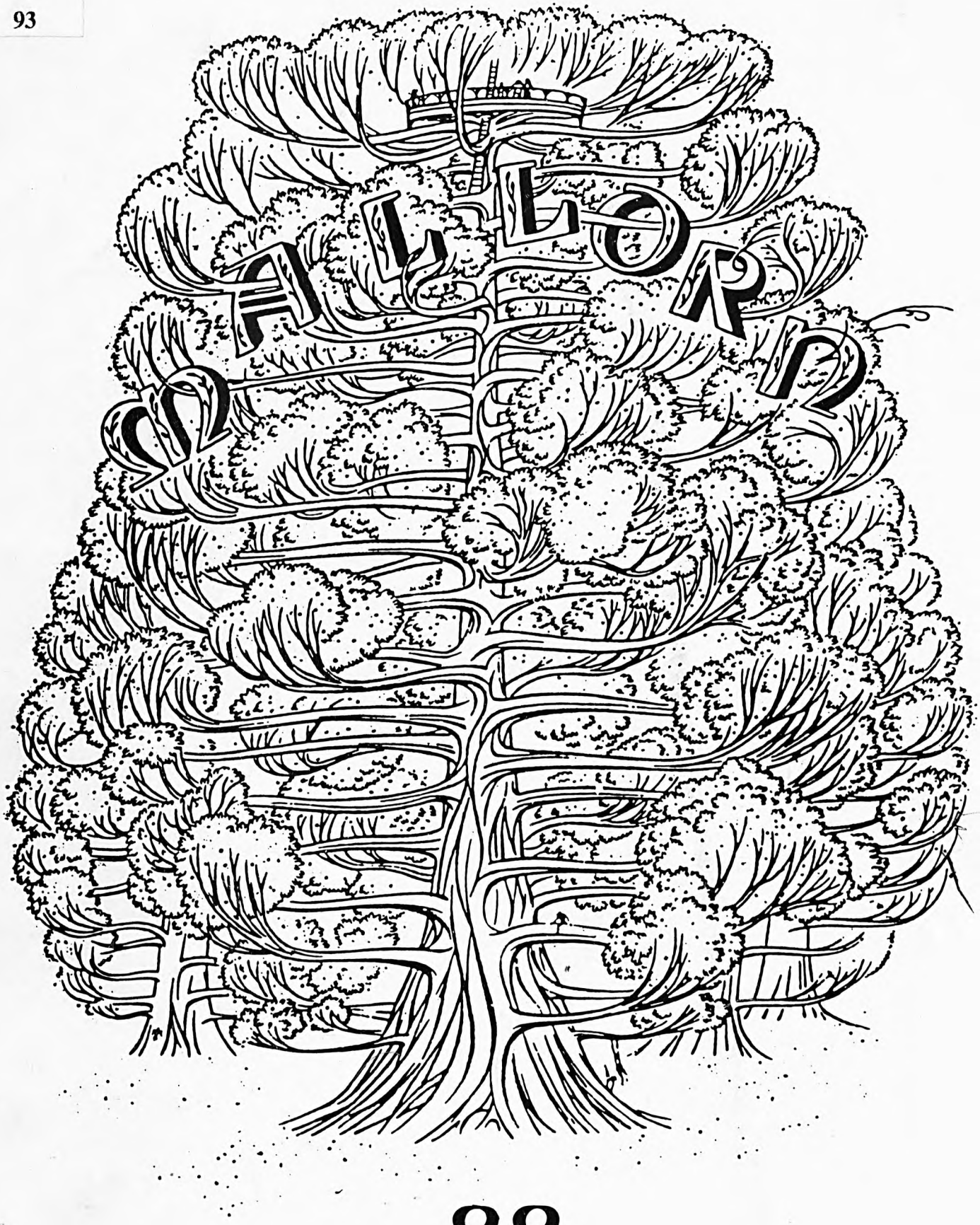

22

The Journal of the Tolkien Society

April 1985

mallorn

guidelines for contributors

Mallorn welcomes contributions of all types (articles, poetry, artwork, calligraphy, fiction etc.) on subjects related to, or inspired by, the life and works of Professor J.R.R. Tolkien. Prospective contributors, however, are asked to take note of the Copyright statement at the foot of this page; and of the following general guidelines:

1. *Quality*

Only items which show some originality and skill will be considered for publication, although there is no restriction on the *type* of material submitted (provided it relates in some way to JRRT).

2. *Articles*

Articles should present their subject matter in a clear and readable way, with a concern for factual accuracy. As a guide to the approach of the writing of articles, they should preferably present some analysis or new understanding of the matter under discussion; or contribute significantly to our enjoyment of it. Articles which merely summarise or repeat material that is already available elsewhere will not be considered; although reprints of articles appearing elsewhere may be.

Length of articles: Both long and short articles are wlecome, but should preferably be between 1000 and 5000 words in length. Articles may be divided into sections with section headings: this can enhance readability, particularly in longer articles.

Footnotes: These should only be used when their inclusion in the text would seriously interrupt the flow of thought.

References: Books, articles etc. that are mentioned in the text should have their full details set out in a *Bibliography* at the end of the article. References should be set out as follows: Author; Title; edition; place of publication & publisher; year (or date) of publication. For example: R. Foster, The Complete Guide to Middle-earth, London, George Allen & Unwin, 1978; J.R.R. Tolkien, The Return of the King (2nd edition, hardback), London, George Allen & Unwin, 1966.

Works by JRRT: References can be given by volume, book and chapter, e.g. LotR II.4.III ("The Black Gate is Closed"); QS ch. XIV ("Of Beleriand and its Realms"). If actual page references are necessary, *please* give full details of the edition used, as set out above.

Abbreviations of titles frequently reffered to may be used. Common ones are LotR (*The Lord of the Rings*); TH (*The Hobbit*); QS (*The Silmarillion*); UT (*Unfinished Tales*) etc. Other abbreviations in the same style may be coined. Other well known works e.g. Foster's "Guide", Carpenter's "Biography" may be abbreviated in the text, but please give full details in a bibliography.

3. *Fiction and Poetry*

All types of Tolkien-inspired fiction will be considered. Length should be preferably 1500-5000 words.

Any poetry considered to be of a sufficiently high standard will be considered.

4. *Artwork*

All sizes and types are welcome, from full page (A4), to half page or smaller in-text illustrations, borders and ornaments. But artwork can *only* be in black & white: shades of grey will not reproduce. Shading is best indicated by dots or lines. A margin of at least ½" (1cm) should be left all around full-page artwork - i.e. the actual dimensions should be 7½" x 11" (19 x 27.5cm). Full-page and half-page artwork is best vertically orientated.

Please *always* put your name in pencil on the reverse of submitted artwork. Photo- or other copies are only acceptable if of good quality. Artwork cannot normally be returned.

5. *Presentation of Material*

For articles, fiction, poetry etc. contributors are asked to submit typewritten scripts. Typing should be double spaced, on one side of the paper only. Handwriting that proves difficult to read may not be considered, and runs the risk of being returned unread. Handwritten scripts should therefore be neat and legible, on one side of the paper only. Please always put your name on submitted work.

6. *Resubmission of Material*

Contributions are often felt to be worthy of inclusion but in need of certain correction/improvements. In such cases the item will be returned with a report so that the indicated changes can be made.

7. *Return of Material*

Material which is used, of whatever kind, cannot normally be returned. If you require the return of your work, and/or comments, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope (or for Overseas members, International Reply Coupon(s), available at Post Offices.

8. *Letters of Comment & "Follow-ons"*

Letters can be on any aspect of *Mallorn* (e.g. content, layout, etc.) and should be about 100-200 words in length. Please bear in mind when writing that they will be printed as fully as possible, and mark your envelope "Letter to the Editor".

If you have more to say on a particular *article*, you are invited to write a "Follow-on" of around 700 words.

MALLORN 22

April 1985

Editor: Jenny Curtis

Contents

CREDITS

Pauline Baynes:	Cover illustration.	Inger Edelfeldt:	Orc's head, p. 23.
Steve Lines:	All title pages except pp. 31 & 39.	Timo Raittila:	Bird, p. 35.
Mervyn Finlay:	Wolf, p. 7; Eagles, p. 19.	Tony Curtis:	Subtitles, pp. 6-10; Heading, p. 39.
Ted Nasmith:	Gollum, p. 11; 'Barad-dur', p. 29.		
Tom Sherry:	Sword, p. 18		
Sylvia Hunnewell:	'Asfaloth's Flight', p. 20.		

The Journal of the Tolkien Society

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EDITORIAL

35 Martindale Close
Leicester LE2 7HH

Mae govannen!

And welcome to MALLORN 22. As you can probably see, this is once again a bumper issue - 44 pages for you to get your teeth into (so to speak)! Among other things this time we have an article on an old myth from a new angle (or should it be a new myth from an old angle?!) by Michael Burgess; a look at how it is possible to build a full story from a brief reference, by Kathleen Herbert; a short 'biographical' piece by a friend of the Tolkien family; and even a piece of artwork from Inger Edelfeldt, the illustrator of this year's 'Tolkien Calendar', for which I am grateful to her.

As usual, my thanks to all who have submitted items since last time. If you have sent anything in and it isn't in this issue, fear not! Even with 44 pages to go at, it isn't always possible to fit everything in. So look out for future issues! Please do keep sending in your contributions, of whatever type; I very much enjoy receiving them. At the moment I seem to be particularly short of fiction and 'half page' pieces of artwork. For those of you who haven't tried your hand before, perhaps you will find something in this issue to spark off a few ideas - and don't forget the letters page, "Mallorn Mail" for shorter items relevant to MALLORN. I know there's plenty of talent out there - so why not give it a try? Some guidelines as to presentation etc. are given on page 2.

Reviews of books by or about Tolkien are also welcome. MALLORN normally reviews books as soon (or as soon as possible) after they are published. But, as a new item, it might be interesting (particularly to those new to Tolkien criticism) to have short reviews (max. 350 words) on 'older' books about Tolkien and his works.

And of course, I also enjoy receiving letters which are not necessarily for publication! That seems to be all, so I'd better not detain you any longer - there's a lot for you to get through!

Anar kaluva tielyanna

Jenny Curtis

P.S. All footnotes this issue are placed at the end of the relevant articles, for ease of editing. Hope this won't interrupt the flow of reading too much!

Oromë and the Wild Hunt:

the development of a myth

Michael Burgess

In the histories of the Elder Days of Arda, as transcribed and interpreted by the late Professor Tolkien, certain peoples, events and characters can be discerned of whom a memory has survived in one form or another, and entered into the mythologies and traditions of subsequent cultures. Though distorted by the vagaries of oral transmission — the written histories, we must assume, having lain undiscovered from the post-Fourth Age period until their retrieval by Professor Tolkien — plausible identifications are nonetheless possible, and indeed, many such have already been made by observant scholars. The Onodrim, the Drû-folk and the Periannath, for example, are all well-evidenced in later Mannish traditions. Major events such as the whelming of Númenor and the ruin of Beleriand obviously provided the genesis of the legends of Atlantis, and of the various Celtic 'lost lands' — Lyonesse, Ker-Ys, Cantref Gwaelod, Tyno Helig etc. Parallels between the 'Seven Sleepers' of Ephesus and the Seven Fathers of the Dwarves, and between Túrin and both Kullervo and Sigurd the Volsung have also been noted.

There is one character present in the 'Quenta Silmarillion' whose actions and attributes have permeated European mythology over many centuries, have diffused in variant forms to most parts of the world — and the echoes of which are even now being adapted into modern urban folklore. This figure is Oromë the great, Oromë the huntsman, 'tamer of beasts', a mighty lord of the Valar; and the myth which has evolved from his appearances on Middle-earth is that of the 'Wild Hunt'.

The motif of the Wild Hunt, though not universal, is very widespread, and in the Germanic lands is probably best expressed as:

> "the terrifying concourse of lost souls riding through the air led by a demonic leader on his great horse, which could be heard passing in the storm". (Davidson, p. 148.)

The Hunt has always favoured the dark nights of Winter, the howling winds

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and the crash of thunder, in which might be heard the baying of hounds, the rumble of horses' hooves, the shouting of huntsmen, and the sound of whips cracking like lightning. Some versions of the Wild Hunt or 'furious host' are not only heard but seen: as a brief flash of white above the tree-tops, as a swirl of shadowy shapes obscuring the stars — or as a dark rider with his band of huntsmen and unearthly dogs pursuing or confronting some lone wayfarer on a country road.

Rider on the Storm

Images of the storm and the gale are evoked also in the extant passages that describe the ridings of Oromë to Beleriand and beyond:

> "passing like a wind over the mountains, and the sound of his horn came down the leagues of the starlight, and the Elves feared him for the splendour of his countenance and the great noise of the onrush of Nahar ..."
> (Tolkien, QS, p. 95.)

And again, it is told how

> "Oromë tamer of beasts would ride too at whiles in the darkness of the unlit forests; as a mighty hunter he came with spear and bow, pursuing to the death the monsters and fell creatures of the kingdom of Melkor, and his white horse Nahar shone like silver in the shadows. Then the sleeping earth trembled at the beat of his golden hooves, and in the twilight of the world Oromë would sound the Valaróma his great horn upon the plains of Arda; whereat the mountains echoed, and the shadows of evil fled away ..."
> (Tolkien, QS, p. 41.)

The voice of the Valaróma itself displays an aspect of storm, for its sound is said to be "like the upgoing of the Sun in scarlet, or the sheer lightning cleaving the clouds" (QS, p. 29).

It is the deceits and traps of Melkor which make the newly-woken Elves fear the coming of Oromë, for he sends 'shadows and evil spirits' to waylay and spy upon them, so that

> "if any of the Elves strayed far abroad, alone or few together, they woulld often vanish, and never return; and the Quendi said that the Hunter had caught them, and they were afraid. And indeed the most ancient songs of the Elves, of which echoes are remembered still in the West, tell of the shadow-shapes that walked the hills above Cuiviénen, or would pass suddenly over the stars; and of the dark Rider upon his wild horse that pursued those that wandered to take them and devour them".
> (Tolkien, QS, pp. 49-50.)

Nowhere is it stated explicitly that Oromë took with him any of his Maiar to hunt in Middle-earth. But one passage certainly implies this, for it is noted that, in his woods in Valinor, "there Oromë would train his folk and his beasts for the pursuit of the evil creatures of Melkor" (QS, p. 29).

Theories

Here then is the origin of the myth of the Wild Hunt: an echo of the oldest songs of the Elves, engendered by the lies and malice of the Enemy. Until Tolkien's translations, of course, very different ideas were put forward to account for it. One theory, obviously derivative of the above, was that the Hunt was a weather-myth, "the personification of Winter and its storms" (Funk & Wagnall, Vol. 1, p. 77), and the primitive notion that "in the wind were the souls of the dead" (Baring-Gould, p. 119) contributed to this. Certain tale-types from the cycle of the Wild Hunt were held to represent a mingling of ancestor cults and the worship of vegetal deities, such as the Asgardsreid or Gandreid ('Spirits' Ride') of Norse folklore:

> "the survival of an ancient feast of the dead commemorating all who died during the previous year and [which] comes during the Epiphany. The wilder the rush of spirits, the better the crop in the ensuing year. Whatever fields they fly over will bear especially well".
> (Funk & Wagnall, Vol. 1, p. 440.)

Reverence for, and fear of, the dead led to the belief in Germanic regions that

> "the souls of the dead gathered together in places far removed from human habitation. This was how the idea of the 'Savage Hunt' originated. Thousands of phantoms — who were the souls of the dead — on aerial mounts would in a wild chase follow their leader ... It was their furious ride which could sometimes be perceived among storm clouds".
> (Larousse, p. 277.)

It is only now that we are able to discern the vast shape of Oromë the 'Great Rider' at the head of the host, and the hand of Melkor behind the first terrors of the Elves.

Mythic Variants

In the earliest historical versions of the Wild Hunt theme, the leader of the host was a generically anonymous chthonic power about whom the spirits of the dead gathered in a procession, after the manner of the Norwegian Oskorei, or 'terrible host'. Subsequent mythologies endowed this leader with a name, making of him a 'psychopompic' functionary with similar attributes to such deities as Hermes and Anubis, both 'conductors of souls'.

It has long been held that, in Scandinavian and Germanic lands, Odin/Woden as Lord of the Dead was the prototypical Wild Huntsman, but this is improbable. Far more likely is the contention that Odin and his soul-choosing Valkyries were drawn into the Hunt personnel only after Christianity had reduced them to the status of devils. In parts of England and Germany, Woden still rides at the head of the Hunt, but his virtual interchangeability with the Christian Devil detracts from the validity of the survival.

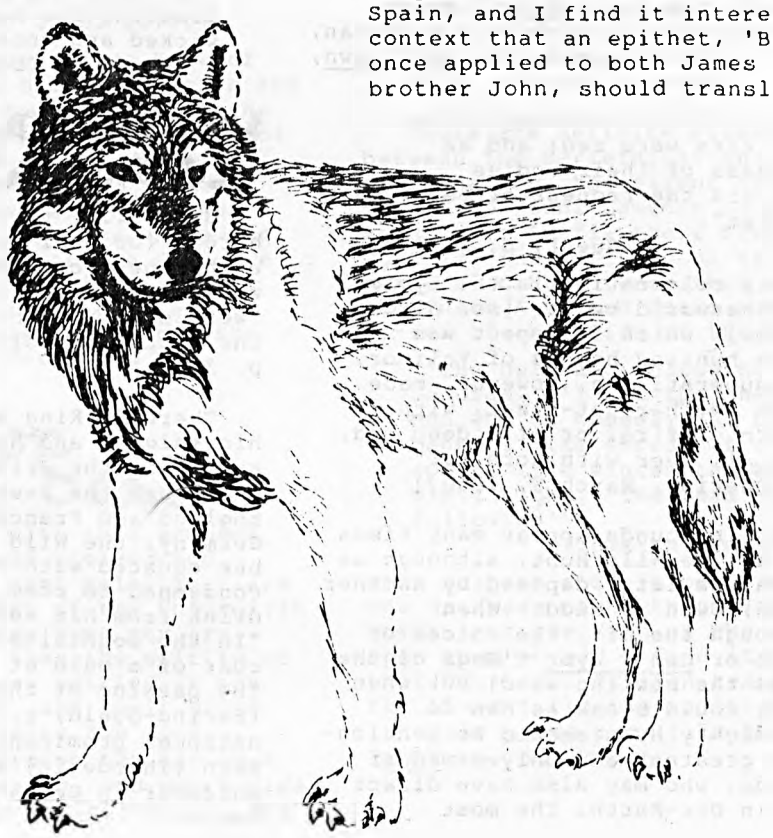
The Vedic king of heaven, Indra, seems to head a similar host, some passages recalling the awesome passing of Oromë quite vividly. Indra traverses the sky in a golden chariot, and about him are gathered the Maruts, who are

> "probably the bright ones, gods of storm and lightnings. When their host begins to move, the earth trembles under their deer-yoked chariots and the forests bow their heads on the mountains. As they pass, men see the flashing of their arms and hear the sound of the flute-music and songs, with their challenge-calls and the cracking of whips".
>
> (Barth, pp. 13-14.)

