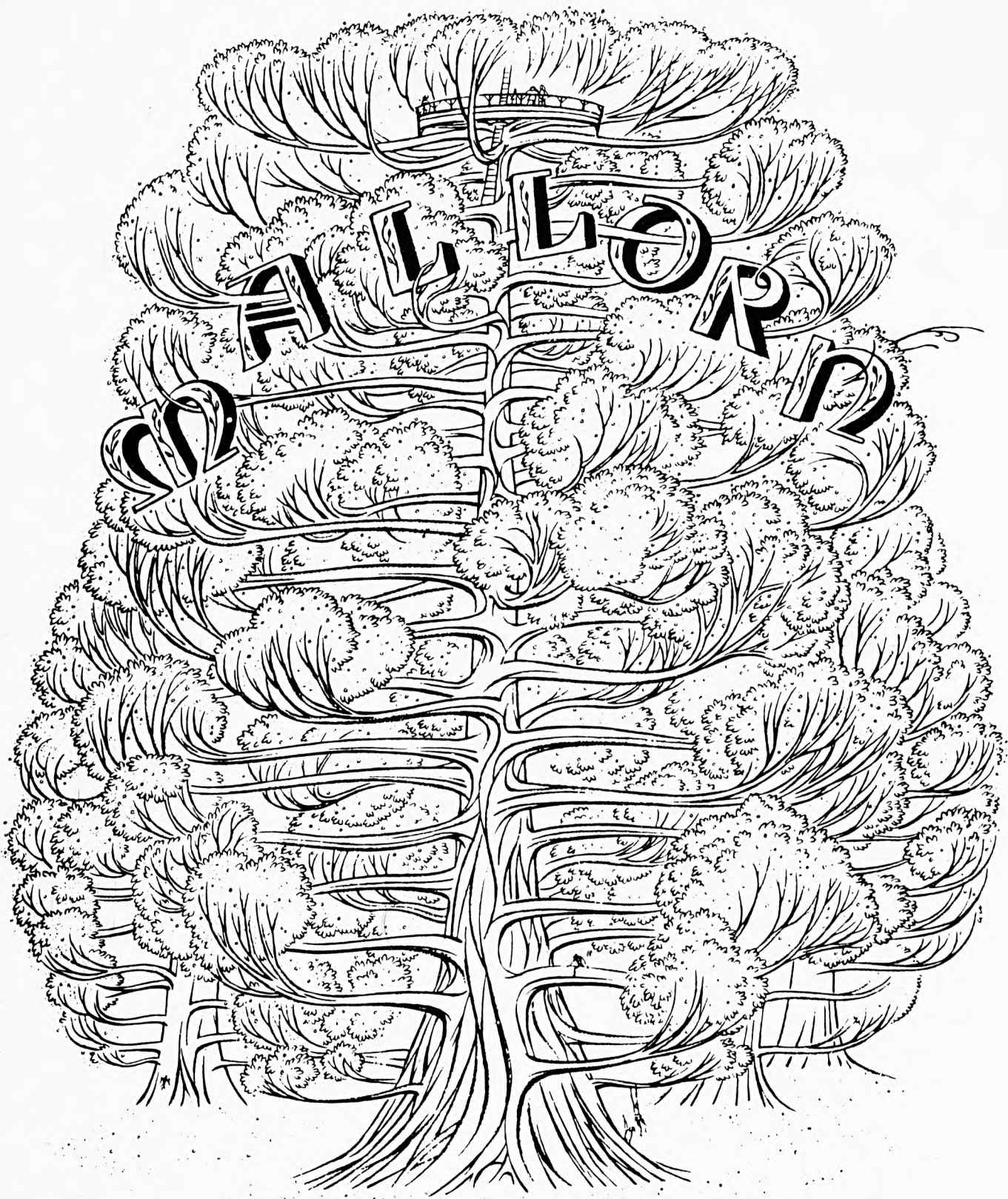


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# mallorn 15

September 1980

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Credits:

Pauline Baynes: *Cover illustration.*  
Lucy Matthews: *All headings except p.4.*  
Margaret Thomson: *illustrations, p.22.*

Wayne Hammond: *Initial letters, pp.20 & 23.*  
Steve Pillinger: *Design & typing; heading, p.4;  
and remaining letters & lettering.*

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55, RIDGMOUNT GARDENS,  
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Mae govannen!

Or, for those whose Elvish is getting rusty — well-met!

In true editorial style, I start with an appeal for material! In this case, it's for artwork and poetry mainly, of all sizes and lengths — from A4 art down to a doodle; and 2-page poetry down to 2 lines, even! The artwork is best done in black ink (dots or lines) on white paper, in order to be properly reproducible. Do, please, use cardboard to protect artwork — this prevents the GPO from chewing it up!

We are still experimenting with the lay-out of Mallorn — such as the idea of poetry as a centre-spread and on the last page. I do not have a crossword this time: I feel that one would eventually run out of answers as well as questions. Does anyone have any feelings about this? I would appreciate comments about Mallorn — lay-out, contents, etc. — since only by such a response can I make proper decisions about what to do next! Do people like the longer articles (such as 'Isengard and Saruman' in this issue), or are shorter ones preferred? Please let me know!

On the articles themselves: This time, Mallorn has a scoop! A review of Tolkien's Unfinished Tales (to be published on 2nd October 1980, price £7.50, according to latest information). This is a lovely book, as it gives many more details concerning both The Lord of the Rings and The Silmarillion. I shall say no more — buy the book and judge for yourselves!

The 'Dwarvish Fragments' has a sad tale behind it, explained in the Preface by Jonathan Simons, our Chairman. The poems on page 22 are illustrated by M. Thomson — undoubtedly a lady of talent!

I hope everyone read Helen Armstrong's review in AH 45 of the deluxe Poems and Stories by Tolkien. I've been able to see a copy, and it really is lovely, although I must say I agree with Helen's comments on the use of orange in the pictures!

Lastly, my thanks to Steve Pillinger, who although in the USA, is still typing Mallorn and doing an excellent job both of typing and design. Also my thanks to all those whose contributions are in this issue!

I wish you good reading!

Susan Rule





# DWARVISH FRAGMENTS

## PETER ROE

### PREFACE

*This tale was written by a young and very talented member of the Society, Peter Roe.*

*Although Peter had only just joined the Society, shortly after his sixteenth birthday, he had discovered Middle-earth some time earlier, and became so enchanted by it that he practised the writing systems, concentrating on the Dwarvish Angerthas, eventually devising his own runes using a system of logical sound values. In addition, Peter was an accomplished cartographer, and had all but covered his bedroom walls with multi-coloured maps of the various journeys of the Fellowship, plans of Middle-earth, and so on.*

*As if this was not enough, Peter was also a creative writer — in poetry and prose, connected with his own Dwarvish chronicles.*

*He was so enthusiastic about having joined the Society that he had written a letter ordering all the available back-issues, and was on his way to buy envelopes when he was hit by a speeding truck just outside his home, and died instantly.*

*Some time later I and my brother visited Peter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roe, and their other son Jonathan, to see Peter's room and look at the work on which he had spent so much care and attention, but which, tragically, he was not able to share with us.*

*In Peter's honour we have set up a special account, known as THE PETER ROE MEMORIAL FUND, which will in future finance the Society's special publications. Peter's own work indicates that he would have produced material of such high standard as to make a new booklet, complete with poetry, calligraphy, cartography and tales.*

*We hope that the Memorial Fund will be a continuing source of means whereby other authors, artists, etc., can see their work published for and by the Society.*

*It was decided that this fragment be published in its entirety, without any attempt to shorten it or add a conclusion. We feel that in this way, Peter's undoubted talent and love of Tolkien shows most clearly.*

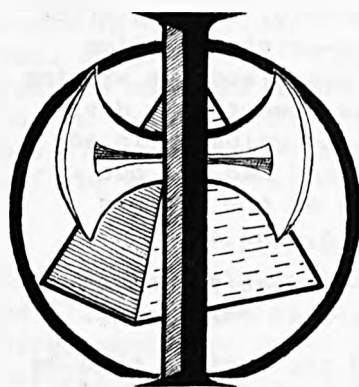
Jonathan Simons

(Chairman)

# THE DWARVISH RECORDS

## PROLOGUE

### 1. OF THE CREATION OF MAGELOTH



**I**N THE BEGINNING there was Akol, a being of power and majesty. There was nothing but a void. It came into the mind of Akol to fill the void and he created Mageloth, a solid orb covered with ocean. It was lit by the stars, and it shone. But Akol grew tired of the unchanging waters and he created land with mountains and plains; but it was also unchanging, and after many long ages of work he created living things, trees, grass, and all plants alive. But even with all these things Mageloth did not please Akol completely, for they had no wills or minds. In his last long labour through a thousand ages of Mageloth he created the Dwarves: tall, broad shouldered people clad in vests of cloth and long coats down to the ground formed from woven iron threads, extremely strong, but heavy. The Dwarves he had created then began the long labour. For nearly three hundred years they dug, digging out great cities and passages.

