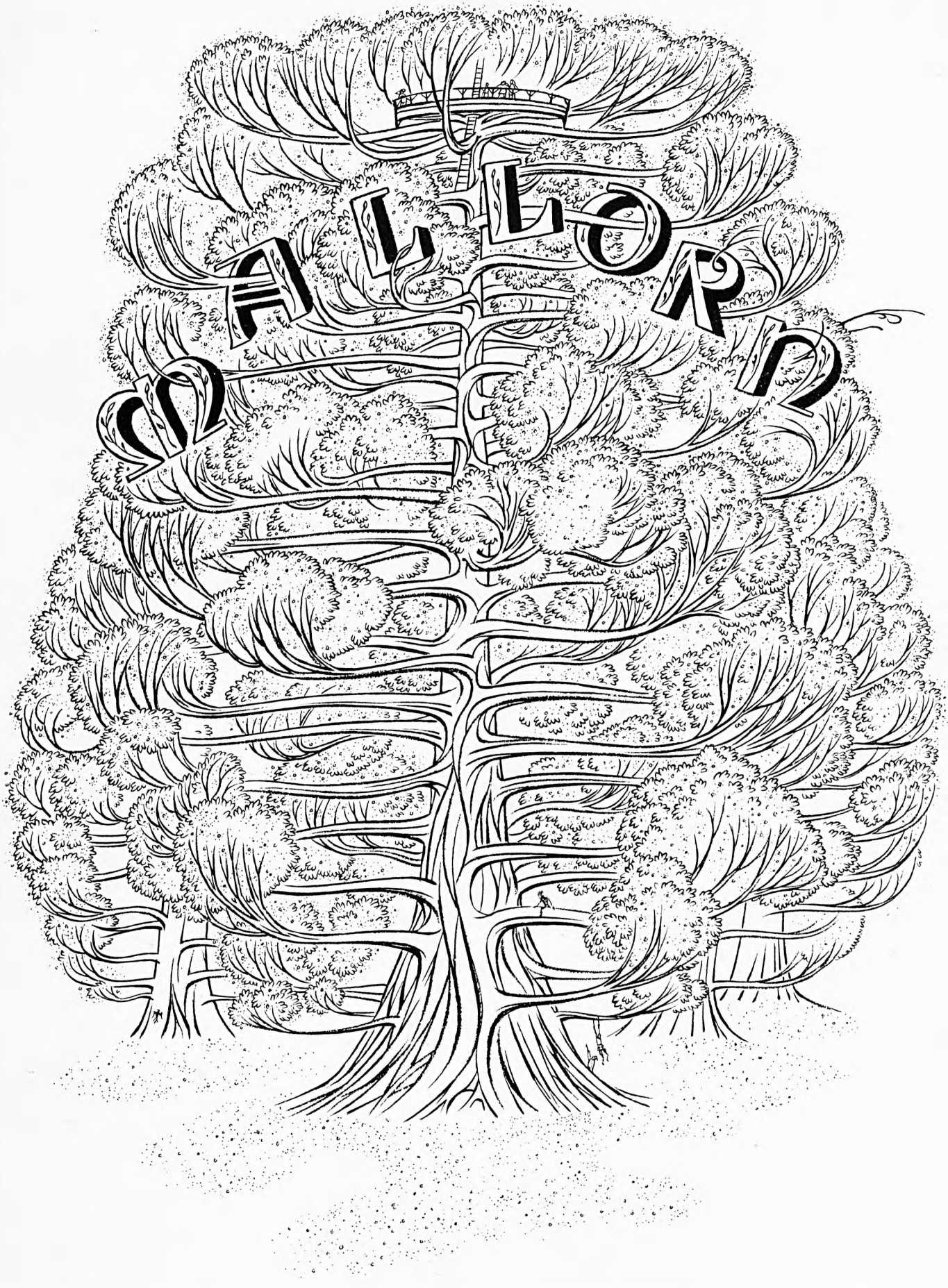
ALLORA

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MALLORN II



## Illustrators

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| Pauline Baynes | Front Cover; |
| Lucy Matthews | Pages 4, 11, 13, 14, 18, 34, 40, 43; |
| Adrian Cuthbert | Page 21; |
| Anthony Watkins | Page 33; |
| Kevin Young | Pages 20, 24, 27, 29-31, 38, 39, 'Contents'. |

# THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY

**Hon. Pres. : the late Professor J.R.R.Tolkien, C.B.E.**

**'In perpetuo'**

K. J. Young,
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183, McKean Road,
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Warley,
West Midlands,
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Dear Reader,

Welcome once again to another 'Mallorn'!

I hope you will find within the pages of this magazine something to your taste. I have tried to balance it, so that there is something for everyone, from discussions on the Sindarin Language to how to bake a Hobbit cake.

I would like to express my thanks to Lucy Matthews, and Anthony Watkins, for their sterling work in providing illustrations, and to Lester Simons, for typing the magazine; without them it would have been difficult to complete this magazine.

I must mention that I am desparately in need of articles for 'Mallorn' 12. I do not have enough to make a magazine. I am sure that there is enough talent within the Society to provide enough contributions for the magazine, without me having to go to outside publications and borrow articles. I also need art-work, (full-page), and artists willing to illustrate articles, also poems, quizzes, etc. I have had very little reaction to 'Mallorn 10', whether good or bad; my address is at the head of this editorial, and I am always willing to receive comment on the magazine. I will never know what you want unless you tell me.

Starting with this magazine, there is to be a new SHORT STORY COMPETITION. The Society will provide a free year's membership as a prize, and I will provide a hand-made piece of pottery. The rules are as follows :-

1) All stories must be original and not published elsewhere. They may not exceed 4 sides of single-space typed A4, with 1" margins all round.

2) The type of story submitted is left to the author, but it must not be too far removed from the type of work written by Professor Tolkien.

3) The Editor reserves the right to return entries unpublished, in which case copyright will remain with the author. Entries published in 'Mallorn' become the copyright of the Tolkien Society, with rights assigned to the individual authors. (See Copyright Notice on page 45 ).

4) The winner will be chosen by the Editor of 'Mallorn' and the Tolkien Society Committee.

5) The decision as to whether to publish the story, and the decision as to the winner, is the sole responsibility of the Editor of 'Mallorn' and the Tolkien Society Committee, and no correspondence can be entered into regarding such decisions.

6) The competition is open to all members of the Tolkien Society, and affiliated bodies, with the exception of the Tolkien Society Committee and the Editor of 'Mallorn'.

7) All stories submitted for this competition must be received by the Editor before the 31st December 1977.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful thanks are expressed to the firm of George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., Book publishers, for their kind permission to reproduce the following pieces of Professor J. R. R. Tolkien's poetry :-

1) "The Road goes ever on", page 2; from the book "The Lord of the Rings".

2) "A Elbereth Gilthoniel", in the Sindarin notation, pages 28 to 30, from the book "The Road goes ever on".

Grateful thanks are also expressed to the firm of A.P.S. Publications, Inc., for their kind permission to publish the following article by Joy Chant :-

1) "Niggle and Númenor", pages 3 to 10; from the magazine "Children's Literature in Education", issue 19.

IT WAS INDEED A MALLORN, AND IT WAS THE WONDER OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. IN AFTER YEARS, AS IT GREW IN GRACE AND BEAUTY, IT WAS KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AND PEOPLE WOULD COME LONG JOURNEYS TO SEE IT: THE ONLY MALLORN WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS AND EAST OF THE SEA, AND ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD

Lucy P. Matthews '77


I still recall the shock I experienced on first reading Tolkien, a little more than ten years ago. I had never encountered literary fantasy before, and I was startled by "The Hobbit", stunned by "The Lord of the Rings". At that time, before the cult, this was still possible; but I wonder how many readers come so unprepared and feel the same amazement. The ambush is sprung; his reputation, for good or ill, precedes him now. "The Lord of the Rings" - and inevitably any discussion of Tolkien's work is dominated by "The Lord of the Rings" - has paid the penalty of such fame, and become a trilogy more known about than known. The banners have gone up: readers are required to be for it or against it, not allowed simply to enjoy it or not. It has become a symbol: to its detractors, of an intellectual and emotional flaccidity in our society; to some of its partisans, no less damagingly, of an 'alternative society' where Tolkien himself would have been very ill at ease. "The Lord of the Rings" is judged on its philosophy, its politics, its relevance to current preoccupations - on anything rather than its qualities as a work of literature. It has become hard to see the book with fresh eyes, although that is what I have tried to do: not - God forbid - to advance a new appreciation, but to rediscover under the accretion of controversy and theory the books that Professor Tolkien wrote, and to attempt to understand what in them has provoked such a response.

> "The prime motive was the desire of a tale-teller to try his hand at a really long story that would hold the attention of readers, amuse them, delight them, and at times excite them or move them deeply." (Foreword of Lord of the Rings)

Thus wrote Tolkien himself, in the foreword to the second edition of "The Lord of the Rings". It makes a useful starting point, for "The Lord of the Rings" is above all a story. There is no question that it is out of step with every current literary fashion: it's extrovert rather than introvert, it has heroes, it delights in the music of words and names, and the unselfconscious celebration of beauty; it is active, optimistic, affirmative. At a time when writers were turning inwards, making their chief concern the development and motivation of character, Tolkien was writing books that are pre-eminently narratives. Indeed, "The Lord of the Rings" is not properly a novel at all, and criticism suffers when it considers the work as such. It is a prose epic, in which, for

instance, the naturalism of the novel would be quite inappropriate. "The Hobbit" is in a lower key, and may reasonably be called a novel, but "The Lord of the Rings" is in another tradition - notice for example, the frequent insertions of poetry, typical of the epic or cante-fable. Within that tradition, it is fit to take its place beside the great romances, for it is a supreme example of the storytellers's craft. We are unused to having pre-eminence given to plot, but the structure of "The Lord of the Rings" is worth attention. Consider the control the writer exercises over his complex narrative, the mapping of movement over Middle-earth, the careful timing of the different strands of the action, so that without apparent contrivance men meet and plots mature in perfect synchronization. This must have been a task of staggering difficulty, and Tolkien's craftmanship is astonishing. The detail and complexity of the narrative ensures that the theme does not become too monolithic and predictable, and though a necessary end, the means by which it will be achieved are not betrayed too early. The many subplots provide tension, relief, surprise, reflection, and there is consumate skill in the pacing of the narrative, the acceleration, the regulation of tension, crisis, climax - and anticlimax. I do not mean anticlimax in any derogatory sense, for Tolkien does not make the mistake of leaving his audience poised on too high a peak, but leads them down through the consummations of victory, the weddings and the parties, the tying of ends, the counting of the cost: a gentle diminuendo culminating in the "Scouring of the Shire" (a neat restatement in miniature of the story's theme) and the entry of the hero into his final reward.

The deliniation of character takes second place, and again the method is epic rather than naturalistic; the characters are presented instead of being developed. Comparison with "The Hobbit" will show that this was surely deliberate, for in the earlier book the characters form the plot, they interact, they change and reveal new aspects under the pressure of events: the comic become almost tragic, the admirable turn corrupt, and the ridiculous Bilbo manifests unexpected qualities of leadership. All this is what we have come to expect - character in action - but we do not find it in "The Lord of the Rings", and with good reason. For although "The Hobbit" is more obviously the story of a search, "The Lord of the Rings" is the true quest story, and the duty of characters in a quest is not action, but suffering. They respond to events, but they do not form them, for they are undergoing an ordeal, a testing and judgement, and much of the dramatic tension arises from that fact. Their struggle refines or destroys them, but it does not essentially change them. Even the hobbits at the end of the work remain what they were at the beginning. Those too deeply flawed by pride, like Denethor and Boromir, perish, but the good and faithful are confirmed and strengthened in their goodness. 'To him that overcometh, a crown of life shall be'. This is true triumph, of which victory in the battles is a reflection and an affirmation: not that they conquered Sauron, but that they resisted him to the end. For here again, Tolkien is magnificently unfashionable. He gives us heroes, men about whom there is a scent of destiny, of dedication and sacrifice - Aragorn himself above all, who is strong and gentle, with boundless energy governed by hard-won wisdom and compassion and who has worthy companions. Tolkien has freed virtue of its prim aura and given back the true meaning of strength; he has touched goodness with grandeur.

This is true even of the hobbits. They enter this heroic world as we do, confused outsiders, over whose shoulders we look; at first they seem pigmies in every way. Unimaginative, unadventurous, often frivolous - they are ordinary people to whom the worse happens, a predicament they lacked the power even to imagine. Yet they survive and meet the demands made on them courageously and humbly. Although to the end they retain a prosaic view of themselves they are are shown to be equal in moral stature of any Man or Elf. Indeed, Frodo surpasses all but the greatest: but Frodo and his sufferings are unique. At the conclusion he has attained more than hero's stature; he has achieved saintliness, a threshed

and winnowed holiness that divides him from the world he has saved, and entitles him, like Elijah, to enter Paradise without dying.

It is well to remember that Professor Tolkien was a devout Christian, and the underlying morality of the book is profoundly Christian. Even though this is never made explicit, for instance, from the beginning the emphasis placed on the need for mercy and the redemption of enemies rather than their destruction.

> "Many that live deserve death", says Gandalf, "and some that die deserve life. Can you give it to them ? Then do not be too eager to deal out death in judgement. For even the very wise cannot see all ends." (The Fellowship of the Ring)

This is hardly the mood of a typical warrior-aristocracy; this world is not so much pagan as pre-Incarnation. Notice too, that those who perish, perish by their pride (though Boromir dies absolved) and that the humble, such as the hobbits, have other virtues added to them.

Tolkien has a fine sense of drama, indispensable in writing a tale of high adventure, not only the drama of specific events but also the drama of situation - as when, reaching the city of Minas Tirith, for so long a symbol of refuge and hope, we find the Lord Denethor and learn that even Gondor is cankered at the heart. In the appearance of the resurrected Gandalf to Aragorn and his companions this touch failed Tolkien; the wizard's return as narrated by Merry and Pippin is more moving and dramatic. However, to be able to be so specific about instances of dramatic writing says much for the writer.

