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to get hold of books like "Deryni Rising" by Katherine Kurtz, which I regard as being every bit as good as LotR. "Wizard of Earthsea" by Ursula K. LeGuin published by Ace is another which is absolutely enthralling, really brilliant. Going further into the SF area is "Dune" by Frank Herbert published by NEL - another great fat volume complete with maps and appendix and real depth of detail. Seek and ye shall find. These books really do exist.

Honey Beer: and here I was, trying to kick the Hobbit... what do you want, a whole Soc. smashed out of its skull?

Hobbit Religion : I think that Belladonna may be guilty of trying to project her own ideas onto Tolkien here; just because the Hobbit life so resembled an English country village and its inhabitants does not mean that it was, in all respects.

Bob Borsley's article : I agree with it all. He says in cool, clinical and studied tones wh't I tried to say in my outpourings but did not make clear. But he was a little dull about it.

All I will say about the cover is that it is bound to put someone off their bacon and eggs in the morning... ((Finally from Tony, a poem for which he has a "fond affection, if nobody else does"))

GHOST OF LOVE

White, O White, my lady, pale and languid,
Waiting by the Windleside and weeping.
No breezes bring good news or bad -
The sky is blue and sleeping.

The river is a silent mirror, swollen
By your aching tears, taking years
To fall and fall and stain the page
That fulfilled your fears.

Do you see me waiting ,too, and sad,
Just by your shoulder, no older,
The lad you saw an age ago
When he was a pretty soldier.

You have changed, O you have grown
Wintered and with loveless lips
Dry as is my heart and blood
And withered as my fingertips.

White, O white, my lady pale and languid,
Sleeping by the Windleside and grieving...
Nightjars croak my message to you
As I listen to your breathing.

Stars sing songs of bygone longings,
Moonlight shadows limn your length...
I yearn only to touch your lashes,
But my bones have not the strength.

Every time you think of me
I will draw to your side,
Stand by your shoulder, no older,
As though I had never died...