### 2. ABOUT DWARVES

After their great labour the Dwarves bent all their power and strength to the finding of new and wonderful things, such as the building of the Cities of the Three Peaks. The greatest achievement of the Dwarves was accomplished in the year 600 D.A. (*Dythaz Akol*): this was the finding of the Khazam metal that frees the power latent in the mountains and all high places, and the forging of six pieces of it into a pyramid; and the power that is in it is the power of Dwarf Lords when they die. It cannot be destroyed by any hand save by the combined powers of the four overlords of the Magethrā,\* if they should ever come together again out of their cities, sundered by the Nargs.\* The pyramid of power is used by the Dwarf-masters of the Three Cities of the Three Peaks to master the wild places in the world and to master their enemies.

---

\*See other parts of the Prologue.

The Dwarf cities fall into three categories, Pan-, Az- and Ke-. The Pan-class is used for the eighteen Dwarf Magelords to have as centres of power, three Magelords in each Pan-class city. They are also used as centres for the forging of new weapons of war and new staves of Khazam metal.

The Az-class of city are barrack cities for the vigilant front-line troops and store houses for their weapons. The Ke-class cities are used by the common people, but they are no less important, for they supply the food and sustenance for the people of the Higher Cities.

When the Nargs came from the foul south where the land is changed they ravaged the Dwarves' realm and drove the Magethrá out of the forests that they had made good, driving them into the four cities. So with the power of *Idrizol Kagelazeman*, the pyramid of power, the Dwarves created the sun and moon to show all the foul deeds of the Nargs. The Nargs wounded the moon (as can be seen today), but their weapons could not hurt the fiery sun.

### 3. CONCERNING THE ENEMIES

In D.A. 700 a great wave of Nargs came up from the south, eating all people who had the mischance to be in their path. (These were all peoples of Akol who had deserted the paths of the good.) The Nargs consider Dwarf flesh a great delicacy; in their foul language they have no word for 'victory': they use their word for 'feast'.

After the creation of the sun and moon they retreated into the forests, driving out the Magethrá and turning the once-beautiful woodlands into places of fear and hatred. They bred terrible animals which have mutated into vile and poisonous monstrosities which eat anything that enters their forests; but they do not eat the Nargs because the foul black blood of the tall, dark-haired Nargs would poison them. Nowadays the Nargs are becoming ever more bold in their attacks on the cities of the Dwarves that are not well protected or high up in the mountains, and once again they are massing their armies in all the woods and forests of The Land.

### 4. THE TALE OF THE MAGETHRÁ

When Akol created the World, he made the Magethrá to oversee the works of the Dwarves and to keep away bad peoples until the Dwarves were able to fend for themselves. When the waves of Nargs came from the south the Magethrá were driven out of their forests which they had made beautiful and into the four cities on the plains. These cities are all the same, great pyramidal forms of light brown stone, bonded with the will of their race. They also have two ports from whence they go across the sea to islands they call Kamena and Alitanentar. These islands are flat and wooded; but in the winter the sea and weather make them uninhabitable, so that the Magethrá have to return to their cities. They have great powers given them by Akol: not powers of war, but powers to make things that the Nargs have demolished good and beautiful again.



Eärendil entered into the  
Streets of Tirion  
The Silmadrillion

Lucy P. Matthews '78

# BOOK ONE

1. Menel Ingelag had just been promoted to command the three front line cities, Az-Ganax, Az-Yiza and Az-Khelex. The increased responsibility entitled him to a new house in a better part of the city. He was a short man with medium length brown hair, a long robe of woven steel threads down to the ground, and a helm of gold with the insignia of a high-ranking officer on it.

He had been thinking for some time about the Nargs gathering in the foothills, and he pondered on the inadequacy of his armies, now that the powers of the ageing Lords were dwindling.

He was walking down the main street of Az-Ganax when he met his second-in-command, Aln Miletor.

"Good day, Menel," said Aln.

"Is it? These Nargs are becoming too fierce and numerous for my liking," said Menel. The two were great friends and went everywhere together.

"Do you think the Nargs will attack today?" said Aln.

"Yes, I do; and if they attack it will be on the Alimenal slopes near here," replied Menel. "I think that there are many things to do before we could have even a slight hope of stopping them. You know, I have been thinking about the inadequacy of the nine old Lords of our three cities. Could I not become a Lord in time? For Iletamera, the First Lord of Az-Yiza, is very old — in fact he's nearly two hundred; they'll surely need a replacement for him when he dies?" said Menel.

"Yes, I suppose so; but how will we get the three cities even to give you a chance of becoming a Lord?" replied Aln.

The two wandered into another part of the city to supervise the preparing of better defences for the imminent Narg attack.

Out of the shadows stepped a young boy, his eyes shining with excitement. He was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight, the age at which youngsters might join the guard of the city. His name was Itelar, and he had just been made an officer. He had great secret powers — he could control other people and things. It is common among Dwarves (and only Dwarves) to have telepathy; but Itelar had more, much more. He was a Magethrá, sent by the Overlords of the Magethrá to help in any way possible in the destruction of the Nargs. As a Magethrá he had been a tall man, about thirty-eight years of age; but the Overlords had used their power to take away his greatness and looks of power, changing him into the likeness of a Dwarf-lad; though he was still, as with all the Magethrá, tall and lean with fair hair and deep green eyes. He decided that he would keep an eye on Menel and Aln and help them.

When Menel reached his home in the centre of the great city, he stalked over to the window, fingering the long broadsword at his side. He looked out over the foothills, far, far out across the wood to the sea, to Arem and Ilem Eret, the two ports of the Magethrá. He was al-



ways drawn that way, in thought and in body. He took in the beauty of the plains just before the forest, the river and the foothills. The foothills... Even now there was smoke rising from them as the Nargs cooked their supper, fell beasts from the forests for the soldiers and Dwarf flesh for the officers. Damn them! he thought, why could the world not be free of such creatures of evil? He was determined to become a Lord now, even if it meant his whole life's work. But he did not know where to start. Why not... Well, why not start by defeating the Nargs who were besieging the city? But even if he succeeded he would need some Khazam metal to forge into a staff before he could become a Lord. Well, first things first, he thought, let's get rid of these foul Nargs for a start.

In his mind he suddenly heard the voice of Aln: "My Akol, they are coming! Look Menel, they are coming, thousands of them, they are coming!"

Menel ran again to the window. He could see nothing but the black smoke from the Nargs' cooking fires... That is no smoke, those are Nargs, you fool! he thought. Crashing through the door he left the room, down a long flight of steps, left along a well lit corridor, left again, down, left, always left and down, spirally. (The Dwarves always made their cities like this, so that each staircase would be a defensive point if the city was ever attacked.) Menel burst out into the daylight, green grass under his feet — but grass was far from his mind. Already two thirds of the Narg army had reached the flat ground in the foothills, perhaps two hundred feet below the 10,000 strong Dwarvish Army. Five minutes, thought Menel, I'll give those Nargs five minutes to get half way up the slope and then down we'll go.

But no! The Nargs stayed on the flat ground. Then Menel saw what they were waiting for — huge war machines were drawn up, great catapults and battering rams. Within thirty seconds the Dwarves were under fire from the catapults. Large boulders came raining down, cunningly laden with a burning liquid that splattered on to the Dwarves; but it did not hurt them, as their metal clothes and helmets protected them.

"Bring on the archers, use your fire arrows: aim only at the war machines," cried Menel. "Fire!"

The arrows went singing off on to the Nargs below, and the war machines began to burn. But more were brought up, and more; every time one was destroyed, another took its place. Menel was in a dilemma. If he retreated into the safety of the mountains there would be nothing to stop the Nargs; but if he stayed where he was the Dwarves would be picked off one by one — the only course left open to him would be to charge. He decided to call the retreat, explaining his plan carefully by telepathy to the captains of the small, 100-man units of the army, who in turn explained it to their men. The Dwarves withdrew just out of sight of the Nargs and waited.

Menel hoped fervently that his plan would work; it seemed to be doing so, for the rocks stopped coming down on the Dwarves. He called for quiet, and the whole Dwarf army fell silent. They could hear the cries of the Nargs below them, the bellowing of their commanders, the creaking of the catapults and the screams of their captives.

The Nargs were advancing quickly up the hill, jubilant in their vic-

tory, when they heard the shouts of the Dwarves coming down on them from above: row after row of spears glinting in the sun descended upon them. But instead of running, as Menel had thought they would, they stayed their ground and fought. They fought in great circles, all facing out, climbing ever higher, killing with their scimitars. But the quick minds of the Dwarves soon caught on to these tactics, and they stayed at safe distances, throwing or stabbing with their spears. It seemed to Menel that there were fewer Nargs in the battle than he had first thought; but never mind, the Dwarves were winning — they had already killed a great number of Nargs.

He heard a noise behind him, a clash of swords... No, no, it couldn't be! The Nargs had circled around the back of the Dwarves, and their main force was now coming down the hill on to the Dwarvish army!

It was a massacre. Six thousand Dwarves were killed; two thousand fled; and the rest retreated with Menel and Aln, who had no choice but to abandon the city to the victorious Nargs.



