- ⁴⁵ “Codology” means “nonsense,” according to Share, *Slanguage*, 56.
- ⁴⁶ C.S. Lewis. “The Literary Impact of the Authorised Version.” In *Selected Literary Essays*. Edited by Walter Hooper. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980. 126-145. 142; C.S. Lewis. *Mere Christianity*. New York: Touchstone, 1996. 186.
- ⁴⁷ C.S. Lewis. “After Priggery – What?” In *Essay Collection and Other Short Pieces*. Edited by Lesley Walmsley. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2000. 348-351. 349; Lewis, *Poems*, 79; Eric Partridge and Paul Beale. *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*. London: Routledge, 2002. 199.
- ⁴⁸ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 395, 400.
- ⁴⁹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 3*, 514-515. Emphasis in original.
- ⁵⁰ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 3*, 786.
- ⁵¹ Bresland, *The Backward Glance*, viii.
- ⁵² Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 306.
- ⁵³ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 38.
- ⁵⁴ A.N. Wilson. “The Problem of C.S. Lewis.” *The London Daily Telegraph* 14 November 1998.
- ⁵⁵ Neville Coghill. “The Approach to English.” In *Light on C.S. Lewis*. Edited by Jocelyn Gibb. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1965. 51-66. 56-57. For Lewis’s discussions about Ireland with these men, see Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 319, 326, 644, 738, 906; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 102, 214, 381, 580; Lewis, *All My Road Before Me*, 58, 190-191, 241, 453.
- ⁵⁶ Humphrey Carpenter. *The Inklings: C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, Charles Williams and Their Friends*. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 1997. 162.
- ⁵⁷ David C. Dowling. *Into the Wardrobe: C.S. Lewis and the Narnia Chronicles*. San Francisco: Jossey-Bass/Wiley, 2005. 16.
- ⁵⁸ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 819-821; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 229; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 3*, 1616, 1630, 1637.

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- ⁵⁹ C.S. Lewis. *The Four Loves*. New York: Harcourt, 1988. 23.
- ⁶⁰ Lewis turned down the Tory Churchill's offer of a CBE, because he "feared that acceptance would play into the hands of 'knaves' who accused him of 'covert anti-leftist propaganda' in his religious writings and of 'fools' who believed the accusations." (David Bleakley. *C.S. Lewis: At Home in Ireland*. Bangor: Strandtown Press, 1998. 58.)
- ⁶¹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 500.
- ⁶² Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 330; C.S. Lewis. *An Experiment in Criticism*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1961. 127; Lewis, *An Experiment in Criticism*, 127.
- ⁶³ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 391-392.
- ⁶⁴ Lewis, *All My Road Before Me*, 105.
- ⁶⁵ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 566; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 561.
- ⁶⁶ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 561.
- ⁶⁷ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 132-133.
- ⁶⁸ Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 21, 54.
- ⁶⁹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 813.
- ⁷⁰ C.S. Lewis. "Willing Slaves of the Welfare State." In *Essay Collection and Other Short Pieces*. Edited by Lesley Walmsley. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2000. 746-751. 747.
- ⁷¹ C.S. Lewis. *That Hideous Strength*. New York: Scribner, 2003. 154; Lewis, *The Four Loves*, 27.
- ⁷² Lewis, "Edmund Spenser, 1552-99," 123; Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 173.
- ⁷³ Nicole M. DuPlessis. "ecoLewis: Conservationism and Anticolonialism in *The Chronicles of Narnia*." In *Wild Things: Children's Culture and Ecocriticism*. Edited by Sidney I. Dobrin and Kenneth B. Kidd. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 2004. 115-127.
- ⁷⁴ Brown, *Ireland's Literature*, 189.
- ⁷⁵ Elizabeth Bowen. *Bowen's Court*. New York: The Ecco Press, 1979. 20; Elizabeth Bowen. "The Big House." In *The Mulberry Tree: Writings of Elizabeth Bowen*. Edited by Hermoine Lee. London: Virago Press, 1986. 25-30. 27.
- ⁷⁶ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 3*, 358.
- ⁷⁷ Wilson, *C.S. Lewis*, xi.
- ⁷⁸ As quoted in Wilson, *C.S. Lewis*, 136.
- ⁷⁹ Lewis, *Letters to Malcolm*, 13.
- ⁸⁰ Bleakley, *C.S. Lewis: At Home in Ireland*, 127.
- ⁸¹ Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 33.

⁸² Wilson, *C.S. Lewis*, 238.

⁸³ C.S. Lewis. "The Weight of Glory." In *Essay Collection and Other Short Pieces*. Edited by Lesley Walmsley. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2000. 96-106. 106. See also, Lewis, *Letters to Malcolm*, 107-111; C.S. Lewis. *Reflections on the Psalms*. New York: Harcourt, 1986. 8.

⁸⁴ Lewis, *Letters to Malcolm*, 10; Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 40.