The Hindu surname of Indra, Parjanya, derives from a root meaning 'thunder', as does the name of the Slavonic god Pyerun, who also rode a mighty war chariot above the earth. The diminishment of Pyerun after the victory of Christianity led to the inheritance of some of his attributes by two lesser characters. One was the hero Ilya-Muromyets, who flew through the sky on a miraculous horse; the other, at least among Orthodox Slavs, was the prophet Elijah, whom they knew as Saint Ilya, and about whom was told the superstition, that

> "when a Slav peasant hears thunder he says that it is the Prophet Elijah rolling across the sky in his fiery chariot".
>
> (Larousse, p. 298.)

This brings to mind a similar reaction to thunder of Spanish children, who would cry out: 'There goes Santiago's horse!' Santiago, or St. James the Great, was the subject of a considerable cultus in Spain, and I find it interesting in this context that an epithet, 'Boanerges', once applied to both James and his brother John, should translate as 'sons



of thunder'.

Another possible candidate for a mythic variant of the Wild Huntsman might be the Phoenician divinity Aleyin, 'he who rode the clouds'. He was always accompanied on his aerial forays by "seven companions and a troop of eight wild boars" (Larousse, p. 76).

Arawn of Annwn

The basic names of the huntsman of the Valar — Qu. Oromë, Sind. Araw, Roh. Béma — refer to the 'sound of horns', and thus to his great horn the Valaroma (although an entry in the 'Quenya Lexicon' to the recently-published early variants of the tales in QS extends to him the further name of Raustar: 'The Hunter') (BoLT I, p. 260). Since the style and form of the Sindarin tongue would seem to have persisted to some extent into the phonology of Welsh, a correspondence might well be adduced between the Sindarin Araw, and the deity Arawn present in Welsh tradition.

Arawn — whose name Robert Graves tells us signifies 'Eloquence' (Graves, p. 50)— was the King of Annwn, the subterranean Celtic Otherworld, and is an infrequent visitor to early Welsh literature.[1] Apart from his involvement in the Câd Goddeu or 'Battle of the Trees', his major appearance (though still brief) is in the Romance of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, the first Branch of the Mabinogion. Arawn appears to Pwyll in the garb of a huntsman, and with him are his hounds, the Cwn Annwn, whose hair

> "was of a brilliant shining white, and their ears were red; and as the whiteness of their bodies shone, so did the redness of their ears glisten".
>
> (Guest, p. 13.)

This unearthly colouration is the typical hue of the Otherworld beasts [see also note (1) below], which I suspect was shared by the hunting hounds of Valinor. Later Welsh superstition, however, made the Cwn Annwn "either jet-black, with eyes and teeth of fire, or of a deep red, and dripping all over with gore ..." (Notes and Queries, March 9, 1850.)

Arawn and his hounds appear many times in folklore as the Wild Hunt, although as leader, Arawn was later deposed by another king of Annwn, Gwyn ap Nudd. When coursing through the air, the voices of the Cwn Annwn or Cwn y Wybr ('Dogs of the Sky') were as the howling wind; but when on earth they could speak as Men do. Perhaps the mighty Huan should be mentioned here, the greatest and only-named of Oromë's hounds, who may also have direct counterpart in Dor-Marth, the most formidable of the Underworld dogs. The Cwn Annwn usually wait to hunt a wicked spirit as soon as it leaves the body, or lead a procession of doomed souls to Hades. But sometimes the pack may be seen following a funeral cortège, when they are known as the Cwm Mamau, or 'Mother's Dogs'.

Sometimes the Hunt may consist of the hounds only, seeking out souls without a leader. Apart from the Cwm Annwn, in Britain we have such individual packs as the Wish Hounds, Yeth Hounds and Gabriel Ratchets, each with many variations of its own.[2] This latter form seems to have merged with the Seven Whistlers or Night-flyers, who may be either dogs, birds or simply 'spirits'. Their cry, like that of the hound-pack, is held to be a portent of death or disaster, and has been derived by some eerie sound made by migrating birds such as wild geese, curlews, or plovers. As Robert Graves states:

> "the northward migration of wild geese is connected in British legend with the conducting to the icy Northern hell of the souls of the damned, or of unbaptised infants ..."
>
> (Graves, p. 89.)

But here Patricia Dale-Green has made the salient point that

> "it is significant that in pagan myths everyone is pursued by death-hounds, and it is only in the Christianised versions that the moral element appears, limiting the hounding to the wicked and unbaptised".
>
> (Dale-Green, p. 186.)

National and Regional Forms

Gradually, various national culture heroes (or anti-heroes), and local figures either heroic, wicked or merely notable were drawn into the Hunt mythology: they "were put into the Pot, in fact got into the Soup", as Tolkien said (Tree and Leaf, p. 30).

There is King Arthur, who rides with his knights and hounds at South Cadbury, and along the Brittany coast; King Herod, who hunts the Jewish infants in both England and France; and in France and Germany, the Wild Huntsman has sometimes bee equated with the 'Wandering Jew', condemned to roam forever for denying Jesus a drink from his well. Says Baring-Gould: "In the mountains of France the sudden roar of a gale at night is identified as the passing of the Everlasting Jew" (Baring-Gould, p. 25). Other Huntsmen of national prominence include Dietrich von Bern (Theoderic) and the Danish King Waldemar in Germany, and Charlemagne in France.

In Scandinavian folklore, Odin has been displaced by the more localised character Jon, a figure somewhat like the Cornish priest Dando, who broke the tabu against hunting on a Sunday, and now hunts eternally with his dogs beside the river Tamar. Britain seems to have more individual Hunts than any other country, most of their leaders being of the Dando variety — characters such as Squire Lovelis of Boleigh, Cheney of St. Teath, Cabell of Buckfastleigh, Old Coker of Deverilll, and Winchcombe of Noke.

In the tale of 'Le Grand Veneur', the Huntsman of the forest of Fontainbleu is identified with St. Hubert, while Weber's opera Der Freischutz tells of Samiel, the evil Black Huntsman of the German forests [see also Amon Hen 52, pp, 12-13]. Basque lore speaks of a Dando-like abbot, doomed for hunting on a Sunday instead of saying Mass, while the ghost of an officer in the Duke of Wellington's army still roams the Sapnish countryside with his hounds, continuing his favourite pastime even beyond death.

Variations on the Hunt theme have spread far beyond the traditional north European focus, for according to Funk and Wagnall:

> "Malay folklore also has its phantom huntsman with the phantom dogs, the hantu si buru or hantu pemburu, an evil spirit of the Malay Peninsula who hunts the wild boar and the mouse deer during the full moon".
> (Funk & Wagnall, Vol. 2, p. 1177.)

The Tungus of the Russian taiga know of Ure Amaka, the lord of beasts, forests and the hunting culture, while in China, the War Lord Tsan acts as the 'huntsmaster of the Autumn hunt'.

The motif of the 'furious host' has even passed over into America, where the well-known 'Ghost Riders in the Sky' are a troop of cowboys, wicked in life, now condemned to spend eternity chasing a herd of unearthly cattle across the sky. Many more such cavalcades could be mentioned.[3]

The Ride of the Dead

Closely interwoven with this subject are the 'fairy hosts' of Ireland and Scotland, of whom the most malevolent are the Sluagh, or the 'Host of the Unforgiven Dead'. The Sluagh (whom some say are fallen angels, rather than the spirits of dead mortals) hold great battles in the sky on All Hallows Eve, and their blood is seen staining the rocks the next morning. They ride through the air in a vast host at midnight also, and woe betide any mortal who crosses their path: he may be injured, or slain, or carried off for great distances over land and sea. And they have their own pack of supernatural hounds, the Cu Sith.

But there are other, less hazardous 'Fairy Rades' also, like the Fair Folk and the Gancanagh, and the Gentry who might be seen passing 'like a blast of wind'.

One species of Wild Hunt intimately connected with the 'fairy host', and once common to both England and France, was that usually known as Herla's Rade, or the Herlethingi.[4] Although its home ground was the Welsh border, the Rade was seen in 1091 at Bonneval in Anjou, by a priest named Walchin, who observed

> "a black troop with black horses and banners, noble ladies, churchmen, all conditions of men, many of them known to Walchin in former times".
> (Briggs, 1977, p. 50.)

The term 'Herlethingi' was also used by Walter Map in his 12th century De Nugis Curialium to describe "long trains of soldiers who passed by in dead silence", often seen by the peasants of Brittany:

> "Companies of these troops of night-wanderers ... went to and fro without let or stay, hurrying hither and thither rambling about in the most mad vagrancy, all inceding in unbroken silence, and amongst the band there appeared alive many who were known to have been long since dead".
> (Map, quoted in Masters, p. 189.)

There are definite resemblances between the Herlethingi and the Dead Men of Dunharrow, the silent 'Shadow Host' doomed to haunt Lamedon until allowed by Aragorn to fulfil their broken oath. The Host is, indeed, a local variant of the basic Wild Hunt theme that survived into the Third Age, and bears many characteristics of the 'Ride of the Dead':

> "'The Dead are following', said Legolas. 'I see the shapes of Men and of horses, and pale banners like shreds of cloud, and spears like winter-thickets on a misty night. The Dead are following'".
> (Tolkien, RotK, p. 53.)

When Aragorn and his party hurtle out into the darkness of Morthond Vale, the people think that the King of the Dead has come upon them — and I find it interesting that Professor Tolkien translated one of the lines following as "the Grey Company in their haste rose like hunters ..." (RotK, p. 54).

Developments

Many different threads of lore make up the Wild Hunt mythos, all ultimately being spun from the original, distorted, Elvish vision of Oromë the Vala and his host in Middle-earth. Even the solitary phantom horsemen, often headless, that used to haunt our country lanes may be derived from the foundational Hunt motif.

But the 'Savage Hunt' in its traditional form is not yet dead. In the 1940s it was heard rushing through West Coker in Devon; King John's Pack was heard at Purse Caundle in 1959; the Hunt rode the streets of Stogumber, Somerset in 1960; and Herne the Hunter was seen in Windsor Great Park in 1976.

Not yet dead, but certainly changing: adapting in form - but not in portent - to suit the prevailing culture. The process of adaptation is slow and erratic, with several forms existing simultaneously, but it is there. Many of our most persistent, and almost archetypal, apparitional figures are inevitably fading into legend - figures such as the Headless Horseman, the White Lady, and the Hooded Monk (though some, notably the ubiquitous Black Dog, survive and flourish).

Over the past 2-300 years, one of the most prolific of all spectral manifestations — now also diminishing in frequency — has been the Phantom Coach. This seems to be a major, direct descendant of the Wild Hunt in Europe, assuming many of its characteristics and functions.

A case in point would be that of the English national hero Sir Francis Drake. For invoking the aid of the Devil in building extensions to his home of Buckland Abbey, Drake has to drive a black hearse or coach furiously across Dartmoor, between Tavistock and Drake's Island in Plymouth Sound. Headless horses draw the hearse, headless black dogs either precede or follow it, and a pack of 'screaming devils' swarms about it. The baying of hounds is said to be fatal to any mortal dog that hears them, and any human who hears the procession approaching must throw himself to the ground and cover his eyes. If Drake was riding a horse instead of a carriage, there would be no major distinction between this and the classic passage of the Hunt.

Of a similar nature are the 'Night Coach' with its hound-pack which haunt the area of Ilmington in Oxfordshire, and the 'coach of bones' carrying Lady Howard from Tavistock to Okehampton, gathering the souls of the dying on the way. Undoubtedly related are the portentous 'Dead Cart' of Lincolnshire, the 'Death Coach' of Co. Roscommon, and the creaking cart of Britanny in which rode the Ankou, or King of the Dead.

In the majority of the surviving Phantom Coach stories, the accompanying host of dogs and demons has disappeared, leaving the Devil or some local celebrity holding the reins. A witness to the passing of the Wild Hunt, and later, to the spectral carriage, ran the risk of either being physically born away, or of losing his soul to the Hunter. These risks could often be countered by taking certain specified actions (as in the Drake legend above), or by observing it from a known 'safe' position — and now, these or similar 'ill-averting' conditions have been transferred to a more modern apparition of the highways: the phantom lorry.

Thus, we are able to discern the development of the Wild Hunt myth from the Melkor-inspired fear of Oromë, huntsman of the Valar, right down to the present day. In its simplest expression, little more than the vehicle of the myth has changed. When we speak of the 'thunder' of lorries through our streets, could it be that somewhere, deep down, there is a faint memory, just a dim echo, of something far, far older, and far more terrible?

FOOTNOTES

(1) Annwn = 'the abyss/depths/lowest regions'. In this seems to be echoed the Sind. word annûn: 'west, sunset', from a root ndu- 'down, descend'. The histories of Middle-earth mention the Kine of Araw, from whom were said to be descended the wild white cattle to be found near the Sea of Rhûn. These might also be a dim memory, of the Gwarteg y Llyn, the red-eared white kine of Welsh lore, who emerged from the lakes under which their supernatural owners dwelt in Annwn.

(2) E.g. the Wish/Whish/Whished/Wist/Wisht/Wisk/Wisked-hounds; Yeth/Yeff/Yell/Yesk/Heath-hounds; Gabriel Ratchets/Gabblerachets/Gabble Raches/Gabble-retchets/Gabble-rackets etc.

(3) Such as Hugh Capet & Hunt, France; the Chasse du Diable, Normandy; the Chasse Maccabei, Blois; Berchtold & Hunt, Germany; the Wild Troop of Rodenstein, Germany; the Yule Host, Iceland; Earl Gerald & Host, Ireland; the Devil & Harry-ca-nab, Worcestershire; and Wild Edric, Herefordshire.

(4) Also named Herla's Rout, the Band of Herla, Ride of Harlequin, Herlequin's Rout, Harlekin's Host, Chasse Hennequin, Maisne Hellequin, and the Ride of the Dead.

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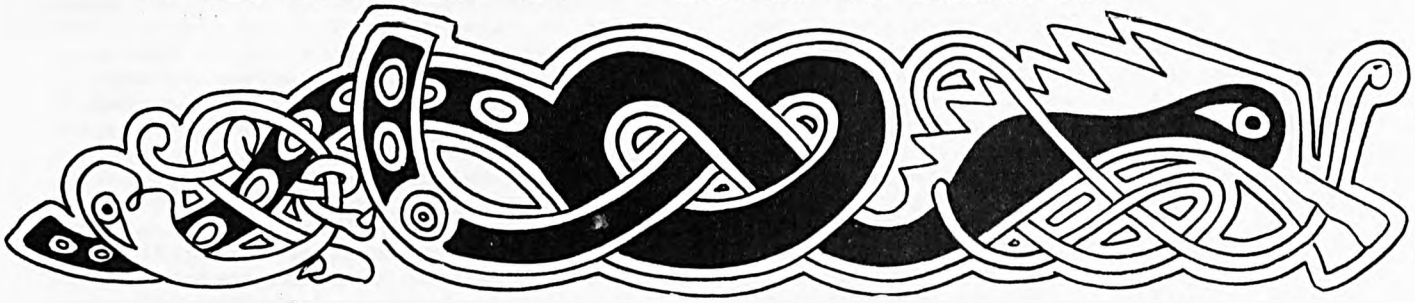
TOLKIEN'S SHIRE AND WAGNER'S NUREMBERG

A COMPARISON BY JOHN A. ELLISON



On the 1st day OF JULY, 1927, the Viennese poet and fantasist Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who is now best remembered as the librettist of many of the operas of Richard Strauss, wrote to him a letter the subject of which is the possible relationship between fantasy and historical reality. Such a relationship extensively underlies Tolkien's world; I have argued elsewhere ('The Reality of Middle-earth', Amon Hen 54, pp. 14-15) that the illusion of historical reality becomes in his hands a convention which the reader unconsciously accepts, and that this is an essential feature of his "method", and one quite personal to him. The Shire, and Middle-earth as a whole, display a special quality of reality, which is that called "indestructible truth" by Hofmannsthal in his letter.[1] The instance of it referred to in the letter is Wagner's portrait of sixteenth century Nuremburg in the opera "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" (The Mastersingers of Nuremberg). "It brings to life," says Hofmannsthal, "a genuine complete world which did exist, not . . . imaginary or excogitated worlds which have never existed anywhere".

It is strange that no one seems yet to have remarked on the striking parallels between Tolkien's 'myth' of the Shire, and Wagner's, of Nuremberg, although they are closer and more significant than the likenesses of subject-matter, superficially more obvious, between LotR and "The Ring". (It is possible to make extensive and detailed comparisons between LotR and "The Ring", in terms of structure, treatment and atmosphere, but that is not the point at issue here.) In order to avoid any misunderstanding, I should make it clear that the kind of parallism that I am discussing has nothing to do with "influence", real or imagined. There is no evidence, as far as I know, that Tolkien knew "Die Meistersinger", or ever saw it performed.

The Shire, presumably, is not a deliberate portrayal of England in allegorical guise, but, clearly, it reflects Tolkien's feelings about England, and those of immense numbers of other people. Professor T. A. Shippey has

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shown, in his recent study (1982, pp. 77-9), how closely the Shire's history, place-names and institutions are modelled on English counterparts. To what sort of an England, and especially, to an England of what period, does the Shire relate? It has not yet been touched by the Industrial Revolution, but otherwise all that can be said is that it does not represent a society of "medieval" character and outlook, in this contrasting strongly with Middle-earth as a whole. The well-to-do elements in Shire society perhaps could have felt at home in Jane Austen's world; at least Sir Walter Elliott, of Kellyach-hall in Somerset, shows a truly hobbit-like involvement with his family tree. The real significance of the social structure of the Shire, however, surely lies in Tolkien's personal experience. He was paying tribute to a way of life whose disappearance was, for him, a saddening and personal reality. In his own words, "the country in which I lived in childhood was being shabbily destroyed before I was ten" (FotR, Foreword, p. 8). It has been suggested that life as it is lived in Bag End really pertains to the life Tolkien lived in Oxford between the wars, but that is misleading and irrelevant. Bilbo's and Frodo's daily lives comprise nothing whose existence would have been improbable or out-of-place about the year 1800. The slight sense of anachronism one may feel in reading the first chapter of The Hobbit, and in a few places early in LotR is a matter of style rather than one of content.