Besides mastery as a storyteller, Tolkien has another gift which served him well: his ability to imagine and describe scenery. Ithilien is the example that comes most readily to mind, but look also at Dunharrow, at Tol Brandir. His eye for these effects is remarkable and his description so potent that, wary as I am of seeing autobiography in a work of fiction, I am inclined to find it in one place. I refer to the pitted, blasted landscape of Mordor, especially as described in the passage wherein the hobbits hide in a wide, almost circular pit partly filled with foul ooze, after looking at the country before Mordor's gate, "like men on the edge of sleep where nightmare lurks." (The Two Towers). Tolkien was a young soldier in the First World War, and it seems possible at least that the source of these dreadful images lay in his memories of the Western Front. Whatever the truth of that, this descriptive power is valuable, for the visual vividness it gives to the landscapes of Middle-earth carries with it a strong conviction of reality.

To consider Tolkien simply as a writer is to miss half the matter. He was not only a gifted and conscientious craftsman but a great artificer, the Daedalus of his breed. He made the bricks with which he built. This fact has grown so familiar that sometimes we discount it, looking only for literary virtues to admire and forgetting the wonder. "The Hobbit" and "The Lord of the Rings" are fantasies; they are set in a world that does not exist. This of course is true of the world of any book; all writers take those elements of reality that they require and combine them as they choose. But in most cases they construct a world obviously close to that which their readers inhabit, while Tolkien chose not to do so. The dissimilarity, of course, is outward; in the inner world of thought and feeling where we all really live, the true reality, there is no difference.

> "The world is all grown strange" cries one of Tolkien's characters, "How shall a man judge ... in such times ?" "As he has ever judged" is the reply. "Good and Evil have not changed ... nor are they one thing among Elves and Dwarves and another among Men." (The Two Towers)

(It is ironic that a story so morally austere, which lays emphasis on the acceptance of responsibility and speaks with equal force against surrender and despair, should have been charged with escapism; but it is an old argument, which Tolkien discussed long before it applied to him, in his essay "On Fairy Stories".)

Middle-earth is not unique in being a fantasy world as many still believe, but it is uniquely successful. No other invented realm has such depth and solidity. Of all the dimensions Tolkien gave his world that of time is the most impressive. He keeps us always conscious if the awesomely long history of the struggle whose final phase we witness and of the fact that we see only a corner of Middle-earth, set in a period of decline. There is the intoxicating sense that much more may be told if he or we had time; whether this is true, the artistic achievement of inducing such belief is the same. It is a feeling that he made explicit. both in its delight and pain, in the short story "Leaf by Niggle", which may fairly be called his literary autobiography and which I recommend, along with "On Fairy Stories" to anyone interested in seeing the mind of a fantasist at work:

> "There was one picture in particular which bothered him. It had begun with a leaf caught in the wind, and became a tree; and the tree grew, sending out innumerable branches, and thrusting out fantastic roots. Strange birds came and settled on the twigs, and had to be attended to. Then all around the Tree, and behind it, through the gaps in the leaves and the boughs, a country began to open out; and there were glimpses of a forest marching over the land, and of mountains tipped with snow." (Leaf by Niggle)

Tolkien's own word for what is commonly called fantasy is 'sub-creation' the making of a secondary world with the integrity and coherence of reality. The two requisites for this activity he defines as imagination coupled with art; that is, not only the power to summon, but the skill to control. It is in this second point that he so far surpasses his competitors. The imagination of something that has no existence is dangerously easy, and many writers of fantasy have succumbed to the facility of invention, piling strangeness upon strangeness until the mind sickens, for it is all only words. But Middle-earth is real; it has an existence now independent of its creator. It has this reality because its parts relate to and modify each other, because it has balance and harmony, though neither too perfectly for truth. Tolkien avoided the trap of utopianism, as he avoided the trap of surrealism. Even at its strangest, Middle-earth is not bizzare, and there is enough prosaic detail to anchor the invention. A lesser writer, for example, would not have paused to calculate how long it would take twenty thousand Rohirrim to pass through Stonewain Valley, nor endured the ten-hour delay; such attention to detail induces us to give the same credence to more fantastic events. He uses the faulty reasoning to which we are all prone to his own ends: the adherence to the nature we know of most Middle-earth gives conviction to the departures from nature, like Fangorn. Nor is what we are shown ever improbable. If Ents existed, surely they would have behaved just as Tolkien describes. Treebeard is impossible, but not incredible. Throughout the work there is this restraint and discipline and no anarchy of imagination.

I have said that Tolkien made the bricks with which he built, but he did not make the straw and clay. As far as winning our belief in his creation is concerned, his masterstroke was to enlarge his Kindreds from originals already familiar to his audience. Some measure of belief or acceptance at least, already exists for Elves and Dwarves; when Tolkien has deepened and extended their natures, restoring to the Elder Kindred their terrible splendour, and freeing the Dwarves from the taint of buffoonery, giving to them dour secretive dignity, they are not only entirely credible but they bring with them a host of associations that Tolkien need

only evoke, not create. He does the same with Men, linking them with the myth of Altantis, which is well known yet shadowy enough to be used as he chose: even the names - Númenor, Dúnedain - seem names we have heard before, laden with majestic sorrow. He exploits this echoing of the half-familiar with great skill, using archaisms that suggest Anglo-Saxon, and hinting at the identification of the hobbits with the little people of Western legend. Indeed he continuously asserts that Middle-earth is our own world, even our own continent, only parted from us by the abyss of time. Even the Ents are not without parallels, for the European imagination is full of the incipient vitality of trees, while wood-sprites and gods abound. Only the Balrog is entirely invented, and having no echo in our minds, it fails to move so successfully. We catch only the rebound of the characters' fear; we inherit none.

Tolkien does not make the mistake of destroying the glamour of Middle-earth, particularly, Elvendom, by too much explanation. He leaves a jaggedness of outline on which the imagination may catch and gaps for our imagination to fill: he does not surfeit the appetite he stimulates. There is in moving from "The Hobbit" to "The Lord of the Rings" the frisson of realising that the world seen on that scale was in fact larger and more dangerous; that when Bilbo was a guest at Rivendell Aragorn was there, a boy of ten or so; that doubtless among the Wood-elves who imprisoned the Dwarves in Mirkwood was the Elf-King's son, Legolas. The delight Tolkien took in his own creation and the fascination it held are obvious and irresistable. For those who go on to read "Tom Bombadil" the charm of a man who can play a game solemnly is added to other charms; by this stage the reader is watching delightedly to see if his face will crack.

Yet a large part of Tolkien's work remains unexplained, However regrettably in some views, "The Lord of the Rings" became the the focus of a cult. Why ? Why did the creation of this academic, this orthodox Christian, become part of the drug culture, beloved of strange mystic sects ? What element, or blend of elements, give it such power ? Here I am aware of setting foot on dangerous ground; but as I said previously, I do not intend to search for any meanings, only the source of the extraordinary fascination "The Lotd of the Rings" has exercised over some of its readers.

Many have felt that this fascination was most readily accounted for by assuming the book is an allegory. We live in a utilitarian age and tend to believe that everything has a purpose. Tolkien, in "On Fairy-stories", gave a warning to those inclined to theorise in this way:

> "Ignorance or forgetfulness of the nature of a story, (as a thing told in its entirety) has often led such enquirers into strange judgements." (On Fairy-stories)

In the Foreword to the second edition of "The Lord of the Rings", he said quite specifically:

> "As for any meaning or message, it has in the intention of the author none. It is neither allegorical nor topical ... I cordially dislike allegory in all its forms ... I think that many confuse 'applicability' with 'allegory'; but the one resides in the freedom of the reader, and the other in the purposed domination of the author." (Introduction to "The Lord of the Rings", second edition)

The key to understanding lies, I believe, in the word 'applicability'. The stories of Middle-earth have no 'meaning', but they have relevance because Tolkien, consciously of unconsciously, identified, isolated, and wove into a single story the most emotionally powerful elements of our folktale heritage.

Those who have been most disturbed by it are, I suspect, (it can only be suspicion) those most estranged from the tradition that was Tolkien's inspiration: "The Lord of the Rings" is their first experience of what should be their imaginative heritage, and they over-react either with rejection, or surrendering too completely.

Magic consists of the naming of sacred objects and, by extension, of the identification of those objects. This is where Tolkien gathered the power he used so effectively. I have mentioned already how well judged it was to use Elves and Dragons, rather than inventing substitutes of his own, which would have had no emotional resonance; he extends this method, though more subtly, to his characters, too. I cannot examine everyone, but examples will suffice. Gandalf is the abstraction of all wizards, though fuller and rounder than any other - Merlin himself does not have the solidity of Gandalf - but he evokes other traditions too. He is the Wanderer, who comes when he is most sorely needed, but cannot be summoned; he is the Grey Pilgrim, which gives him the aura of the saints; he is rustic, pipe-smoking grandfather, showering treats; he is Stormcrow, the prophet who goes unheeded; he echoes Odin, with his grey garments and his miraculous horse; he dies and is resurrected. Of course these are not made explicit, and of course Gandalf is not Christ, any more than Aragorn is, or Faramir, though they too both echo him. But we make the unconscious associations, and shiver with recognition.

Aragorn is also the distillation of many heroes. He is the lost or hidden heir, the prince who must be exiled to the wilderness before he can come to his kingdom; the lover who serves long years for his bride; he is the 'perfect gentle knight'; the Prince who must achieve the Quest to win his Princess; and the promised King whose return brings the Golden Age. He inherits the emotions of his originals, and adds to them the attraction of a clearly drawn, impressive character. Galadriel, the Lady of Lórien, is clearly the perilous beautiful fay, the Queen of Elfland or Gore, but she has the aura of Norn or Goddess to add to the beauty and mystery of the gift-giving Fairy Queen, and her Golden Wood is every enchanted forest, every forbidden garden, Eden itself, the place unstained by sin or sorrow; it is Gramarye too. The tale could go on: Tom Bombadil, the indestructible merry spirit of the earth, Pan and Puck, the Green Man; the flawed knight; the faithful servant; the King with the prophesied death; the wicked magician and the forlorn Princess.

Besides the characters, whose situation he extends and adapts superbly, Tolkein uses other potent elements of legend. There is the last stand of the beleaguered city; there is the One Ring, the legendary treasure that carries a curse, and the lesser rings that bind the Nazgûl, echoing the rings once given by Kings as rewards and marks of fealty. Aragorn bears a famous sword, named and itself the subject of story; Boromir a horn reminiscent of Oliphant. A favourite motive of the folktale, the irresistable metal, in our culture the memory of the impact of iron on the Bronze Age (as are the swords of whose line Andúril comes) appears here as mithril, true-silver, beautiful and more desirable than gold, by association with the Elves, almost magical. Even the constant reference to the West, and the longing for the Western Lands call forth a strong response that needs never be defined.

All these elements are very potent magic, and only to recite them would be moving; but Tolkien knew that "a spell both means a story told, and a formula of power" (On Fairy-stories) and he combined all these strands in a story, itself blending themes of legend, the burden of which, the averting of the end of the world, could hardly be more momentous. The title he gives it in "The Red Book of Westmarch" is fitter for it than the abbreviated form we use - "The Downfall of the Lord of the Rings and the Return of the King". The Quest must be followed, the City defended, and the Last Battle joined as the gates of Hell open. Judgement, Armageddon, Ragnarok. Beneath the swift-moving events the motifs of struggle and doom latent in all nurtured by our North European culture and Judæo-Christian beliefs is sensed like movement

felt through the ground, and in many ways he deepens the tradition. In this story, the treasure is not to be won, but to be renounced; only by the destruction of the most precious thing in it may Middle-earth be preserved. The message of renunciation and sacrifice recurs; Faramir noble and guiltless offering himself for his city: Arwen renouncing her immortality for Love. Most immense and moving of all is the sacrifice of the Elves, who fight knowing that they will fall with their enemy, that with the Ring will perish their power, and victory to them will mean the loss of Middle-earth. This grief behind the triumph, the elegaic note, gives a greater emotional depth than a simple celebration of triumph.

Tolkien was wise in the limitations he set on his heroes' victory. There is no suggestion that it is permanent: Gandalf warns that the enemy will return, they have fought only

> "... so that those who live after may have clean earth to till, What weather they shall have it not ours to rule." (The Return of the King)

Tolkien as a Christian would not suggest that final salvation could be achieved by Men or Elves, or even Gandalf.

Yet though the acknowledgement of the impossibility of final victory and the accent on loss-in-gain might suggest an ending melancholy in tone, this would be wrong. Tolkien saw one of the functions of a story of this kind as 'consolation', and the most important 'consolation' that of the happy ending, to use his own word - eucatastrophe - which he defines as being

> " ... a sudden and miraculous grace, never to be counted on to recur . It does not deny the existence of dyscatastrophe, of sorrow and failure; the possibility of these is necessary to the joy of deliverance; it denies (in the face of much evidence if you will) universal final defeat, and in so far is evangelium, giving a fleeting glimpse of Joy, Joy beyond the walls of the world, poignant as grief." (On Fairy-stories)

It is a criterion which he fulfills triumphantly. Quotations out of context cannot convey the lift and the glory that he can achieve, but as an instance, think of the Battle of the Pelennor Fields, when Éomer looks on certain destruction and his own death, and sings.

> "For once more lust of battle was upon him; and he was still unscathed, and he was young, and he was King; the lord of a fell people. And Lo! even as he laughed at despair he looked out again on the black ships and he lifted up his sword to defy them.
>
> And then wonder took him, and a great joy; and he cast his sword up in the sunlight and sang as he caught it. And all eyes followed his gaze, and behold! on the foremost ship a great standard broke, and the wind displayed it as she turned towards the Harlond. There flowered a white tree, and that was for Gondor; but seven stars were about it, and a high crown above it, the signs of Elendil that no lord had borne for years beyond count. And the stars flamed in the sunlight, for they were wrought of gems by Arwen daughter of Elrond and the crown was bright in the morning, for it was wrought of mithril and gold.
>
> Thus came Aragorn son of Arathorn, Elessar, Isildur's heir, out of the Paths of the Dead, borne upon a wind from the sea to the Kingdom of Gondor ... " (The Return of the King)

Remember too the restoration to life of Faramir, Sam and Frodo waking on the Field of Cormallen, when they had closed their eyes on Mount Doom, and our last sight of Frodo, as he looks back from the deck of the Elf-ship and sees

the rain-curtain roll back to reveal the shores of the West. He tells us the story we always knew, but had forgotten and he gives it the ending we always desired it should have. There is a wholesome air to Middle-earth, redolent of energy, generosity and hope.

