The Inklings met typically in Lewis’s rooms at Magdalen College on Thursday evenings, when most of the reading and criticism unfolded; they also could be seen regularly on Tuesday mornings, gathered for food and conversation in a side nook of a smoky pub at 49 St. Giles’, known to passers-by as the Eagle and Child but to habitués as the Bird. And much to the chagrin of those who share Greer’s viewpoint, the books and spinoffs of various kinds that come in the Inklings’ train are legion. Without the Inklings there would be no Dungeons & Dragons (and the whole universe of online fantasy role-playing it produced), no Harry Potter, no Philip Pullman (in his role as the anti-Lewis).