The stiking and characteristic feature of Shire society is that it consists of small isolated communities, quite self-dependent, and in consequence extremely cohesive. Outside influences barely exist, and a journey of more than twenty miles seems, to the inhabitants, like the equivalent of migration to a far-distant country; "They're queer folk in Buckland". Little more than a century ago there were still many parts of England from which a journey to the nearest market-town represented an important undertaking, and one to London a rare and hazardous adventure. The everyday life of the Hobbits is not a struggle for the bare means of subsistence; yet all the same it is hardworking and not particularly glamorous. "Growing food, and eating it, occupied most of their time". Their satisfaction with their way of life comes as a result of the ordered rhythm of life's daily round, and a strong sense of every individual's value to the community, and of his or her place in it.

Bilbo and Frodo, on the other hand, sometimes meditate on life in the Shire as if it was some kind of rural idyll. They do so, however, only when they are far outside its borders, and as a way of relieving their minds, temporarily, of the burden of current anxieties and tribulations, like the Irishman who only extols the charms of "the owld country" when he is exiled from it. What Tolkien is really appealing to is that sense of local community and local identity, which once was, in great measure, England itself, and which today has vanished even in the most remote parts of the country. Other writers have chronicled such a way of life, and described its nature in detail. Tolkien's special achievement is to have created out of it a myth with all its concomitant evocative power and symbolic significance. The hostile 'literary-critical' attitude to Tolkien, and its persistence and aggresiveness represent, in their way, a back-handed tribute. The use of terms like 'escapist' and 'infantile' acknowledges, by implication, the myth's force and influence. A public display of 'English' sentiment still provokes (as Elgar's music has often done) a public reaction of 'English' shamefacedness in some quarters.

English art and literature does not offer another wholly comaparable instance, but Conan Doyle created a myth whose appeal resembles Tolkien's in some ways. It is interesting that aficionados of Sherlock Holmes and his world sometimes develop a tendency, as we do with Middle-earth, to think of that world as a 'real' one. Learned articles have discussed, say, the number and dates of Watson's marriages, or the precise location of 221B Baker Street. Doyle grounded his myth in the historic reality of London as it once was, and some of its appeal today lies in its evocation of an England that has gone forever, one where half the map of the world is coloured red, and income tax is only a shilling in the pound. But it centres, of course, around Holmes and Watson as individuals, who became archetypes. The world created around them is there for the purpose of emphasizing that they are at its centre. The myth is not concerned with a society or a community as such, or with creating the sense of one. The most complete portrait by an English artist of a single self-contained community inspired by the artist's sense of local identity is "The Borough", Benjamin Britten's portrait of Aldeburgh in the opera "Peter Grimes". This, however, has no significance as a 'myth', in Tolkien's sense, though it has obvious literary precedents in, say, Middlemarch or Casterbridge.

The enclosed world of the rural community in any case has had a special appeal to several generations of English city-dwellers and suburbanites. Its Continental counterpart is the image of the self-enclosed city community of craftsmen and artisans, typified in the imagination of romanticism by late medieval and sixteenth century Nuremberg. The appeal of this city world became intense and widespread among middle-class Germans from the early 19th century onwards. It existed quite independently of

Wagner, although it was Wagner who gave it, in "Die Meistersinger", the most powerful artistic expression. To quote Hofmannsthal's letter again: "This city, which was quite unspoiled in the 1830s ... was one of the great decisive experiences of the romantics ... down to Richard Wagner, the man who rounded off the romantic age".

The parallels with the Shire begin with the nature of Wagner's 'historical reality', which in "Die Meistersinger" is, like Tolkien's, "feigned". The opera presents a portrait of sixteenth century Nuremberg, the city of Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs, as a tightly-knit closed community of craftsmen and artisans, dominated by its trade guilds, and united by the virtues of plain straightforward honesty and communal solidarity. But this picture, convincing as it is, in fact is true only of a later time than the sixteenth century.[2] At this period Nuremberg was an international trading and financial centre; its leading citizens were bankers, merchants and entrepreneurs. Nevertheless the world depicted in the opera did subsequently come into being; and it continued to exist right up to the middle of the nineteenth century. This was the time when Nuremberg, and the many other South German cities like it, lost their independence and the last of their guild privileges, and became fully absorbed into the German states. Wagner in the opera created a myth of the independent, self-sufficient urban community, at the very time the reality was disappearing before his eyes. Seventy years later Tolkien was to do the very same thing with its English rural equivalent.

The Shire and Nuremberg are portrayed in depth and in detail by their respective creators, and there are a sumber of striking similarities in the respective ways this is done. Each society, independent in status, and closely knit and inward-looking in character, expresses its identity in its traditions and their outward expression in status and ceremony. On the one side there are the various offices and feasts characteristic of the organization and calendar of the Shire, and also the intricate network of customs and family relationships, which Tolkien elaborated still further towards the end of his life (Letters, pp. 289-96, Letter 214). On the other side there are the intricate "rules" of the Mastersingers guild and the offices associated with it and with the city; there are the festivities with the processions of the guilds and the singing contest, which take place on Midsummer's day. This is the ceremonial climax of the year in Nuremberg, just as is Midyear's day in the Shire. Both societies, although the Shire has "hardly any 'government'", regulate themselves by well-defined and universally respected 'rules'. The Hobbits attributed theirs to "the King", and kept them because they were "The Rules' (as they said), both ancient and just" (FotR, Prologue, p. 18). Life and values in Nuremberg are seen in terms of the rules of the Mastersingers, and the prestige they confer on those who have mastered them.

The "rules" in each case are parodied in the exaggeration and distortion which events impose on them. In the Shire there are the grotesque additional "rules" which are such a feature of existence under the dictatorship of Saruman. The corresponding role in Nuremberg is played by the slavish adherence to the Mastersingers' rules typified in the person of the pedantic town-clerk Becknesser, and the absurd results it produces. The comparisons between Tolkien's work and Wagners even extend as far as characterization. Hans Sachs, the central figure of the opera, is a Gandalf-like figure in his relation to the other Mastersingers, and to the citizens of Nuremberg. This is even more the case as regards his relationship, as a guiding father-figure, with the young knight Walther von Stolzing, which is an exact counterpart of Gandalf's with Bilbo and Frodo.

No doubt the response of the literary-critical 'opposition' to all this would be to suggest that both worlds represent the same kind of nostalgic backward-looking bourgeois "paradise". (This attitude, in regard to "Die Meistersinger", has in fact been quite widespread in certain circles in post-war Germany.) This would be to ignore the extent to which Tolkien and Wagner both undercut their respective 'sub-creations' by warning us not to treat them uncritically. Tolkien makes it abundantly clear that the Hobbits' independent spirit and sense of community have a negative side to them. These qualities are inseparable from a tendency to parochialism of outlook and dullness of perception that in themselves, are not admirable. In the concluding phase of the War of the Ring these limitations involve the Shire in a disastrous and traumatic experience, which a degree of interest on the part of its inhabitants in the affairs of the outside world would surely have enabled it to avoid. In the late pieces of writing which appear in UT, "The Quest of Erebor", Tolkien seems to be unusually concerned to stress Bilbo's seeming complacency and stupidity (in the eyes of Thorin and the Dwarves), and by implication the complacent attitude of hobbits in the Shire in general. Did he, perhaps, feel that at times in LotR he had 'laid it on a bit too thick' in the hobbits favour, and that now was the time to redress the balance? The riot which breaks in on the peace of Midsummer's Eve in Nuremberg, and Hans Sachs' famous "Wahn",[3] monologue, which comments on it, indicate the violence which may underly the burghers' placid existence. The triumphant end of the opera still contains Sachs' prophetic

words of warning, "Beware! Ill times threaten us all ..." etc.

The similarity between the respective myths of Tolkien and Wagner resides to some extent in cultural nationalism, or regionalism, and its place as a component of the art of each of them. Tolkien's 'roots' in the West Midlands (like Benjamin Britten's in East Anglia) are clearly of the greatest importance to him. The now well-known letter (Letters, p. 37, Letter 30) regarding a German publication of The Hobbit, contains a revealing sidelight, in its reference to himself as an "English (not "British") subject" who fought in the "English (not "British") army". In Wagner's case his cultural nationalism was of a rather more specific and self-conscious kind, scathing though he could be about even his own countrymen at times. Outside his art, it tended from time to time to acquire political overtones. In making such a comparison as has been drawn in the foregoing pages, one therefore runs a slight risk of arousing such overtones, however much one may deplore, as Tolkien himself did, attempts to use LotR as political allegory, from any standpoint. No one, after all, needs to be reminded of the course of European history after 1868 (the year "Die Meistersinger" was first performed). And no one who knows the opera needs reminding of the monstrous perversion of Wagner's art and ideals which occurred under the Third Reich. However silly and unjustified the occasional press and public references to "the politics of Tolkienland" may be, it is not altogether surprising that, in the light of many people's sensitivities, that they continue to appear from time to time. The point is that both LotR and "Die Meistersinger" have survived and will survive, all vicissitudes of political storm and stress and partisan interpretation. You cannot say, nevertheless, that they have no possible 'political' dimension. They must have, simply because they are not 'escapist' works in any derogatory sense. Like all significant works of art, they reflect life as it was being lived, and history as it was being made, at the times they were created.

FOOTNOTES

(1) The letter, in an English translation, appears in The Correspondence between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal (introd. E. Sackville-West, transl. H. Hammelmann & E. Osers), Collins, 1961; republished by Cambridge University Press, 1980, pp. 433-4.

(2) For a fuller account, see Timothy McFarland, "Wagner's Nuremberg", in English National Opera/Royal Opera Guide series No. 19 (Die Meistersinger) (John Calder, 1983), pp. 27-34. This part of the present argument is considerably indebted to the above article.

(3) "Wahn", in English, "madness" or "frenzy", in a collective sense.

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Lament for the High Born

For those who yet dwell in Middle-earth,
The summer has passed us by.
The autumn of our ancient world
Reflects from clouded skies.

The sun yet shines upon our land,
The gentle rain still falls,
But darker is the dark of night
Since Elf Kings left their halls.

A reign of darkness, long has passed
Our fields once more are green.
But greyer now are field and wood,
Elf Lords no more are seen.

A realm beyond the sea have they,
To which they have returned,
And we are left upon these shores,
But in our memory burned

Remembrance of a fair Elf folk
They, first-born, we, the last
But now we hold their land in trust,
Into the West, the Elves have passed.

David Phillips

BOOK REVIEW

The Book of Lost Tales

- PART TWO

by J. R. R. TOLKIEN, edited by CHRISTOPHER TOLKIEN

London: George Allen & Unwin, 1984. 385pp, £12.50

THIS BOOK completes the publication of the earliest distinct version of J. R. R. Tolkien's invented mythology: "distinct" rather than, say, "complete", since use of the latter term would indicate that in the Lost Tales Tolkien achieved a finished and consistent corpus of narratives; but this he did not do in the present instance (if, indeed, he ever did): the work in this form was eventually abandoned, its subject-matter being afterward recast. In any comparison with their final evolution into The Silmarillion, one of the most striking contrasts is that the Tales make far less of an integrated whole: the stories more or less stand by themselves, with much more tenuous interconnections between narratives than are to be found in The Silmarillion.

Such a comparison, however, brings up a problem which any review of The Book of Lost Tales must face: virtually all of the comparisons between this book and the later narratives of The Silmarillion are already made in abundant detail in the notes and commentary for each section provided by the book's editor, Christopher Tolkien. These he has done so thoroughly that any further attempts at detailed comparisons seem superfluous. However, some comments and observations may still be made, and some glimpses of things of interest caught.

In the first tale, "The Tale of Tinúviel", we see at once many differences between this and the later version. Beren is here an Elf (specifically, a Gnome), although, in the ur-text, a mostly overwritten pencil draft, he was at first a Man. "Tinúviel" is not prefixed by "Lúthien", a name which at this time has a far different connotation. Instead of Lúthien rescuing Beren from Sauron's stronghold on Tol Sirion, Tinúviel rescues him from the castle of Tevildo, servant of Melko and Prince of Cats. His castle is staffed entirely by giant cats, and Beren's captivity has him serving as a general dogsbody. Tevildo cannot properly be called a prototype of Sauron: as Christopher Tolkien points out, Tevildo simply occupies the same place in the narrative as was later filled by Sauron, and that is all. But there is what is possibly a remote link, nonetheless: Tevildo wears about his neck a great collar of gold, in which lay "a great magic of strength and power", which he is eventually forced to yield to Huan the hound, to his defeat: conceivably this is a foreshadowing of the Great Ring of Power.

The tale has its amusing moments. Just how seriously, one wonders, did Tolkien intend his "gormandising" cats to be taken? At one point, Tinúviel sews Beren into the skin of a great cat slain by Huan, and (like a prototypical Gillian Lynne) "teaches him how to sit and sprawl, to step and bound and trot in the semblance of a cat".

Yet we know that the tale of Beren and Tinúviel was one that was close to Tolkien's heart, mirroring his own relationship with Edith Bratt; it is remarkable then, that is should be so markedly different in atmosphere and detail from the later, graver version. It may be noted that a particular detail is present even

in this early text: when Melko sees Tinúviel dancing before him, "he leered horribly, for his dark mind pondered some evil". This passage is paralled by the "dark design" that Morgoth considers at the corresponding place in The Silmarillion; alas, as Christopher Tolkien says, we are never told anyhting more explicit, and so we shall never know what Morgoth's scheme was.

The second tale told to Eriol in the Hall of Play Regained is that of "Turumbar and the Fóalókë". This need not detain us for very long: the story of Túrin is even here one of the longest of the legends of the Elder Days, and the main threads of the narrative are present in this version. In the same way that the matter of Tevildo's collar gives a presentiment of things to come, a rejected version of part of the present tale gives "ring of Doom" as an earlier name for the Necklace of the Dwarves (of which more anon): another ingredient present from the first. We have here too a glimpse of the End of the World as conceived for Tolkien's mythology: in this tale, it is prophesied of Turumbar that he shall stand beside Fionwë against Melko in the Great Wrack, and Christopher Tolkien mentions that "in much later versions" of the mythology, Túrin shall indeed smite Morgoth with his black sword in the Last Battle.

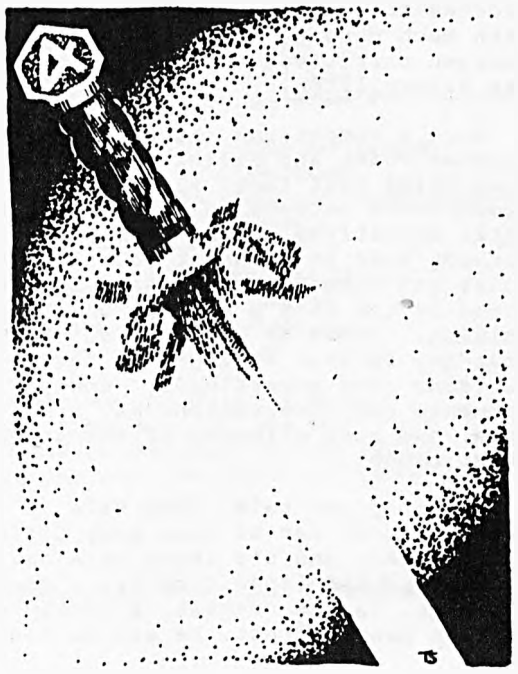
The third tale, "The Fall of Gondolin", is, despite its early date of composition (c. 1916-20: this is in fact the earliest-written of all the tales), the only complete version of the story Tolkien wrote. Other versions either were summaries or were left infinished, e.g. "Of Tuor and the Fall of Gondolin". Regarding these last, the contrast between the archaic styles Tolkien employed at their respective periods is very marked: the present tale with its immature and extravagant style, and the later, unfinished version which shows his mastery of the archaic style at its awesome peak. However, the prose here can at least be said to have more movement than in some others of the tales.

Tolkien read what is more or less the printed version at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1920: this fact has come up more than once in biographical writings and so makes the Fall one of the longest-known pieces of his mythology. Here, there is a full description of the Siege and Fall of the City of Gondolin. What makes this present account of especial interest is something which touches upon Tolkien's own life. This account of battle between Goblins and Elves in a mythical world was written by a veteran of the Somme, an ex-soldier not long back from the trenches of the Western Front in the Great War. Whatever may be said about Tolkien's descriptions of battle, they were written by one who was under no illusions whatsoever about the nature of war.

Perhaps there is an echo of this in some of the besiegers of Gondolin: among them are monsters wrought of metal or fire, which have wills of their own, and which are used to transport Balrogs and Orcs to the siege, as well as to lay waste the opposition. Would it be stretching belief to see these almost-but-not-quite-robotic dragons as reflections of the mechanised warfare Tolkien must have witnessed?

We are left in no doubt of Tuor's heroic stature. He is ever at the forefront of battle; indeed he kills five balrogs (!) in fairly short order, to give an example. And here, too, Glorfindel dies fighting one of these monsters. But this is a tragedy, and only Tuor and a handful of survivors escape from the fallen city.