They now had to recapture Az-Ganax. But how? Firstly, they had to find more men: 2,000 tired and wounded Dwarves would be no match for 15,000 Nargs. He decided to lead his men to the other two cities and warn them of the danger at the other end of the Az-Ganax tunnels. They raced along under the shadow of the Mountains, and by nightfall had just reached Az-Yiza. They entered the city, causing great confusion, and after finding their men billets for the night Menel and Aln went to see the Lords.

They were escorted by two of the Minelors, the Lords' helpers. They went right the way up to the highest pinnacle of the mountain that the city was built under. They reached two great stone doors, perfect in their smoothness; in fact no sign of doors could be seen, but the Dwarves knew they were there because they could feel in their minds the power of their defence. The Lords willed one of the Minelors to open the doors, and they opened slowly, without a sound. The scene inside amazed Menel: three men sitting on great thrones of gold and silver, surrounded by the green fire that reveals the power of a Lord. The three were sitting with their staves of Khazam rigid in front of them; lines of fire joined the three staves to one another and to their masters.

The Lords seemed not to notice Menel's entrance. Suddenly a great voice filled his head: "As you may see, young man, we are working very hard." Menel's temples began to ache, and he communicated this to one of the Lords.

"We are very sorry, but as we are working so hard our powers are melted and therefore tripled."

In the atmosphere of great power it was hard for Menel to communicate telepathically, and one of the Lords detached himself and his staff from the other two — causing the green light to dim visibly — and walked over to them.

"Good day. I am Pikeza, Second Lord of Az-Yiza. How can we help you and your men?" he said.

Menel thought that his voice seemed weak for one of such high office, but he replied, "We come with great haste from Az-Ganax. Our fair city has been captured by an army of Nargs. They caught my army in a trap; only 4,000 escaped, and of those 2,000 are with me here. We come to you for help because we don't know where the Lords of Az-Ganax are, and therefore we ask your help either to find them or to send one or two Lords from here or from Az-Khelex."

A line of green flame sprayed out from the Lord's staff and joined the other two. The room began to warm up, and a clear piece of glass appeared in the wall behind the Lords — at least it seemed to be glass, for it changed from clear to a scene in one of the tunnels in the mountains. There were about fifteen men grouped together, running, three of them obviously Lords by the fire streaming from them back down the tunnel whence they had come. The picture in the wall followed these lines of fire for about a quarter of a mile until they reached a band of Nargs, about forty in all, toiling ahead, slowed down by the Lords' flames. The men in front were obviously going to escape, as they were unhampered, while the Nargs were making only about half walking pace. The picture faded and Pikeza spoke.

"We have decided to help you. All the tunnels out of Az-Ganax will have mind barriers set across them, so that none of the Nargs shall escape. But they will not always be as vulnerable as they are now — we must act quickly. Teloreporon of Az-Khelex will accompany you in your mission. You must rest now while we make our plans and Teloreporon comes to join us. If you follow Ithan the Minelor he will take you and your companion to your quarters."

The Minelor walked out with Menel and Aln following. The Minelor had no powers of telepathy: his had been ruined through always being near the Lords; so Menel and Aln could carry on a telepathic conversation. They talked about many things, but mainly about the Lords, for they had both felt their powers when near them. These powers were indeed awesome: a single Lord was worth at least five hundred men in a battle; and when alone they had a telepathic receiving and transmitting range of well over six hundred miles (that is, as long as they were thinking to other Lords).

Their conversation was abruptly halted when they reached the end of the passage. Menel felt the Lords' power through the Minelor open the door. The room beyond was plain enough: two low beds, a table, two chairs, a high window in the wall, and a basin and bath.

"Thank you," said Menel.

"You will be called for in the morning about two hours after sunrise," said the Minelor. They both thanked him and the Lords again, and he left.

"Well, I hope they can help us, because if they can't, nobody can," said Menel. Aln was looking very thoughtful, and only grunted a monosyllabic "Yes". Menel started to say, "How do we get foo-...", when Aln interrupted him.

"You know, I saw a young boy today who seemed to be following us: not uncommon in beggar boys, but I had seen him before in Az-Ganax, I am

sure, and he didn't seem to be poor then, he was well-dressed... Maybe it's nothing, but he... he seemed to have power — I could feel it radiating from him." Then he added, "It's probably nothing."

Menel didn't take much notice of his friend; it had been a busy day, and there was much to think about. He had made up his mind to resign from the army, take all his money, and mine for the Khazam metal — and, if he found any, to become a Lord.

"Aln, I have something to put to you. Will you help me to mine for Khazam and become a Lord? I have nearly thirty thousand gold pieces saved up, and there are also five thousand gold pieces for my leaving pay. Please come with me — we can hire a veritable army of miners with that kind of money."

Aln sat down, and a strange look came across his face. Menel felt a surge of mental force enter him from the direction of the door.

"Yes, I will," Aln said. "I need a purpose in life, to help someone, to do something. I will, yes, I'll help you. You know, I have fifteen thousand gold pieces plus my three thousand leaving pay — that is fifty-three thousand pieces between us... But one condition: I should like to command the Army when you are a Lord — the Army at your town, with your powers as well, of course."

Menel felt greatly relieved. "Yes, of course, anything as long as you will help me."

They both shook hands and settled down in their beds of heather and bracken, to sleep peacefully. This was the first night for a long time that Menel had been at peace in his mind.



**2.** Menel woke up the next morning, prepared for anything. He left the room with Aln in tow and went to find his men.

"Hoy, you men, the General's here — snap to it, get over here!"

Menel walked up to an orderly army of men, supplemented by the 10,000-strong army of Az-Yiza and 5,000 men of the army of Az-Khelex, who had marched all night to be here — they were going to be left to guard the city and the tunnels.

The army of 12,000 set off, Menel and his 2,000 down the tunnels and the other 10,000 over the mountains and around the foothills to Az-Ganax. Menel and his group were going down the largest tunnel; it was an excellent example of Dwarf work: fine, perfectly cut walls, well lit with everlasting lamps set into the walls behind crystal panels.....



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# follow~On

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## English in fëanorian

In his article on this subject in Mallorn 14, David Masson set out his system for writing English in the Elvish tengwar. Here is a response from a fellow-linguist, Steve Pillinger:

David Masson has given a very useful exposition of how to use the tengwar phonemically in English. However in certain important respects I feel that it fails in its aim of providing a system "adequate phonetically" (as Tolkien suggested); and these points ought to be raised for the benefit of people wanting to use the system (which is otherwise excellent).

Firstly, David Masson's use of two *r*'s (*n* and *y*) for English: this is quite unjustified phonemically. I know of no variety of English that has two *r*-sounds. The so-called 'silent *r*' of British English 'here', 'bird' and 'car' can hardly be called an *r*-sound, since it is not pronounced — and the purpose of a phonemic writing system is to represent (only) that which is actually pronounced. The three words 'here', 'bird' and 'car' would be written phonemically as /hi:ə, bæ:d, ka:/ in British English. *R* is never pronounced in a word like 'bird' — so that David Masson's use of *n* for this vowel-sound is redundant: *ī* would be quite sufficient on its own. (An *r* will, however, sometimes be heard at the end of words like 'here' & 'car': this is when a vowel immediately follows — e.g., 'Here is...', 'The car in question...'. This *r* could be written — but it is identical in sound to any other *r*, and certainly gives no justification for using two different *r*-tengwar.)

Secondly, there is the restriction of the downhook for final *-s* (*ś*) to plural-forms only (p.28). Again, this has no phonemic justification. The *s* on the end of 'fits' (plural noun) has exactly the same sound as the *s* on the end of 'fits' (singular verb), and should be represented the same way.

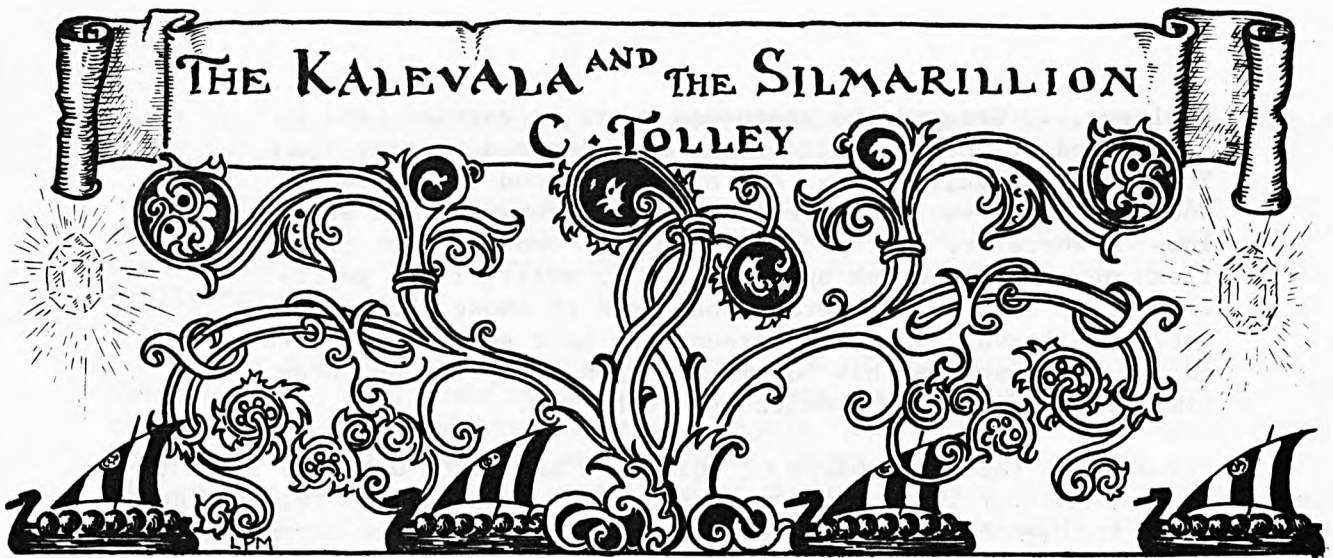
Thirdly, David Masson's representation of long vowels is not fully consistent. Tolkien says that these may be written either as doubled short vowels, or with the long carrier (*ī*). However David Masson has *ī* and *ū* written as /iy/ and /uw/ (*λ* & *ō*); *ē* written as *ī*; and *ā*, *ō* & *ē* all doubled (*īī*, *ūū*, *ēē*). It would surely make better sense, both orthographically and phonemically, to use the same kind of representation for all six."

