

# **RESOLUTION: THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH, PART 4**

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VENUE: LIFE TOGETHER ZOOM

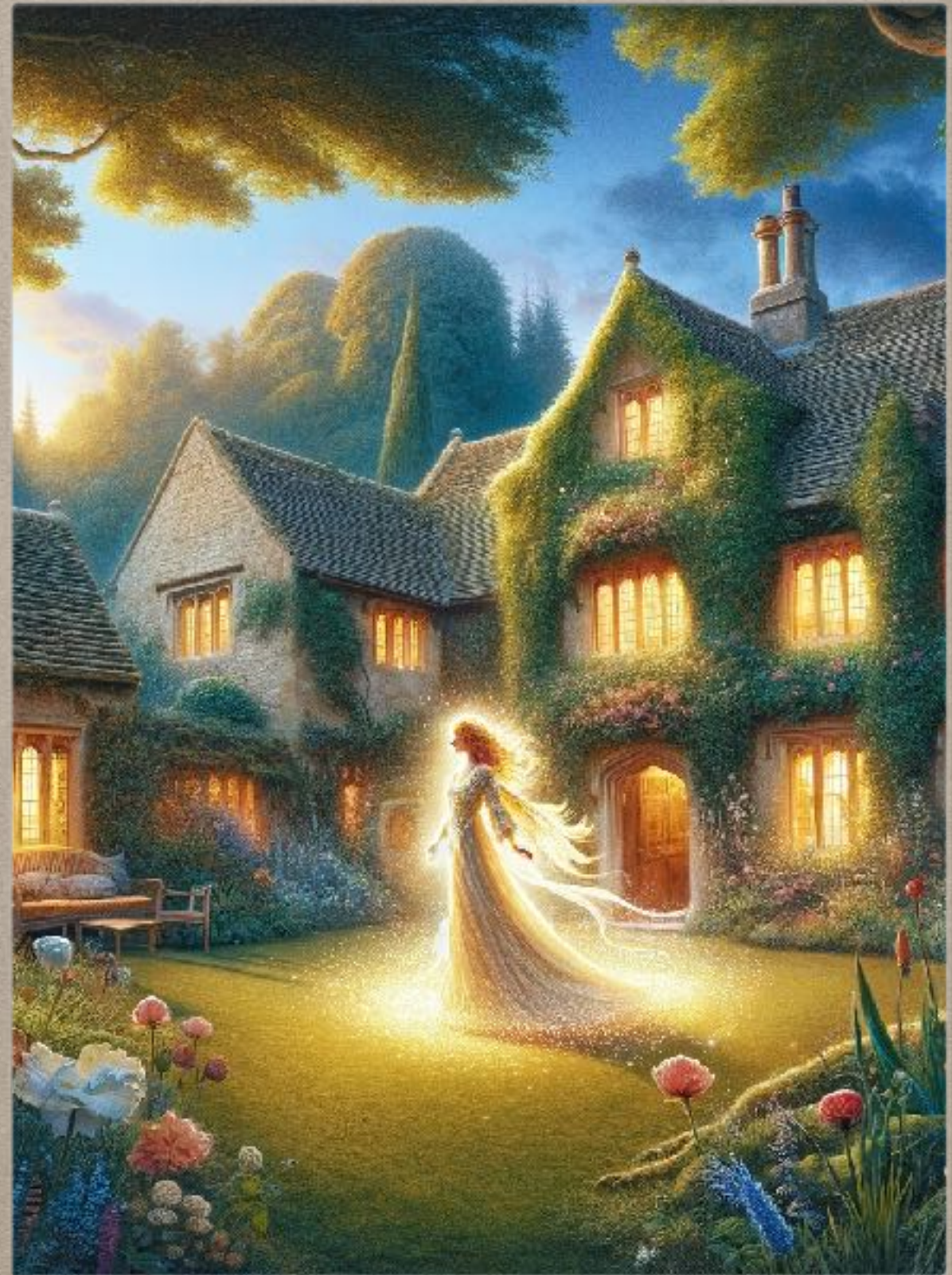
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# PART 4: RESOLUTION

## CHAPTER 17: "VENUS AT ST. ANNE'S"

DALL•E 3: An imaginative scene depicting Venus visiting St Anne's in C.S. Lewis' 'That Hideous Strength'. The setting is a quaint, old English house with ivy-covered walls and a large garden. Venus, portrayed as an ethereal, radiant woman with flowing hair and a luminous gown, stands in the garden. The garden is lush with a variety of flowers, and ancient trees. The house, in the background, exudes a cozy, welcoming atmosphere with warm light shining from its windows. The scene conveys a sense of magical realism, blending the ordinary with the extraordinary.





"Everything became a mist; and then, as the lights in the west vanished, this mist grew softly luminous in a different place—above him, as though the light rested on St. Anne's."