The next tale, "The Nauglafring", tells the story of the necklace of the Dwarves. In The Silmarillion, the Necklace, which was made by the Dwarves at Thingol's request, and in which a Silmaril was set, was a comparatively minor element. But in this early version, it has a far more baleful and far-reaching influence. The gold of Nargothrond, which Úrin (i.e., Húrin) brings to Tinwelint (Thingol) in Artanor (Doriath), is enmeshed with the dark spells of Mîm the Dwarf, as well as bearing his dying curse, when Úrin and his band of outlaws take it from hin after the death of Glorund (Glaurung). The necklace into which some of it is made not only helps bring about the downfall of Artanor but also hastens the doom of mortality for Beren and Tinúviel into whose hands it



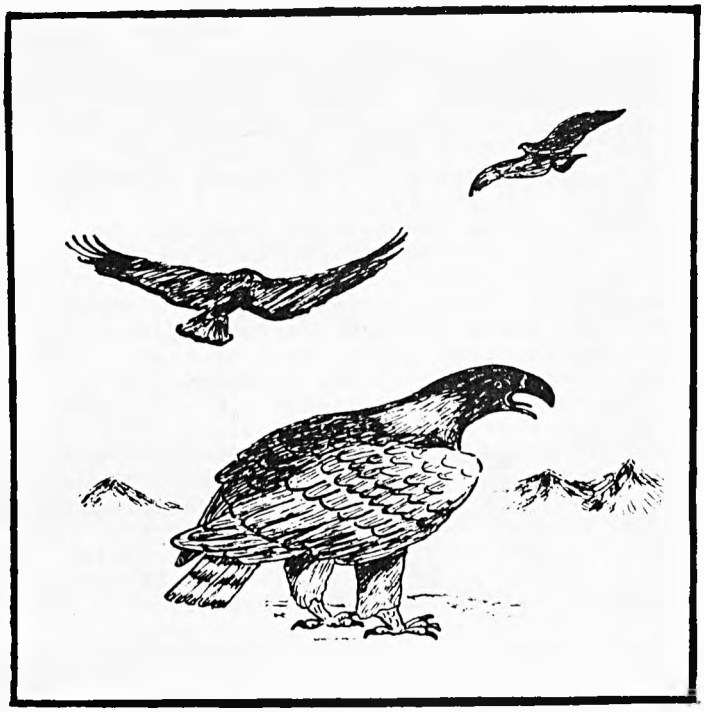
falls, and even lengthens the time that Eärendel spends wandering about the seas. This is undoubtedly too much of a bad thing, and Tolkien wisely curbed it in later versions. However, as noted above, it was at one point called the "Ring of Doom", and something of the original idea may have gone into the Great Ring of Power.

The fifth tale, "The Tale of Eärendel", exists in a much more unfinished form than any of the preceding narratives. Tolkien's ideas had not even reached the stage of embodiment in a consecutive narrative at this time. There exist only some outlines and notes, and some poems. Christopher Tolkien has assembled all these so that the reader can understand them as clearly as possible. The most obvious contrast with the later legend in this section is that Eärendel is not the ambassador of Elves and Men to the Valar: his voyage makes little difference to the affairs of the world; however, he does eventually sail the firmament.

The final part, "The History of Eriol, or Aelfwine and the End of the Tales", is derived from materials at least as inchoate as those of the preceding part. This tale is of especial interest because it shows how Tolkien at the time dealt with the problem of linking the pseudo-mythological past he wrote about with human history: how the world as we know it derived from that of the legends.

In the first version of the history of events (so far as it can be made consistent from Tolkien's scattered notes), Melko is defeated, mainly at the hands of Tulkas, and eventually flees into the heavens where a watch is kept on him by Tulkas' son, Telimektar, although he can still influence Men to evil. Many of the Elves formerly under his dominion sail from the Great Lands to Tol Eressëa, where, much later, Eriol lands and is told the lost tales of the book.

Some time later (but not a very long time, since Eriol's sons come into it), the Elves of Tol Eressëa embark on the "Faring Forth" to rescue the Elves of the Great Lands who suffer still from the servants of Melko. Accordingly, Tol Eressëa is drawn back across the Ocean and anchored off the Great Lands; Osse, resenting this, tries to draw it back, but succeeds only in breaking of the western half of the island, these halves becoming the later Britain and Ireland. The Faring Forth ends in disaster, and Men invade Tol Eressëa, but afterwards, the sons of Eriol, Hengest, Horsa and Heorrenda, conquer the land, calling it "England", and it is their folk who alone have true knowledge of the Elves. Hengest and Horsa are of course the legendary fifth-century invaders of Britain, who Tolkien here uses to establish his historical linkage. Given the



apparent chronology of this pseudo-history of Britain, it would seem that the rest of ancient history in general must be drawn into Tolkien's mythology: but any such scheme is hardly referred to, apart from a very few references to "Babylon, Ninui, Trui and Rûm" (i.e. Babylon, Nineveh, Troy and Rome), which one of those who tell the tales to Eriol mentions. This seems to imply that the purely "Elvish" history was going on at the same time as known human history. Was this perhaps Tolkien's way of implying that we actually know far less about the past than we imagine, and that there may have been all manner of strange things happening which have since been utterly forgotten -- except in the etymologies of odd words? As we know, this scheme had been changed completely by the time that The Lord of the Rings was written. But it is just possible (to speculate wildly for a moment) that this change was, like so much else in Tolkien's writings, a matter of transformation rather than outright rejection. Tom Shippey (in The Road to Middle-Earth, ch. 4) draws a parallel between Hengest and Horsa on the one hand, and on the other with Marcho and Blanco, who settled the Shire in Third Age 1600. Thus, the "England" of The Book of Lost Tales becomes the "Shire" of The Lord of the Rings, occupying something of the same sort of temporal relationship to the legends of the ancient past; this, too, has the effect of making the end of the Third Age something of a "pseudo-present", as I noted in my review of the first volume of the Lost Tales (Mallorn, no. 21).

In this section, some attempt is made to link the Elves of Tolkien's mythology to

the fairies of tradition. With the coming of Men to Tol Eressëa, the elves literally diminish is size and fade into semi-transparency, and can no longer be espied by mortal Men. (To further speculate, they sound a bit like hobbits.) This aspect Tolkien later firmly rejected.

So much for the initial version. In the second version of the history, the Elves retire from the Great Lands first to Luthany, later called "England", where they are ruled by Ingwë, after War with Men in the Great Lands; many of them later retire west to Tol Eressëa, now a separate, westward island. It is Aelfwine (no longer Eriol), a man of eleventh-century Wessex, who now sails west to Tol Eressëa to be told the Lost Tales. There are also some complex changes regarding Eärendel and the abovementioned Ingwë, but they are far too involved to go into here. Given finally in this part is the short narrative "Aelfwine of England", which tells his story, and also gives some geographical details connected with his voyages.

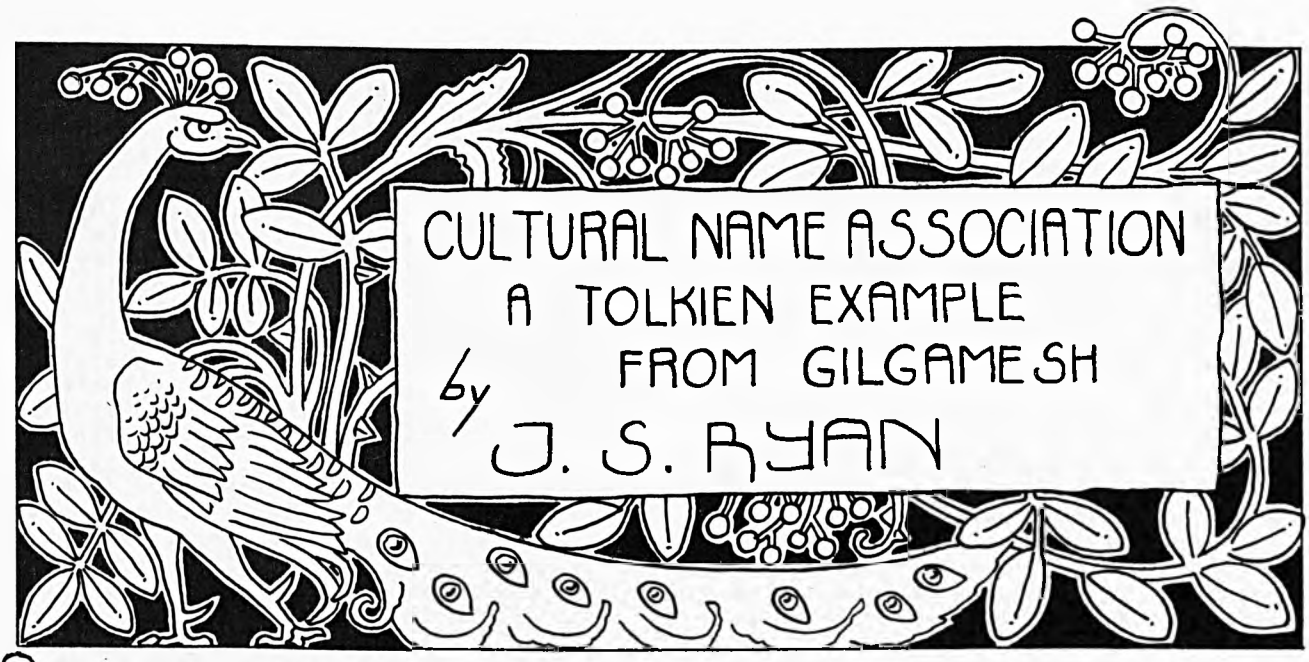
As mentioned earlier, "Lúthien" was not used in connection with Tinúviel, but at this time was the name given to Aelfwine by the Elves in Tol Eressëa, since he came from Luthany (the Elves name for England, itself later also called "Lúthien"). Tolkien appears to have got the name from Francis Thompson's poem "The Mistress of Vision", though why the name should have stuck no one can say.

And that completes the Lost Tales. The book concludes with an appendix of names, a glossary of archaic words and an index.

As a whole, the second volume of The Book of Lost Tales is less "cosmographic" than its predecessor: it is more concerned with Elves and Men than with the Gods, probably to its benefit since the narrative content is stronger; there is more movement, at least in those tales which reach narrative form. And yet the book is, I feel, more of use to the curious, to someone wanting to research the evolution of Tolkien's mythology, than as something that stands in isolation from his other works. The writing is, at this stage, stilted and does not achieve the effects it is obviously intended to. This points to something fundamental about Tolkien as a writer: he did not acquire an adequate command of fictional prose-style, either general, as he did in The Lord of the Rings, or specifically archaic, as in "Of Tuor and his Coming to Gondolin" in Unfinished Tales, either easily or quickly. The stories of The Book of Lost Tales, begun when he was about twenty-five, show that he knew the general direction he wanted to go in, but that he did not yet know how exactly to proceed. But of course he did learn, as the later published works so abundantly demonstrate. Even The Hobbit, published when the author was forty-five, shows, despite some blemishes removed in the second and later editions, a very much greater stylistic authroity. Whether because of greater critical self-awareness, or, at least in part, the criticisms of others, especially C. S. Lewis, who read some of his early tales, he shed the awkwardness of immaturity and learned to approach the great work with greater assurance. (It is because of this that the present reviewer feels that the later volumes of the History of Middle-earth will be of far more than "historical" interest; they should be much more well-written.)

In closing, a few words on Christopher Tolkien's editing of the Lost Tales. He is without question the one person uniquely qualified to perform the formidable task of editing his father's manuscripts, and, in The Book of Lost Tales, he has done that job astonishingly well. The copious and detailed notes and commentaries give a glimpse of the physical and textual complexeties of the source-materials, and give a hint of the intricacies involved in producing a coherent text. It is a measure of his success that the sometimes tortuously complicated matter of The Book of Lost Tales has been set forth with such clarity.

Charles Noad



CULTURAL NAME ASSOCIATION
A TOLKIEN EXAMPLE FROM GILGAMESH

by J. S. RYAN

One of the REASONS FOR the deep aesthetic satisfaction which many readers have with the place and personal names in the writings of J. R. R. Tolkien and, to a lesser extent, of C. S. Lewis,[1] is their closeness to actual known names: of topography (e.g. Wetwang, from the north of England); of mythical history (e.g. Gondor, being so similar to the legendary Gondar of the Abyssinian Highlands); or of earlier literary texts, as with Goldberry (of FotR), whose name and beauty must suggest certain parallels with Goldborough, the daughter of the King of England who is married to the hero of the Middle English poem, Havelok the Dane[2] (Tolkien lectured on this text at various times during his Oxford career).

In a recent paper in Mallorn (No. 20, 1983), the present writer has drawn attention to the various (linguistic) associations, literary and semantic, of the Púkel-men, whose statues arouse in the young hobbit Merry "wonder and a feeling almost of pity" (RotK, p. 67). It is the contention of this note that another similarly existing cluster of literary nuances is to be found behind the Orc names, Uruk, Uruks and Uruk-hai. As J. E. A. Tyler points out of the last,

> "It is certain . . . that (so far as Orcs went) the Uruk-hai were a far superior breed, being taller and stronger, with great endurance, and an altogether higher level of intelligence. For these reasons alone they were greatly to be feared" (The Tolkien Companion, Macmillan, 1976, p. 498).

It would seem that these warriors of the Third Age (first appearing about 2475), of eastern provenance and bred by Sauron in Mordor, are to be associated with Gilgamesh, the great hero of Sumerian and Babylonian mythology, and, potentially at least, the wisest, strongest and most handsome of mortals -- for he was two-thirds god and one-third man. As king of the city-state of Uruk he had built a monumental wall around the city, but in so doing overworked the city's inhabitants unmercifully, to the point were they prayed to the gods for relief.

The text in which these events are narrated is an epic,[3] written down on a series of twelve clay tablets inscribed in the cuneiform script used by the Sumerians, the Babylonians and the peoples of Assyria. The fullest version that has come down to us was originally held in the great palace library of the king of Assyria, Ashurbanipal, who made a great collection of ancient texts in the years 660-630 BC. Modern scholarship[4] postulates a much older Babylonian text, composed before 1800 BC.

The epic itself enables us to envisage both a real King, Gilgamesh, as well as a world famous historical event, the Sumerian Deluge, the memory of which has been preserved in the book of Genesis. From the poem itself we learn that Gilgamesh was a renowned and powerful king who had built the walls of Erech or Uruk, one of the most extensive cities of Sumer and Babylonia. Yet, because of his harsh and merciless treatment of his subjects, the people prayed to the gods for a champion who would contend on their behalf against the oppressor within their city. The champion elected to liberate Erech was a hairy hunter named Enkidu, a Sumerian wild man who lived with wild animals (compare Tolkien on 'wild men') and protected them. In a later part of the story the high god, Anu, sent down from heaven an avenging bull to trample on the city, but Enkidu killed it, thereby sealing his own doom. Yet the act of slaughter had seemed justified since the bull had slain five hundred brave warriors of the city in two snorts.

* * * * *

While some may wonder whether Tolkien would have been familiar with the Sumerian epic, this is relatively easy to corroborate. All this century (Oxford) students of classical and Western European epic[5] have been interested in Gilgamesh and compared it with other ancient heroic poems. There are many pieces on it in the standard background work, Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics (James Hastings, ed., 13 vols., 1908-26). It is similarly referred to several times in the following works by Tolkien's friends and colleagues, namely W. F. Jackson Knight, Roman Vergil[6] (1944); Gilbert Highet, The Classical Tradition (1949); or in C. M. Bowra, Heroic Poetry (1952). The last volume by the then Master of Wadham College has several dozen references to the epic, and a number specifically to Erech[7] and to its people.

Further, the site of Erech had been investigated by W. K. Loftus in the mid-Victorian period, and his experiences and thoughts are chronicled in his most popular Travels and Researches in Chaldaea and Susiana (1857). There were also a series of meticulous excavations[8] by German expeditions in 1912, 1928-39 and 1954-60. The results of all this field work are of outstanding importance for the early history of Mesopotamia, since the ancient clay tablets excavated there date from the fourth millenium BC.

Of course, the final subtlety in the Tolkienian name comes from the form used. While the city was later occupied by the Greeks who called it Orchoē[9] and its Sumerian name was Unu(g), it was known to the Akkadians as Uruk. The Akkadian language is often assigned to the eastern Semitic tongues, in contrast to Hebrew, Phoenician, Ugaritic, Arabic and Ethiopic in the western Semitic group. Whether Tolkien was curious about the ancient language -- names and loan words from which appear in Sumerian -- from the time of his early studies in comparative philology, there is no doubt that he would have been long familiar with its importance in the history of writing.[10]

And so Uruk(-) does not seem to be an accidental name creation by Tolkien. Of course, there are further layers of association here, in that we have a parallel to if not actual speculation about the nature of Sumerian warriors in Tolkien's highly militant orc group, much as the name Pūkel-men may well be a pondering as to how the Celts might have seemed to the Germanic people who supplanted them. Further, since Erech is mentioned in the Table of the Nations (Genesis 10:10) as one of the possessions of Nimrod in the land of Shinar, it may be held that it is intended that the reader of Tolkien should make a loose association between Nimrod and Sauron. Nimrod is described in Genesis 10 (verses 8-12) as 'the first on earth to be a mighty man. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord'. According to some traditions he was also the builder of the Tower of Babel, thus giving a further analogue to Sauron's creation of Mordor.

Perhaps we may leave this essay in speculative nomenclature by noting the concluding remark by the former Manchester University scholar, W. L. Wardle, in his article[11] on Nimrod: "In character there is a certain resemblance between Nimrod and the hero Gilgamesh".

Thus, yet again, do we find that Tolkien has left for others to ponder a remarkable nexus of actual literary, linguistic and cultural association much more potent than many of his 'invented names'.

* * * * *

Postscript. While Tolkien associated orc specifically with the Old English compound orc-nēas, it should be clear that the names orc and uruk are inextricably linked in the Sumerian city name. That uruks are a stronger and more valiant form of orcs also fits the story of Middle-earth, and

similarly, of the city of the Sumerian epic. Since ancient loan exchanges from these eastern Mediterranean and Middle Eastern languages were possible and as Gilgamesh, in search of the mortal who had discovered the secret of life, seeks to be ferried across the waters of death, the notion of a visit to the underworld of death is to be found in the Old English, Latin, and Greek-Sumerian names. Thus, Gilgamesh, on failing to reach Erigidu in the land of the dead, is told by him, in this world, of the full terrors of the afterworld -- worms, neglect, and disrespect are the lot of the dead. As shown above, Jackson Knight, long before Tolkien, had postulated the link between Gilgamesh and Roman epic accounts of Orcus or of the underworld.

It will be observed that there has been no attempt in this linguistic probing to explore Tolkien's use of 'Erech' as the name of an ancient hill in Morthond Vale, on the top of which Isildur set the Stone of Erech, an enormous black sphere, said to have been brought to Middle-earth from Númenor in 3320, Second Age. The symbolic value of the stone as representing the royalty of Gondor and its Kinship with ancient Numenor must suggest that Tolkien is giving us some glimpses of the ancient 'Germanic' peoples and of their possible cultural association with the non-Indo European Semitic races at a very early stage of their own development before the known movements to the north and to the west. Nor is there any attempt here to probe the various parallels to the Black Stone in the Ka'aba in Mecca.