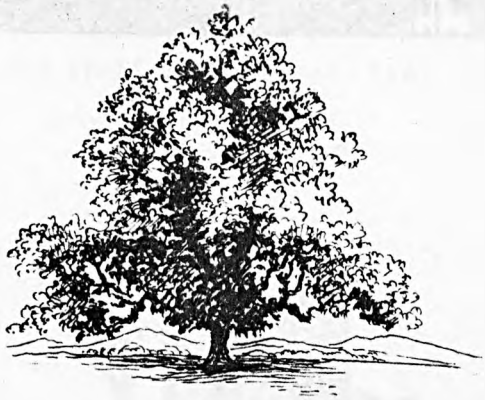
> "To the Elvish craft, Enchantment, Fantasy aspires, and when it is successul of all forms of human art most nearly approaches." (On Fairy-stories)

Appreciation cannot be complete until "The Silmarillion" is published; but there can be no doubt that the creation of Middle-earth and the writing of its annals was a great achievement. We can already say with certainty that Tolkien's fantasy is successful, and that what he attained does indeed approach Enchantment.

Niggle never finished painting his picture. He was summoned to begin the journey he dreaded when his Tree was incomplete, and when he had gone, the canvas was used to patch his neighbour's roof: but after the little man's purgatory, he too was granted a eucatastrophe:

> "Before long he found that the path on which he had started has disappeared, and the bicycle was rolling along over a marvellous turf. It was green and close, and yet he could see every blade distinctly. He seemed to remember having seen or dreamed of that sweep of grass somewhere or other. The curves of the land were familiar somehow. Yes: the ground was becoming level, as it should, and now of course, it was beginning to rise again. A great green shadow came between him and the sun. Niggle looked up and fell off his bicycle.
>
> Before him stood the Tree,his Tree, finished. If you could say that of a tree that was alive, its leaves opening, its branches growing and bending in the wind that he had felt many times and had so often failed to catch. He gazed at the tree, and slowly lifted his arms and opened them wide.
>
> "It's a gift!" he said."
>
> (Tree and Leaf)

The previous article first appeared in the magazine "Children's Literature in Education", issue number 19.




Men

# HOW TO BAKE A HOBBIT CAKE

by

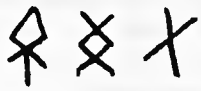
# PERRY THE WINKLE.

First, make a good sized round cake, using any good light fruit-cake recipe. Cover the top with almond paste, thick or thin as you prefer; then with sugar-icing lightly tinted green, ice the top of the cake.

Colour some more icing a good bold green, and pipe it thickly round the rim of the cake; then cut some Angelica into pointed strips (you will want plenty of these !), and pack it all around the rim of the cake, on top of the dark green icing, till the Angelica looks like a wreath of green leaves.

Put hazel-nuts (shelled, of course!) in clusters, at frequent intervals among the Angelica leaves, and every now and then a cherry.

In the centre of the cake you can pipe an appropriate inscription. In Sindarin if you are clever, or a runic inscription in Angelica strips if you want something easier :-



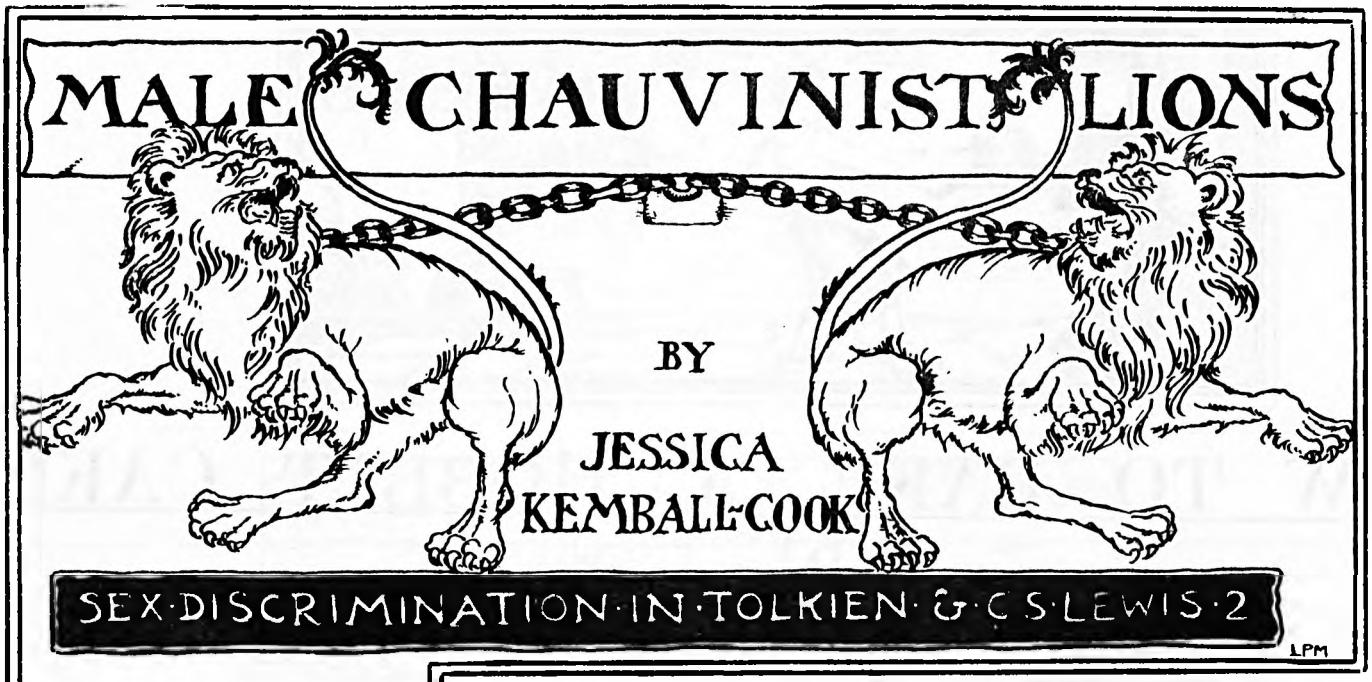
for instance.

This cake has been found suitable for Yule parties, Cormallen Day, Biblo's birthday, (but make sure you have plenty), and any other good excuse.

Perry the Winkle

Proprietor of the Old Troll Bakery.






In discussing C. S. Lewis' books, I shall limit myself to the "Narnia Chronicles" only. I know that his attitude to women is revealed in many of his books, articles and letters, most noticably in the novels "That Hideous Strength" and "Till We Have Faces", and the short story "The Shoddy Lands", together with the Christian writings "The Four Loves" and "A Grief Observed", to name but a few. However, this article is about what children read - children's books are the main target of the anti-discrimination lobby - and the Narnian fantasies are the best parallel to the Tolkien epic already discussed. Before I go over to Narnia, I must indulge myself with a quotation from the Letters,

> (18th April, 1940) TO A LADY: " ... if marriage is a permanent relation ... there must be a head ... do you really want the Head to be a woman ? ... do you really want a Matriarchal world ? ... Do you really like women in authority ? ... My own feeling is that the Headship of the house is necessary to protect the outside world against the family ... What do nine women out of ten care about justice to the outer world when the health, or career, or happiness of their own children is at stake ?"
>
> And on 'sober and goldy matrons': "It means Married women (matrons) who are religious (godly) and have something better and happier to think about than jazz and lipstick (sober)". (If he had written that today I'm sure 'jazz' would have been replaced with 'pop music' to capture the meaning he intended.)

I couldn't resist that! After giving that ammunition to the enemy, I'll turn to Narnia, and a few more quotations about the nature and spirit of women:

> "Polly had used the bit of the tunnel just beside the cistern as a smuggler's cave ... here she kept a cashbox containing various treasures, and a story she was writing, and usually a few apples." (Magician's Nephew, pp 11-12)
>
> Father Christmas: "battles are ugly when women fight"
> (The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, p 103)
>
> Lasaraleen: "There's no point in having a new dress on if one's

to go about shut up like this ... some of the Narnian men are lovely."
(The Horse and his Boy, p 90)

"She remembered now that Lasaraleen had always been like that, interested in clothes, and parties, and gossip. Aravis had always been more interested in bows and arrows, and horses, and dogs, and swimming."
(The Horse and his Boy, p 91)

But Aravis is pleased to relax later on: "They ... soon went away together to talk about Aravis' bedroom, and Aravis's boudoir, and about getting clothes for her, and all the sort of things girls do talk about on such an occasion."
(The Horse and his Boy, p 189)

We must, of course, have part of that concluding paragraph: "Aravis also had many quarrels ... (and fights) with Cor, but they always made it up again; so that years later, when they were grown up, they were so used to quarrelling and making it up again that they got married so as to go on doing it more conveniently."
(The Horse and his Boy, p 199)

"In ruling that land, I shall do all by the counsel of my lady, who will then be my queen too. Her word shall be my law ... ' "
'Where I come from ... they don't think much of men who are bossed about by their wives'
'Thou shalt think otherwise when thou hast a man of thine own, I warrant you.' "
(The Silver Chair, p 138)

" 'I am glad ... that the foul witch took to her serpent form at the last. It would not have suited well either with my heart or with my honour to have slain a woman. But look to the lady.'
'I'm all right, thanks', said she.
'Damsel', said the prince, bowing to her, 'you are of a high courage, and therefore, I doubt not, you come of a noble blood in your own world ...'"
(The Silver Chair, p 167)

"She was the best pathfinder of the three ... he was astonished to find how silently and almost invisibly she glided on before them."
(The Last Battle, p 64)

" 'Oh Susan! ... she's interested in nothing now-a-days except nylons and lipstick and invitations. She was always a jolly sight too keen on being grown-up.'
'Grown-up, indeed ... Her whole idea is to race on to the silliest time of one's life as quick as she can and then stop there as long as she can."

---

I have given you there a selection of quotations which indicate Lewis' attitude to girls in the Narnia books. I have tried to find those which might be considered to have overtones of chauvinism, and to balance them with others which go the other way. Obviously, it would be easy for Women's Libbers to pick such quotations out and make us hang our heads - in shame - but I do not hide them away, either; I intend to prove that C. S. Lewis had more in common with

them than they imagine.

When I dealt with Tolkien, I needed only to consider fantasy creatures, and adults at that, so that two lines of argument were considered: Historical Accuracy, and writers' preference. By contrast, Lewis' main characters are childre, and females are far more prominent in the Narnia books, so that we have much more evidence for his attitudes. It looks as if the historical setting has established women's rôle in Narnia - but it is the Earth children, their attitude to one another and what their author lets them achieve, which is most relevant, and instructive. Girls have an equal, and often SUPERIOR, share, in the great deeds. The story is more often told from the girl's point of view, than the boy's - think of Polly, Jill and especially Lucy, heroine of three books. Where Lewis narrates an episode with the boy at the centre, that boy is usually due for a come-uppance - Digory (striking the bell), Eustace, and of course Edmund. Where the boy is definitely the hero, HE IS NARNIAN: Shasta/ Cor, Caspian and Tirian. When the girl is the main character she is often, but not always, blameless of really wicked deeds. An exception is Jill on the cliff at Aslan's country, but she never looses our sympathy. The girl is always capable of understanding Aslan's nature far better than the boy - you can't imagine the boys watching by Aslan's dead body in "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe", and Aslan chooses Lucy to experience his return in "Prince Caspian" first of all. After Eustace has reformed in "The Voyage of the Dawn Treader", Lucy becomes the heroine for the rest of the book and performs the feat of the Magician's Book.

It's obvious from what I have just said that Lewis was hardly antipathetic to girls. Whence then this rumour of his misogyny ? He seems to prefer girls to boys as hero-figures, and I'll suggest a reason now. Lewis was a bookish lad, and hated the bullying and gang-life of a boy's school. He would have more in common with a lonely girl than with the majority of boys that he met. Such a girl, like Polly, who is writing her own story, could have been an ideal companion, were it not for the teenage preoccupations that seize upon the female sex, ever earlier and earlier. For girls, whether by nature or social conditioning, make better readers than most boys, and carry on far longer before they break the habit. I won't go into details of his own life, beyond saying that he chose to live in the same house-hold as a couple of petty-minded females, and he found married happiness very late in life. He did not hate females as such, but he detested the whole round of fashion that drives women to forsake independent thought and vigourous outdoor activities in favour of 'dolling' themselves up to impress their men-folk. As also do our contemporary women's libbers, who have forsaken such trappings as lipstick and other make-up, just as Lewis advocates in the letter I first quoted !

The women's movement are fond of decrying women who enjoy being 'sex objects', and although Lewis would deplore their outspokenness, he offers an excellent sketch of an empty-headed 'sex object' in Lasaraleen, who would persuade Aravis to marry Ahoshta for his wealth. Susan, too, comes in for attack, and although I see that she wouldn't fit in, I feel it's cruel for her to lose her whole family in the railway accident. Will she get to Heaven at the end of her life ? R.L. Green thought she wouldn't be capable of experiencing it.

A femininity consisting of empty-headedness does not appeal to Lewis, and he prefers women who develop their individual characteristics without worrying about their effect on men. So do modern-day liberated women, whom I have often complain that men restricted women's development. However, Lewis would not agree with the marital disorder resulting from female liberation: he would say that a women should choose one way or another, but being married should submit to her husband !

Returning to Narnia, we have seen that the children take equal shares in the story, they even share in battle. Lewis's ideas changed about this: at first Father Christmas forbade Lucy and Susan to fight, but then Susan develops her archery anyway and saves Trumpkin from drowning (and beats him in a contest). Come "The Horse and his Boy", Lucy rides to battle with the archers (she won't actually take part in hand-to-hand fighting). Jill keeps away while the others finish off the witch-snake in "The Silver Chair", but in "The Last Battle" she shoots to kill. Jill is a good scout as well, and so far from being empty-headed. she has to pretend to be so, so as to put the giants off the scent at Harfang.

