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The Journal of the Tolkien Society
Summer 1986

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 welcome, 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"); CS 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 referred 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.

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All types of Tolkien-inspired fiction

will be considered. Length should be preferably 1500-5000 words.

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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.

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8. Letters of Comment & "Follow-ons"

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

All material must be submitted to the Editor on the basis that Copyright therein shall subsist entirely in The Tolkien Society, who may publish the same, or not, in whole or in part, as they see fit, save that this shall not preclude the author of submitted works from publishing the same, in whole or in part, whether for gain or not, elsewhere, in any form, provided always that the Copyright of The Tolkien Society be acknowledged in each such publication.

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Editor: Denis Bridoux

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The Journal of the Tolkien Society

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EDITORIAL

21 Balmoral Place, Halifax,
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Greetings to you!

At last it has arrived! Yes this is no dream: Mallorn is before you. My apologies to all members for all the delays in producing this issue. As you may have noticed already (not quite as tidy as the previous issues) a new editor is at the typewriter and what a task this is! I beg you to bear with my mistakes and typing errors as this is my first issue and, in spite of the delays, a rushed job. When I proposed my services I had no idea as to the nature of the task I set myself to. I've first had to buy a new electronic typewriter, my old one not being good enough for Mallorn, and the delays in delivery (two months) have forced me to produce this Mallorn in three weeks instead of three months, as I was officially informed of my new post at the Tolkien Workshop in Leicester on March 22nd. By then it was already obvious that Mallorn would not, could not be ready for the May mailing and it was decided that it could be postponed until July. My 'leaf' in Amon Hen 79 reassured most members, I hope. I hasten now to add that no such delays will impede the publication of Mallorn 24 but, please, send me some material, especially ornaments and decorations. Since these are mentioned here I wish to thank Steve Lines, for whom it was a rushed job too, since my initial letter commissioning title headings never arrived and another had to be sent querying six weeks later.

As some of you may know already, I am French, but have been living in England since 1979. I joined the Society in 1976 and it was one of the reasons which caused my staying in England. I am the organiser of Amon Sûl Smial, based in Halifax, West Yorkshire, which has been in existence since 1980, and I edit its Smial magazine 'Weathertop'. By the way, when submitting material, please specify on the envelope if it is for Mallorn or Weathertop as it might go in the wrong file. As far as I know there is no field of Tolkien interest I am not somehow familiar with, although I am best known as a specialist in Elvish heraldry. I have long come to the conclusion that anything that Tolkien did, whether poetic, artistic, scholarly and literary is to be studied and it is my hope that this outlook will be reflected in my editing.

Some will probably frown at the sight of my name in the table of contents, but may I say first, that the material, decorations included, had already been sent to Jenny Curtis, who had told me at Oxonmoot that she was thinking of including it in the present issue, and, secondly, that it will not happen again. However, the piece will emphasise a point which will reccur in next issues: the opposition between fiction and factual essays, the one more decorated than the other. Also throughout this issue there is a great thematic continuity, and that includes the artwork. I hope the typefaces are not too eye-splitting, but you will notice that there is more text to satisfy the members starved of food for thought.

As a final word I beg you again to bear with my mistakes; next issue will be better. Enjoy your reading!

Denis,
Tariondûl Mâlion, Vanimandûl
of the Vanujar.
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THE USE AND MISUSE OF FANTASY



KATHLEEN JONES



here is nothing wrong with fantasy, provided it is not confused with fact and is not used in propaganda or in any other form of teaching. Confused with fact it can be very harmful, and used in teaching, whether factual, moral, religious or ideological, it can be positively dangerous.

Nonetheless, fantasy, in its place, has definite educational value. It stimulates the powers of imagery and appeals to the emotions, inspiring self-expression in the visual arts, in fictional writing, in poetry, in music and in drama. Tolkien's works have, without doubt, proved their worth in these respects. But fantasy should be solely for recreation.

Recreation is not a waste of time. It is necessary for the well-being of everyone. Complete relaxation, even if apparently unproductive, is what we all need at times, and incidentally may prove productive for, in relaxation, inspiration often comes unawares. Moreover the reading of fantasy may even provide food for thought and discussion. *The Lord of the Rings* is thought-provoking. In schools, its place is in the library. It should be read at leisure.