FOOTNOTES

(1) Compare his Tumnus in the Narnia stories. The name of the faun has the Etruscan consonant cluster, -mn-, and thus for the classicist must have associations of magic or even of the occult.

(2) See the edition, The Lay of Havelock the Dane, ed. W. W. Skeat and revised K. Sisam (O.U.P., 1915, 1973) etc. The most convenient Modern English translation is that by Robert Montague in his Havelok and Sir Orfeo (1954), pp. 25-93.

(3) Well-known translations are:
(a) The Epic of Gilgamesh, by William Ellery Leonary (Viking, 1934), and
(b) The Epic of Gilgamesh, trans. N. K. Sanders (Penguin, 1960 etc.).

(4) See also W. G. Lambert and A. R. Millard, The Babylonian Story of the Flood (O.U.P., 1969).

(5) See the references to 'Sumerian precursors of Akkadian epic' and H. W. F. Saggs, pp. ix-x, in Traditions of Heroic and Epic Poetry, Vol. I (1980), ed. A. T. Hatto.

(6) This work refers to the presence in the Aeneid of motifs from Gilgamesh 'retained in Vergil's imaginative memory' (p. 291).

(7) E.g., pp. 126, 185, 295, 339, 383, 510, 516, 560.

(8) Uruk/Erech is represented today by the group of mounds known to the Arabs as Warka, which lies in S. Babylonia some 64km N.W. of Ur and 6km E. of the present course of the Euphrates.

(9) Clearly this name gives a further etymological association for orc, apart from O.E. orc and Latin Orcus (see J. S. Ryan, pp. 52-3 of Folklore, Vol. 77, Spring 1966). A similar etymology is given by T. A. Shippey, The Road to Middle-Earth (1982), p. 50, note. That etymology was corroborated by Tolkien, p. 171 of his 'Guide to the Names in The Lord of the Rings', in A Tolkien Compass, (1975) ed. Jared Lobdell.

(10) See R. Labat, Manuel d'epigraphie akkadienne, (1948). A more recent and accessible text is David Diringer, Writing (Thames & Hudson, 1962).

(11) Encylopaedia Britannica (1968 edition), Vol. 16, p. 526c.

Editor's note: With further reference to whether Tolkien would have been aware of the Sumerian epic, Uruk etc., it is interesting to note the following: "It was in 1926 that the great prehistoric cemetery at Ur [see note 8 above], with its 'Royal Tombs' was excavated. The discovery of these tombs, with their splendid treasures . . . caused a sensation comparable only with . . . discoveries at Mycenae and those of . . . Tutankhamen's tomb. The . . . expedition [under Leonard Woolley] not only inaugurated the brilliant revival of excavation in Mesopotamia that took place in the twenties and early thirties; it was also responsible for widespread popular interest in Mesopotamian origins . . ." (Glyn Daniel, 150 Years of Archaeology, Duckworth, 1975, 2nd edition, pp.200-201). The question is therefore whether Tolkien could possibly have been unaware of at least part of the history/archaeology/mythology of this area!

Evenstar

When shall we meet again my love
As we were met before?
When shall it be, my gentle love
When I shall pass the door?
Not yet but soon.

When shall I live beyond this shell,
This sphere, that home I call?
When I am there what shall I tell?
For leave dear earth I shall
Not yet but soon.

When shall I feel your love again
And shall I know The One?
What do you know? And have you pain
Where I shall come, alone,
Not yet but soon?

When shall I live content, my dear,
Be unconsumed by pain?
For you have gone before my dear
And I alone remain.
Not yet, but soon?

When shall I loose my loveless grip
On grief and life in fear?
What shall I feel as I slip through seas
Lost? Earth-Estranged? Unclear?
Not Yet But Soon.

What can I do but feel bereft
When you have flown away?
Why must this life and that be cleft?
When shall I know the day?
Not yet but soon!

My earth I love too and I frown
To lose this jewel of homes.
Now I am quiet, I attend
The gift that surely comes
Not yet but soon.

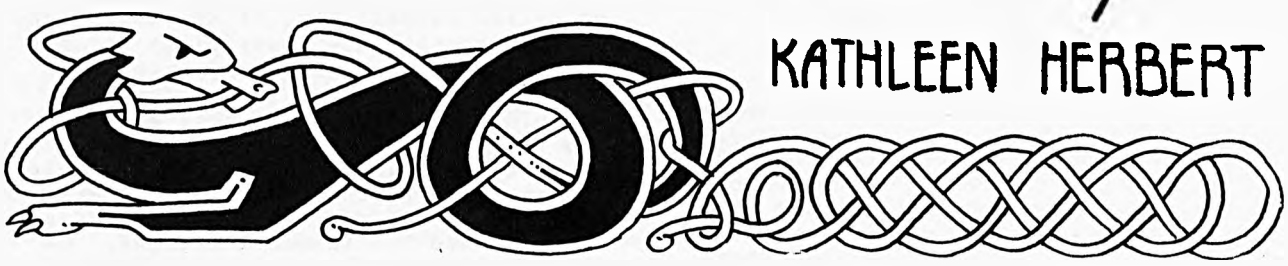
Stephen Allcroft

"OTHER MINDS AND HANDS"

AN EXPERIMENT IN RECONSTRUCTING "THE TALE OF VALACAR AND VIDUMAVI"

by

KATHLEEN HERBERT



In 1951, Tolkien COMPOSED A detailed account of the mythological and legendary cycles of Middle-earth (Letters, pp. 144-5, Letter 131). Referring to his purpose and hopes, he wrote:

> "I would draw some of the great tales in fullness, and leave many only placed in the scheme and sketched. The cycles should be linked to a majestic whole, and yet leave scope for other minds and hands, wielding paint and music and drama".

He added the rueful, self-mocking comment, "Absurd". But is it?

With his usual generosity, Tolkien seems to have envisaged, even wished, that his own work might be used as material for the creation of more English stories, poems, plays — operas, perhaps? — and pictures. In earlier periods, this would have been expected as a matter of course. The characters of Homer lived and died again in 5th century Athenian tragedy. Geoffrey of Monmouth's Historia Regum Britanniae gave the strongest impetus to the composition of medieval Arthurian literature. Shakespeare took what he wanted from the chronicles of Hall and Holinshed to create his dramatic "epic" of the House of Plantagenet.

I have used these works as examples because, in spite of their age (the Oresteia is nearly 2,500 years old and can still pack the National Theatre) their characters and themes are still potent, sometimes disturbingly so. It seems to be true that — genius and craftsmanship being equal — works that are based on, or imaginatively inspired by, actual mythology or ritual or heroic legend make more psychic impact and have greater survival value than the products of "rootless" fantasy or the isolated individual imagination. This is because, however fantastic these traditional stories have become, however much has been altered or added by generations of bards, sagamen and grandparents at winter firesides, they always contain something that was lived out in the actions and feelings of human beings somewhere, sometime, on this planet. It is this element in the traditional stories that carries the seed of life from one creative imagination to the other. The process is totally

different from imitation or plagiarism.

Tolkien was fully aware of the effects of this process on his own imagination. In a letter to the Observer, published 20th February 1938 (Letters, p. 31, Letter 25) on the subject of his material, he wrote:

> "As for the rest of the tale, it is ... derived from (previously digested) epic mythology and fairy story ... Beowulf is among my most valued sources; though it was not consciously present to my mind in the process of writing".

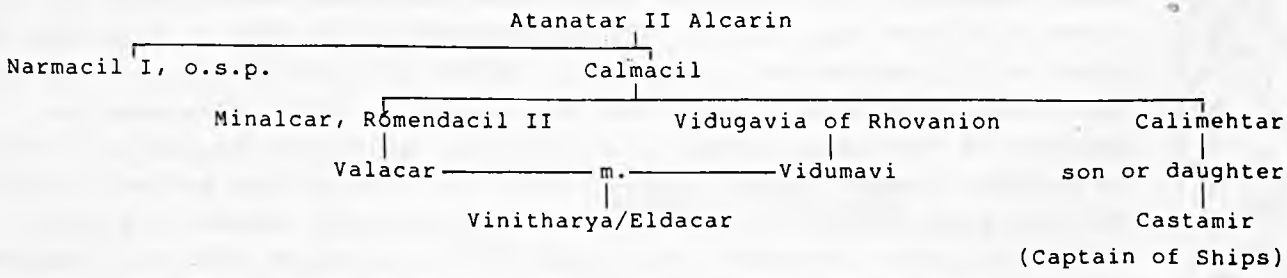
Not many people are so much at home as Tolkien was among the earlier languages and literatures of Europe. However, he infinitely preferred the creation of stories to the production of "books about books"; he offered the roughly sketched parts of his "majestic whole" to "other minds and hands"; he earnestly wished that Old English should be, as it ought to be, a source of vitality, interest and pleasure in modern English (not something alien and incomprehensible called Anglo-Saxon). Bearing these three points in mind, I decided to take one of the balder entries in the 'Annals of the Kings' (RotK, App. A) and juxtapose it, first, with the Germanic world in the Age of Migrations and then with a passage of Old English poetry, to see whether it has the potentiality for imaginative growth and development into a full-length tale.

"Valacar. In his time the first disaster of Gondor began, the Kin-strife. Eldacar, son of Valdacar (at first called Vinitharya) deposed 1437. Castamir the Usurper† 1447. Eldacar restored, died 1490" (Rotk, pp. 318-19).

The descent and family relationships of these Gondorian rulers can be seen in the family tree below.

The dry facts of the 'Annals' are fleshed out a little in Appendix A, section iv: "Gondor and the Heirs of Anarion" (RotK, pp. 325-7). Here it is told that Romendacil, having won a great victory over the Easterlings, closed the passage of the Anduin to foreigners beyond the Emyn Muil. "But since he needed men, and desired to strengthen the bond between Gondor and the Northmen, he took many of them into his service and gave to some high rank in his armies. Rómendacil showed especial favour to Vidugavia, who had aided him in the war. He called himself King of Rhovanion, and was indeed the most powerful of all the northern princes, though his own realm lay between Greenwood and the River Celduin. In 1250, Rómendacil sent his son Valacar as an ambassador to dwell for a while with Vidugavia and make himself acquainted with the language, manners and policies of the Northmen. But Valacar far exceeded his father's designs. He grew to love the Northern lands and people, and he married Vidumavi, daughter of Vidugavia. It was some years before he returned. From this marriage came later the war of the Kin-strife. For the high men of Gondor already looked askance at the Northmen among them; and it was a thing unheard of before that the heir to the throne, or any son of the king, should wed one of lesser and alien race. There was already rebellion in the southern provinces when King Valacar grew old. His queen had been a fair and noble lady, but short-lived according to the fate of lesser Men, and the Dunedain feared that her descendants would prove the same and fall from the majesty of the Kings of Men. Also, they were unwilling to accept as lord her son, who though he was now called Eldacar, had been born in an alien country and was named in his youth Vinitharya, a name of his mother's people."

Christopher Tolkien has pointed out, in a note to "Cirion and Eorl" (UT, p. 311, note 6) that "the names of the early kings



and princes of the Northmen and the Eotheod are Gothic in form, not Old English". In the letter to Milton Waldman, Tolkien describes Gondor after the zenith of its power as fading "slowly to decayed Middle Age, a kind of proud, venerable but increasingly impotent Byzantium". We can then see the collapsing and fragmenting Arnor as the foundering Western Empire. The increasingly strong Northern 'presence' in the forces of Gondor would parallel the 'Germanizing' of the late-Roman armies; while the high rank that some of the Northmen attained suggests the careers of Odovacer and Stilicho. Gondor regarded Rhovanion as a barrier against the Easterlings as the Romans regarded the Goths as a barrier against the Huns. This did not produce perfect harmony and happiness: Alaric's Visigoths sacked Rome in 410; by 489, Theodric was ruler of Italy. Similarly, Gondor did not altogether trust Rhovanion: "it was learned by the regent (Minalcar, later Rómendacil II, Valacar's father) that the Northmen did not always remain true to Gondor, and some would join forces with the Easterlings, either out of greed for spoil or in the furtherance of feuds among their princes" (or — by analogy with the history of relations between the Empire and the Goths — through signs of fear and treachery on the part of the 'civilised' power). There was always a strange atmosphere of contempt and admiration, gratitude and suspicion.

Into this tense atmosphere, in 1250 comes Valacar's embassy and his falling in love, not just with the princess Vidumavi ("Wood-maiden") but with the Northern folk and their way of life. Indeed, as Tolkien puts it "he grew to love the Northern lands and people, and he married Vidumavi ...", it seems as if the Northern atmosphere and culture were Valacar's first loves, and he married Vidumavi because she seemed to be their incarnation. This is always dangerous; because when the human incarnation is removed from the 'enchanted' atmosphere, the spell can fade in the light of common day. Disenchantment is particularly likely to set in when the foreign husband has come from a complex, subtle and over-civilised environment like Gondor and brings his bride back to it: what had seemed to be refreshing naturalness and innocent simplicity can then appear as clumsiness, illiteracy and stupidity.

Valacar's marriage was no part of his father's plan — "Valacar far exceeded his father's designs" — and it would be very natural is he neither asked his father's permission or even informed him before he returned to Gondor, either because he had become so absorbed into Rhovanion that Gondor had faded into the background of his mind, or because he was afraid of being specifically forbidden to marry Vidumavi and of being ordered home. Romendacil had a formidable personality: as well as being a great general, he had ruled on behalf of his slack-twisted uncle and then for his own father; he cannot have been used to having his will crossed, and he was already inclined to be suspicious of Northmen, though he used them.

So it is very likely that he only knew of his son's union with Vidumavi after the couple had been married for some years (Vinitharya/Eldacar had been born in Rhovanion and had been known "in his youth" — not just as a baby — by his Northern name) when they arrived in Osgiliath. The cultural shock must have been almost as great for Rómendacil and the court of Gondor as it was for Vidumavi — it is unlikely that the Northern warriors in his army had brought their womenfolk with them; he did not want them to settle.

Something of what the poor Wood-maiden felt when she saw the great city of Osgiliath and passed — dwarfed and shrinking — inside its walls, can be recreated imaganitively by combining Tolkien's desciption of Minas Tirith (which was originally merely the western citadel to Osgiliath — the 'Tower' to 'London' by comparison) with what remains of pre-Turkish Constantinople: the mighty walls and, above all, the interior of Haghia Sophia (e.g. in Michael Grant, Dawn of the Middle Ages). The Gondorians, on their part would have been used to the sight of Northern armour and splendid though barbaric ornaments — compare the Sutton Hoo treasures and the breath-taking Lombard, Visigothic and Frankish jewellery. They would not have been prepared for the sight of a Northern princess. Thanks to the preservation of the grave of Queen Arnegund, wife of Chlotar I (d. 561), under the abbey church of St. Denis, we can get an idea of how she might have appeared: in an open-fronted crimson gown fastened with two disc brooches and a long, elaborately-worked golden pin like a stiletto, the wide sleeves ending in gold-embroidered cuffs; a tunic of violet silk just covering the knees, girt with a long, gold-embroidered girdle; white linen stockings cross-gartered to the knee, the straps ending in jewelled tags that would sway as she walked; slippers of soft, purple-dyed leather with golden clasps - shoes, stockings and garters well-displayed by the short tunic and the open gown (e.g. D. Wilson, ed., The Northern World, p. 52). It is an enchanting costume, suggesting a Dark Age Viola or Imogen, but one can imagine the horrified contempt it would cause in Byzantium — or Osgiliath.

No time would be lost in 'civilising' the prince's wife and son. Vinitharya's name would be changed at once, and the boy sent away to the household of some great noble of impeccable ancestry and manners "for fosterage, according to the custom", as would be said to Vidumavi in polite

excuse, really to make sure that he did not retain any undesirable habits of his mother.

The imagination of the early English was fascinated by the situation and ultimate fate (usually tragic) of princesses whose marriages linked two races or tribes. "Frithuwebbe" was the Old English term — "peace-weaver", surely one of the loveliest words for "woman" in any language; but when the weaving was done with the woman's own loyalties and emotional ties, any tension between her blood-kin and her marriage-kin could tear her apart. Tolkien has described how this befell Queen Hildeburh in Finn and Hengest; Beowulf comments on the likely end of Princess Freawaru's betrothal to a young king whose father had been killed by hers: "Rarely indeed does the death-spear rest, even for a little while, after a king-slaying, though the bride be a treaure".

Vidumavi's marriage was not endangered by an ancient feud: the threat to her peace was more subtle. Gondor needed friendship with Rhovanion, but even on a single page of the 'Annals' (RotK, p. 326), even in admitting the need for an alliance, the Gondorian annalist manages to mention the Northern race disparagingly five times:

"Nearest in kin of lesser men to the Dunedain"
"it was a thing unheard of ... that the heir to the crown should wed one of lesser and alien race"
"short-lived according to the fate of lesser men"
Vidugavia "called himself King of Rhovanion"
"feared her descendants would ... fall from the majesty of the Kings of Men".

In other words, Vidumavi was inferior and had contaminated the purity of the race. It is highly unlikely that Gondorians would be guilty of the vulgarity of Saruman in a temper: "What is the house of Eorl but a thatched barn where brigands drink in the reek, and their brats roll on the floor among the dogs?" but the Annalist shows that this was what they thought and Vidumavi would be made aware of it in every condescension, ironic compliment, elaborate courtesy, pitying smile. She would be nervous, try too hard to please and then retreat into her own pride. Husband and wife would each worry whether they had wrecked the happiness of the other; their worry would be mistaken for weariness and disgust. There would be great strain on such a marriage, even if others were not determined to wreck it — and it is fairly clear from the 'Annals' that a break would have been widely welcomed.

In Old English literature, the woman whose emotional situation is closest to Vidumavi's is the nameless speaker of The Wife's Lament. This is a short poem (53 lines) from the Exeter Book (MS dated c. 990-1000); its poet speakes in the persona of a deserted and outcast wife, surveying the ruins of her life, in which her greatest torment is not only that she still loves the man who has hurt her but realises that he also loved her and is suffering bitterly from their estrangement.

One of the greatest difficulties in composing stories outside one's own time, whether historical or fantasy, is avoiding anachronism — not so much in material details, which any careful writer will check — but in thoughts and feelings. This is never totally avoidable, of course, because the writer is a part of his own historical period; everything he creates is mediated by his perceptions and by the words available for his use. Here is the great stumbling-block: 20th century English is increasingly polarized between banal colloquialism and technical jargon; the uneasiness shown by some critics of Tolkien's 'high style' stems from the fact that he refused to accept this limitation and impoverishment of his native language. Also, his knowledge of earlier literature gave him an unerring sense of the speech and thought patterns of the heroic age. Using passages from The Wife's Lament as a key to Vidumavi's thoughts and feelings would prevent her sounding like the heroine of a magazine romance or a feminist tract.