Whereas the English girls get fair shares when it comes to adventures, Narnian females are well in the background, and the usual historical conventions apply, modified by the conventions of fantasy, of course, just as in Tolkien. The same fantasy archetypes crop up: the Princess, the Enchantress, and the Amazon.

The Amazon first: Aravis dons her brothers clothes to escape an unpleasant marriage and run away to Narnia. Note that the plot of "The Horse and his Boy" is doubled, as Susan must also run away from an unwelcome husband. Aravis takes an equal part in the adventure, and is rewarded with a new home, and later marriage to the King of Archenland, and it's clear that she retains all her independence of spirit and never becomes subservient to Cor. (see earlier quotations). Aravis and Éowyn are parallel examples of the traditional fantasy amazon.

Next the Princess: Capsian and the other voyagers are immediately struck by the beauty of Ramandu's daughter: "When they looked at her they thought they never before had known what beauty meant" ("The Voyage of the Dawn Treader"). Caspian loses no time in telling her that he would like to kiss her in order to break the enchantment. We approve Caspian's choice of an unglamourised and independent lady, and forgive him his insult of the Duke of Galma's daughter, who "squints and has freckles" - is that really her fault ? With this princess, as with Aravis, Lewis brings in the heredity factor - both become Queen and also <u>mother of a King</u>. As in Tolkien's Middle-earth, it is important that Kings chose fitting mates to provide the best possible parentage for the future monarch.

In the Narnia Chronicles, all marriages take place "off-stage", and only Narnian characters marry. The wedding of Caspian and the Star-Daughter, Cor and Aravis, are brief mentions in the final paragraph. By "The Silver Chair", Rilian's mother has died, Frank and Helen are already married. As Professor Kirke is single in "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe", he can't very well marry Polly, and they are the only Earth couple who are grown-up in real life. I feel this is a pity, but Lewis may have thought that the subject was taboo in a children's book. Maybe his own celibacy influenced his writing, and his mother's early death would have deprived him of the experience of domestic happiness when young, on which to model later life.

David Holbrook connected this absence of a mother with the extreme evil displayed by the leading female characters. In Lewis, the two Enchantresses are both wicked, and beautiful, using their attractivness for temptation and seduction; but in Tolkien, as we have seen, the Enchantresses Galadriel and Goldberry are good beings. Note that in Lewis the most evil characters <u>are always female</u>, whereas in Tolkien they are <u>always men</u>. Now in Narnia (and on Earth) the women are the worst. There are bad men - but they are generally bunglers and blunderers, and don't use wicked magic on the whole.

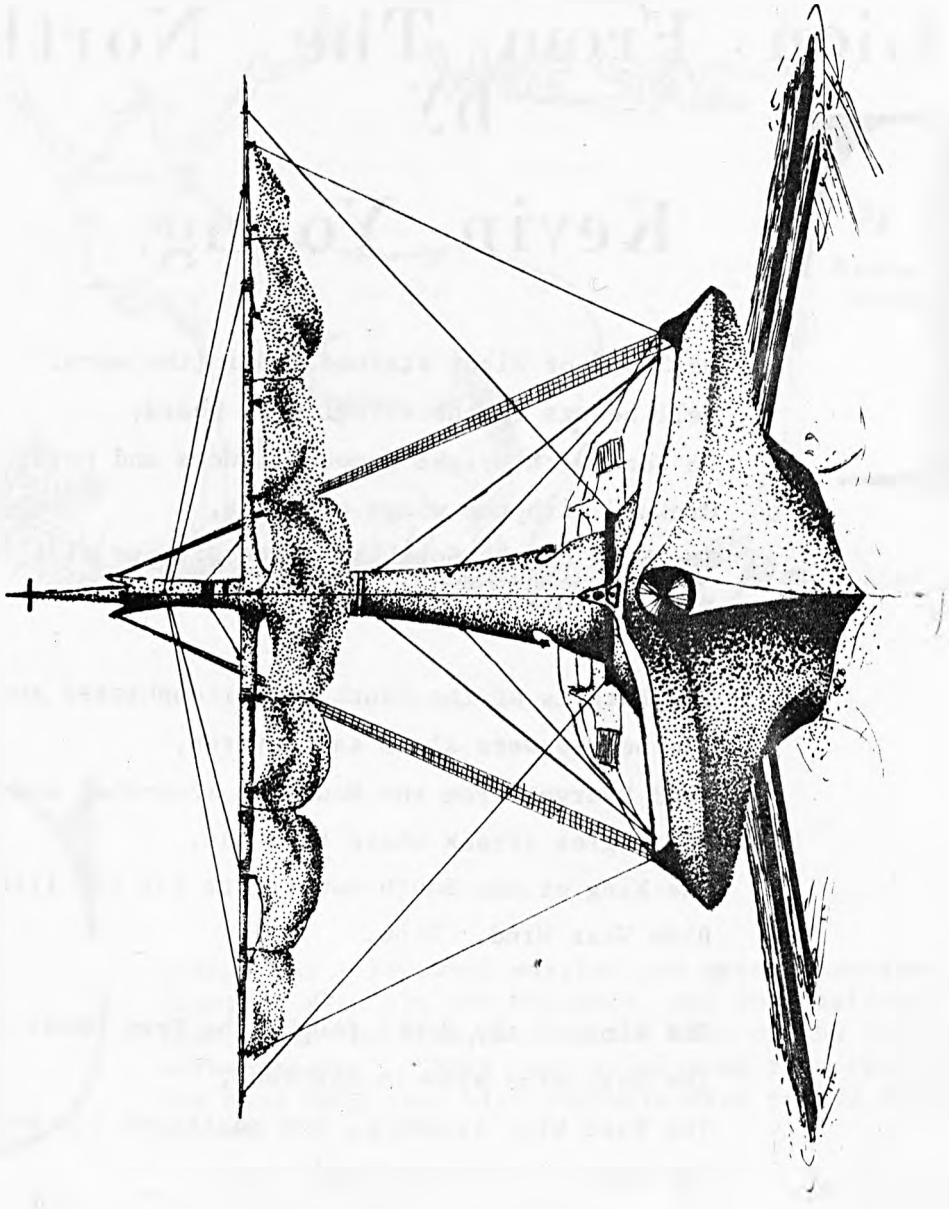
The reason for this opposing treatment by Tolkien and Lewis are many and complex, and I cannot properly analyse them here, only mentioning a few possible explanations: Tolkein's father died when he was very young - so did Lewis's mother; Tolkien enjoyed a happy romantic marriage - Lewis was celibate when the books were

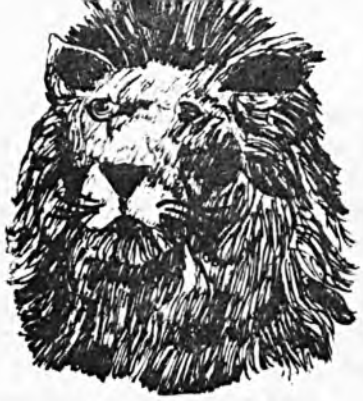
written, but lived with a ménage of unsympathetic females; Tolkien's literary influence would seem to be more Celtic than Lewis's, and to draw from the lovely Irish Goddesses; whereas Lewis's witches resemble the fairy Queens of Arthurian romance, especially Morgan-Le-Fay, who was just as evil. Uncle Andrew's godmother was a Mrs. Lefay! Finally Tolkien's religion claims a central position for a female figure; whereas Lewis's Protestantism is centred on the Trinity and leaves the Virgin Mary on the side-lines. But don't fall into the trap of thinking that Lewis's witches show a hatred of women - though they are female, they are not human, but giantish! I won't go into the apocraphal legend of the Lady Lilith now, but remember that Mrs. Beaver said that Jadis was descended from her, not from Eve.

There is no space here for a long analysis of the witches' crimes, which anyway you are all familiar with, but I shall mention some of the worst: all of them blaspheme against the true God. Jadis eats the apple, and tries to make Digory take one too; she kills Aslan; the Snake-Witch tries to make the others believe that there is no Narnia, and there are many other evil deeds. Although technically the withces are not human, they possess their characteristics, of many wicked women, and although we may concede that Lewis portrays them as dominating and superior, he also shows them evil and hated. If a Women's Libber is determined to take against Lewis for his treatment of the witches, it would be hard to argue the opposite. All one can say is that he agrees with the fantasy archetype, and that in the girl characters provide plenty of balance.

I hope that from this article you, the reader, may have gathered useful arguements to employ when you find Lewis and Tolkien insulted as male chauvinists. They both hated the way women are degraded by today's fashion scene, just as the Women's movement does. However, their view of marriage is definitely traditional. A woman may chose to develop her personality outside marriage, but once committed, she must be mother and home-maker, and let her husband be the head. It is a tragedy that today's society offers less chance for a woman to combine 'work' with this rôle than in the past; a housewife in the feudal worlds we have examined would have had many responsible tasks beside child-minding, and of course, schools not being universal, even that chore would have demanded the systematic approach. Today women are supposed to be liberated, but it is a sad case when women fear and hate the arrival of a child.

So to conclude: Lewis and Tolkien are NOT sexist in the superficial sense, buth their mediaeval fantasy worlds present a traditional attitude to women, who are 'equal but different' and are treated chivalrously. The individual woman may fulfill her destiny and perform great deeds, but to create children is still the most magical act of all.





# The Lion From The North.

by

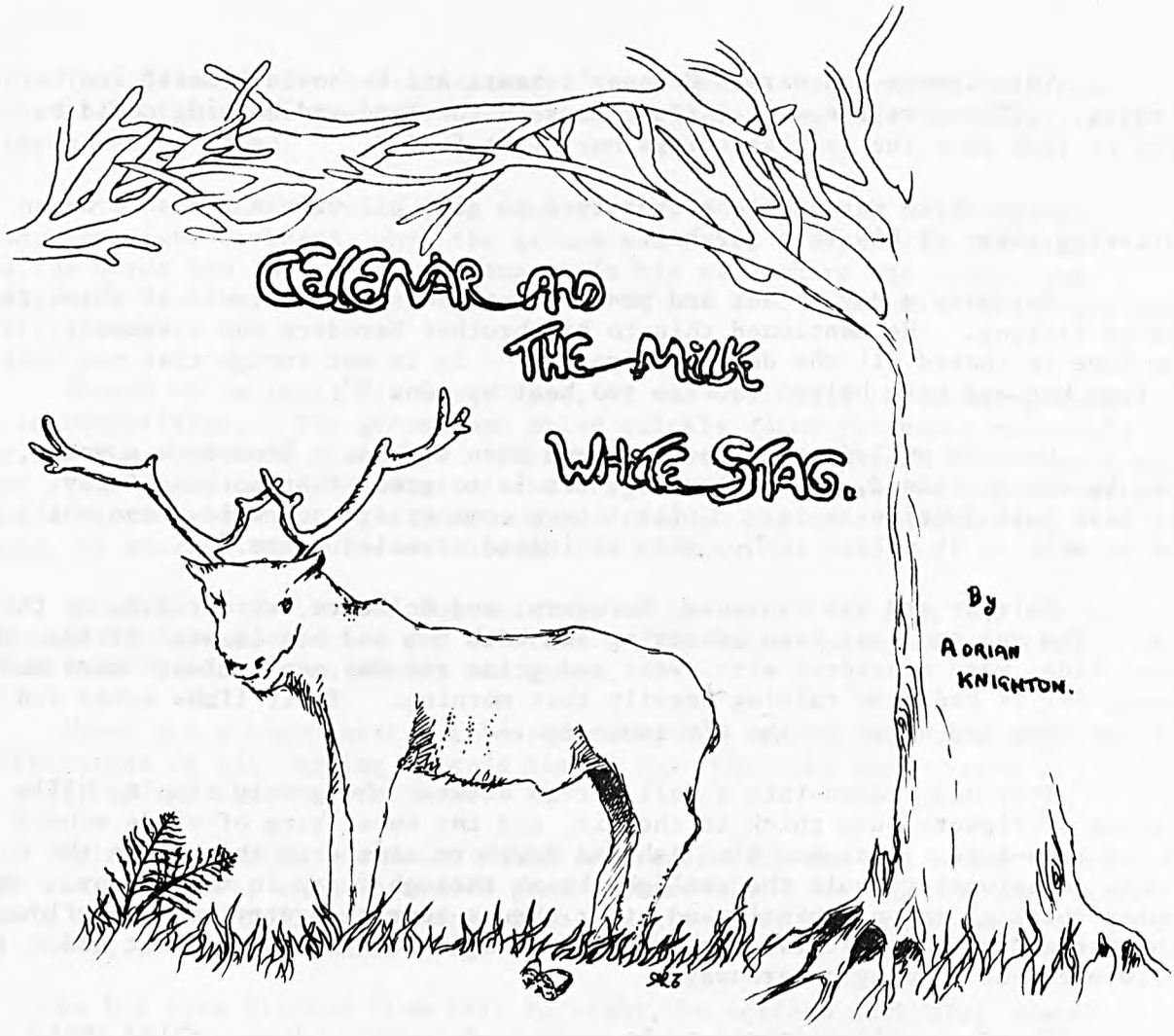
## Kevin Young.

The Tower of Night stained red in the morn,
Fell beasts in the street were heard,
Oh come with bright armour, lances and horn,
Crowned with the wings of birds,
The King of the South has need of your aid,
Blow South Wind. Blow.

The Knights of the South were slaughtered and trapped,
The people were slain as they ran,
Send Dwarves from the Mountain iron-shod and capped,
Let Eagles attack where they can,
The King of the South now fights for his life,
Blow West Wind. Blow.

The King of the South fought the Grey Ghoul alone,
The East Wind blew in his face,
The East Wind laughe d , and scattered his bones,
The last of the Sea King's race.
The King of the South spurns the East Wind's aid,
Blow East Wind. Blow.

The beasts of the Witch now feast in the Tower,
The Ghouls gnaw the South-land bones,
But of the North Wind let the Black Witch beware,
Beware of the North Wind's moans,
A Lion from the North to his aid will come,
Blow North Wind. Blow.




Celenar was a renowned warrior and master huntsman and together with his two brothers, and some half-dozen kinsmen plus their families, made up the band of the Red-feathered arrow-makers. Their name originated from the fact that the band only used bird feathers dyed red to flight their arrows.