*-THS 930-931*

Reading



# **THE WOMEN CHOOSE ROBES**



# IVY MAGS

- All three stood back from Ivy staring at her with delight. The commonplace had not exactly gone from her form and face, the robe had taken it up, as a great composer takes up a folk tune and tosses it like a ball through his symphony and makes of it a marvel, yet leaves it still itself. A "pert fairy" or "dapper elf," a small though perfect sprightliness, stood before them: but still recognizably Ivy Maggs. 907-908





**"Isn't that like a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimble.**

**"There's not a mirror in the room."**

**"I don't believe we were meant to see ourselves," said Jane. "He said something about being mirrors enough to see another."**

***-C. S. Lewis p 908***



# CAMILLA DENNISTON

- It was a long slender thing which looked like steel in color though it was soft as foam to the touch. It wrapped itself close about her loins and flowed out in a glancing train at her heels. "Like a mermaid," thought Jane; and then, "like a Valkyrie."
- "I'm afraid," said Mother Dimble, "you must wear a coronet with that one."
- "What are you all staring at?" asked Camilla who had seen but one flash as the crown was raised in Mrs. Dimble's hands and did not know that she stood "like starlight, in the spoils of provinces." 908





# JANE STUDDOCK

- Jane could see nothing specially appropriate in the robe which the others agreed in putting on her. Blue was, indeed, her color but she had thought of something a little more austere and dignified. Left to her own judgment, she would have called this a little "fussy." But when she saw the others all clap their hands, she submitted. Indeed, it did not now occur to her to do otherwise and the whole matter was forgotten a moment later in the excitement of choosing a robe for Mother Dimble. 909





# MOTHER DIMBLE

- "Something quiet," she said. "I'm an old woman and I don't want to be made ridiculous."
- "Put it on, Mother Dimble," said Ivy. "You know you got to." It was of that almost tyrannous flame color which Jane had seen in her vision down in the lodge, but differently cut, with fur about the great copper brooch that clasped the throat, with long sleeves and hangings from them. And there went with it a many-cornered cap. And they had no sooner clasped the robe than all were astonished, none more than Jane, though indeed she had had best reason to foresee the result 909





# MOTHER DIMBLE

- For now this provincial wife of a rather obscure scholar, this respectable and barren woman with gray hair and double chin, stood before her, not to be mistaken, as a kind of priestess or sybil, the servant of some prehistoric goddess of fertility—an old tribal matriarch, mother of mothers, grave, formidable and august. A long staff, curiously carved as if a snake twined up it, was apparently part of the costume: they put it in her hand. 909-910





# **THE RUIN OF EDGESTOW**



# PEOPLE LEFT EDGESTOW

- One had heard his donkey, another her cat, say “as clear as clear:” “Go away.” And hundreds were still leaving for the old reason—because their houses had been taken from them, their livelihood destroyed, and their liberties threatened by the Institutional Police. 913



# MOTHER DIMBLE'S DREAM

- That was the last thing I saw: Merlin standing there like a kind of pillar and all those dreadful things happening all round him. And you could see in his face that he was a man used up to the last drop, if you know what I mean—that he'd fall to pieces the moment the powers let him go." 907



# EDGESTOW DESTROYED

- It was at about four o'clock that Feverstone found himself flung on his face. That was the first shock. They continued, increasing in frequency, during the hours that followed—horrible shudderings, and soon heavings, of the earth, and a growing murmur of widespread subterranean noise. 913



# EDGESTOW DESTROYED

- When he reached the brow of the last steep descent into Edgestow he could see nothing of the city: only fog through which extraordinary coruscations of light came up to him. Another shock sent him sprawling. 913
- Deciding to leave for London, Feverstone found himself descending into the ruin of Edgestow where a wave of earth crushed him.



# **RANSOM'S IMMINENT DEPARTURE**



# AGELESS RANSOM

- "I suppose you got to go, Sir?" said Ivy.
- "My dear," said he, "what else is there to do? I have not grown a day or an hour older since I came back from Perelandra. There is no natural death to look forward to. The wound will only be healed in the world where it was got." 915



# MACPHEE

- "All this has the disadvantage of being clean contrary to the observed laws of Nature," observed MacPhee. 915



# GRACE IRONWOOD ANSWERS MACPHEE'S OBJECTION

- "It is not contrary to the laws of Nature," said a voice from the corner where Grace Ironwood sat, almost invisible in the shadows. "You are quite right. The laws of the universe are never broken. Your mistake is to think that the little regularities we have observed on one planet for a few hundred years are the real unbreakable laws; whereas they are only the remote results which the true laws bring about more often than not; as a kind of accident." 915



# **THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN LOGRES AND BRITAIN**

Reading



# ARE THERE PARALLELS OF THAT STRUGGLE IN OUR NATION?

- The United States of America has always had this struggle at its core. . .
- . . .between Tory and Whig, Democrat and Republican, holy and profane, the wise and the scoundrel.
- Today it seems to be between fascism and democracy, between ungodly dictatorship and consent of the governed.



# **VENUS HAS HER WAY**

Reading



# RANSOM'S RIDE

- "She is nearer than any astronomer knows," said Ransom. "The work at Edgestow is done, the other gods have withdrawn. She waits still and when she returns to her sphere I will ride with her." 926

Reading



# RANSOM PREPARES TO LEAVE

- "Open all the windows," said Ransom. "The vessel in which I must ride is now almost within the air of this World." 930

Reading



# **MARK AND JANE'S HUMILIATION**

Reading