Finally, I can't agree with David Masson that "it is impossible to cater for dialects" (p.22). He's already done just this — for the southern British and North American dialects! His representations of these are just as far removed from the orthography as, say, Australian or Irish or South African English would be. Why should Australians, for instance, have to master *British* (or *American*) pronunciation before they can start using the tengwar phonemically? 'Standard' British and American may be considered by some as the 'prestige' dialects; but if an Australian wants to write *pīpī* (/peənd/) for 'pound', why on middle-earth shouldn't he?

— *Spjlb . pīī* — [Steve Pillinger]

# THE KALEVALA AND THE SILMARILLION

C. TOLLEY



ne of the many mythologies which have had an influence on Tolkien's work was the *Kalevala*, the 22000-line poem recounting the adventures of a group of Finnish heroes. It has many characteristics peculiar to itself and is quite different from, for example, Greek or Germanic mythology. It would take too long to discuss this difference, but the prominent role of women (particularly mothers) throughout the book may be noted, as well as the fact that the heroes and the style are 'low-brow', as Tolkien described them, as opposed to the 'high-brow' heroes common in other mythologies;

visits to Tuonela (Hades) are fairly frequent; and magic and shape-changing play a large part in the epic. Another notable feature which the *Kalevala* shares with QS is that it is a collection of separate, but interrelated, tales of heroes, with the central theme of war against Pohjola, the dreary North, running through the whole epic, and individual themes in the separate tales.

However, it must be appreciated that QS, despite the many influences clearly traceable behind it, is, as Carpenter reminds us, essentially original; influences are subtle, and often similar incidents may occur in both books, but be employed in different circumstances, or be used in QS simply as a basis for a tale which Tolkien would elaborate on and change. This is noticeable even in the tale of Túrin (based on the tale of Kullervo), in which the Finnish influence is strongest. I will give a brief synopsis of the Kullervo tale, to show that although Tolkien used the story, he varied it, added to it, changed its style (which cannot really be appreciated without reading the original), and moulded it to his own use.

Untamo fights against and destroys his brother Kalervo's race, only one woman being spared, who then bears Kullervo, Kalervo's son. Untamo tries unsuccessfully to kill him, then sells him as a slave to Ilmarinen the smith. After maltreatment by Ilmarinen's wife, Kullervo changes a host of wolves and bears into cattle, and when the smith's wife comes to milk them, she is torn to pieces. Kullervo then flees (cf. Túrin's flight from Doriath). Wandering north, he is told that his family is still alive, so he makes his way to their home; there he is informed of the loss of his sister, who disappeared when gathering berries. Kullervo proves incapable of work (because he is too strong), so he is given the job of paying the taxes. On returning home one day, he meets a maid - in reality his sister - and forcibly abducts her. On each finding out who the other is, his sister casts herself into a torrent, and the miserable Kullervo returns home. When he proposes to commit suicide, his mother advises him to go into retreat to recover. Kullervo, however, marches on Untamo and kills him to avenge his father. Then, returning home, he finds his homestead deserted, and going to the site of his sister's abduction, he slays himself. The last lines are worth quoting:

Kullervo..../Grasped the sharpened sword he carried / And he questioned it and asked it / If it was disposed to slay him / To devour his guilty body / And his evil blood to swallow / Understood the sword his meaning / And it answered him as follows: / "Wherefore at thy heart's desire / Should I not thy flesh devour / And drink up thy blood so evil? / I who guiltless flesh have eaten, / Drank the blood of those who sinned not?" / Kullervo.... / On the ground the haft set firmly / Turned the point against his bosom / And upon the point he threw him. / Thus he found the death he sought for.

It is obvious that some parts of this tale are taken directly into *Túrin's* tale, but most of it is used just as a basis, and *Túrin's* tale has much more detail, influences from elsewhere, and a different, more Germanic, style; but it is essentially *original*, despite the obvious influences.

Elsewhere, correlations are less clear, and often hard to detect. As to names, Ilmatar (the virgin of the air, the divine Creatrix) recalls Ilúvatar; Mana (god of Hades) recalls Mandos; and Ilma (the air), Ilmen (the firmament). Also comparable are Ukko, the high god, and Manwe, both of whom had dominion over clouds and the air. QS's creation story, however, does not resemble the *Kalevala's*, where the earth is formed from the broken eggs of the teal. The primeval smith, Ilmarinen, resembles Aulë or Fëanor - cf. the forging of the Sampo and the Silmarilli. These artifacts do indeed have several features in common, and it may be worthwhile to make a comparison. The Sampo was forged by the greatest smith, Ilmarinen, a task of which he alone was capable, for the purpose of winning the maid of Pohja. Also, the materials needed could apparently only be procured once; the Sampo made its environs prosperous, which may be compared with the Silmaril on Tol Galen; like the Silmarilli, the Sampo was kept hidden away in an impregnable mountain in the north, and it too was stolen and subsequently lost, only small remains surviving (the Silmarilli were lost, the only remains of them being the Silmaril on Vingilot, far off and lost to the world). The Sampo was kept in Pohjola, which resembles Angband in many respects. It was in the north; it was ruled over by the evil Mistress of Pohja; it was cold (indeed the Mistress was in command of frost); people were not respected there, and heroes were eaten; disease was nurtured there, and "There a fence was raised of iron, Fenced with steel the whole enclosure, In the ground a hundred fathoms, In the sky a thousand fathoms", recalling the Ered Engrin and the mighty Thangorodrim. Again, Pohja was guarded by a great serpent, as Thangorodrim was by Carcharoth the wolf.

There are also several incidents similar to episodes in the tale of Beren and Lúthien. The contest of song and magic between Felagund and Sauron recalls that between Väinämöinen and Joukahainen, when Väinämöinen forced Joukahainen into the marsh until he promised him his sister Aino; or that between the Master of Pohja and Lemminkäinen when each created by the power of his song various animals which fought against each other. Another similarity is the Sampo/Silmaril - Väinämöinen would get the maid of Pohja if he could make the Sampo; Beren would get Lúthien if he could wrest a Silmaril from Morgoth. Also, the story of Lemminkäinen's death may have a bearing on Beren's, for both were brought back to life by loving relatives (Lemminkäinen by his mother, Beren by Lúthien). And there is a possible connection between the maid of Pohja's choice between Väinämöinen, the illustrious minstrel, and Ilmarinen (she rejected Väinämöinen), and Lúthien's decision to choose Beren rather than Daeron the minstrel. Lemminkäinen's apparently useless journey to Pohjola is comparable to Beren and Lúthien's, and he, like Lúthien, bewitched the guard (a serpent in this case). Lúthien's chants to Morgoth in Thangorodrim resemble Väinämöinen's singing on his lyre in Pohja, by the power of which he casts a

spell of sleep over all Pohja, and then steals the Sampo from its impregnable mountain stronghold with his two hero companions.\*

There seem to be several correspondences, then, but again it is noticeable how Tolkien changes his sources and uses them only cursorily, so that what is used is welded inextricably into the story, and the result is essentially original.

Other possible connections are: the webs of the crone of Tuonela, and Vairë's webs (though she seems more to resemble the Greek Fates); the duel between Lemminkainen and the Master of Pohjola, and that between Fingolfin and Morgoth (though the outcome was different, since Lemminkainen won and decapitated the other); and the importance of music and trees. Also notable is that the sun and moon were taken by Pohja's Mistress and kept in her mountain until she was practically forced to return them (cf. the Silmarilli in Thangorodrim); then there is the story of the pike who swallowed Ukko's spark (intended as a new sun to be tended by a certain maid) and was burnt by it until the heroes captured the pike and released the spark - cf. the story of Carcharoth in Doriath. Finally, there is Väinämöinen's departure (apparently to Paradise) in a copper boat over the sea, which, like the departure of the last elves at the end of the Third Age, heralded the end of the heroic age.

There are some other possible connections which, however, seem less likely; e.g., the creation songs of the giant Antera Vipunen are perhaps slightly similar to the Ainulindalë. And could Joukahainen's claim to have scattered the stars be the origin of the story of Varda's starkindling?