Above all else Celenar esteemed his wife Merithina of the golden hair, and clear blue eyes, and his two sons Celedir and Thentasir. He would often ride with them over the land teaching them all he knew in the ways of beasts and men. They grew strong under his guidance, and their father was well pleased.

"Our sons", he said once to Merithina, "will become great in the ways of the sword and the hunt, yet they are good of heart and no man of good will shall fear them, for they shall protect the weak, and guard them like the shepherd guards his sheep."

His wife did answer, "My dearest, surely thou speakest of thyself for no other is nobler than thou. For their gifts our sons owe it to thee for thou hast sired them."

This answer had warmed Celenar's heart and he bowed himself low before Merithina. "Thou art the most fairest lady in the land and nothing could be worthy of thee save the fairest things one might find."

With these words Celenar resolved to give his wife a treasure as an everlasting token of his love for her.

For many a day he sat and pondered, yet of nothing could he think that would be fitting. He mentioned this to his brother Narodern who answered, "Your love is indeed all she desires, brother. Is it not enough that you hunt for her, feed her and have helped to sire two healthy sons ?"

Celenar smiled at his brother and then sighed. "For such a woman, it may be enough indeed, yet my love for her is so great that nothing I may bring pays full justice to it. Still I take comfort at your words, and shall think no more on it unless such a gift is indeed revealed to me."

Celenar and his brothers, Narodern, and Ecladern, were riding in the hills. The sun had long been westering and both men and beasts were tired; the horses' hides were spattered with sweat and grime and the men's cloaks were mud stained, for it had been raining heavily that morning. Their limbs ached and were stiff for they had dried in the afternoon sun.

They had ridden into a dell carved between the gently sloping hills. The scent of flowers hung thick in the air, and the sweet song of birds echoed from the tree-tops. Oak and Elm, Ash and Hawthorn clustered thickly in the hollow and only occasionally would the sunlight break through a gap in the canopy. Here sprouted thick clumps of thistle and other shrubs bearing pretty woodland flowers. At the far end of the dell two oak trees stood and their boughs had met and intertwined thus forming an archway.

The whole place seemed to be enchanted as the riders stilled their horses and gazed around them as if transfixed by the heady scent and the birdsong.

As they absorbed the scene they noticed a rustling in the undergrowth near the natural archway. They stared at the oak trees, Celenar particularly found his eyes drawn to the space between them.

It happened suddenly. Under the archway appeared a milk white stag, pure white from the highest antler to its hindfeet and tail, except for its pink eyes.

The stag stood impassively between the oak trees, its head held high with the majestic arrogance all powerful animals have. Keenly the hunters eyed the firm sinews under its silky hide, the compact muscles of an animal in its prime, yet they could not fix a arrow to their bows. The pink eyes regarded them momentarily then the beast flicked its head, turned, and with a gentle movement of its powerful legs was gone.

The sun had lowered and now its rays shone through the archway illuminating the whole dell. Everywhere shone golden and, blinded by the sunlight, the hunters dreamt they rode in fairie amidst the ever blooming flora, and heard the Elvish songs all around them.

Presently they drifted out of their enchantment and turned their mounts for home. They undertook the homeward journey silently for each was ensnared by his dreams.

And so the gift was revealed to Celenar and he knew he must hunt the stag, and fashion the pelt into a robe for Merithina, so she would be ever-white and never fading, for surely naught could dim the whiteness of that fur.

Thus Celenar of the Red-feathered arrow-makers resolved to hunt the milk-white stag of Dondorielno (the name of the dell meaning oaken-archway), till one or the other died.

Early the next morning just when the new daylight was beginning to sweep away the night darkness, when the ground was still soaked with the clear dew, and the birds had just woken, Celenar left his wife where she slept, and stealthily took his sword, hunting spear, and bow and arrows, mounted his horse and rose swiftly away.

Though he galloped his mount hard, it was well into the morning when he came to Dondorielno. The ground had dried quickly after yesterday morning's rain for the sun now shone strongly. Though he scoured every inch of the dell near the oaken archway, he found no trace of the stag. He had no choice but to follow the vague direction of the stag's disappearance through the trees and beyond. Remounting, he spurred the horse on through the archway.

Immediately the wooded surroundings of the dell fell away and all the shapes around him seemed blurred and deformed. The horse reared and snorted. It took all Celenar's efforts to steady his mount.

About him a heavy mist swirled guarding any secrets the land might hold. In all directions it sat, moving towards him so that the cold damp kissed his cheeks, chilling the flesh to the bone.

Grimly he forced his mount round and raced back the way he had come, yet there was only mist, and the sodden grass before him. He dug his heels into the horse's flanks and galloped onwards into the gloom, as he became aware of his original quest, to find the white stag.

As his eyes flicked from left to right, he noticed dark grey shapes floating in the fog, wavering above the ground, swooping around him, regions of darkness where all light was drawn and nine reflected save for a greyness which filled they eyes and drew one's gaze.

Now the shapes multiplied and thronged about him as if drawn like iron to a magnet. His heartbeat raced and something knotted deep inside his stomach. Now beads of sweat ran down his face, forcing him to shiver as his way became barricaded by grey shapes. His eyes saw nothing but the cavern-like greyness.

He tucked his head down towards his chest and covered his face with his arms, and placed his hands over his ears, for he heard the cries.

Groans of wailing torment penetrated his head, grief struck calls from the nether holes of the earth cold with piercing cries of woe, striking terror into the flesh, Celenar's flesh, that now felt their fury.

Almost doubled trying to seek relief, his body whipped by fear, twisted and turned in a effort to seek shelter. Then he could stand it no longer, and tore his hands away from his head and unsheathed his sword.

Crying for mercy he swung many wide arcs about him, blows that would have been the bane of anything, man or beast. Yet there was only mist that the blade sliced through, for there were no grey shaped to be seen, only the mist that shrouded this silent land.

He laughed as he realised that he had almost been destroyed by his own fear. He laughed until the ground seemed to shake with the noise and the air danced. Sheathing his sword he rode off the seek the stag.

As he rode he heard voices, bearing in mind his previous experience these were just ignored as another figment of the imagination. Yet they persisted, enticing him to listen. Celenar was drawn by the beauty of the voices, soft and sweet, sharp and clear, they ran over him like the waters of a cold spring, washing away his fears and cleansing his clammy skin.

Not fearing them he listened, "Good master huntsman, why comest thou hither ? Why dost thou hunt the white stag ? Come follow us and we shall guide thee home."

The hunter shouted, "I hunt him because I must, my good ladies, and that is all I shall say." He rode on and nothing was seen. Yet he knew the maidens of the mist watched him, harmless, yet strangely powerful.

The mist cleared before him and there stood the stag. With a shout Celenar drove his horse forward, the stag leapt away and the pursuit was on.

The stag was fast yet not fast enough. About him the mist abounded save for a narrow path straight before him. It seemed like hours he chased the animal until his horse was well lathered. Spear at the ready he closed waiting for the moment to kill.

Suddenly the stag's legs gave way and the beast floundered below Celenar, at his mercy. The pure white coat was sodden and its flanks heaved as the lungs laboured for air. Bloody foam had gathered at the snout, and distressed it cast a gaze at its pursuer, one that pleaded mercy yet displayed a proudness that warmed Celenar. The pink eyes held his gaze for a moment never wavering, and in that moment Celenar lowered his spear and turned away, for he could not kill such an animal. Then the mist swirled around and closed in, the stag drifted away, and something stirred in the undergrowth. Startled, his horse reared and Celenar was flung from the saddle, hit his head upon landing, and lay in blackness.

Upon waking he found his horse licking his bruised head. Raising himself he found a bundle of cloth beside him. Curious, he unfolded it and gasped in wonder. It was a robe so soft and silky it would be fit not for the highest Queen in all the world. A deep blue, it was lined with fur, white, deep and warm. Throughout the blue ran little gold threads like small streams flowing over rocks. They seemed to catch what little light there was and threw it out again so that the robe seemed warm and gentle to behold.

"There good Celenar, Stag-sparer. Give that to Merithina. Fare ye well."

"Thank you", cried Celenar. "Who are you ? Please show yourselves." Only silence greeted his words and the mist gently melted away, unfolding itself from the land.

He recognised a lone tree on a ridge before him. Over the hill the camp lay. Clutching the robe tightly he mounted his horse and rode home.

There his brother told him it was time for the mid-day meal. And after eating was told his tale, and Merithina recieved the robe, and wept for joy and from that moment Celenar was satisfied.

And now this tale is old yet still the robe is with us. For it was handed down from mother to daughter until the days of the High Kings, when it was given to the High King's wife, and now it is hidden in the land of Nuld for the Kigh Kings are no more, though men say they will come again.

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## ON THE ROAD TO MORDOR

### Solution to the puzzle by Jessica Kemball-Cook

(as appeared in Mallorn 10)

DWARF wore brown, ate Cake, rode the Chestnut horse, and smoked Westmansweed.

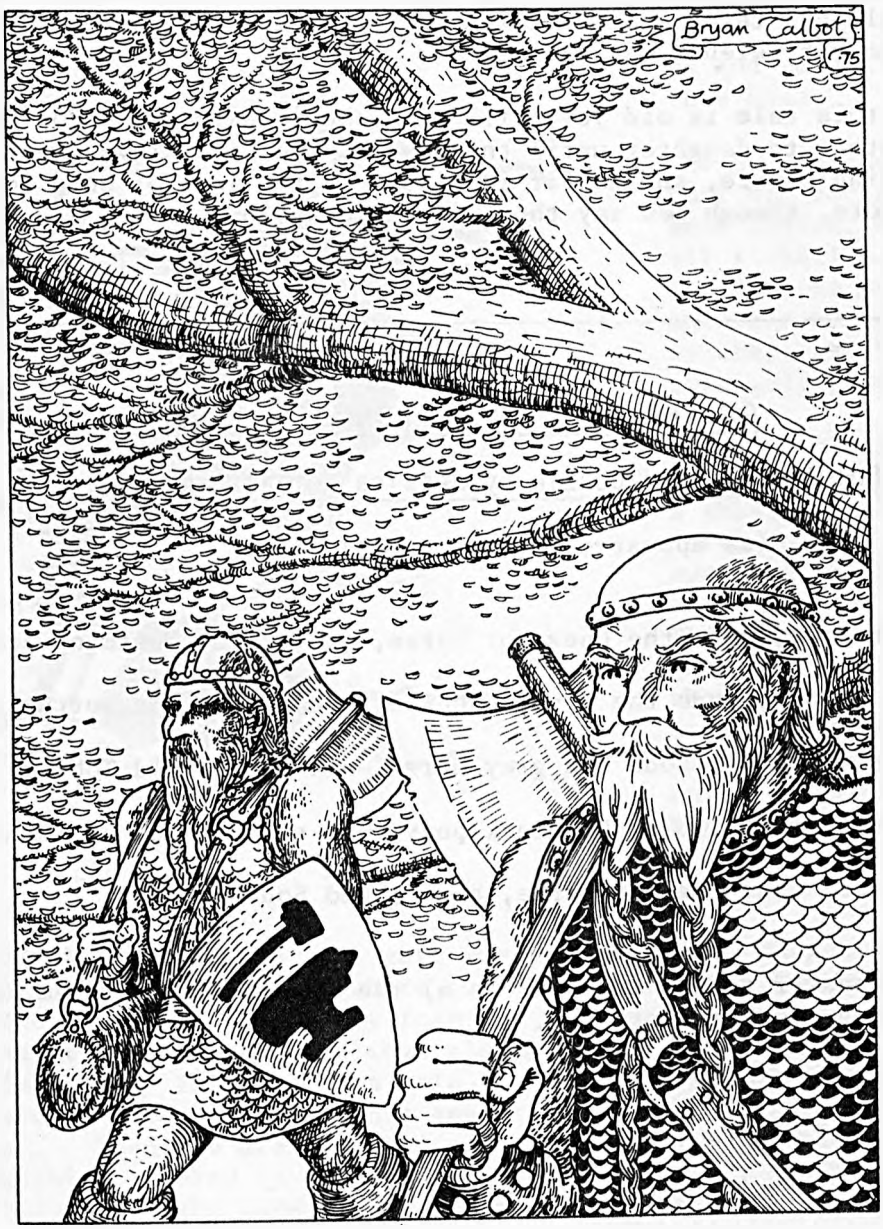
ELF wore green, ate Lembas, rode the dappled horse, and smoked Longbottom Leaf.

WIZARD wore white, ate apples, rode the grey horse, and smoked Old Toby.

HOBBIT wore blue, ate bread, rode the black pony, and smoked Southern Star.

MAN wore red, ate cram, rode the bay horse, and smoked Southlinch.

Therefore, the answer to the question is a) the Man was eating cram, and b) the Dwarf was riding the chestnut mare.




Dwarves

# PROFILE.

# Vera Ivy May Chapman. Born: 1898, Alias: Belladonna Took, Founder and former Secretary of the Tolkien Soc;

Vera May Chapman, alias Belladonna Took, was born in 1898. She coincided with the death of Gladstone, and Burne-Jones, the discovery of radium, and the battle of Omdurman, though we hasten to add did not cause it. She states, "I am undeniably a senior citizen - far from disguising my age, I think it better to brag about it."

Her birthplace was Bournemouth, where she lived with her family till 1914, when the whole family moved to South Africa. There the fortunes of war sent her round to India (Poona, in fact) for a glimpse of the real old Raj before its soon to come extinction, then returning back to first-world wartime England.

Once back in England she was sent to Oxford, and studied at Lady Margaret Hall. She was one of the first batch of women to be invested with the cap and gown, and allowed full university status. Unfortunatley she missed Tolkien's tutelage in Early English by some three of four years. Who knows though, she probably rubbed shoulders with him in Oxford all unbeknowing.

In 1921 she returned to South Africa and there married a C. of E. clergyman, and lived for a few months in Mozambique; in fact part of her honeymoon was spent in a covered wagon on the High Veldt.

She returned to England in 1924, in time for the General Strike and Great Depression, "which I lived through without all that much depression, but with very little money." She lived at this time in a succession of country vicarages, just in Devon, and then in Hampshire, where she raised two children.