There are several versions of the poem available in modern English verse (e.g. those edited by Michael Alexander (the most exciting); Richard Hamer (with the O.E. text) and Kevin Crossley-Holland (with a recording Argo/Decca ZPL 1058). See Bibliography for full details); it is interesting to compare them. (The divergencies are due to a feature of language that Tolkien brings out very clearly in his textual commentary in Finn and Hengest: that words can have more than one meaning or shade of meaning. In each context, one meaning will predominate; but those familiar with the language will be aware of the other implications, but a translator, particularly using verse, which prevents clumsy paraphrases, has to choose one equivalent. See Tolkien's excursus on the word "wrecca".)

It is imagined that Vidumavi is speaking:

"I have always endured torment because of my banishments" (line 5).

She uses the word "wrecca" — exile, outlaw — and she uses the plural. One "banishment" is her present separation from her husband; the other is her journey to her husband's home. The word is eloquent of the loneliness, homesickness and fear of a foreign princess given in diplomatic marriage, to whom the new home, even with the kindest welcome from the in-laws, is a kind of exile.

Vidumavi did not meet with kindness.

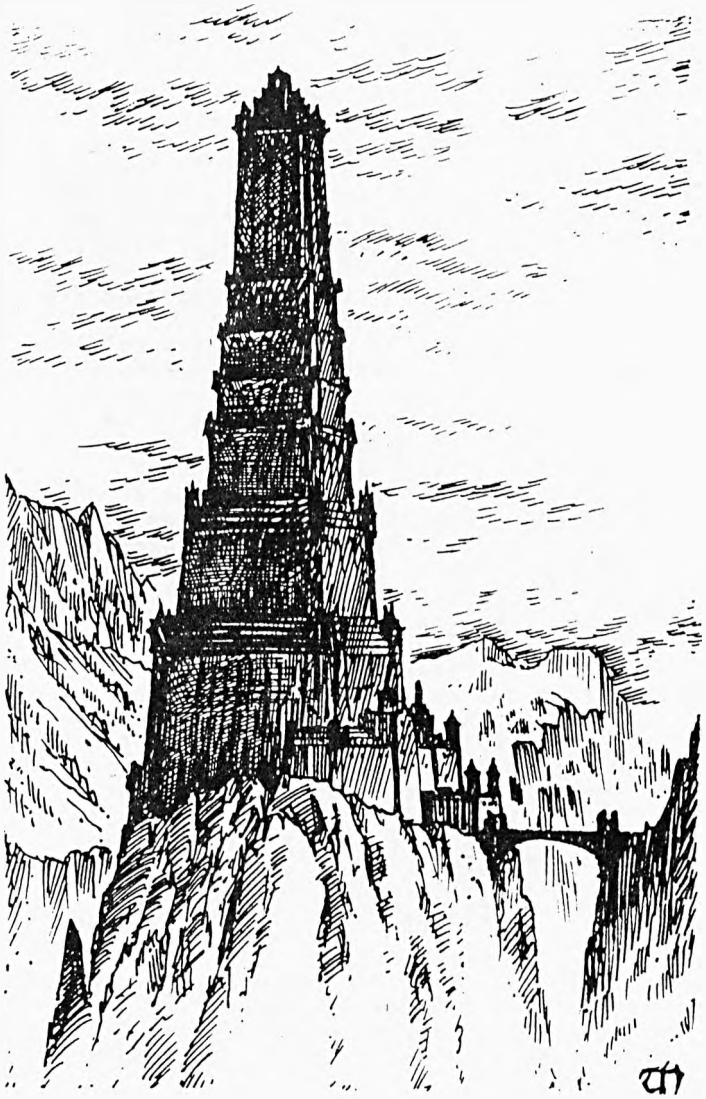
"When I set out to take up my duties, a friendless exile in my sore need, my husband's kinsmen began to meditate how, by secret plots, they might separate us, so that we might suffer a loathsome existence, the world's width between us; and I yearned for him" (lines 9-14).

The word represented by "duties" is one generally used in Old English when a young warrior is looking for a place in a king's or noble's war-band: here it gives a touching sense of the girl's mixture of devotion and awe for her Núменorian husband. The most powerful member of her husband's kinsmen, Minalcar Rómendacil, would be furious at the match, and at the fact the Valacar had gone beyond his instructions, but he could not afford to lose the support of Rhovanion on his north-eastern fontier. That would follow inevitably if Vidumavi were obviously murdered, or publicly repudiated, or returned to her kin of her own accord with a tale a slights and insults. He also had the large contingent of Northmen in the Gondorian army to deal with. An early death in childbed would be the best end he could hope for to the unwanted marriage; or some sickness that could be plausibly explained as a "summer fever" likely to attack a Northern girl pent up in a southern city. I do not think that Rómendacil would stoop to poisoning her himself but he would 'not strive officiously to keep alive'.

Vidumavi's greatest danger, as the 'Annals' make clear, came from the family of Calimehtar, Rómendacil's younger brother. It was his grandson, Castamir, who played a leading part in the ruinous civil war and usurped the kingdom for ten years.

Old English literature gives little space to motiveless villains — even Grendel and his mother are allowed their feelings and their points of view. It would improve the "Tale" if Calimehtar and his family could see themselves, at least in the beginning, as acting to protect the honour of the royal stock and the best interests of Gondor. If Calimehtar's son had been Valacar's rival since boyhood, it could have started as a noble, almost friendly rivalry, in adventures and contests of bravery and endurance, like Beowulf's swimming wager with Breca. Calimehtar's family had ability and courage: Castamir was a great Captain of Ships — "he had the greatest following of all the rebels ... and was supported by the people of the coasts and of the great havens of Pelargir and Umbar". We will suppose that this support was partly hereditary; that his family's power base was in South Gondor and the mouths of Anduin. It may have been their especial duty and privilege, as heirs of Elendil, to counter the descendants of the Black Núменoreans in the region of Umbar; but this post of honour would make them vulnerable to the sorcery which these still practised. So what had at first been honourable ambition became perverted to evil, which Calimehtar and his family brought into Osgiliath, not only in their minds but in their households. For some of the Black Núменorians, women as well as men, took service with them, glad of a chance to corrupt and ruin the descendants of Elendil, and to turn Gondor's most valuable ally, Rhovanion, into an enemy by destroying their princess and putting the guilt on Rómendacil or Valacar.

In addition, for the purposes of the "Tale" we may create a feminine involvement in the developing feud: though the royal family did not approve of marriages between cousins in blood, let us say that Calimehtar's wife was of a high Gondorian family with some royal connections in its ancestry and that she had a niece whom both Calimehtar and Rómendacil had chosen as a suitable bride for Valacar on his return from the Rhovanion



mission. This lady could regard herself as having been slighted and put the duty of avenging the insult on her menfolk; she and her friends among the court ladies would be well able to make Vidumavi miserable and to poison her confidence with vicious rumours.

"First my lord went away from this people, over the tossing waves; care came to me with every dawn, wondering where in the world my king might be" (lines 6-8).

Becoming aware of disaffection in the South, though as yet unaware of the corrupted loyalty of Calimehtar's family, Rómendacil sent Valacar on a royal visit to strengthen the spirits of the garrison of Umbar. He went by ship, down the Anduin and then south along the coast, and so right out of Vidumavi's vague knowledge of the world beyond her own homeland.

"My lord had ordered me to make my dwelling here ... so I was ordered to dwell in this forest grove, under the oak tree, in this grave mound. This barrow is ancient; I am nothing now, only yearning. The dales are dark, hills high above, bitter ramparts overgrown with briars — a joyless homestead" (lines 15, 27-32).

The words "eorthscraefe" (earth-sepulchre) and "eorthsele" (earth-cave) indicate a Neolithic chambered tomb like the West Kennet Long Barrow. The description in the Old English poem is inevitably reminiscent of the Druadan Forest and the works of the Púkel-men. Vidumavi cannot understand why Valacar himself should order her to go to this eerie and desolate dwelling. He had wanted to get her out of the City while he was not there to guard her; he was aware of the nearness of evil and sorcery, though he could not yet identify their source and he could not even be sure that his father would protect her. He hoped that the very remoteness of the district and the rumour of strange presences would keep her hiding-place a secret; that the Púkel-men would have care of her; that in the forest her woodcraft could make her less vulnerable to traps than in the City; that if it came to the worst she could make her way across Calenardhon and north up the Anduin to her own people. He did not dare explain this to Vidumavi - not only were there spies all around, some using sorcery, but she herself was not skilled in hypocrisy and concealing her feelings.

"I had found for myself a very well-matched husband — cruel-fated, sad at heart, hiding his mind, brooding on murder, but blithe in his bearing" (lines 18-21).

Vidumavi's feelings are a mixture of love, pity, bewilderment and horror. People from a simpler culture could be made uncomfortable, uneasy or downright alarmed by the Dúnedain's reserve, complexity and irony. These are seen at their extreme in Denethor; but also in Aragorn and even, at times, in Faramir. Valacar would never be an easy husband for Vidumavi to understand; at that particular time he was also having to hide his feelings to avoid alerting his enemies to the fact that he was suspicious; perhaps even pretending to be weary of Vidumavi, so that those who were plotting against her might take him for an ally and reveal their plans. Vidumavi's ill-wishers about the court would make sure that she was told he would be glad to be rid of her.

"Again and again we vowed that nothing could separate us save only death, nothing else; now everything is changed; our love is cancelled as if it had never been" (lines 21-7).

It is summer, the long days drag cruelly: "All over the earth, friends are living in love, lying in bed together, while I wander alone at dawn around this burial-mound, where I must sit the summer-long day, where I may weep for my exile and my many hardships" (lines 33-9).

And yet, she cannot wallow in self-pity; with an amazing lift out of her own pain, she is able to see Valacar far away by that unknown ocean (which she can only imagine as like the Sea of Rhûn — a wintry Baltic or Caspian) also lonely and grieving for lost happiness. She can pity him.

"In some dreary dwelling under a rocky cliff by the flowing tide, frozen in stormy weather, my dear lord sits weary-hearted and racked with care — too often he will remember a happier home" (lines 47-52).

With a relationship of this emotional complexity and tension, and given the political situation in Gondor and the neighbouring lands, it would be easy to construct a story-line of action and suspense, plot and counter-plot, murder and magic. How would it end? Romantics would vote for escape, reconciliation and 'happy-ever-after'; but there is very little promise of happy endings in the Silmarillion and the Lord of the Rings. Or there could be a complete tragedy, with Vidumavi hideously murdered by Black Númenoreans, believing that it was on Valacar's orders, and Valacar, suspecting his kin's complicity but unable to prove their guilt (perhaps they were not actively guilty) hiding his rage while waiting for a chance to strike back. So Gondor moves inevitably towards its first disaster, the Kin-strife.

If I were writing this "Tale" I would end it in harmony with the clear-eyed, unillusioned stoicism which Tolkien shared with the early English: with a voluntary and loving separation at Vidumavi's own

choice. Leaving her son with Valacar, she would go back with all honour to Rhovanion to take up the work which first brought him to her people. By living among the Northmen she would serve as a link and interpreter between the two races, preventing misunderstandings by acting as a "frithuwebbe" — a peace-weaver. She would also, even in her home-coming, be entering upon her third "exile" — one that would last for the rest of her life.

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'the Heart of the Matter'

BY THE TIME The Lord of the Rings had been accepted as a literary classic in the mid-Sixties, those of us lesser beings privileged to know the Professor were aware first of all of his status as the most eminent linguist in the University. It was well known for example that one did not need to be studying Anglo-Saxon in earlier years to attend the famous dramatic lectures on Beowulf.

Considering then the colossal amount of philological work to which he was commited, it is a miracle of courtesy and sheer physical energy that so many questions, particularly of a linguistic nature were answered in such detail to those already dedicated to a study of things.

However, he was far more reticent on the 'Inner Meaning' of the works. Obviously the diversity of layers of sources of inspiration reveal a mind as complex as that of Yeats; like Yeats, we are all as thinking people attracted by the 'fascination of what's difficult'. We would not wish it were otherwise.

The main point I wish to make then, is that this eminent don had an irrepressible sense of humour, and delighted in what might best be described as games of intellectual chess. When questioned on any topic, from the House of Stuart to the validity of Anglican Orders, he would immediately take up whichever line of argument opposed his questioners; thus inevitably checkmating anyone foolhardy enough to engage such a formidable mind in debate. All this was done with the utmost charm and youthful glee; with Professor Tolkien, it was impossible to win a debate.

Thus we have to treat the Letters and anecdotes such as we have not as 'ex cathedra statments', but as remarks to be taken very much in context; not only when such comments were written, but who they were written to can alter the intended meaning considerably. But please do not think that this implies that anything said was intended to be seriously misleading.

However, it remains the prerogative of every artist to chose to explain or not to explain 'inner meaning'; particularly if they wish to remain silent over those issues that lie closest to their hearts, It is precisely because the Professor loved his fellow men, from the NCOs he met in the trenches of the Great War to the gardeners at Merton College that my own feelings for Master Samwise are so deep; but personal relationships have an ethical copyright.

Remember that much of the material incorporated in the works was inspired by issues that lay at the heart of his own family life. And as his family was his greatest love of all, we owe it as a point of honour to tread very carefully, because where his deep and innermost thoughts lie, we do indeed tread on holy ground.

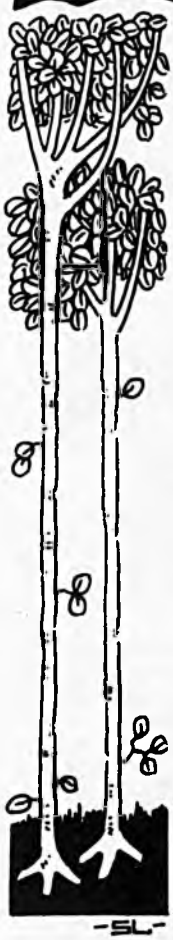
I. T. T.

TEMPTATION

THE FOREST

CAROL JEFFS

In The Lord of the Rings AND The Hobbit, Tolkien takes us through four forests, all four of which used to be "all one wood once upon a time from here to the Mountains of Lune" (TT, p. 72); the forests encountered are Mirkwood in The Hobbit, and the Old Forest, Lothlórien and Fangorn in The Lord of the Rings. In using the Forest as a symbol of strangeness and danger, Tolkien is drawing on a well established tradition in story-telling. The most frequent use of the Forest is to be found in the Arthurian Cycle as assembled by Malory, purely because it is probably the longest compilation of tales around a central theme gathered. Later collectors of tales were also to find the Forest used in the same way. For example, in the fairy-stories, as we loosely call them, collected by the Grimm brothers and Charles Perrault, many of the heroes have to battle through, or come to grief in, the Forest; one has only to think of the prince in "Sleeping Beauty", or of Hansel and Gretel, or Snow White. The reasons behind the great use of the Forest are not difficult to ascertain.



At the times when the Arthurian stories and the fairy-tales were still an oral tradition, mile upon mile of countryside would still have been woodland; even if explored, would contain wild boar and the wolf; these woods could contain every element of the unknown and the unseen and therefore were rife for imaginative speculation, let alone holding the tangible terrors of wild animals. It seems logical, therefore, that when one of King Arthur's knights steps out of the safe confines of Camelot, he should immediately enter a forest where he can find adventures, mostly dangerous, involving supernatural ladies in league with Morgan le Fay, and renegade knights arbitrarily challenging every passer-by.

As 'civilization' spread, the concept of the Forest widened to take in the vast and unknown city: the 'concrete jungle' is a term known by most people and an instantly recognisable shorthand for the wild and wicked city

where one can encounter as much danger and unfamiliarity as one could in the Forest of old. Dickens was the best utiliser of the city in this respect. In Great Expectations, Pip encounters people and places far stranger and far more squalid than he ever found on the Marshes at home, even when he has met and been scared half to death by the convict in the swirling mist. Arthur Conan Doyle was continuing this tradition when he wrote the Sherlock Holmes stories. Stories like The Red-headed League prove far more effective in showing the sinister side of the city and man's nature than when Holmes is transported to the wilder regions of Dartmoor in The Hound of the Baskervilles. One might expect strange things to happen in a place like Dartmoor, whereas London, the one-time symbol of safety and civilized values, has also become the Forest. It is interesting to note that while Dickens and Conan Doyle were writing so effectively about the concrete jungle and finding it just as exciting as the Forest, some, like Cecil Rhodes or Doctor Livingstone, were going to explore the actual jungles of the Dark Continent.

The emphasis in the twentieth century has turned to 'the final frontier', Space. But the idea has not changed since our ancestors told stories of adventures in the Forest. The Forest might not have been the final frontier but the heroes were definitely and boldly going where no man had gone before. The idea is to have a place or time where anything is possible. What Tolkien has successfully done is to bring the heroic epic into the twentieth century whilst still using the old symbolism.

But whether one regards the Forest as being symbolic or merely geographic, their functions remain the same: to move the story into surprise and danger.

Mirkwood in The Hobbit is the most sinister and malevolent Forest in Tolkien's writings — and what a lovely name, Mirkwood. Everything inside it from the supposed 'good-guys' (i.e. Thranduil and his Elves) down to a seemingly innocent stream, all militate against the dwarves and Bilbo. Tolkien here uses the Forest in its most traditional sense of being an evil place with no redeeming feature at all and Mirkwood is only redeemed outside The Hobbit with the expulsion of the Necromancer from its confines, and the friendship of Gimli and Legolas in The Lord of the Rings, the former's father having been the prisoner of the latter's.

The three forests in LotR are slightly different from Mirkwood. Although they are still unknown quantities until passed through and are regarded with fear by those who know little or nothing about them, their hearts remain pure. As we know in the Old Forest, although Old Man Willow is a malicious beggar, the Forest does contain an ally in the form of Tom Bombadil. And all three forests in LotR hold points of respite for the wanderers. In the traditional sense though, it should be noted that the first unknown place the Hobbits come to on leaving the Shire is a forest, and like all forests, its reputation for strangeness has far outgrown the actuality, especially if one listens to "the old bogey-stories Fattie's nurses used to tell him, about goblins and wolves and things of that sort" (FotR, p. 121). But even leaving this and other things aside, as Merry says:

> "There are various queer things living deep in the Forest ... something makes paths. Whenever one comes inside one finds open tracks, but they seem to shift ... from time to time in a queer fashion" (FotR, p. 121).