Despite the many Kalevalan influences on QS, by far the largest part of the former plays no part in the latter - e.g. the chapters of instruction for the bride. Undoubtedly some parts were not used because they could not fit into QS's structure, while others (e.g. Kullervo's tale) were purposely chosen because they appealed to Tolkien; but most must have emerged in QS unconsciously from the depths - the leafmould, as he called it - of Tolkien's mind. And, like leafmould, the original stories have changed, and bits and pieces of different tales have come together to produce new, original tales on which the influences have been subtle and nowhere overwhelming.



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\*Indeed, their voyage to Pohjola, with its accompanying difficulties, was similar to Beren and Lúthien's in some ways; but their voyage back resembles more the flight of the Noldor, with the storms of Iku-Turso, a water giant (cf. Uinen's storms), and its curse from Pohja's mistress.





# RIVER-DAUGHTER

Walk awhile in woods at sunset  
amidst the tall trees whispering,  
Hear the river-woman's daughter  
softly, slowly, sadly sing:  
Then she pauses, looks about her,  
and she listens, wondering.

Evening breezes hush to stillness,  
woodland creatures gather near  
Hesitantly closer drawing,  
the music of the pipes to hear.

Hear the pipes come slowly nearer  
calling soft, but calling clear,  
Lilting now like silvern laughter,  
banishing both doubt and fear.

Closer, closer comes the piper  
music sending through the air,  
Wakes within the river-daughter  
dreams of love both proud and fair,  
Sets her slender feet to dancing  
to his music fine and rare.

See rushes swaying by the river  
to the music that is played,  
See the dark-haired river-daughter  
dance alone and unafraid.

By the riverside she dances,  
leaping high, then bending low,  
All along the deep pool's borders  
where the water-lilies grow.

Hear the willows softly sighing  
bending low to touch the water:  
Hear the pipes their fair spell weaving  
for to catch the river-daughter.

Soft of footfall comes the piper  
music spilling from the shadows,  
Circling with the river-daughter  
as dancing o'er the grass she goes.

Nearer, nearer steals the piper,  
river-maiden does not see  
As he pauses for a moment  
underneath the willow tree:  
Heeding nothing but the music  
enraptured, dancing, passes she.

At that moment pipes are silenced,  
echoes lost in rippling water:  
In one swift movement he has captured  
to his heart the river-daughter.

Well woven was his spell of music,  
river-maiden does not flee:  
But her love to him she pledges,  
underneath the willow tree.

See the river-maid and woodland piper  
vanish now from mortal sight,  
Their single shadow quietly fading,  
lost within the shades of night...  
As their races too have vanished  
into eternal realms of twilight.

**Sara Pickering**



# U

## nfinished Tales

by J. R. R. Tolkien

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edited by CHRISTOPHER TOLKIEN

London: George Allen & Unwin, 1980. £7.50

When I first read *The Silmarillion*, I was hoping for more than the tales of Eru, the Valar, the Elves and Númenor. I was also hoping for tales more closely related to *The Lord of the Rings* itself. Although I knew that I would not find such tales in *The Silmarillion*, nonetheless I was vaguely disappointed. Yet I had also thoroughly enjoyed *The Silmarillion* on its own merits. It seemed that ideally I was looking for a book which combined *The Silmarillion* with *The Lord of the Rings*: and in the *Unfinished Tales* I have found just that.

Approximately one half of the *Unfinished Tales* deals with the First and Second Ages; the other half is about the Third Age, and is closely related to *The Lord of the Rings*. The first half has two tales — of Tuor and Túrin; a description of Númenor, a tale and royal lineage of Númenor; and the history of Galadriel and Celeborn. The second half covers more subjects: such things as the Palantíri; the tale of how the friendship between Rohan and Gondor began; and Gandalf's version of the Quest of Erebor. In the tales in the first half, of Tuor and Túrin, the narrative is longer and more personal than in the *Quenta Silmarillion*: Tuor's tale is given only 2 pages in *The Silmarillion* (pp. 238-239, 1st. edition hardback), whereas it has 33 in the *Unfinished Tales*. The story of Túrin covers 29 pages in *The Silmarillion* (pp.198-227, 1st. ed. hardback) — but it has 91 in *Unfinished Tales*. I found that the greater depth and breadth of these tales certainly made them more interesting and compelling. Tuor's coming to Gondolin with Ulmo's help is only a small section of the *Quenta Silmarillion*; but it assumes a greater significance in the *Unfinished Tales*. There is more description, too: the Seven Gates of Gondolin, for instance, are each described — Gondolin was certainly well-defended! The tragedy and triumph of Túrin's life is also much more clearly brought out:

the tragedy of his unwitting marriage to his sister, and his triumph over the Great Worm, Glaurung. This greater detail and feeling, I found, also added to my appreciation of the *Quenta Silmarillion* itself.

There are three sections relating to Númenor: description, tale and royal lineage. The tale of Aldarion and his wife Erendis is one to which no reference is made in *The Silmarillion*. It concerns the first sea-king of Númenor, and the beginning of the Númenorean interest in Middle-earth. It is a sad tale, but I liked it. The description of Númenor — shape, size, areas — is really useful as an aid to visualizing the place. The lineage is that of the Line of Elros, and it adds some details about the kings which are not to be found in *The Silmarillion*.

Parts Three and Four relate closely to *The Lord of the Rings*. They are in chronological order (as are all the *Unfinished Tales*). They start with the disaster of the Gladden Fields, describing in detail what happened to Isildur, and bringing out the tragedy inherent in his keeping of the One Ring. A more cheerful subject follows: that of the friendship between Gondor and Rohan. This is an optimistic, even a happy tale, and we learn more about Rohan, including, for instance, further detail on military matters.

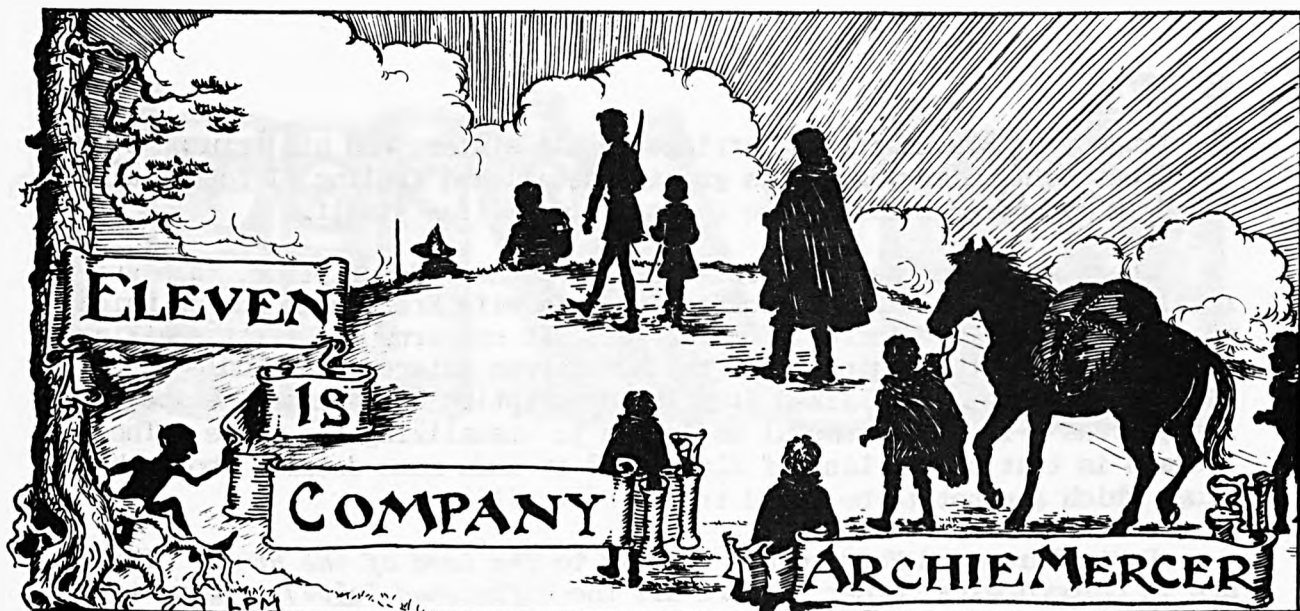
Then come my favourite sections. These are the tales told by Gandalf: his version of sending Thorin Oakenshield to Bilbo, and the hunt for the Ring. In places they are very funny — such as Gandalf's exasperation with Thorin's pride! There is also more detail concerning Saruman's jealousy towards Gandalf. The account of the Battles of the Fords of Isen shows how important the Fords were.

Part Four contains one of the most fascinating sections of the book — on the Druedain. These are the Wild Men of the Druadan Forest — Ghân-buri-Ghân and his tribe. They turn out to be much more than mere primitive men, and I was most impressed with them! The other sections of Part Four concern the Istari and the Palantíri. In these, information concerning both is brought together and added to. I enjoyed learning yet more of the background to *Lord of the Rings*. There is also another map of Middle-earth at the back of the book.