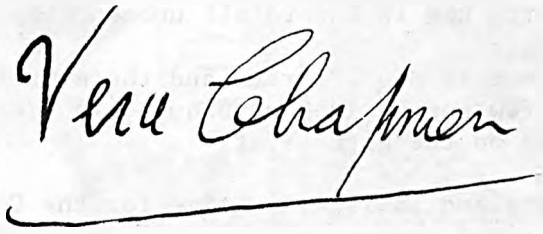
In the Second World War after various jobs, "including a month in the kitchens of the Ritz, where I washed coffee-pots for Winston Churchill, Sir Thomas Beecham and King Zog of Albania." She settled in the Colonial Office as a students welfare officer; her duties took her from such places as Hanwell Asylum, to Buckingham Palace, "including taking an Indian debutante to pay her respects to the Aga Khan at the Ritz, where I had once washed up coffee-pots."

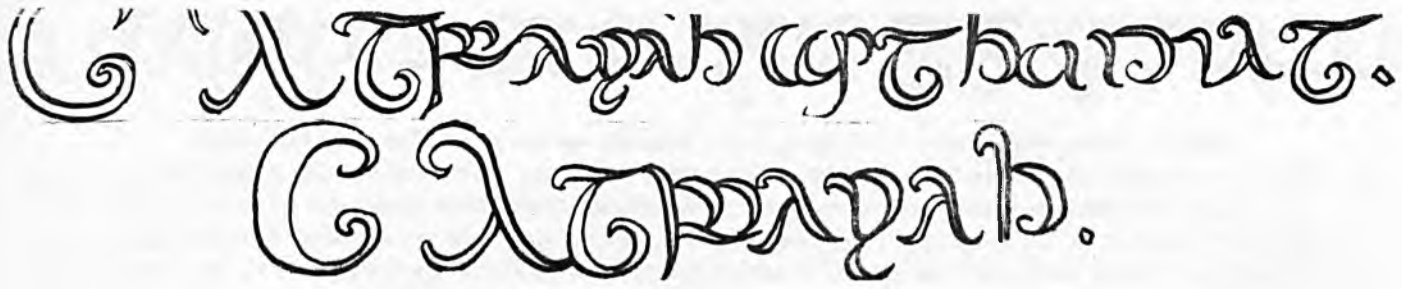
During the late 1920's she belonged to a movement called the 'Kibbo Kift', "about which I could write volumes, but won't." This movement began by being a 'woodcraft' movement, but was later associated with Social Credit, and became 'The Greenshirts'. "In Greenshirt uniform I have taken part in parades through London with drums and banners, and even had a shot at getting a man into Parliament (not successfully),

Eventually she retired from the Civil Service, "and expected to have nothing to do - what a hope !" What with being already a Druid and involved in another ancient and honourable institution, she went and placed an advert in the "New Statesman", asking if anyone was interested in forming a "Tolkien Society". After which ... well, you know what happened.

Somehow in the middle of all this she has managed to write some books. "I had the thrill of my life when a publisher at last accepted one." This came out last year, "The Green Man", published by Rex Collings, and another two have been published in last few months.

> "So I now live in council flat (like the dustman in the song) and entertain Hobbits whenever possible. I'm about 5ft 6ins tall (I think) - hair, eyes bespectacled, Oxford accent. I've three grandchildren, the youngest two of which are just getting small doses of the LOTR from me when I visit them. Hobbies ? I wish I had all the time for the things I could do - but there is always reading, and listening to music, and writing some more books. 'When all the work's done' - my most cherished possession, I think, is the silver cup the Society presented to me at the last A.G.M., with the Elvish inscription "Elen síla lumenn' omentielvo." Well, that's me. Give me a ring and come up and see me anytime you're passing!"





( A ELBERETH GILTHONIEL )

by

# JIM ALLAN.

Neil McLeod's effortd with Elvish verse interested me very much. In his English version of the complete Elvish hymn I did not much like his rhymes with zenith - the stress is wrong and so is the vowel sound - but I must admit that I can't come up with anything better in a translation preserving both the rhyme scheme and metre of the original, so I can't really complain.

In respect to the poems in Quenya I have, however, some complaints, or better, suggestions. I am setting them forth in the hope of eliciting further comment, and also with a great deal of admiration for Neil for even attempting to compose directly in Quenya. I will put Neil's verse and my own suggested changes side by side, underscoring those places where I would change Neil's rendering. First, the Quenya translation of 'A Elbereth" :

| | |
|---|---|
| Ai Elentari Ai Varda! | Ai Varda! Ai Tintallë! |
| Vemiri sila undlanta | ve míri silmëa undulanta |
| alcar eleni menello | menello alcar i elenion |
| Ar si itiran palanna | Palandenna itiren |
| Aldar quantwa endorillo | aldarembin endorellon |
| linivan lyenna Tintalle | Oiolossëo Fana lin linduvan |
| Ai si pella aneare | ëar pella, sinome ëaren pella |

Since Varda is the regular Quenya name for the being usually called Elbereth in Sindarin, I have used it first, instead of Elentári, and then for Sindarin Gilthoniel 'star-kindler' I have used the Quenya Tintallë. There is no reason to believe that the preposition ve can be prefixed to the following word, hence my ve míri. According to Tokien Silivren contains the Quenya name Silima (The Road goes Ever On, p. 65) - in Sindarin original m becomes v following a vowel - and so I have invented a Quenya form silmëa (silima+ëa) as a possible Quenya counterpart. Another choice might be silimin. The un- in Quenya untúpa (found in Namárië) must derive from the earlier root ndú 'down', and so I think, ahould be considered a compound of und+túpa. I would prefer not to use a form like undlanta since the combination ndl is not found anywhere in the extant Quenya. Instead I have used undulanta on the pattern of undulavë in 'Namárië'. In the third line I have changed Neil's word order to that of the Sindarin poem. In the original Sindarin the form elenath is a collective plural and is genetival in meaning since it is placed after another noun. The closest we can get to indicating the collective aspect in Quenya is using the definite article i 'the'. In the Sindarin the idea is that 'there streams down' is not just the glory of stars in general, but the glory of the stars, all the stars. The genitive plural forn elenion is required rather than the simple plural form eleni.

Neil's form quantwa is wrong on several counts. First, the noun and adjective ending -wa is used only following n or ng (or following q in the form ua), and elsewhere has the form -ma. Second, the form must be plural. So quantmar would be possible, but for the closer translation of the Sindarin galadhremmin I have created an adjective rembin from Quenya rembe, which is the exact cognate of the Sindarin rem 'mesh', (III, p. 393). (Some printings of the LOTR have the misspelling rembre.) Another possible construction would be rembië. Forms with the case endings -sse and -llo pluralize by adding n, hence the correct plural of a form endorello is endorellon rather than endorillo. My source for this information is Dick Plotz, who received it from Tolkien, the only indication of this rule in the published material being the form yassen.

As a good literal translation of Sindarin Fanuilos I have used Oiolossëo Fana. For le 'to you' we want a Quenya form with a dative meaning, not an allitive one, so the suffix -nna won't do. In 'Namárië' we find the dative nin 'for me'. Accordingly, Bill Welden has suggested in an article 'On Pronouns in Quenya' (PARMA ELDALAMBERON 3, p.15f), that a reasonable form for the second person singular dative pronoun is lin. In Sindarin the stem 'sing' or 'song' is Linn as in linnathon 'I will sing' and aerlinn 'hymn', so the Quenya form must be either linn or lind. That it is lind is indicated by Treebeard's short verse, Laurelindórenan lindelorendor malinorélion ornemalin, which I would break down as Laure 'gold'; lind 'song'; -doré 'land'; nan 'valley'; linde 'singing'; loren 'golden' or 'dreaming'; -dor 'land'; malin 'golden'; ornélion 'of many trees'; orne 'tree'; malin 'golden'. Hence my form Linduvan instead of linuvan. Again I have followed the word order of the Sindarin version.

The word pella rightly follows the word to which it refers. In Quenya sí is recorded only with the meaning 'now', not 'here', as in Sindarin. It might mean both, but to be safe I have used instead sinome 'in this place'. For 'great sea' the proper Quenya form is ëaren as in Eärenya 'sea day', rendered in Sindarin Oraearon. So I have used it. If a compound such as Neil proposes is to be used it should be either andëar or andëaren, since the Quenya element for 'long, great' is and- as in Andave laituvalement 'greatly we will praise (them) both'. This naturally becomes, in most places, ann- in Sindarin as in Cuio i Pheriain annan! 'Long live the Halflings!' This shortens to an- in most compounds as in Anduin 'Great River', but remains still as and- before r as in Cair Andros 'Island (of) Long-foam'.

So now for the first verse of Neil's own composition:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sí ilyë alcarlyo avánië | Sí ilya alcar elya avánië |
| vemalta Eldaron isilië | ve malta Eldaron isílië |
| Valiëtinco pellallo anëare | valantinco ëaren pellallo |
| elyë arnyë certamimbe | elyë ar enyë imbecertar/imbercertalvë |
| sí ambar undulanta minnamornië | sí ambar undilanta mornienna |

The form ilyë is plural, hence I have constructed a singular form ilya. It is possible that neither will do, if the primary meaning of the singular is 'each' rather than 'all of'. The suffix -lyo is in the genitive case and therefore means 'of your'. For 'your glory' alcarlya might be possible, but I feel rather bothered by such a combination as rly, and have therefore used the free-standing form of the possessive pronoun suggested by Bill Welden. Again I give ve as a separate preposition, and give to isílië the proper long quality of the stem vowel. Neil's valië- is a possible form, but since we don't know for sure that it actually can exist I have played safe by using valan- which is actually found. For Eären and the placing of pella (in any form) after the word to which it applies, see above.

It is not clear that a compound like arnyë could occur, and I have therefore used a free-standing form of the pronoun ar. Tolkien gives us several verb forms which contain both the basic verb stem and an added adverbial or prepositional element: enquantuva, ortanë, undulávë, untúpa. In all these, the adverbial or prepositional element is prefixed, NOT suffixed, to the stem, hence I have placed imbe first rather than last. I have given two forms of the verb. One is a simple plural. In the second I have added a reconstructed form of the 1st plural inclusive pronomial suffix as suggested by Bill Welden, on the basis of -lvo in Elen síla lúmenn' omentielvo. I think either form could be used here. Finally, I don't understand Neil's form minnamornië at all. So I use the quite regular mornienna. Finally, Neil's last verse:

| | |
|---|---|
| Inentië vanallo andonya | Tiessë vánëassë andonyallo |
| nusilmë lassiyenion caitar | nu silmë yénion lassi caitar |
| lissëlasselantion inencala | lisse-lasselantaron altassë |
| Namárië oialë marde armar | Namárië oialë marde ar mar |
| tindomë hiruvanyë vanwa | tindómë hiruvani vanwa. |

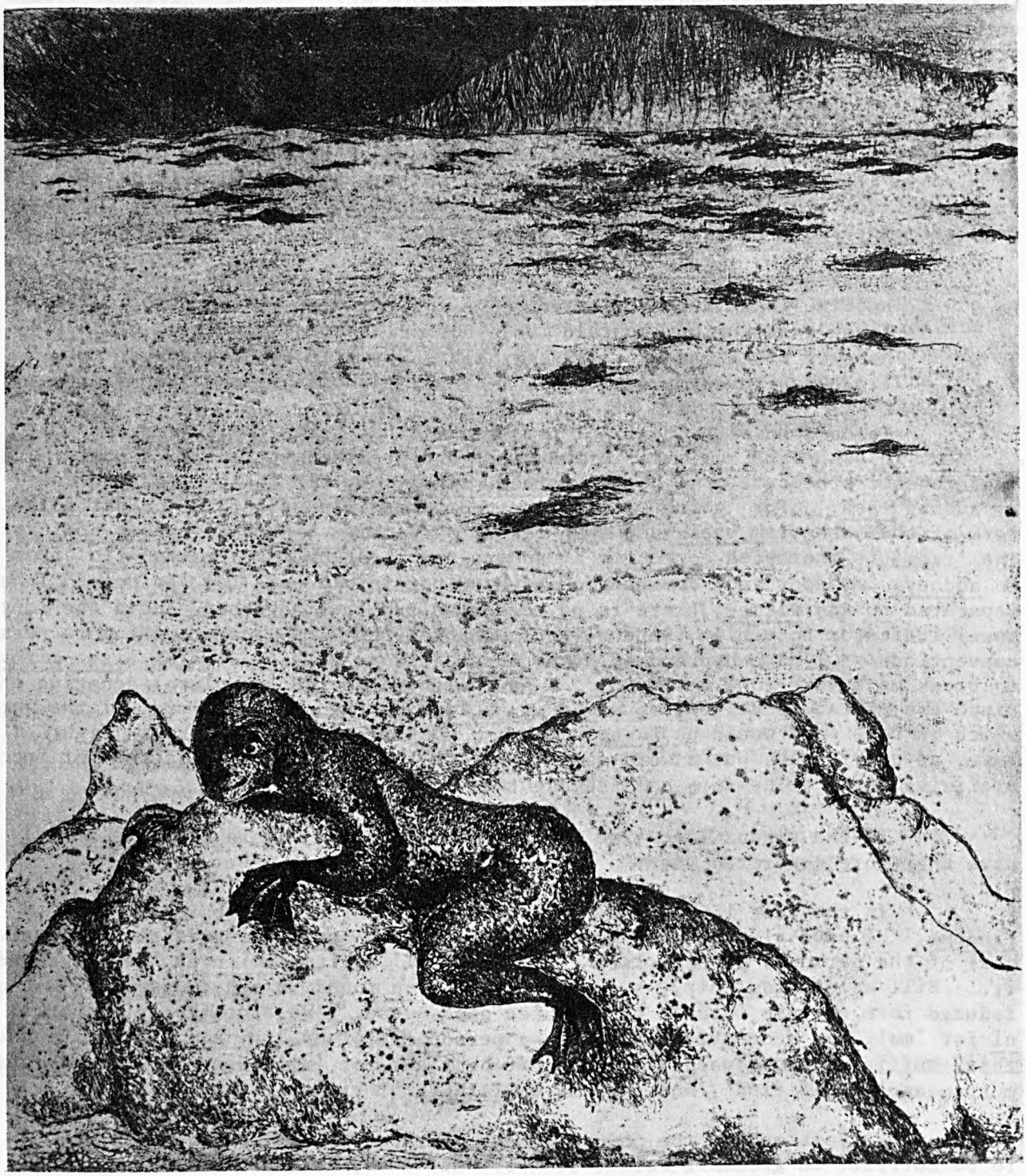
To come up with inentië I presume Neil has taken the suffix of lírinen 'in song' and súrinen 'in the wind' and prefixed it to tië, a most questionable procedure. I have, instead, simply put tië in the locative case by adding -ssë. For 'going' I have created a possible adjectival or participal form of the verb stem váni- and then let it agree with tiessë in number and case. The 'from' is indicated correctly by adding the ablative case ending -llo 'from' to andonya 'my door' not to the adjective or participle used for 'going'. I have separated nu and silme-, there is no reason to run them together, added the long vowel indicator to yénion , and slightly changed the word order to the more normal conventions. I have hyphenated after lisse just as Tolkien does in lisse-miruvóreva to break up a very long compound. I have also corrected the plural genetive ending, since the plural genetive ending -on is applied to the regular plural of the word, which in this case would be Lasselantar . Compare aldaron. For 'in light' I have, as previously, put a word for 'light' in the locative case instead of incorrectly prefixing inen. The form calassë might also have been used.