⁸⁵ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 3*, 938.

⁸⁶ C.S. Lewis. "Priestesses in the Church?" In *Essay Collection and Other Short Pieces*. Edited by Lesley Walmsley. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2000. 398-402.

⁸⁷ Lewis, *Mere Christianity*, 131. See also Wilson, *C.S. Lewis*, 137.

⁸⁸ C.S. Lewis. "Answers to Questions on Christianity." In *Essay Collection and Other Short Pieces*. Edited by Lesley Walmsley. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2000. 317-328. 328.

⁸⁹ Joseph Pearce. *C.S. Lewis and the Catholic Church*. Fort Collins, CO: Ignatius Press, 2003. xxii.

⁹⁰ Wilson, *C.S. Lewis*, 9, 135; Carpenter, *The Inklings*, 50; Pearce, *C.S. Lewis and the Catholic Church*, 1-3. If Lewis was subconsciously thinking of Ulster when creating Puritania, then the entire allegory has a new level of meaning. One could see the Landlord as England, the Steward as the gombeen men, and the people who are reluctantly allowed to live in the land as the Irish tenantry.

⁹¹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 170.

⁹² Brian Sibley. *Shadowlands: The True Story of C.S. Lewis and Joy Davidman*. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 2005. 6.

⁹³ Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 118.

⁹⁴ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 81; Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 521. In the narrative poem, he spells Oisín as Ossian.

⁹⁵ Lewis, *Poems*, 170; Lewis, *Poems*, 170; Lewis, *Poems*, 173; Lewis, *Poems*, 214.

⁹⁶ Lewis, *Poems*, 193.

⁹⁷ For Fand, see the allusion to underwater seductresses and "the Country-under-wave" in the poem "Night." (Lewis, *Poems*, 210.) For Fionn, see the phrase "dare the glorious leap" from the poem "L'Apprenti Sorcier." (Lewis, *Poems*, 198.) One of Fionn's famous deeds was his daring leap from the summit of the Hill of Allen in Newbridge, Co. Kildare. On the other hand, it could be argued that this passage alludes to Cuchulain's Salmon Leap on the Isle of Skye. For the Children of Lir, see the reference to the "three white swans" in the poem "Lullaby." (Lewis, *Poems*, 221.)

⁹⁸ See Don W. King. "Lost but Found: The "Missing" Poems of C.S. Lewis's *Spirits in Bondage*." *Christianity and Literature* 53.2 (Winter 2004): 163-201.

⁹⁹ Lewis, *Narrative Poems*, 67. For the reference to Oisín (spelled Usheen), see Lewis, *Narrative Poems*, 59.

¹⁰⁰ Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 286.

¹⁰¹ Lewis, *Collected Letters*, Vol. 2, 629.

¹⁰² C.S. Lewis. *The Magician's Nephew*. London: Collins, 1997. 24; Lewis, *The Magician's Nephew*, 103; C.S. Lewis. *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*. London: Collins, 1997. 124. The phrase "rough magic" comes, of course, from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, but it is a phrase that now also has Irish resonances, as well. In addition to the important Irish theatre company that has taken "Rough Magic" as its name, see also Declan Kiberd's writings on the Irish co-opting of a "Celtic" Shakespeare, especially as regards *The Tempest*, in *Inventing Ireland*. (Declan Kiberd. *Inventing Ireland*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1995. 270-282.)

¹⁰³ Lewis, as quoted in Walter Hooper. *C.S. Lewis: A Companion & Guide*. San Francisco: HarperSanFrancisco, 1996. 403.

¹⁰⁴ Dowling, *Into the Wardrobe*, 6.

¹⁰⁵ Bresland, *The Backward Glance*, 112.

¹⁰⁶ Bingham, *A Shiver of Wonder*, 172.

¹⁰⁷ Lewis, *Till We Have Faces*, 75-76.

¹⁰⁸ C.S. Lewis. *The Last Battle*. London: Collins, 1997. 171.

¹⁰⁹ Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 73, 76-79.

¹¹⁰ See Meredith Veldman. *Fantasy, The Bomb and the Greening of Britain: Romantic Protest, 1945-80*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994.

¹¹¹ Bresland, *The Backward Glance*, 108.

¹¹² Lewis, *The Magician's Nephew*, 102, 171.

¹¹³ As quoted in W.B. Yeats. *The Collected Works of W.B. Yeats. Volume III, Autobiographies*. Edited by William H. O'Donnell and Douglas N. Archibald. New York: Scribner, 1999. 391.

¹¹⁴ Lionel Adey. *C.S. Lewis's "Great War" with Owen Barfield*. Victoria, B.C.: English Literary Studies/University of Victoria English Department, 1978. 121; Carpenter, *The Inklings*, 220.

¹¹⁵ Lewis, *Collected Letters*, Vol. 2, 329.