Not only did I acquire an even greater admiration and appreciation of J.R.R. Tolkien's own work through reading his *Unfinished Tales*, but I also greatly admired Christopher Tolkien's skilful editing. Throughout the book there are notes and explanations. Variations and developments are included, so that one sees not only a picture of a tree, but of a living tree, growing and changing. Christopher Tolkien undoubtedly had a tremendous task, and he has accomplished it with rare skill. In *Unfinished Tales*, it seems to me, *The Silmarillion* and *The Lord of the Rings* become more fully integrated, and more of the scope of Tolkien's work is revealed. Those who found *The Silmarillion* rather heavy going should have no such trouble with the *Unfinished Tales*!

Susan Rule





**T**he Company of the Ring was a Company of Nine. Everyone knows that. Elrond himself defined the matter, shortly after the holding of the Council that bore his name. "The Company of the Ring," he declared, "shall be Nine; and the Nine Walkers shall be set against the Nine Riders that are evil." He must, presumably, have had some good reason to declare the Company a nonet. Admittedly there were nine Nazgûl - but they were not by any means alone in their evil. Possibly some form of learned numerology was involved. So the number nine went into the records, and passed gradually into legend. All this was despite the fact that the Company of the Ring actually numbered eleven.

It is, I think, worth having a quick look at the part played by the two supernumerary Companions of the Ring - glancing aside equally briefly at anything else noteworthy that is turned up in the process.

When the expedition set forth from Rivendell it already numbered ten rather than nine. One was a wizard, one an elf, one a dwarf - that made three. Two men made five. Four hobbits made the canonical nine. The tenth was Bill the pony.

Bill was with them all the way to the Gates of Moria. His usual job was simply to carry baggage - but during the retreat from the bad weather that the party encountered in the Redhorn pass, he gave Gimli a short ride. The occasion must have been vivid in Gimli's mind when later he was expected to ride one of the steeds of Rohan, though the book makes no further mention of the incident. As far as being an escort for the Ring went, Bill's work was finished when he had to be left behind outside Moria, though he managed to make his way back to Bree (which in itself is slightly odd: I would have expected him rather to seek Rivendell), and there rejoined the returning hobbits on their way home to scour the Shire.

When Moria's gate clanged shut, the Company was at last reduced to its nominal establishment of Nine. Or was it? If it was, then it very soon reverted to ten, the tenth - or eleventh - being of course Smeagol, alias Gollum. Now Gollum was of much more importance than Bill - after all, he was not only the last of the Ring-bearers, but the one who (apart from Sauron himself) bore it longest. It is therefore worth examining his comings and goings in somewhat more detail.

At the Council of Elrond it was revealed that Gollum had escaped from captivity and was at liberty, precise whereabouts unknown. It is uncertain

precisely when he became an unofficial member of the Company. Frodo first noticed him - or the footsteps and staring eyes that were pretty certainly his - during the early part of the journey through Moria. Aragorn later confirmed that he too had noticed the signs then, and Frodo supposed Gollum to have been simply lurking in Moria when the Company happened along. He may well have picked up the Company's trail somewhere in the wilderness between Rivendell and Moria, however, if not that of the somewhat more limited Company before it even reached Rivendell. So for a time the Company *may* have numbered a full eleven.

Gollum was seen in Lórien by both Frodo and at least one elf - who, uncharacteristically, was either unable or unwilling to do anything about him at the time. He followed the Company's convoy down the Anduin lying on a log and paddling with his hands. He went missing for a while when the Company dispersed at the Falls of Rauros, but he soon got back on the trail of Frodo and the Ring. When he came too close and was caught, Frodo promptly spared his life. This point should be particularly noted, because it is of major importance in the further development of events.

From his capture until the party reached Cirith Ungol, Gollum ranked as a full member of the depleted Company. The book in fact refers in one place to Frodo, Sam and Gollum as "the three companions". This companionship was interrupted briefly when Faramir's company put in an appearance and secured the persons of Frodo and Sam before that of Gollum - but again Frodo was instrumental in preserving Gollum's life, and the trio soon continued south as a trio.

The events at Cirith Ungol finally disrupted any remaining companionableness between Gollum on the one hand and Frodo and Sam on the other - but Gollum did not go away, he simply stuck as close to the other two as he could without actually being any longer of their party. And once the party reached Mount Doom, there could be no holding him even at arm's length any more. At the long-awaited climax Frodo at last reached the Crack of Doom with the Ring - but then, with victory literally only a gravity-drop away, the Ring proved too strong for him. He was both mentally and physically incapable of giving it up, let alone of destroying it. So was he, under its baleful influence, to pass it unwittingly or unwillingly back to Sauron after all? As we know, he did not. It was a near thing. This, however, was where Gollum came (in more senses than one) into his own. This was his supreme moment. On the edge of the chasm he grappled with the Ring-bound Frodo, bit off the latter's finger, and so regained his Precious. Capering in insane triumph, he lost his footing and over he went, Ring and all. The Quest had succeeded.

In a sense, Gollum was the one who succeeded where Frodo failed. Such was never, most certainly, his intention. Yet that is in fact what did happen - in, as I said, a sense. In another sense, however, the triumph was entirely Frodo's. Gollum was only able to perform his dramatically vital act because he was there. And he was only there because Frodo, amongst others, had repeatedly spared his life. Since Gollum's life was entirely wrapped up in the Ring, he would never willingly have been far from it. Hindsight says that by sparing Gollum's life, Frodo had ensured that Gollum would be there at the finish to do his stuff. As he was, and as he did.

Bill the pony, then, was openly recognised as a tenth member of the Company of Nine. Gollum, although not a recognised Companion at the start, became so before the finish, certainly from Moria, and possibly before that.

Has anybody ever wondered why eleven is such a popular number in team-sports?

**Archie Mercer**



## WORD

*A word drifted the sky and in sailing stood  
On the brow of oakman, born of wood.  
He took up the word and in lifting, spoke  
The word: a thought, a memory he awoke.  
The word arose and in awakening belled,  
Forgotten lore stirred, from the trees knowledge welled.*

*A song glided twilight moons and in roving saw  
A monstrous beast of horror of cavernous maw.  
It fled and in fleeing came unto a net  
And the mesh of the Moon-child of starlit eyes met.  
The song became and in absorbing soared  
Unto the stars where no winds roared  
In the Star-lord's realms.*

Gordon MacLellan



## for Saruman

*When first a man begins to speak,  
He sorts his words twixt right and wrong,  
And, truthfulness left to the meek,  
Persuades himself which words are strong.  
He learns deceit will give him power,  
To still his peers and bind the weak,  
Convincing all the evil throng  
That he provides the trove they seek.  
But all to him such gains belong  
And just rewards — how long his hour?*

Tim Scratcherd



**T**his paper is about both Isengard and Saruman, not just because the man is as interesting as the place, but also because the man cannot be considered apart from his stronghold.

## Isengard

Isengard itself is the area at the head of a long glacial valley at the southern end of the Misty Mountains. The valley is elongated by two spurs of foothills which run down into the plains of Rohan for nearly seventy miles to the west; it was called *Nan Curunír* at the close of the Third Age, which simply meant 'vale of the [cunning] old man', i.e. of Saruman. The first point to put across is the sheer size and scope of Isengard and its geography; the more carefully we look at it, the more impressive it becomes.

At a liberal estimate *Nan Curunír* was fifty miles long. Its salient features were the swift, deep, and unfordable Isen running its length, the many lesser streams running down into it, and a road running to the west of the river. Sixteen miles into the valley were the 'Gates of Isengard'. This was obviously some kind of barrier, perhaps where the valley narrowed or was broken up by spurs. It also implies some man-made barrier such as a wall; Isengard's history would support such an idea. At various times in its history *Nan Curunír*'s scenery was fashioned by man; while under Númenorean control it was laid out as fields and park-land, but in the last century of Saruman's dominion it became an area of waste and devastation.

At the head of the valley lay Isengard itself. The geological evidence here points to only one logical account of the scenery: into the head of the valley a mile-wide crater of recent origin fits exactly. The back of the crater is welded into the surrounding mountain-sides to create a sheer wall of rock behind Isengard (into which guard-houses, etc., had been built). The peak at the centre of the crater, caused by the lava splashing back, had hardly weathered at all. At ground level, however, there had been considerable water erosion caused by streams running across the crater floor. At the beginning of its history the whole crater must have been filled with water and formed a vast lake, but the water splashing over the lip of the crater must have worn a deep channel. Behind this the water sank to leave most of the floor dry, with a lake to the east of the peak. When the crater was transformed into a fortress the water was controlled in a vast system of underground channels and culverts. The Isen was diverted, and the breach in

the crater wall was turned into the entrance. This culvert carrying the Isen was Isengard's only weakness, and it was this that the Ents dammed up to flood the crater.

At the centre of the crater stood the tower of Orthanc. This tower was the most imposing part of all Isengard. It rose vertically for five hundred feet above the crater floor. The Númenoreans had smoothed off the rock and polished it; they may also have added buttresses at the bottom and battlements at the top, and certainly built an impressive stair up to an above-ground entrance. The rock was hollowed out to create a sky-scraper of a keep. The stone of which the whole fortress was built was the metamorphic rock created by the meteorite's impact, and its two known qualities were its blackness and exceptional toughness. It was as if the whole fortress were built of black marble. Isengard was Middle-earthly architecture at its apogee: a fortress that was impregnable even when undefended.