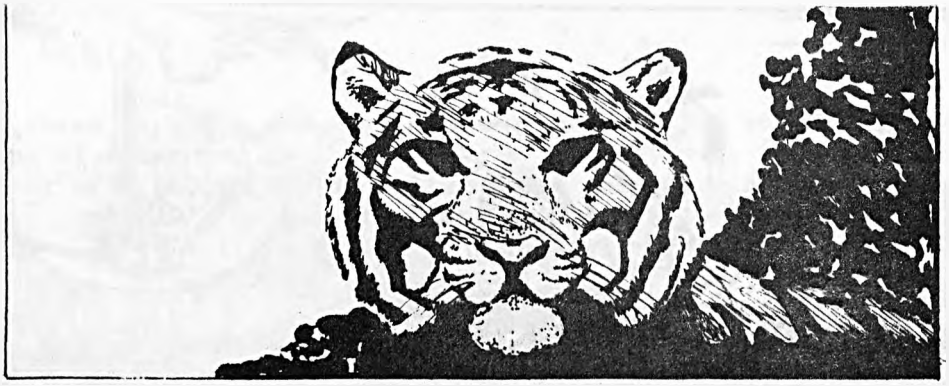
In the second last line the joining of ar and mar is needless and I have therefore separated them.

In the last line I have restored the proper diacritic to the o in tindómë. I have also changed Neil's hiruvanyë, as -nye indicates the nominative case of the personal pronoun 1st. s., that is 'I' as in utúvienyes 'I have found it'. Bill Welden (op. cit.) suggests that the -n found in other cases is just a reduced form of -nye which I think makes good sense. He tentatively proposes ni for 'me', the accusative case of the personal pronoun 1st. s., and I have used this, suffixed to the verb. It may not be right for 'will find me', but hiruvanyë must mean 'I will find', and that is CERTAINLY not right.

My versions of the poems, though correct, or at least more likely to be correct, in grammar, rather destroy Neil's rhymes and, though less often, his metre. It might be possible to remedy this, indeed one change in the word order would correct it for my version of the last verse of Neil's poem, but this article has dragged on too long already. Perhaps at a future date ?

(The original poem as discussed in this article first appeared in the Mallorn, issue number 9, and was written by Neil McLeod.)





# THE TYGER.
## by
# J.R. CHRISTOPHER.

(C. S. Lewis) came to tea one day I remember, and walking in the Girton grounds began to imagine how Dryden would have written Blake's The Tyger. He produced instantly a fine couplet (I wish I could remember it), then exclaimed, 'No, that is much too good for Dryden, it is almost good enough for Pope, and unhesitatingly set about polishing it up to Pope's standard.

-- Kathleen Raine.

O noble cat, like barrèd flame thou stand
Against the darkness of a wooded land ...
Wert thou created by God or devil ?
And is thy purpose good or evil ?

Who forged with all His craft thy fiery eyes ?
Who beat upon His anvil all thy size ?
Who dared conveive the work, with what great strain
And poured in mould that molten mass, thy brain ?

O noble cat, like barrèd flame thou stand
Against the darkness of a sylvan land ...
Didst angels smile like stars, or weep the evil ?
And was thy craftsman Him of lamb, or devil ?

# THE HOBBITS.
## by
# KEVIN YOUNG.

This is the second part of my article comparing the differences between the 1st edition of "The Hobbit", and the 3rd edition. In it I shall deal mainly with the chapter "Riddles in the Dark", this being the most major change in the book, and also the one with the most significance.

Most people think that the whole of the chapter was re-written from the beginning. This is incorrect, in fact till the end of the riddle game there is hardly a change at all, Gollum is still 'as dark as darkness, except for two big pale round eyes', he still paddles his boat, and still lives 'on a slimy island of rock in the middle of the lake', and the finding of the ring is still 'a turning point in Bilbo's career'.

The only changes are as follows (once again any reference to the 1st edition is marked as /1/, and to the 3rd edition as /3/, also page numbers will differ again from book to book.)

/1/ p. 85 ... if it asks us and we doesn't answer we gives it a present, gollum !

/3/ p. 84 ... if it asks us and we doesn't answer, then we does what it wants, eh ? We shows it the way out, yes !

/1/ p. 86 ... But just as Bilbo was beginning to wonder what Gollum's present would be like ...

/3/ p. 85 ... But just as Biblo was beginning to hope that the wretch would not be able to answer ...

/1/ p. 87 "Well," said Bilbo after giving him a long chance, "What about your present?"

/3/ p. 87 "Well", said Bilbo after giving him a long chance, "What about your guess."

All three of which are significant enough. The emphasis is switched from the giving of presents, to the showing of the way out, and from wondering what the present will be, to hoping Gollum won't answer. But more significantly, nothing else is changed. Gollum still wants to eat Bilbo, he still gets angry and frustrated. He is still a nasty and slimy creature, who none of us would like to meet down a dark alley.

Then at the end of the riddle game, Gollum's character suddenly changes, and the big revision begins.

/1/ p. 91 "Both wrong" said Bilbo very much relieved, and he jumped up at once to his feet putting his back to the nearest wall, and held out his little sword. But funnily enough he need not have been alarmed. For one thing Gollum had learned long, long ago was never, never, to cheat at the riddle game, which is a sacred one and of immense antiquity. Also there was the sword. He simply sat and whispered.

Compare that with

/3/ p. 90 "Both wrong" said Bilbo very much relieved, and he jumped up at once to his feet, put his back to the nearest wall and held out his little sword. He knew, of course, that the riddle-game was sacred and of immense antiquity, and even wicked creatures were afraid to cheat when they played it. But he felt he could not trust this slimy thing to keep any promise at a pinch. Any excuse would do for him to slide out of it.

Also compare

/1/ p. 91 "Must we give it the thing preciouss ? Yess, we must! We must fetch it preciouss, and give it the present we promised." So Gollum paddled back to his boat.

/3/ p. 91 "Did we say so precious ? Show the nasty little Baggins the way out, yes, yes ... cross it is, impatient, precious ... We can't go up the tunnel so hasty. We must go and get some things first, yes, things to help us."

The character of Gollum has changed so markedly it is amazing. He has changed from the 'nasty' into a grovelling but still fairly pleasant character. This is shown even cleared when he discovers the loss of the ring.

/1/ p. 91 "Where iss it ? Where iss it ?" Bilbo heard hin squeaking. "Lost, Lost my precious, lost, lost ! Bless us and splash us ! We haven't got the present we promised, and we haven't even got it for ourselves."

/3/ p. 92 "Where iss it ? Where iss it ?" Bilbo heard him crying. "Losst it is, my precious, lost, lost ! Curse us and crush us, my precious, lost ! ... It mustn't ask us", shrieked Gollum, "no, not its business, no gollum ! It's lost, gollum ..."

As you can see, 'Curse us and crush us' is changed from 'Bless us and splash us', a very un-Gollum like curse, and it sounds in the 1st edition as though Gollum is more concerned about not being able to give Bilbo the ring, than the fact that it is lost.

After this the chapters are so totally different that cpmparison is fruitless. Gollum goes on being a fairly pleasant, though pathetic character, he does not chase Bilbo blindly up the tunnel, but rather comes back and begs forgiveness. He explains that he was going to give Bilbo a ring that would make him invisible, and in recompense offers to show him the way out, or catch him

a fish. Bilbo realises that the ring he found in the tunnel, is the one that Gollum has lost, but does not say anything. Gollum then leads Bilbo up the tunnel to the back door. On the way Bilbo tries on the ring, and disappears from Gollum's sight, but though Gollum wonders where the Hobbit has gone he doesn't suspect anything, and accepts Bilbo's explanation when he appears behind him again. He leads him meekly to the tunnel that takes him to the back-door, leaves him there and trots off back to his boat. There is no chasing, jumping of Gollum or shrieking in the 1st edition.

/1/ p. 92 I don't know how many times Gollum begged Bilbo's pardon, he kept on saying "We are sorry, we didn't mean to cheat, we meant to give it our only present if it won the competition."

/1/ p. 93 Now Gollum had to agree to this if he was not going to cheat.

/1/ p. 94 "Here's the passage" he whispered. "It musst squeeze in and sneak down. We durstn't go with it, my preciouss, no we durstn't."

I don't like the old Gollum, meither do I like the priginal chapter. It is far too patchy for me. At first Gollum is his usual nasty self, in both editions, then suddenly in the 1st edition he becomes, if not nice, then at least bearable. What went wrong ?

I think the answer may lie in the fact that Tolkien had already conceived the idea of "The Lord of the Rings"; as he admits in the foreword to the LOTR, prior to the publication of the Hobbit, and that the chapter "Shadow of the Past", the link between the two books, was already written. Perhaps then, the "Riddles in the Dark" chapter of the first edition, is not the original, but is itself a revision of a former chapter when the character of Gollum was consistently nice. It may be that Tolkien, realising that he would perhaps soon publish a sequel, tried to write a chapter that wouldn't need revising, and still held somewhat of his original conception. This might have worked, because the idea of the one ring could still be related to the chapter as in /1/. It is never mentioned as such, no, but neither is it mentioned as anything else, it still has it's properties of invisibility. The only stumbling block being the hold the ring has upon its wearer: a development that need not have cropped up until late in the LOTR; it was only in 1941 that he had reached Lothlórien and the re-introduction of Gollum as a character-figure. When this attribute of the ring was developed, then there would be no choice but to revise the chapter, and he scrapped with good grace the patch-work, and made Gollum a single non-variable, 'nasty' again.

After the "Riddles in the Dark" chapter, Bilbo goes on with his adventures in much the same way, as yet I have not come across any significant change between /1/ and /3/, except for one or two grammatical changes.

One point of interest I would like to mention is that not only do the illustrations in the 1st edition 1st impression appear in black and white, whereas in the 1st edition 2nd impression (my copy) some of them are in colour, but the illustration "Hobbiton across the water" is a different drawing, e.g. some of the windows are square, there is a weather-cock on top of the mill, there are no trees outside Bag-End, and the building on the left of the road is not an inn. This drawing can be seen as picture number 7 in the Tolkien Exhibition. (I would like to express my thanks to Michael Henry of Surrey for the previous piece of information).

It has been interesting to compare these two editions of Tolkien's work. By reading the 1st edition, I have seen, I think, what the author originally intended the book to be. A children's book. I'm afraid that the "Hobbit" is not thought of today as a work in its own right, but more as a prelude to "The Lord of the Rings". In that is it treated harshly, let's not forget that it was the first of his published works, and in its time it was original in conception, small though it is, it is still a masterpiece.


Dragon

# The Fall From Enchantment.

## by

## Alex Bennett.

Many people have already voiced opinions that Tolkien's Middle-earth represents our own world - or north-western Europe to be more precise - as it was millenia ago, and since altered by geological upheavals and thousands of years of weathering from rain and sun, sea and wind. Paul Kocher,[1] (among others) mentions this in his book, so no more needs to be said of that here, but what I would like to do is express the opinion that Faërie is not a "separate" world by which one must enter by magic rings, secret doors, or perilous roads, but that Middle-earth is Faërie, and so therefore our own world, too, is Faërie.

Tolkien has said: "Faërie contains many things besides Elves and fays, and besides dwarfs, witches, trolls, giants, or dragons: it holds the seas, the sun, the moon, the sky; and the earth, and all that is in it: tree and bird, water and stone, wine and bread, and ourselves, mortal men, when we are enchanted."[2] (My underlining)

Faërie embraces everything in the world from the noblest to the meanest, the highest to the lowest, the greatest and the smallest; for Faërie is the world. And here lies the basis for this little article; that The Lord of the Rings reflects what has been happening over the last few hundred years, and what has so suddenly accelerated during the last fifty, and that is the demise of Man, or his steady fall from Enchantment.

I think the example of the Norsemen is interesting in this context as a model of sorts for what is happening to 20th century Man almost everywhere. For the Norse dwelt in a world of elves, dwarfs, wizards, dragons and Gods; as well as with all the creatures and plants that live in Europe today: and that had the same sun, moon, stars, seasons and winds. Were they enchanted ? I would say yes indeed, very much more so than we are, and yet their enchantment was broken by the cultural shock of Christianity. This was almost a catastrophe but, (luckily for us all) far-sighted men such as Snorri Sturlusson, worried by the demise of their colourful, vibrant culture, wished to save at least some of it: and so we are blessed with the Prose Edda, and many other such works.

Man faces a similar situation today, only the cultural shock we face is not from Christianity, but Technology, that is expanding at such an enormous rate and bringing in its wake pollution and what Alvin Toffler calls "Future Shock", that is the inability of many people to cope with a technologically oriented society that is ushering in such swift and constant change. It is a "disease" that is already with us. But luckily for us some more far sighted people have realised the danger whilst many of us have become partially blinded. Tolkien, Mirrlees, Huxley, and others, have, in their own ways, tried to open our eyes before it is too late. As Professor Randal Helms states,[3] this kind of fantasy, the fantasy of Tolkien, Mirrlees and others, is not for those who wish to desert, but for the escapist who wishes to free himself from the "prison" Man has made for himself.