Tolkien is good at producing red herrings, of which this is one. In 'The Shadow of the Past' towards the end of his long tale of the Ring, Gandalf says:

> "And be careful what you say, even to your closest friends! The enemy has many spies and many ways of hearing" (FotR, p. 72).

There has been a constant ostinato to the telling of the tale,Sam clipping the grass with shears. But as Gandalf stops speaking it becomes apparent that the clipping is no more. Is Sam Gamgee a spy for Mordor? Tolkien does the same kind of thing again as a horse comes riding out of the fog at Bucklebury Ferry; with Strider at Bree; and at the encounter with Glorfindel. Who, then, is making those paths through the Old Forest? The setting of a red herring implies a surprise of some sort and in the case of the Old Forest two surprises, firstly in the kindly nature of the maker of the paths, i.e. Tom Bombadil, and secondly in averting our immediate attention from the imminent encounter with Old Man Willow.

The second forest traversed by the Hobbits, Lothlórien, is as much a place of wonder and foreboding as had been the Old Forest and as expressed by Boromir (e.g. FotR, p. 352), Éomer (e.g. TT, p. 35) and Treebeard (e.g. TT, p. 70). And although Lórien contains no malice "unless a man bring it hither himself" (FotR, p. 373), like the Old Forest in Old Man Willow there is suspicion, as Haldir expresses when Gimli is bound to be blindfolded:

> "Indeed in nothing is the power of the Dark Lord more clearly shown than in the estrangement that divides all those who still oppose him" (FotR, p. 362).

But Lórien is different, in that it is literally an enchanted place, an

enchantment that is "right down deep, where I can't lay my hands on it" (FotR, p. 376); whereas the effects of Tom Bombadil on his home in the Old Forest were "less keen and lofty ... but deeper and nearer to mortal heart" (FotR, p. 134).

Even Celeborn treats our third forest, Fangorn, with caution (FotR, p. 390) but as in the cases of the Old Forest and Lothlórien, Fangorn serves as a refuge for Merry and Pippin, a point of respite from whence they emerge refreshed and 'grown'. Fangorn's secret is the Ents, "the oldest living thing that still walks beneath the Sun upon this Middle-earth" (TT, p. 102) and is indeed "perilous ... to those that are too ready with their axes" (TT, p. 103). Unlike its natural counterpart in the North, the Old Forest, Fangorn does more than give mere shelter. It very positively acts in the overthrow of Saruman, thus relieving one of the most dangerous fronts of the War.

All four of the Forests in both The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings seem to contribute towards the maturation of the Hobbits in particular. In The Hobbit Bilbo has hitherto been regarded by the hardy dwarves as so much baggage but with the help of the Ring he is enabled to help the dwarves escape the clutches of Thranduil which gives him some estimation in the eyes of the dwarves, and probably helps Bilbo to regard himself in a better light too. Therefore, one might say that Mirkwood is Bilbo's forest.

The Old Forest in The Lord of the Rings serves as the first testing ground for all four of the Hobbits who commence the Quest together. Although it is Merry and Pippin who become entangled in Old Man Willow, it is Frodo and Sam who have to devise a way of releasing them; all prove totally helpless until the arrival of Tom Bombadil. The lesson to be learned is that not only are the allies of Sauron conspiring agaisnt them, but very Nature itself. Though the experience does not exactly teach them to be more careful as we see a little later during the incident on the Barrow Downs and when Frodo disappears at the Prancing Pony, it is, however, a sort of initiation into the ways of the world outside the Shire and merely the decision to go through the Old Forest in the first place enables the Hobbits to make future decisions that will prove far more crucial to the quest.

Lothlórien is a test for Frodo and Sam, or at least the emphasis is placed on Frodo and Sam, not only when Galadriel searches their thoughts but also when she lets them look into her Mirror. Sam's immediate reaction on seeing the Shire being 'industrialised' is to hot-foot it home again. Sam sees really what is still dearest to his heart, the Shire, which is an indication of his eventual reward, that very Shire. But as he said after the encounter with Gildor:

> "... I feel different. I seem to see ahead, in a kind of way. I know we are going to take a very long road, into darkness; but I know I can't turn back ... I have something to do before the end, and it lies ahead, not in the Shire. I must see it through, sir, if you understand me" (FotR, p. 96).

Looking into Galadriel's Mirror seals that resolve to go on but his eventual reward is reflected in Galadriel's parting gift (FotR, p. 392).

What Frodo sees in the Mirror reflects his best hopes and his worst fears, his hope in the vision of what might be Gandalf and his fear in seeing the absolute nothingness of Sauron, what he might become if consumed by the Ring. But he would appear to need the second scare of seeing what effect the Ring might have if given to Galadriel before he finally realises that the Ring must be destroyed. He also sees the sea - though in connection with a foresight of Aragorn's destruction of Corsairs of Umbar - but which begins his Sea-longing. Again his eventual reward is indicated in Galadriel's parting gift. What Frodo receives is "the light of Eärendil's star" (FotR, p. 393); Frodo's reward will be beyond the bounds of Middle-earth.

Thus it is that when Sam and Frodo emerge from Lothlórien, they are firmer than ever in their resolve to destroy the Ring, each having seen the need that most closely touched their respective hearts.

Fangorn belongs to Merry and Pippin alone. The whole episode has a lighter, more playful atmosphere to it and not only because the Hobbits are so small and Treebeard so large. Both the Hobbits and the Ents are referred to as a "careless custom" taught "only to children" (TT, p. 155). Indeed, when the two Hobbits remeet Aragorn, Gimli and Legolas at Isengard, Gimli treats them like recalcitrant children and calls them "You rascals, you

woolly-footed and wool-pated truants!", (TT, p. 162). But part of this light-heartdeness is relief at seeing them safe. And though the lessons learnt by Merry and Pippin in their encounter with Fangorn are less lofty than those learned by Sam and Frodo, they do learn. Firstly, there is the tragedy of the loss of the Entwives; Sam and Frodo discover Galadriel's dilemma while Merry and Pippin hear Treebeard's; this rather diminishes their recent jostlings with the Uruk-hai. Secondly, they grow physically due to Treebeard's ent-draughts. Heretofore, Merry and Pippin have been a bit neglected by Tolkien. Elrond excluded them from his council and was ready to pack them off to the Shire until they protested vehemently. Pippin is rather harshly dealt with by Gandalf when in Moria Pippin foolishly drops a stone into a well (FotR, p. 327) which is just the kind of thing children love to do. But his foresight and potential bravery begin to show when, whilst in the captivity of the Uruk-hai he leaves a sign for Aragorn to follow (TT, p. 53). Thirdly, in the company of the Ents, Merry and Pippin can begin to feel less insignificant. They might only be small, but like the initial tiny stone that starts rolling they cause an avalanche to fall on Isengard. Although they may not be much use as fighters by themselves, with the Ents they can begin to feel brave and to have achieved something.

The adventure with Treebeard points them in the direction of greater deeds. For such is Merry's determination later when Théoden refuses to take him into battle, he goes in secret with another determined soldier who is being denied the chance to fight (RotK, p. 77-8) and between them, he and Éowyn destroy the Nazgûl captain (RotK, p. 116). That day, also, the oral lesson of the loss of the Entwives becomes a reality to Merry when he has to face loss for the first time in the shape of Théoden and supposedly Éowyn too. But whatever happens, no-one will ever deny Merry the chance of a fight again, not after his destruction of a Ring-wraith.

Pippin's Waterloo comes at the very gates of Mordor when he kills a troll (RotK, p. 168-9) but he has a great weight bearing down on him; he fights because a heavy fatalism has engulfed him, thinking that Frodo and Sam are in Sauron's clutches and that Merry is probably dead, he fights to die himself and to be even with Merry in the rolls of honour. But he has enough about himself that he does fight and does not just give up to the sheer weight of armoury stacked against him and all the others of Aragorn's army.

The encounter with Fangorn has been an introduction for both of them to danger and grief and it is significant that all four forests are encountered by the Hobbits without Gandalf: Gandalf, on whom so much dependence is placed by Bilbo and all the Fellowship. Each had his lesson to learn through his own resources to enable each to take on his respective burden both during and after the Quest.

Singly, the tree, as opposed to the Forest, can be seen as yet another symbol for Life itself. Gandalf makes the same equation when he reveals a sapling of the Tree of Númenor to Aragorn (RotK, p. 249-50), drawing a parallel between the tree's having survived in secret just as Aragorn has, and of this sapling being the symbol of Aragorn's line continuing even after death.

But while the single tree may survive as a symbol of hope, that hope is for Man and Treebeard augers ill for the wild and natural during the age to come when he says, "And there are too many Men there in these days" (RotK, p. 259).

The signs are that the four great forests of Middle-earth will eventually diminish into a copse here or a covert there and when Treebeard speaks his ominous words we already know what is going to happen to Lothlórien.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WELCOME to the second edition of "Mallorn Mail". As you can see, we have overflowed somewhat this time - keep it up! I welcome letters on all aspects of Mallorn (general comments etc. should be sent to the editor of Amon Hen), and you can find a few brief guidelines on p. 2. Don't forget to mark your envelopes "Mallorn Mail" so that I can distinguish letters of comment from private communication! I would particularly welcome comments from new members, who have not received a Mallorn before. I look forward to hearing from you. . . and now on with the first letter overleaf!. . .

Margaret Askew's article on "Lord of the Isles..." provoked quite a lot of response, among them this letter from Andrew Turner:

"Margaret Askew's article "Lord of the Isles..." [Mallorn 21] is a witty and clever skit, but she seems to have omitted at least one of the serious issues involved.

'In my youth men were still building suburban railways'. Obviously it would make a major impression on a young boy to have a new railway built near his home; the railway being built appears to have been the North Warwickshire line; and that is part of the Great Western.

She touches on the 'ethos', or at least the 'Myth' of the GW (p. 16). This is a part of the traditional English countryside as we see it; if JRRT created a myth for England, this is part of England. (Also of course, the GW seems to have served those parts of England that relate to The Shire, and Farmer Giles' homeland.)

Three questions:

Is 'Evening Star' the last BR steam loco, preserved, and if so, what about 'Undomiel' nameplates for special occasions?

Would anyone like to suggest the numbers of the (obviously GW) locos 'Wood Hall' and 'Brandy Hall'?

Does anyone know of any fantasy (apart from 'B.B.'s' 'Forest of Boland') involving a steam railway; and if not, why not?"

Margaret Askew replies: "I haven't had much time to do a detailed find-out about 'Evening Star' ... I have not found out definitely if 'Evening Star' was preserved, but according to a rail-buff friend she has been preserved but without her nameplates - this would lead to some good opportunites for 'Undomiel' plates for her, I should think.

Having just re-read Humphrey Carpenter's biography of JRRT after a gap of some years, I might perhaps say that I wrote my article without refering to it as it was then away from me on a long-term loan - I didn't really refer to anything much except Dan Gooch's Diary. I might well have added one or two further references to GWR as source material if I had referred to this at the time of writing."

Carol Jeffs' article last issue on "LotR as tragedy" prompted these thoughts from Natassa Andritsou:

"I'm not at all sure I agree with [Carol's] conclusions, in seeing LotR as a whole, as tragedy, in the Aristotelian sense of the word. The situations are tragic insofar as they are painful and involve the unhappiness of perfectly innocent people. But the very nature of LotR doesn't permit it to be a tragedy: the fight of right and wrong never is tragic. As Hegel put it, 'tragic is the conflict of right with right' (from A. C. Bradley's Hegel's Theory of Tragedy, Oxford, 1909), and in LotR there is no such conflict. All the change and destruction in Middle-earth was not a catastrophe, which is the necessary end of a tragedy, but only a necessary way out. The World had to pass to another Age, since the Dominion of Man should begin, according to the plans of Ilúvatar. There is nothing tragic in that. We may regret to see the Third Age come to an end, but it doesn't offer us a chance for catharsis, as every final catastrophe in a tragedy did.

Still, there is a very strong tragic element in LotR, this cannot be denied. Back to Aristotle - in his 'Art of Poetry', he says that there is much in common between tragedy and epic: they show the same things, only in a different way. In a tragedy there's a focusing of action and a final grand crisis, while an epic is 'a collection of tragic moments in a wide and varied setting' (Aristotle, 'Art of Poetry', V). I do believe that this is the real nature of the tragic element in LotR - a collection of 'tragic moments', that could very well develop into tragedies, each one separately, but not all together.

On the other hand, the 'Quenta Silmarillion' is a tragedy, in the Aristotelian sense of the word. There is the original hybris, the pride and contempt of the Gods that Fëanor shows, there is the wrong choice Aristotle demands, namely the Oath of the Children of Fëanor. There is also Fate, the Moira of the ancients whom no man can escape, that is the Doom of Mandos. And of course, the tragic heroes, the 'better than most' that ancient tragedy demands, the very best of the Noldor.

And it can go further. There are three elements in every tragedy: adventure, suffering and recognition. Adventure is used in a very restricted sense, as the act that suddenly brings about the opposite results than those intended - also known as tragic irony. Almost every effort of the Children of Fëanor to recover the Silmarils, not only fails, but brings havoc and destuction. There's suffering, 'destroying, painful acts, or extreme mental or bodily pain and suchlike', as Aristotle says (ibid.). And finally, recognition, one of the most important conceptions 'the transition from ignorance to knowledge, therefore to friendship or enmity, to peace or unrest'. Recognition, the final clearing of vision, as it came in all intensity to Maedhros: 'And he perceived that it was as Eönwë had said, and that his right thereto had been void, and that the oath was vain' (QS, p. 305). . ."

And now a letter from Carol Jeffs herself, but on a different matter!:

"I am writing to comment about the very interesting article in Mallorn 21 by Jessica Yates, 'In Defence of Fantasy', but will say from the outset that I have not read in full the articles to which she refers and must therefore base my impressions solely on Jessica's article.

One thing that immediately struck me about current critics like Mr Stibbs is that nothing has really changed in Tolkien criticism. They still seem to be challenging authority and hereditary, elitism and racism, just as Catherine Stimpson was fifteen years ago (J. R. R. Tolkien, Columbia Essays on Modern Writers, no. 41, Columbia U.P., 1969), and just as Edmund Wilson was almost thirty years ago ('Oo those Awful Orcs', Nation, 182, April 1956). The arguments are spurious as well as old hat. These critics have obviouslt not submitted themselves to the genre of fantasy. Writers such as Tolkien and Lewis write about legendary time, not late twentieth century Britain. As Randal Helms quite pertinently states: 'We shall misjudge The Lord

of the Rings unless we grant that the aesthetic principles governing a fantasy world are different from the laws of our own realm of commonsense reality and from those governing 'realistic' literature' (Tolkien's World, Panther, 1976, p. 72).

One could continue at length on this point ... one is sure members will be able to cite their own examples ... But it does lead onto the point of the value of so-called 'realistic' literature as opposed to fantasy. It cannot be a bad thing if children read at all ... and a mixed reading diet is better than one that is top-heavy with any genre. Children can realise poignancy by reading both A Kestrel for a Knave or The Wizard of Earthsea. To read Earthsea is not to negate the dismal reality of some working class life. A so-called fantasy novel like The Wizard of Earthsea does not present any universal panaceas, neither does A Kestrel for a Knave. Life in legendary time is no more easy than life on a council estate. ... Tolkien does not present any ready-made answers. 'Real' life has no ready-made answers either. I think he anticipated all the critics perfectly when speaking of the function of Escape in 'On Fairy Stories', escapist being a derogation often applied to fantasy: 'In using Escape in this way the critics have chosen the wrong word, and, what is more, they are confusing, not always by sincere error, the Escape of the Prisoner with the Flight of the Deserter' (Tree & Leaf, p. 61).

To read fantasy is not dangerous in the sense that those who read it are likely to turn into authoritative fascists ... It is, however, dangerous, to the status quo at least, in that some one somewhere might see Life in a new perspective. Story is a very impressive medium, this is why Jesus taught in stories to help make comprehensible something that pure fact cou never relate. If reading the Earthsea trilogy with its emphasis on equilibrium creates an ardent ecologist all the better for mankind. If reading LotR makes some aware of the dangers of absolute power all the better for mankind.

Man has grown too far away from the mystical in life. His sense of wonder has gone. Science explains everything! Life and death are no longer absolute terms ... [but] the increased interest in alternatives from ley lines to sci-fi shows that there is still an innate need for something numinous in life, something heroic. Alan Garner once wrote that 'The gods can't be killed' (Book Review: the Death of Myth, Children's Literature in Education, Nov. 1970), that they will be lurking somewhere, whether it be under Alderley Edge or the woman in Red Shift fingering coal for luck while playing bingo. In fact, in Red Shift we find a ve very good example of reality and myth combining to deepen an understanding of Man's predicament. Tom goes mad for the lack of the mythical in his life ... While if he had been able to control his experience, he might have realised that the most heroic and mythical thing in his life was himself.

And this is where Tolkien enters the picture. ... The hobbit is the perfect illustration of the heroic heights to which the individual can reach. Whether washing up or destroying rings, fantasy can show the individual that Life is a thing worth striving for, that beneath the superficial excrement created by Society, there is a world worth saving. And that even 'the shadow of death can bestow dignity, and even sometimes wisdom (Tree & Leaf, p. 47). We ourselves are the stuff of myth ..."

Our final letter is from Iwan Rhys Morus, in reply to a letter from Jessica Yates last issue criticising an article of his which appeared in Mallorn 20:

"I fully agree with Jessica Yates' belief that articles appearing in Mallorn should be of a high standard of scholarship. However, ... In a journal such as Mallorn which is intended (I assume) for the educated layman, detailed references are in my opinion quite superfluous. It is therefore my habit to refer to secondary sources only if their reading would directly increase the reader's understanding of my argument, or if my argument is in any case directly borrowed from another source. Others may apply different criteria but I can see no objection to mine on grounds of scholarship ...