## Isengard under the Númenoreans

The Númenoreans had established their presence in Middle-earth by 1800\*, but the earliest date that could be fixed for their interest in Isengard would be around 2250. 2251-3175 saw the gradual division of the Númenoreans into the Faithful and the Unfaithful, culminating in the civil war of 3175-3255. The Faithful tended to be stronger in the north around the rivers Anduin and Baranduin, while the Unfaithful were strong in the south and at sea. The Faithful needed secure lines of communication across the interior of the continent (the Palantíri were still in Númenor at this date), and the route through the Gap of Rohan (or Calenardhon, as it would then have been called) was of the greatest strategic importance for linking Minas Anor with Annúminas. Control of Isengard gave control of the Gap and of the road running through it. This road was designed for the movement of people or horses but not wheeled traffic, because the fords of Isen were provided with stepping stones rather than a causeway.

Isengard was an isolated place, with orcs to the north, Fangorn to the east, and barbarians to the west. The policing of the orcs and barbarians would have been its main function, and for this reason it would have been necessary for it to be self-sufficient in the event of being cut off for long periods. The Gates would have had to enclose a large enough area to feed the garrison. This scale of settlement suggests that Isengard may have been more of a city-state than a castle.

In the period 3320-TA.1974 Isengard played another vital rôle as a centre of psychic as opposed to physical communications, with the palantíri. Isengard's palantír might have acted as the link between those of Arnor and Gondor.

Isengard never regained the military importance it had held during the Númenorean civil war. In 3431 Isildur established his rallying point at Amon Sûl, and used the eastern passage across the High Pass and down the Anduin valley to attack Sauron in 3434. During the first half of the Third Age Isengard was the seat of the wardens of Gondor upon the west. Whether deep inside the empire at its greatest extent, or as a frontier post on its

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\*All dates in this section refer to the Second Age.



edge, Isengard remained vital as the link between the two kingdoms. Communications between them were interrupted from 1409 to 1940, but resumed from 1940 to 1974. After Arnor's fall in 1974 the revenge expedition bypassed Isengard to go by sea. Isengard's rôle thereafter must have declined to the simple one of preventing barbarian incursions into Calenardhon through the Gap.

Even if it had been manned in 2510, Isengard would have been over-run or starved out by the Balchoth. Orthanc, however, was never taken by an enemy, as its locking mechanism was too sophisticated for any forcible entry. We do not know how long Isengard lay deserted: at one extreme it might have been as long as 1,350 years (1409-2759); at the other it might only have been 249 years (2510-2759). In any event it was long enough for the crater wall to have fallen into disrepair. The crater was occupied by Dunlendings from 2710 to 2759 — which must have driven home the lesson of the importance of having Isengard in friendly hands.

Isengard as known at the end of the Third Age dates from 2759 when the Dunlendings were cleared from the crater. Beren, Steward of Gondor, gave the keys of Orthanc to Saruman. Isengard remained technically a part of Gondor through into the Fourth Age, and the decision to place Saruman there was taken in Minas Tirith and not in Edoras — though some consultation must have taken place. Saruman made his first formal appearance in Rohan at the coronation of Fréaláf, which would have been in the summer or autumn of 2759, following which he moved into Orthanc. Presumably he had come to Edoras via Minas Tirith either to gain Rohan's approval of his tenancy or to set their minds at rest. Whichever it was, he won the Rohirrim over, and they became allies. Gondor wanted Saruman in Isengard as a bolster to Rohan, as a most useful vassal, and as caretaker of an historic and still valuable fortress which they could no longer garrison. Rohan shared these benefits, and may also have received help in counsel and technical matters. Under the shadow of his protection Rohan resettled the West Mark.



## Saruman

Saruman was a wizard, one of the five Istari. They had appeared in Middle-earth around T.A.1000, and their task was to rally the peoples of Middle-earth against Sauron. They were forbidden to match strength with strength, to dominate by force or fear, or to establish dominions over the peoples of Middle-earth. Saruman was to break all these precepts. They were mortal men, but possessed of awesome longevity, ageing but imperceptibly during their 2,000 years on Middle-earth. They were to act as catalysts in human and elven affairs. Their two symbols of rank were distinctive clothing (a different colour for each wizard) and a rod/staff/wand. This staff was a repository for the energy the wizards could use to carry out their mission. Like a ring of power, it acted as a channel by which psychic power could operate directly on the physical universe. Once deprived of his staff, Saruman could no longer operate as a wizard. Saruman also affords us another insight into the inner nature of the wizards: when he was finally killed by Gríma, at the moment of death the psychic energy was released from his body, with two results: the corpse appeared to age instantly to its full span of years, and what appeared to be a grey mist rose from it — a phenomenon also observed in Ringwraiths.



Only three of the Istarī are named: Saruman (the White, head of the order), Gandalf (the Grey, subsequently the White), and Radagast (the Brown). These three operated in the west, so we may presume that the other two worked in the east, and we may also speculate that Saruman was their co-ordinator, travelling in both east and west (prior to 2759). If this is so, then we can assume that by 2759 either the two other wizards had ceased to count for whatever reason, or that Saruman had abrogated the rôle. The only event in which we know Saruman had been involved before the War of the Ring was the attack on Dol Guldur by the White Council in 2941, which Saruman had planned and directed. We know, however, that Saruman was already looking for the One Ring (from 2939, in fact), and that Sauron's defeat was a preliminary to the establishing of Saruman as the main power in the Anduin area.

## Isengard under Saruman

2953 was the date of the last meeting of the White Council, and from that date Isengard can be seen as a separate political entity, building up to its rôle in the War of the Ring. At this Council Saruman declared that he had proof that the One Ring had been lost, thus in retrospect declaring his interest in finding and using it. From this date Isengard itself (i.e. the crater) was refortified and regarrisoned.

Saruman may have had his mind turned by using the palantír, or he may have decided to renounce his mission of his own accord. In any event, he tired of the constraints placed on him as a wizard, and yearned for the temporal power of men like Isildur or Hyarmendacil, combined with the psychic power of Sauron. To achieve this he needed two bases: political-cum-military, and psychic. The first he built up at Isengard, as will be described below; the second he worked on in three ways: by perverting his power as a wizard and using the palantír, by trying to forge his own rings of power, and by trying to find the One Ring.

It is not really possible to write a political history of Isengard in the period 2953-3018, the information is too sparse. The only remotely political event we know of during this time was Aragorn's agitation against Sauron in Minas Tirith while serving in Gondor. What can be attempted, however, is a description of what Saruman had achieved by 3018 in the following areas:

### ETHNIC

It is impossible to analyse any society of Middle-earth without reference to its 'racial' make-up. Isengard housed three peoples. At its head was Saruman, a mortal man for all that he was a wizard, and at the same level of humanity were probably some outcasts from Gondor who may have been able to lay claim to some Númenorean blood. Isengard was a rallying point for those who opposed the societies of the West without wishing to commit themselves to Sauron. At the next level were those of the Rohirrim who preferred Isengard to Edoras. We only know one of these, Gríma, but he seems to have been able to carry others with him. Saruman could also present himself as the only centre of civilisation in the north-west, and may have attracted men from throughout Enedwaith and Eriador. Even if they did not live at Isengard, Saruman had certainly made contact with such men. It

is worth noting that besides Bree the only recorded organised human settlement in this part of the world was Tharbad, which had been destroyed by flood in 2912. Saruman could justly claim to be reintroducing civilisation into the wilderlands of the west. At a different level were the men of Dunland, who were more slaves than allies. They were overawed by Saruman and deceived by his propaganda. They formed the backbone of his army and labour-force. It is worth noting, however, that the Dunlendings were made receptive to Saruman by their long hostility to the Rohirrim, who had dispossessed them of their lands west of the Gap.

What put Saruman outside the pale of acceptability was his use of orcs and half-men. Orcs had always lived in the Misty Mountains, but for the most part in isolated settlements. Only occasionally did some outside force come in and organise them into a formidable military threat. The Black Captain had so organised them in the second millenium to defeat Arnor; Sauron had taken up the same task in the second half of the third millenium, but had been thwarted by the White Council in 2941. While the orcs remained strong around Moria and in the south of the Misty Mountains, they could not be accounted a force to be reckoned with elsewhere by the beginning of the fourth millenium. In this southern area, however, they were strong enough to move at will across any open country between Lórien and the Entwash.

To achieve such strength, the orcs depended on Saruman's help, and help of a profound kind. It must be remembered that orcs were not indigenous to Middle-earth, but were a product of genetic engineering in the First Age. The creature thus produced stood around five feet tall, his face was round or even rounder than long, he had slanted eyes, heavy body hair, bandy legs, and disproportionately long arms. The orcs bred by Sauron had dark skins and red eyes. In fact the eyes would have been pink as in an albino, and this flaw in their make-up extended to an inability to cope with sunlight (i.e. ultra-violet radiation): it had the effect of making their knees wobble and their tongues hang out, and probably caused them to squint to the point of blindness. Saruman, however, solved this problem with the orcs known as the Uruk-hai, which in appearance and effectiveness were far nearer to men.