So I see one aspect of The Lord of the Rings, as depicting this fall from enchantment, for once, in the earlier ages of Middle-earth, Men and Elves, Dwarves and other races had more trust in each other. There was friendship between the Dwarves of Erebor and the Men of Dale, and also between the kingdom of Moria and the Elves of Eregion. Gil-galad and Elendil allied Elves and Men to overcome the common foe in the Second Age. But in the Third Age we see a growing distrust and suspicion amongst the Free Peoples, and there can be no great alliances as there was of old. The predicament that faces all is best

expressed by Haldir " ... in nothing is the power of the Dark Lord more clearly shown than in the estrangement that divide all those who still oppose him."[4]

We can also see that the old wisdom and lore has slipped into decay causing yet more estrangement. Few remember Bombadil, (he has even slipped Elrond's mind) or the Ents, and what tales there are among the Rohirrim and the men of Gondor concerning such matters are scorned as old wives' tales and deemed fit only for children. (The irony here! Tolkien bitterly regretted the debasement of Fairy Tales and their relegation to the Nursery.) We also recall the misgivings Boromir and Eomer have of Lothlorien and Galadriel:

> ' "Then there is a Lady in the Golden Wood, as the old tales tell!" he said. "Few escape her nets, they say ... But if you have her favour then you also are net weavers and sorcerers, maybe." He turned a cold glance suddenly upon Legolas and Gimli ...'[5] (Eomer)

This misguided belief that Galadriel is a malevolent sorceress, is an epitome of the type of attitude the Men of Middle-earth generally have, not only of Elves but other races as well. Even in The Hobbit we can see a similar vision, where many of the young men of Laketown begin to disbelieve in the old stories about Smaug: that is until he comes and burns their town down!

The fellowship of the Nine Walkers is an attempt to rekindle trust amongst the divided peoples, and in a way it works, for Legolas and Gimli become fast friends, and all of the company, no matter of what race, come to love and respect Aragorn; and the hobbits Merry and Pippin through their friendship with Treebeard, and later Merry's love for Theoden, tie closer links between long sundered races, and helps to win the day for the West. After the War of the Ring, there is goodwill between the peoples, and Dwarves and Elves help to rebuild Minas Tirith. But it is only a brief respite. The Elves are departing, for the Fourth Age is Man's; the Rings have passed and all other races must dwindle until Man is dominant; and as for hobbits:

> "Even in ancient days they were, as a rule, shy of 'the Big Folk', as they call us, and now they avoid us with dismay and are becoming hard to find."[6]

Apart from this decline in Man's ability to see as once he could, I believe he has also come to misunderstand what Faërie is. I do not believe Faërie is a separate realm, (that is separate in the context of being totally sundered from our own, and existing in its own space and time), but that it co-exists around us even now, in the "fields we know", it is just that Man has fallen so far from Enchantment.

At the start of this article I said the way to recapture Faërie was not by "perilous roads", but perhaps I was wrong. We live in perilous times and the way back to light must surely be a perilous, an arduous one. This is why, or one of the reasons, I think, why The Lord of the Rings, is so great and so popular, for it enables us to recover lost enchantment, and see again clearly what this "Fourth Age of Man" has for so long blinded us to.

As Friedrich Nietzsche said:

" ... now let us awaken.
We wandered by night, now let us walk by day."

Notes: 1. see "Master of Middle-earth" by Paul Kocher, chap. 1 Penguin, '74.
2. "Tree and Leaf/Smith of Wootton Major etc", J.R.R. Tolkien, p.16
3. see "Tolkien's World", Randall Helms, Thames & Hudson, '74; Panther '76
4. LotR, p. 367. 5. LotR, p. 453. 6. LotR, Prologue p. 13

All references to The Lord of the Rings refer to the one volume paperback edition.

# TOLKIEN THE RHYMER.

## by

## JONATHAN McCOLL.

I wonder how many people who read 'The Lord of the Rings' bother to read the poems, at any rate the Elvish and longer ones. You know the way it goes, you're reading a passage and come to a long, uninteresting and irrelevant-looking poem, you read the first line or two (which maybe confirms your first uninformed opinion) and then skip to the end to continue your interrupted story.

These poems generally tell some story out of long past history, frequently Elvish history. This is not surprising considering only they and the Elfophilic Númenóreans had arrived at the level of culture (sometimes, not always inaccurately, called stagnation), when their poets wrote much on the glories of the past, great and small. We hear of the minglings of the two races, Elves and Men, in poems such as "The Song of Lúthien and Beren", which Aragorn chanted to the Hobbits on Weathertop.

This song, nothing at all to do with the main story, is a good example of the combination of three aspects of Tolkien's Middle-earth writing in one; firstly attractive word-pictures of plant nature.

The leaves were long, the grass was green,
The hemlock-umbels tall and fair, ... (The Fellowship of the Ring)

... Woven woods in Elvenhome ... "

Whispering fell the beechen leaves
In the wintry woodland wavering. "

Secondly, one point the Hobbits would have enjoyed, since they were "fond of rhyming and metrical tricks" (Adventures of Tom Bombadil), was the structure of each stanza, abac babc, where c is a three-syllable word just to make it that bit more difficult.

The third aspect is that of the far longer history than the year or so of 'The Lord of the Rings'. Tolkien brings in details of older stories with implications that the characters concerned could never have known, but we with our hindsight (well, the Professor's writing), can see.

To illustrate these two points, read where Beren's pursuit of his adored Elven main Tinúviel is finally successful.

Again she fled, but swift he came.
  Tinúviel!  Tinúviel!
He called her by her elvish name;
  And there she halted listening.
One moment stood she, and a spell
  His voice laid on her:  Beren came,
And doom fell on Tinúviel
  That in his arms lay glistening.  (The Fellowship of the Ring)

So they were joined and from their union Elwing who kept the Silmaril her parents had taken from Morgoth. She married the offspring of the second union of the two races: Eärendil the son of Idril and Tuor. Eärendil succeeded in reaching the Uttermost West to obtain the help to destroy Morgoth but was not permitted to return. His story (somewhat retouched) is told in Bilbo's song at Rivendell, which is a further example of the three points I mentioned above. Its rhyming scheme is perfected in "Errantry", abcb with a word in the centre of every second line rhyming with the terminal word of the previous one. For something extra, the rhyming words have three syllables each.

Since the scope of the "Song of Eärendil" is far wider than that of Beren and Tinúviel, the descriptions of nature are not just of leaves and plants but oceans and lands and spaces;

From gnashing of the Narrow Ice
where shadow lies on frozen hills
from nether heats and burning waste
he turned in haste, ...  (The Fellowship of the Ring & Tom Bombadil)

Through Evernight he back was borne
on black and roaring waves that ran
o'er leagues unlit and foundered shore
that drowned before the Days began, ...  (The Fellowship of the Ring & Tom Bombadil)

He fell in love in the passage describing not only the light of the Silmaril;

There flying Elwing came to him,
and flame was in the darkness lit;
more bright than light of diamond
the fire upon her carcanet.  (The Fellowship of the Ring)

The song ends with Eärendil as a symbol of hope in the sky before dawn, when the light of the Silmaril on his brow shone out to encourage the people in Middle-earth below;

...
for ever still a herald on
an errand that should never rest
to bear his shining lamp afar,
the Flammifer of Westernesse.  (The Fellowship of the Ring)

Not all the far history poems are long like those two and the story of Amroth and Nimrodel. There exist snippets hither and thither in the book, some taken from longer poems, such as the piece describing Gil-galad, and some which are complete in their own right, such as the poem in which is enshrined the whole theme of the "Lord of the Rings":

Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,
  Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,
Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,
  One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne,
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.
  One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
  One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie. (LOTR, p.64)

Tolkien wrote poetry in at least two other languages, Elvish and the Black Speech. Admittedly, the Black Speech verse is just a fragment of the poem just quoted, but it does have rhyme and meter and does make sense:

Ash nazg durbatulûk, ash nazg gimbatul, ash nazg thrakulûk
agh burzum-ishi krimpatul.

The Elvish poetry has been well-examined and translated, and published by first of all the Professor himself, especially in 'The Road goes Ever On', and secondly with some very clever translation from the Sindarin to English, and to Quenya, by Neil McLeod in the last Mallorn, and Jim Allan in this.

But I still think lovely the "Namárië" of Galadriel, and its Gregorian-chant style tune set to music by Donald Swann and Tolkien.

Ai! Laurië lantar lassi súrinen,
Yéni unótimë ve rámar aldaron! (The Road goes Ever on, p. 22)

Ah! Like gold fall the leaves in the wind,
Long years numberless as the wings of trees! (LOTR, p. 398)

For myself I favour poems which rhyme and scan, but there is even poetry in just the translation of "Namárië'.

Tolkien with his talents for language and poetry and his knowledge of (among other things) the various stages of English in its development has made a fascinating translation into modern English of various mediaeval alliterative poems, 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' among them. He has also combined these talents to produce several poems in the same style through the pens of Rohan songwriters. My knowledge of this type of poem is far too scant to be able to comment on them. I like them, anyway.

We heard of the horns in the hills ringing,
the swords shining in the South-kingdom.
Steeds went striding to the Stoningland
as wind in the morning. War was kindled.
There Thêoden fell, Thengling mighty,
to his golden halls and green pastures
in the Northern fields never returning ... (LOTR, p. 882)

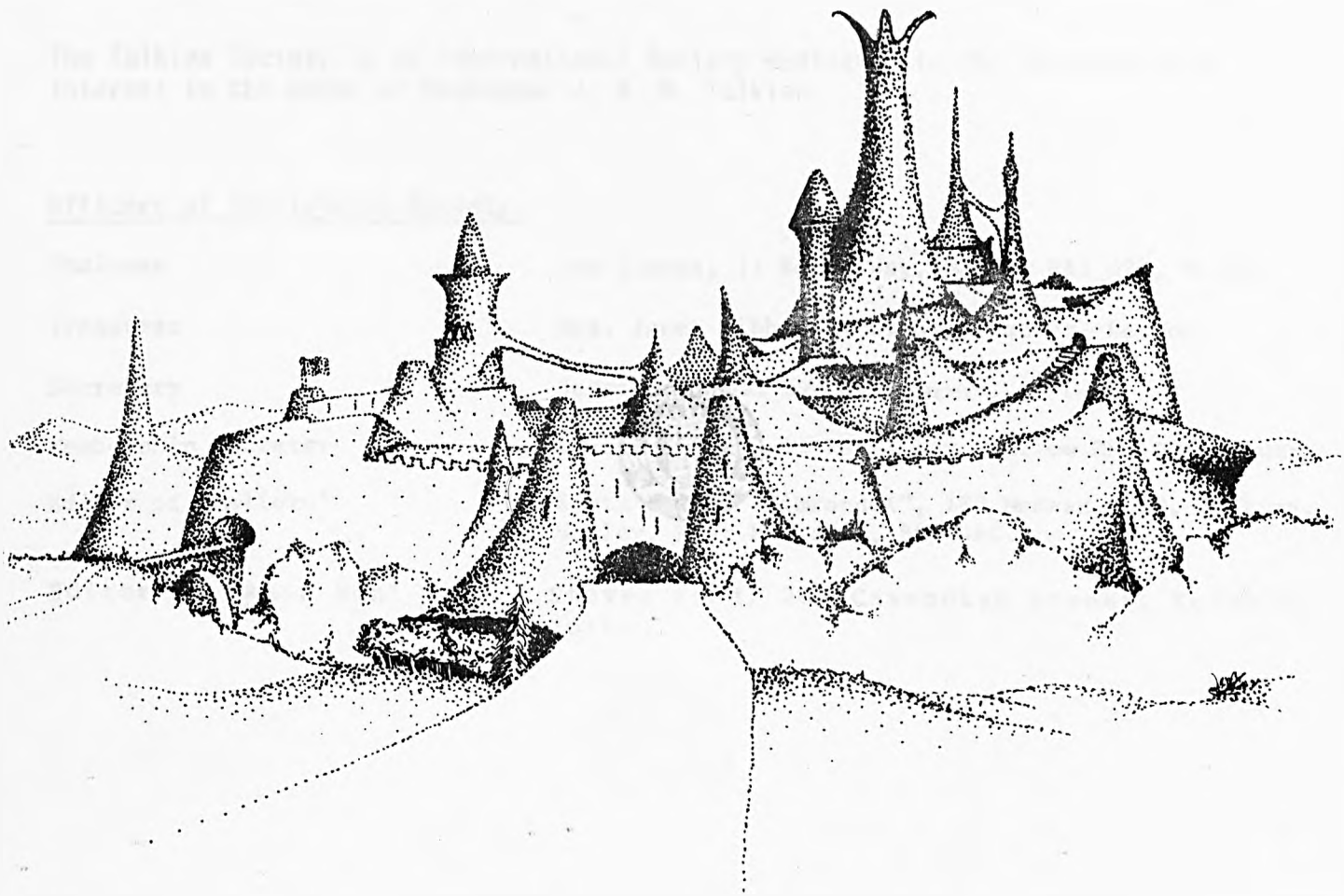
No essay on the poetry of 'The Lord of the Rings' would be complete without the Hobbits' poetry. Their songs are generally light and airy and inconsequential, and they have a great fondness for metrical tricks which is well illustrated in Tolkien's books, Sam's song of "The Stone Troll", sung to a tune (there are several) of "Fox went out on a Saturday night". "Errantry" I've mentioned in connection with Bilbo's song of Eärendil.

So now he must depart again.
and start again his gondola,
for ever still a messenger,
a passenger, a tarrier,
a-roving as a feather does,
a weather-driven mariner. (Tom Bombadil, p. 28)

I think I shall finish this essay with a suitable song, a song of adventure when it is finished and done.

The Road goes ever on and on
  Out from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
  Let others follow it who can!
Let them a journey new begin,
  But I at last with weary feet
Will turn towards the lighted inn,
  My evening-rest and sleep to meet.

(LOTR, p. 82)



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