Nowhere in my article do I claim that my recognition of the 'encounter in the woods' motif is original, nor do I claim that my proposed list is exhaustive. In fact the list cannot be complete until all of Tolkien's work is made available, and even then there will doubtless be a few borderline cases. [Ms. Yates seems to] contradict herself; for she cannot claim that I borrowed the idea from other sources whilst at the same time admitting that I might think it uniquely mine. It is in any case my opinion that the motif itself and its recurrent use is so obvious that very few thoughtful readers studying the structure of Tolkien's work can have missed it. My argument was not the existence of the motif but the fact that it had an autobiographical significance for Tolkien in the context of the tale 'Of Beren and Luthien' which might by analogy be extended to other uses of the motif. The autobiographical significance does appear in Helms' discussion of the motif, of which I was not previously aware, but since Helms' book was published before the appearance of UT he could not extend the motif to cover the 'Tale of Aldarion and Erendis' which was the main purpose of that part of my article. ... Insofar as I am aware, no one else has yet attempted to extend the autobiographical argument from 'Of Beren and Lúthien' to other more joyless examples of the motif ... In fact Ms. Yates seems to have rather missed my point here; for although she uses different examples, her 'new' point that 'the woodland encounter has to be extended to situations where the man gets little joy', is essentially the same as my original argument.

There is, however, undoubtedly a great deal more work to be done on this subject, and I was very interested to read Ms Yates final comments on the possible extension of the motif to cover 'Aotrou and Itroun' and some of the poems from 'Songs for the Philologists', since as I have said these examples seem to provide additional evidence for my views on the matter. I look forward to reading her article when it appears. Incidentally; has anyone else noticed that the 'encounter in the woods' motif is far less pronounced and obvious in the version 'The Tale of Tinúviel' ... in BoLT 2?"

Once again, I have run out of room for any more of your letters; but thanks to all who have written - I do enjoy hearing from you, even if there isn't always room to print everything. Special thanks to Karen Yeoman and Brin Dunsire for their letters - especially to Brin for pointing out that I got 'Findacillo' wrong yet again in my editorial last time!...

FROM GENESIS TO REVELATION IN MIDDLE-EARTH

Whilst reading The Lord of the Rings I was struck at times by phrases which seemed to echo verses from the Bible. Galadriel's words to the Company in Lothlórien, "do not let your hearts be troubled", reminded me of Christ's words in St. John's Gospel 14 v. 27. So pursuing the idea that a thread of Professor Tolkien's faith must run through his works, I looked more closely for other examples.

In LotR the Christian idea of a Pilgrim with a burden to lose and a world to be saved from overwhelming evil begins in Book 1, ch. 2 when Gandalf recounts the History of the Ring to Frodo, and declares that he has been chosen for a dangerous quest [I Corinthians 1, vv. 27-8]. He, Frodo, an insignificant person as far as the rest of the world is concerned, must take the Ring to the Crack of Doom to be destroyed, or evil will triumph. Later, at the Council of Elrond, Frodo commits himself publicly to the Quest. This is not unlike a confession of faith a person makes when becoming a committed Christian.

In Lórien, the Company is made welcome (Book 2, ch. 7). They are fearful, sad and weary because of the loss of Gandalf, so Galadriel speaks words of comfort and welcome [John 14 v. 27; 2 Thess. 1 v. 7; Prov. 3 v. 24]. Later Gandalf returns and appears, to Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli, all in white [Rev. 1 v. 14]. Then as a conqueror robed in white and riding a white horse (Book III, ch. 7) [Rev. 6 v. 2] he leads the host at Helm's Deep. [Notice that one of his companions is Erkenbrand carrying a Red shield and a Black horn, bringing with him Pale death.]

Frodo, Sam and Gollum reach Mordor (Book 4, ch. 2). Jeremiah 2 v. 6 and Deut. 8 v. 15 describe a Wilderness very like to Mordor. Later when Sam is in danger and distress (Book 4, ch. 10) he calls out in an unknown tongue [Acts 2 v. 4]. Strengthened by his experience he puts Shelob to flight.

Eagles are birds of the Bible as well as of Middle-earth. They are very large birds [Ezekiel 17 v. 3 & 7] and were a mode of holy transport. Galadriel sent an Eagle for Gandalf (Book 3, ch. 5) [Exodus 19 v. 4]. An Eagle carried Gandalf again in Book 6, ch. 4 and Frodo and Sam (Book 6, ch. 4). In The Hobbit Bilbo, Gandalf and the Dwarves were rescued by Eagles (ch. 6).

A very obvious comparison with Genesis 2 v. 9, the Two Trees in the Garden of Eden is with the Two Trees in the Garden on Valinor (QS, "The Beginning of Days"). Also in QS, compare the chaining of Morgoth by Eärendil ("The Voyage of Eärendil") to Rev. 20 v. 1-3.

These are a few examples of the Bible being one of the sources used by Professor Tolkien in his Histories of Middle-earth and the Great Ring. A table summarising these points is found below:

Irene Garnett

TOLKIEN	BIBLE (Authorised Version)
QS (hardback)	
p. 38, The Two Trees	Genesis 2 v. 9
p. 252, Eärendil chains Morgoth	Rev. 20 v. 1-3
LotR (one volume ed.)	
p. 74-5, Frodo 'chosen' (Bk.1, VII)	1 Cor. 1 v. 27-8
p. 376, Company welcomed to Lórien (Bk.2, VII	2 Thess. 1 v. 7
p. 516, Gandalf the White (Bk.3, V)	Rev. 1 v. 14
p. 565, The White Rider (Bk.3, VII)	Rev. 6 v. 2
p. 657, Mordor (Bk.4, II)	Jer. 2 v. 6
Eagle References	
The Hobbit, ch. VI	
LotR, p. 524, Galadriel sends for Gandalf (Bk.3, V)	Ex. 19 v. 4
p. 985, Eagle carries Gandalf (Bk. 6, IV)	Ezek. 17 v. 3
p.987, Eagles save Frodo and Sam (Bk.6, IV)	Ezek. 17 v. 3 & 7
p. 756, Sam speaks in unknown tongue (Bk.4, X)	Acts 2 v. 4

[Editor's note: if anyone has any more examples on this subject, I should be happy to hear from you!]

The Image of Pain:

a tale of the Folk of Haleth

Michael Burgess

In a time THERE WAS a forester of the folk named Halach, who lived near to Celebros, west of Obel. His house was set in the woods a full league from the nearest village, and little friendship had he with others of the Folk: for he was a man both sullen and overproud. He was of more than middle years, and his wife was dead; yet he had fathered late in life, and had the care of his child, a maid of but five summers.

There came a time when the child fell ill of some sickness that was beyond his small skill to heal, and his heart was greatly troubled. Halach loved his daughter above all, and sat weeping by her bed each night as she murmured in fitful sleep. A fever burned in her that would not abate, though he laved her limbs and brow constantly with the waters of cool Celebros. And yet he would not fare to the village for a leech, nor carry her there: in part for fear that she might worsen and die while he was gone, or as he bore her upon the rough paths of the wood. But also, in part, for fear that he may be scorned by his fellows, as he had scorned them, their friendship and aid aforetime, out of pride and self-will. So the child began to fail as the fever burned ever more deeply, and her face ran with sweat, and her mouth was set in pain. Thin and fleshless grew her limbs through want of nourishment, but naught save water could she swallow; and oft-times it seemed to Halach that she hardly breathed. Even yet, though grief and weariness lay heavy on him, he would not go to the village.

Then he strayed from the house a little way, to seek in the wood certain herbs he deemed might be of some small help; though indeed, all hope was well-nigh gone from him. And as he sought, there came to him a Drûg who dwelt with his kin two miles from Halach, toward the village, and he bowed before the forester and said: "Master woodman, these two nights past I have been wakened by the cries of a child, as if in pain. Do you know aught of

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this?" Now Halach feared the Drûgs, deeming them wild and fell; and in this as in other matters he was alone, for the Folk held the Drûgs in trust, and found joy in their company. Not so Halach. He turned, and made as if to walk away. But the Drûg went before him on silent feet, and bowed once more, and he said: "Friend, these cries trouble me. Have you not heard them, and will you not speak?" Then Halach in his grief wept, and bent his head toward the ground, and gave halting answer, saying: "I have heard these cries, and know whence they come. But they are no man's care save mine; and for me there is no hope. I beg you, leave me in silence." Then the Drûg, seeing him stricken thus, said: "Friend, will you not unburden? It may ease your heart to do so; and, perhaps, it might be that I can give some measure of aid. Do not fear me; I am named Arâgh." Now Halach was fearful yet, but he was moved also, perceiving the trust that was offered him, and he opened his heart, and told the tale of his pain; and Arâgh the Drûg hearkened to him with pity. "I have some skill in leech-craft, they tell me," said Arâgh. "Will you take me to her?" At this Halach wondered, and his mood changed, and he put aside his fears, and led the Drûg to the doors of his house.

The child lay writhen in anguish, and the sweat of her body drenched the linen sheets; but at the sight of the Drûg she moaned aloud, and shrank from his face, for her father had warned her against the Wild Folk. But Arâgh, coming to her, laid a horny hand upon her brow, and swiftly her terror passed. Then he turned to Halach, saying: "There is a fire set in her flesh that will consume her. I do not know this malady." Then Halach wept anew, but Arâgh held up his hand. "I do not know it," he said, "but I do not say there is no healing for it. What I can, I will do. Yet there is pain in it for me and for thee. Will you bear it?" Halach looked through tears upon the flushed face of his daughter, and nodded. "Then comfort her a while," said the Drûg. "I will return as soon as I may."

He came back in the evening, to the joy and wonder of Halach, and in his arms he bore a stock of smooth pale wood, that he had fashioned roughly in the child's image. Then he took from a belt at his waist a sharp tool of iron, and Halach looked on in awe as swiftly the wooden image took on the perfect likeness of his daughter's face. When the carving was complete Arâgh took up the figure, and laid it gently at the feet of the maid. He sat then, and closed his eyes, and folded his hands upon his lap, and remained thus in utter stillness for many hours; and outside the moon arose from behind Amon Obel. then it seemed to Halach that a change came upon the face of the carven image, and lo! the eyes of the image opened, and from its wooden tongue came a faint cry, as of a child new-born. Then Arâgh stirred, and placed the figure upon its feet by the door of the house. "Come now," he said. "The work is begun." Then he took the child's hand and placed it in that of her father; but Halach wailed, for it seemed to him that she breathed no more, and he could feel no beat within her breast. But Arâgh said: "Hold! This is thy pain; mine awaits." He fell then once more into a deep silence, still as stone, and he held the wooden image fast in his gaze. Shortly Halach felt his daughter's flesh cool beneath his palm, and the heat of the fever passed from her; and he stared then as something unseen sped by him, searing in its passage, and the Drûg stiffened and arched his back as a cry of torment leaped from his lips. Then a red gleam appeared in the dark eyes of Arâgh, and sweat beaded his brow; and by the door, the image of smooth pale wood began to smoulder. Of a sudden it roared into fierce flame, and cried out, and as Halach watched in wonderment it was consumed, and the fire fed on it till naught remained but ashes. Then Arâgh tumbled to his knees, and gave a sigh.

Now Halach covered his eyes, and thought himself mad; but then the child stirred in her bed, and the coverlet rose and fell over her as she breathed, and the livid hue drained from her features. And Halach clasped her to him, and wept with joy. "It is good," said Arâgh the Drûg. "I came in time, but barely so." Saying this, he bent his gaze upon the small heap of cooling ash, and it seemed to Halach that he was grieving. "For a little while," he said, "this was thy daughter, and mine. It is right that I should mourn her. Not overmuch! For aught to be regained, somewhat of thyself must be given." Then he smiled. "And you, friend Arâgh," said Halach, "are you hurt? Is there pain?" "There is pain in giving, as in all things," he said; "but there is joy also. I am weary, that is all; it will soon pass." Then Halach went to him and took his hands between his own, but words would not come for weeping. "When she is well enough," said Arâgh, "you must go to the village. One there will complete her healing. Will you go?" Halach smiled, and said: "I will go." Then the Drûg went back to his kin, and as he journeyed he laughed aloud, and hearing it set Halach laughing also, and his daughter, who said: "Father, who was that?" And Halach said: "That is Arâgh, a friend. Soon, perhaps, there shall be others."

The Breaking of Boromir

At last. We are alone.
And my proud heart wavers not
Though my spirit trembles,
Quaking within my manful frame.

This mithril-coated serpent's tongue
Spews forth arguments of perilous reason,
Veiling, cloaking the malice of my mind.
We are alone,
Yet he walks warily away from me.

We are friends?

Could it be that he perceives
The bright sun of lust that is my heart
Glowing through the grey fogs of my eyes?

The little fool!
One knee-high barbless barrier 'tween I and glory!
Are we really friends?
Still yet the horn of ages past
Shall scour the corpse-filled battlefield.
Am I not the fervent jewel of victory?
"Seize it, Boromir, seize it!"

My temper,
As the torrid tempest heralds the storm,
Ascends to great heights.
The calm has broken.

Enveloped in an ecstasy of rage, I bound and bellow.
Too late.
He is gone.
Now my spirit lies crushed and crumpled in a heap.
This storm perishes far out at sea
Where mariners seldom have a wont to journey.

I succumb to anguish
Though death would be of better fitting
Than the prison of souls he has chosen to bear.

Peter Duffy

Where to Write

This is a list of frequent topics of correspondence, and the people to whom such correspondence should be sent. (In most cases, only names are given, as the addresses will be found on the back cover.) In all correspondence, appropriate stamps or International Reply Coupons (available from main Post Offices), or a stamped addressed label (an envelope may be the wrong size in literature is being requested), are much appreciated and will hasten reply.

Correspondence and contributions for MALLORN (other than queries about subscriptions or back issues) should be sent to the Editor, JENNY CURTIS.

Correspondence and contributions for AMON HEN (other than queries about subscriptions or back issues) should be sent to the Editor, COLIN DAVEY.

Subscriptions and queries concerning them should be sent to the Membership Secretary, LESTER SIMONS. A full annual subscription confers membership of the Society, and entitles members to receive all issues of MALLORN and AMON HEN published during the year of membership. Full details of subscription rates for the UK and abroad may be found on the the back of the current AMON HEN. UK members paying Income Tax can assist the Society by covenanting their subscriptions. Details of this, and information on Associate subscriptions, may be obtained from the Membership Secretary.

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Back issues of both MALLORN and AMON HEN, and information concerning their availability and price, as well as details of other Society Merchandise, can be had from the Sales Officer, JEREMY MORGAN.

General Enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, ANNE HAWARD.

Bibliographical enquiries about the works of J. R. R. Tolkien should be addressed to the Bibliographer, CHARLES NOAD.

Linguistic enquiries about the languages or writing systems invented by Professor Tolkien, and enquiries about the Society's 'Linguistic Fellowship' and its bulletin, should be sent to DAVID DOUGHAN, 120 Kenley Road, London SW19 3DW.

A Lending Library is available to UK members only. For details, contact the Librarian, CHRISTINE DAVIDSON.

An Archive holding copies of all papers, books and other materials belonging to the Society is available for inspection subject to consultation with the Archivist, JONATHAN McCOLL.

The Tolkien Society

Founded in London in 1969, THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY is an international organisation, registered in the UK as a charity, dedicated to the furtherance of interest in the life and works of the late Professor J. R. R. Tolkien CBE.

The Tolkien Society has members all over the world, and is in contact with many allied Societies interested in Tolkien and related fields of literature. In 1972, Professor Tolkien agreed to become our Honorary President, offering any help he was able to give. Since his death he remains our President 'in perpetuo', at the suggestion of his family.

This is MALLORN, the Society journal. The Society also publishes a bulletin, AMON HEN, which comes out approximately bi-monthly, and contains shorter articles, artwork, book news, Society announcements and letters.

The Society organises two international meetings in the UK, the AGM/Dinner in the Spring, and Oxonmoot, held in Oxford in early Autumn, where Miss Priscilla Tolkien has often been our guest and hostess. In many areas, both in the UK and abroad, there are local groups or 'smials' which hold their own meetings. (For further details of these, see AMON HEN.) The Society also has a reference archive and a lending library of fantasy fiction (available to UK members only).

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THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY - 12TH OXONMOOT: INFORMATION -

Friday 27th - Sunday 29th September 1985

Oxonmoot will commence on Friday evening at the Turf Tavern, Bath Place, as usual. The venue for the Saturday events will again be Oxford Town Hall, St. Aldates. Rooms will be available for various activities during the day. The Saturday evening party will be in the main hall, a bar will be provided. Dress for the evening will be as for a celebration - costume is optional: most people wear it, no-one has to.

To cover the cost of hiring the rooms and facilities; production and mailing of a Progress Report; Programme; floral tribute for the Professor's grave and other expenses a Registration Fee has to be charged. The Fee (NON-RETURNABLE) is £2.50 per person for Tolkien Society members, and £8.50 per person for non-members. Members must enclose a current membership card when registering. Any member who has not got, or who has lost, a current card should write to the Membership Secretary, Lester Simons, 11 Regal Way, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 0RZ with a s.a.e. stating the problem AS SOON AS POSSIBLE: delays can cause problems. Only card-holding members (i.e Full or Associate) qualify for the reduced rate of £2.50. Details of membership can be obtained from the Membership Secretary at the above address.

Registrations, complete with membership card(s), payment and stamped addressed envelope (International Reply Coupon for overseas members, plus addressed label) should be sent to the Booking Officer, Tony Curtis, 35 Martindale Close, Leicester LE2 7HH. Please send your registrations ONLY to Tony as serious delays can otherwise occur and Registration cannot be guaranteed. Further registration forms are also available from Tony - please enclose a s.a.e./I.R.C.

THE CLOSING DATE FOR REGISTRATIONS IS AUGUST 17th 1985 - NO REGISTRATIONS CAN BE ACCEPTED AFTER THIS DATE, and no-one can attend Oxonmoot without Registering. Those who are uncertain as to whether they will be able to attend, but who would like to do so should register in the usual way. Anyone who registers but does not attend Oxonmoot will have the Programme etc. posted to them afterwards.

Those who register will receive further information about the weekend in a Progress Report which will be sent out early in the summer.

Priscilla Tolkien will again be hosting a Reception at the Town Hall on the Saturday lunchtime. There will also, by Miss Tolkien's kind invitation, be an opportunity for those members who have not visited Miss Tolkien's home before to do so on the Sunday lunchtime, after the traditional visit to the cemetery. Such first-timers will receive more information with their Progress Report and Programme.

Tourist information, accommodation lists etc. can be obtained from Oxford Information Centre, St. Aldates, Oxford (Tel. Oxford 726873).

Don't forget!

The important dates:- 17th August 1985 - closing date for Registrations

27th - 29th Sept. 1985 - OXONMOOT

We look forward to seeing you in Oxford!