

GLOSSARY

- ABLATIVE: a noun case with the general meaning 'from' or 'out of'.
- AGGLUTINATIVE: (of languages) making use of many suffixes-(or prefixes) each generally with a single clearly defined grammatical function.
- ASPIRATED: (of consonants) followed by a puff of breath resembling an h sound.
- CASE: any one of a set of variant forms of a noun (or pronoun or adjective) used according to the different grammatical relationships entered into.
- COGNATE: (of words) derived from the same word in a parent language
- DATIVE: a noun case with the general meaning of 'to' or 'into'.
- DUAL: special form of a word to show that two persons or things are referred to.
- FRONT: (of vowels) articulated with the highest part of the tongue far forward in the mouth, e.g. the vowels of 'beat', 'bit', 'bet', 'bat'.
- GENITIVE: a noun case indicating possession.
- HIGH: (of vowels) articulated with the tongue high in the mouth, e.g. the vowels in 'sea', 'who'.
- INDO-EUROPEAN: family of languages including most of the languages of Europe, Persian and the languages of Northern India.
- INFLECTING: (of languages) having suffixes and stems closely fused together.
- LOCATIVE: a noun case with the general meaning 'in' or 'at'.
- MORPHOLOGY: the permissible uses of inflexions and affixes in a language.
- PALATAL: (of consonants) articulated against the hard palate in the roof of the mouth.
- PERFECTIVE (of prefixes) indicating completed action in a verb.
- PHONOLOGY: the sound system of a language.
- ROUNDED: (of vowels) articulated with rounded lips.
- SPIRANT: a consonant in which the air passage in the mouth is narrowed so much that audible friction is produced, e.g. s,z,f,v,th.
- SYNTAX: the permissible ways in which words can be arranged to form utterances.
- UVULAR: (of consonants) articulated with the uvula, the small fleshy lobe hanging at the back of the mouth.
- VELAR: (of consonants) articulated against the velum, the soft backward part of the roof of the mouth.
- VOICED: (of consonants) articulated with the vocal chords vibrating.

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BELLADONNA'S POSTBAG

First, greetings to you all --- Pedo Mellon a Minno! whenever you are passing the door of my lofty Flet. I had a surprise visit a few days ago from Graham ('of Graham') Wells, who unfortunately found me completely surrounded by grandchildren -- and if you doubt that two mini-hobbits under the age of four can completely surround one -- just try it! However when the mini-hobbits had gone on their way, we had a long and interesting talk, during which it appeared that Graham may be settling in London soon. It will be nice to have him within reach of other London Hobbits.

The Hobbit Picnic at Hampstead was a great success. On Saturday, June 27th, the Hobbits assembled at Hampstead Underground Station, and following a beacon flag (or Banner with a Strange Device) made their way across by Whitestone Pond through the woods of Golders Hill (very

Mirkwoodish) to Golders Hill Park, where in the shadow of 'The Diogenist' with his upraised winecup, we had our tea and much chatting, and were joined by other Hobbits. Those present were, besides myself, Ro and Darroll Pardoe, Ann Girling, Denis Chapman (Radagast), Josephine Lal (Remmirath) and Mohan Lal (Borgil), Fred Oliphant, Susan Adler and Helen Kerley (Estelle and Farowyn) Matthew Kirkman, Gill Smith, Caroline Alger, Julia Manning, Phil Spencer, and later Meg Henley (Fimbrethil). Everyone seemed to enjoy the sunny afternoon and the pleasant situation, and we hope for some more expeditions like these.

FROM SWEDEN : "Unfortunately we have no magazine to send you in return, all we can do is to send our warmest support to all the writing members of the Tolkien Society of England. We have quoted a passage or two and informed members about all your ideas in Cosmos Bulletin,....After a summer's well earned rest the society is moving again. We'll start with a big birthday-party for Bilbo and Frodo on Sept 19th. We usually celebrate these birthdays, the Council of Elrond and the End of Mordor." ((Nice to know that the Swddish Tolkien Society will be holding its Birthday Party on the same day as those of us in London. BT))

J.D.COLLINS (bilbo) writes me often and stimulatingly. As thus for instance: "What is your view of the nature of the Isles of the West, and the Undying Lands? A friend...says he thinks they're a euphemism for death. Needless to say I'm appalled at the very idea. The whole idea of passing over the seas is so poetic I refuse to let death come into it! The only trouble is, I can't stand the thought of immortality, I really think it could be boring. So I think of them always going but never quite getting there. Fortunately this manages to retain some of the romance of going over-the-sea and still hold a promise in store. But I refuse to believe all die. After all, FRODO LIVES, doesn't he?

((Quite a point. But there must be an ending, arriving, changing. You yourself say you would be bored with 'immortality' -- that is, a state without change or progression. That is not, of course, the real immortality of the philosophers. The journeying over the seas does indeed imply progression, change, development. All the Companions were bound to come sooner or later to the end of their span, and in some way or other to depart out of this world -- so the Western Isles must of course be the Isles of the Dead, as the Celtic tradition has always regarded them---but the Celtic world was never afraid to think of that. They were (whatever we may choose to think now!) quite convinced that the dead were not lost, but had progressed into the Tir-nan-Og, and in many ways still lived. The Saxons had a very poor conception of another world, but the Celts, especially those initiated into the Mysteries, were quite happy about it. Undoubtedly Frodo Lives, in Tir-nan-Og or wherever!

A.R.FALLONE (Faramir) is strictly anti-mystic: "There is a tendency on the part of your self and your correspondents to attempt to wrap themselves in the cosy blanket of a fantasy, to assume that fairies exist in the sylvan glades of deepest Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada etc.... I could theorise that Elves and the standards they seem to uphold in LotR are being used by the Society as substitutes for the fading values of our nation, our world, using them as substitute authorities for those authorities that have crumbled under the steamroller of the so-called 'Permissive Society'.

(He goes on to say that if elves did exist in this day and age they would be very different from the Elvcs in LotR. Then he continues:) "How many who have joined the Society are those who really believe in fairies, not especially the Tolkien kind, but how many, once having joined the Society, begin to see them, who start taking the game too seriously? Are you attracting the lunatic fringe as well as those genuine LotR fans?" (He continues by saying that, whether it likes it or not the Society shares a lot of philosophy with the 'hippies'. ((Here I thoroughly agree with him. Hmm can we persuade you to write an answer to Belladonna's article coming up next issue wherein she says that hippies have very little in common with LotRs fans as such? RAP))

((Well what do you think readers? I leave it to you. BT))

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The willow woman no longer weeps
but stretches her leaves inward and upward
as if to gently embrace the sleeping unicorn
in her midst.

The unicorn lifts his serene head
and listens; his aquamarine eyes searching and
his perfect white ears waiting alertly for
the slight noise.

He stands up and slowly shakes
his cloudy mane to push the sleep away.
And he trots away, although the leaves restrain him.
The willow weeps.

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The unicorn; dappled diamonds in his coat;
reaches a river. "Who has called me?" he says.
By the side of the river the many beasts stand reverently
and reply:

"We have; for we have seen serpents
in this water, and we cannot drink or we will die.
Oh, beautiful unicorn, dip your ivory horn into the water,
and make it pure."

"For this I was made." The unicorn says.
"And though the poison in my horn will slowly kill me,
yes I will disperse the badness in the river for you.
For I love you."

His horn he dips in the water,
and radiations of pure gold course through it.
And the animals drink thankfully while the unicorn returns
to the willow.

Willow woman ends her weeping,
for her love is returned in his splendour to her midst.
Shimmering he sleeps again, His work is done and
All the creatures love him.

Rosemary Pardoe