¹¹⁶ C.S. Lewis. *Perelandra*. New York: Scribner, 1996. 32; C.S. Lewis. *The Dark Tower and Other Stories*. New York: Harcourt, 2002. 2.

¹¹⁷ Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 163, 196, 258, 275.

¹¹⁸ Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 163.

¹¹⁹ For "och," see Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 191. For "aye," see Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 187, 188, 189, 190, 192, 195, 273, 366, 368. For "wee," *That Hideous Strength*, 164, 187, 195, 366. For "yon," see Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 375. For "forbye," see Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 188, 222. For the definition of "forbye," see Dolan, *A Dictionary of Hiberno-English*, 96.

¹²⁰ Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 135; Lewis, *Surprised By Joy*, 141.

¹²¹ Lewis, *The Magician's Nephew*, 10.

¹²² Though essentially a typical Oxbridge accent of the time, you can still hear Belfast in Lewis's pronunciation of words such as "friend," "hour," and "again." Maria Van Til and Douglas Gresham have noted another "shadow of Northern Ireland" in Lewis's voice as an adult: he pronounced the interior "P"s in words like "supposed" as "B"s or as "subdued labial-stopped" "P"s. (Marian Van Til, Douglas Gresham, and James O'Fee. "Lewis's Accent." *The Inklings Electronic Newsletter*. 5 December 2006. Available from <http://oxfordinklings.blogspot.com/2006/12/lewiss-accent.html>. Accessed 24 September 2009.)

¹²³ Carpenter, *The Inklings*, 102; James Como, ed. *C.S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table*. New York: Harcourt, 1982. 6, 50, 121, 440; Lois Lang-Sims. *A Time to Be Born: Volume One of an Autobiography*. London: Andre Deutsch, 1971. 196.

¹²⁴ Como, *C.S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table*, 6; Como, *C.S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table*, 50.

¹²⁵ For Northern Ireland's economically and politically "marginalised" status within Great Britain and Europe, see Joseph Ruane and Jennifer Todd. "The Northern Ireland Conflict and the Impact of Globalisation." In *Ireland on the World Stage*. Edited by William J. Crotty and David E. Schmitt. Harlow, Essex: Pearson Education, 2002. 111-126. 113-115.

¹²⁶ Lewis, *That Hideous Strength*, 121.

¹²⁷ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 330.

¹²⁸ Bleakley, *C.S. Lewis: At Home in Ireland*, 53.

¹²⁹ Lewis, *Poems*, 211.

¹³⁰ Lewis, *Poems*, 190. For Lewis's comparison of Devon with Co. Down, see Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 724-726.

¹³¹ Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 13.

¹³² Carpenter, *The Inklings*, 211.

¹³³ Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 27. For the description of the translucent heavenly mountains, see Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 30.

¹³⁴ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 116.

¹³⁵ Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 62; Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 64, 76; Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, 76.

¹³⁶ Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 122. See also Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 35, 50, 69, 125.

¹³⁷ Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 67.

¹³⁸ Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 68.

¹³⁹ Colm Tóibín. Forward to *Directions to Servants*. By Jonathan Swift. London: Herperus Press, 2003. ix.

¹⁴⁰ Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 65.

¹⁴¹ Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters*, 65.

¹⁴² C.S. Lewis. *The Abolition of Man*. New York: Touchstone, 1996. 17.

¹⁴³ Lewis, *The Abolition of Man*, 31.

¹⁴⁴ Lewis, *The Abolition of Man*, 26. See also Lewis, *The Abolition of Man*, 20.

¹⁴⁵ Declan Kiberd. *The Irish Writer and the World*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005. 285. Kiberd is paraphrasing an idea Shaw expressed in Bernard Shaw. "Shaw Speaks to His Native City (1946)." In *The Matter with Ireland*. Edited by Dan H. Laurence and David H. Greene. 2nd ed. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2001. 334-8. 337; Bernard Shaw. *Back to Methuselah*. London: Penguin, 1990. 194.

¹⁴⁶ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 325.

¹⁴⁷ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 1*, 394.

¹⁴⁸ As regards Lewis's literary ambitions, his goal was to be great *and* popular. As he once wrote in the essay "A Panegyric for Dorothy L. Sayers": "[Sayers] aspired to be, and was, at once a popular entertainer and a conscientious craftsman: like (in her degree) Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakespeare or Moliere. I have an idea that, with a very few exceptions, it is only such writers who matter much in the long run." (C.S. Lewis. "A Panegyric for Dorothy L. Sayers." In *Essay Collection and Other Short Pieces*. Edited by Lesley Walmsley. London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2000. 567-570. 568.)

¹⁴⁹ Lewis, *Collected Letters, Vol. 2*, 630; C.S. Lewis. "Period Criticism." In *Essay Collection and Other Short Pieces*. Edited by Lesley Walmsley. London: HarperCollins, 2000. 487-490. 490.

¹⁵⁰ Wilson, *C.S. Lewis*, 22.

¹⁵¹ Lewis, *Poems*, 245.