Not content with this, Saruman went a stage further and crossed men with orcs. These half-men had the malleability of orcs and the effectiveness of men, and were used, among other things, to infiltrate human societies. The half-man was a major new development for Middle-earth.

Finally, Saruman had enlisted the help of the wargs, the speaking wolves who allowed orcs to ride on their backs.

#### *GEOGRAPHIC*

Saruman's power extended directly only over the small area of Nan Cúrúin, but indirectly it reached out over the northern half of the Westemnet, over Dunland, and up into Enedwaith and perhaps Eriador. Saruman's influence may have extended much further: he maintained agents in Edoras and Bree that we know of, and probably many more besides; and the degree of involvement in Edoras suggests a great deal of power at a political level, to the extent of directing policy in Rohan. Had events gone Saruman's way he might rapidly have assumed political control of all the lands between the Anduin and the Lune. At the same time it must be remembered

that Enedwaith and Eriador were empty areas not to be accounted for much —Boromir journeyed through them in August–September 3018 without meeting anyone.

### *TECHNOLOGICAL*

Saruman was a unique figure in the Third Age in that he initiated an industrial revolution. The industrial base gave Saruman great power. His technology was in general unsophisticated but very intense. Saruman harnessed water power from the Isen and steam power from wood and charcoal from trees felled first in Nan Curunír and then Fangorn. Wood as a fuel is inefficient, and only as charcoal can it be used to smelt iron; but by this means Saruman set about arming his orcs and the Dunlendish nation. The environmental impact was disastrous. The techniques may have been less sophisticated than those of the Dwarves, but the concept of an industrialised society was new to Middle-earth, and the evidence of the Shire suggests that societies coming under Saruman's control would have been forcibly industrialised. The greatest achievement of this level of technology was the new gates of Isengard, which were massive yet perfectly balanced — craftsmanship approaching the Dwarvish.

At a different level, however, Saruman had access to Elven technology from his early days in the Far West. We have already noted his successes in genetic engineering, but he had also made other advances. He had amused himself by refashioning his cloak to change hue as it moved — a variant on Lórien's textile technology. More seriously he was attempting to forge new rings of power. Fortunately he managed to produce nothing of significance, but the fact that he wore one of his efforts shows that he thought he was making progress.

### *MILITARY*

Saruman attempted to introduce gunpowder on to the battlefield, but this was more of a gimmick than a trump. His real strength lay in conventional infantry. Saruman's achievement was that he had become, at the least reckoning, the fourth military power on Middle-earth within sixty years, having had to start from scratch. Saruman's one great military weakness was a lack of cavalry: wolf-riders could not make up for this because although good in a 'guerrilla' context they lacked shock power against disciplined infantry.

His infantry was more of a horde than an army, though it could boast some élite disciplined units. The descriptions of battles suggest that weight of numbers was always the telling factor, but that indiscipline prevented any real exploitation of this. After breaking up Rohan's infantry at the Fords of Isen, for example, Saruman had to watch the Rohirrim withdraw and regroup. His greatest weakness was that not even his most disciplined infantry could stand against Rohan's cavalry, which invariably cut them to pieces. His only answer was to fight on broken ground. The only two victories of orcs against Rohirrim were at the Emyn Muil in 3002, where Éomund was ambushed in the foothills, and at the Fords of Isen. Saruman had to choose the battlefield to have any chance of victory; it is to his credit that he usually gained and held the initiative.

## 3018-3019

Saruman's rôle in the War of the Ring began on July 10th 3018, when he imprisoned Gandalf. On his escape by air in September Gandalf went at once to Edoras, but found the court in Saruman's control. Although Théoden refused to heed Gandalf, Saruman nonetheless acted to initiate hostilities. He laid claim to Calenardhon, and, to give force to his demands, closed the Gap with wolf-riders. This would have been in October or November, 3018. This act isolated the West Mark, and could not therefore be ignored in Edoras. There was no particular need for Saruman to undertake this action and show his hand, so we might speculate that this action betrays Sauron's insidious control of his mind. It was an action which benefitted Sauron more than Saruman.

Théoden, meanwhile, was in an impossible position. On the one hand his chief advisor, with a definite faction behind him, counselled inactivity or even capitulation; on the other hand a war party was threatening to take independent action if war was not declared. This fragmented opposition may have been one of the few benefits Saruman hoped to gain from closing the Gap, for if the various dissidents committed their forces piece-meal, Saruman could deal with them one by one, and only have to face a greatly weakened Éothéod. Théodred's rôle here is ambiguous: he may have been the chief instigator of the war party and have taken the drastic action of leading the royal household éored into battle without authority. Éomer clearly acted independently from 26th February to 1st March by pursuing the orc-band. Saruman's pressure was causing Rohan to disintegrate by February, 3019.

### *THE FORDS OF ISEN AND HELM'S DEEP*

The area around the Fords where Théodred led the royal household troops into battle in late February was one broken up by banks of shale. The actual fords were at a point where the Isen flowed around one of these bank. The water was wide and shallow, and stepping stones had been placed in the river bed. On the west bank the road divided, with a spur running up to Isengard. Within a very small area of ground a very complex series of actions were fought between February 26th and March 2nd.

Some kind of force may have been stationed on the island, presumably of orcs or Dunlendings, to act as bait for the eventual attack. It is implicit in the account of the battle that Théodred's force met with heavy skirmishing before it reached the Fords, had to fight its way clear, and was then subject to increasingly heavy harassment. Théodred's men dismounted on the east bank and established a camp there; they then advanced on foot to clear the island. They were fighting inland from the west bank when Théodred was killed at the end of the first day's battle, and the advance halted there. For the next four days this advanced position was held against increasing pressure. At some stage during this period Erkenbrand came up with reinforcements—presumably the 'Middle Mark' éored—and assumed command. Erkenbrand, again, may have been acting without permission.

On March 2nd Saruman counter-attacked in overwhelming force. He pushed the Rohirrim back to the island, where a prolonged engagement was fought, and back again to the camp, where another long battle was fought.

The heaviest casualties were suffered when the Rohirrim broke across the two halves of the river. Probably after the shield wall broke on the island about half the men scattered away to the east, while the other half made it back to the camp where fresh troops could cover their retreat. That an organised and mounted retreat could be made to Helm's Deep shows that Erkenbrand was able to retain some control over the situation.

The forces that reached Helm's Deep stood and fought there, reinforced by Théoden's troops. Those who were scattered after the battle were regrouped by Erkenbrand, who had stayed behind to rally them, and Gandalf. During the night of 2nd-3rd March these two rallied an effective fighting force, and even dispatched some of it back to defend Edoras. This regrouping had not been anticipated by Saruman when he ordered his troops into the Deeping Coombe.

The engagement there was simple: Saruman's forces attacked in a horde after dark. Successive assaults failed to breach the defences, even with the help of explosives. At dawn the Rohirrim were still strong enough to launch a counter-attack. This cavalry action must have been the one thing Saruman had dreaded, because it went through his troops like a knife through butter. At the same time Gandalf's and Erkenbrand's forces attacked Saruman's in the rear, thus totally nullifying his advantage in numbers. Inspired tactics resulted in Saruman's total defeat. Meanwhile Saruman had foolishly left Isengard undefended, and it was overrun by Ents, who flooded out the crater and wrecked every installation.

This ended Saruman's effectiveness as a force to be reckoned with, and his last vestige of power was stripped from him when Gandalf broke his staff. The remaining eight months of his life were a pathetic footnote to what might have been. The crowning irony of Saruman's military career was that, had he defeated the Rohirrim and had the Ents not intervened, he would have had to make a hasty alliance with his enemies to meet Sauron's army advancing down the west bank of the Anduin on the 11-12th March...

Finally, however, let us go back to Saruman's 'manifesto' delivered to Gandalf in July, 3018. Saruman foresaw the passing both of Sauron, of the Elves, and of the Númenoreans. He was planning for the future centuries of the Fourth Age, attempting to bring the forces of the Third Age to bear on the Fourth, to salvage some of the power of the Elves to help Man when he inherited the planet as its sole dominant species. It was a bold vision, not to be dismissed lightly.



# Durin's Day

*When thou seest the light of moon  
gleam softly in the sky,  
and meld with light of setting sun,  
the Dragon then will fly.*

*In the rock a crack will open,  
in which will fit a key.  
A turn will show the marks of doors  
now known to none but thee.*

*Behind those doors are treasures lost,  
great treasures once thine own,  
hoarded for long, they now await  
a King returning home.*

*But who will slay the Keeper now?  
Who will pierce the hide  
that in the north rose up from Heath  
and to the south did fly?*

*Watch for the thrush at the grey stone,  
wait for it in the fire.  
Listen to the words it whispers  
in Dragon's vengeful ire.*

*Speed the arrow on its pathway  
through fire enlightened dark.  
Beneath the wing on crusted breast  
the shaft will find its mark.*

*When thou seest the light of moon  
gleam softly in the sky,  
and meld with light of setting sun,  
the Dragon then shall die.*

**Margaret Thomson**





# mallorn

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