

(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