Professor Tolkien was quite right to say that *The Lord of the Rings* was unsuitable for children (as distinct from adolescents). In addition to its being horrific and distressing, in spite of some comic relief, its ethical standards are often questionable. It is best regarded as an original legend, remarkably realistic, intended to reflect the ideas and beliefs of the period portrayed. It is more suitable for adolescents, but Tolkien quite rightly did not wish it to be a "set book".

Teaching religion and morality by means of fantasy can be self-defeating as well as dangerous. Sooner or later may come the realisation that it is fantasy, not fact. This may result in the total rejection of what has been taught, with nothing to put in its place. This is a very real danger in modern society. On the other hand, the pupil may cling to a faith which is an unsound basis for good ethical standards, unsound because it has not been based on reality, but on make-believe, or fantasy. Even in the case of Professor Tolkien, we have a devout Catholic eventually wondering whether his religion was "a trap" (Letter 306), and clinging to his faith because "there was nowhere else to go" (ibid). One can feel a drowning sensation when, metaphorically, the ground thus seems to be giving way under the feet, and those of us who have experienced this terrible sensation can sympathise. From time to time throughout his life the Professor must have felt thus insecure, for his Letters reveal a fluctuation between self-contradictory principles and opinions. No doubt he clung to his faith through loyalty.

Like all orthodox Christians, Tolkien had been taught religion through fantasy, and incredible as it may seem today, evidently he really believed that God was male and that Jesus of Nazareth was his incarnation. He wrote that although he had introduced God as Ilúvatar, he had not given him physical form, and that "the incarnation of God is an infinitely greater thing than anything I would dare to write." (Letter 181). He dare not produce a Christ.



But in *The Lord of the Rings*, that is just what he began to do and regretted before he had finished. Right up to the end of Book II, Frodo, as a character, resembled Jesus of Nazareth. He was, in a sense, of lowly and obscure birth, being a 'halfling' of the Shire, whereas Jesus was a poor workman in a Galilean village. He began life as an ordinary boy, gaining knowledge and wisdom as he grew up. As an adult he enjoyed himself in convivial company (though his conjuring tricks were not so well received as those of Jesus at a party!) Then he progressed to outstanding heroism, alone on Amon Hen, his Gethsemane, 'sweating blood' in an agony of fighting his fear, resolving finally to sacrifice himself for his fellows and his cause. From then on, nobody could deter him from the course he had determined to pursue. Tolkien wrote to his son Christopher (Letter 71) that he had become absorbed in Frodo. Later, however, he seemed to become uneasy. Was he afraid he was producing a little Christ? He abandoned him throughout almost the whole of Book III. But he could not abandon him altogether, for he was central to the story. Returning to him at last, he punished the hapless Hobbit (for his presumption?) with the most insupportable tortures, and finally resolved, after much deliberation, that he must not be allowed to triumph (as was indeed his due) either in life or in death. He must neither succeed in his quest nor be brought to final crucifixion, or the equivalent. He must fade "out of the picture" (Letter 246), as, in fact, he never will. He will remain Tolkien's most popular character. Indeed he is almost the only character among lay figures. Lay figures more readily abandon 'free will' and play the role assigned them by their manipulators. But "FRODO LIVES".

So, regrettably, the story of *The Lord of the Rings* fizzles out. But the author's fears of committing sacrilege or blasphemy were ill-founded; for Jesus, hero that he was, was not unique. Thousands upon thousands have followed in his wake, tortured to death for refusing to abandon a cause, and many more must have preceded him. Jesus might say, as poignantly expressed by John Masfield:

*"I have been scourged, blinded and crucified,
My blood runs on the stones of every street,
In every town, wherever people meet
I have been hounded down, in anguish died."*

This is the voice of legions of martyrs, many of them 'despised and rejected of men'. Indeed, many honest Marxists, along with liberal dissenters, were battered to death by Nazi storm-troops. Mao-Tse-Tung's first wife, Kai-hui, was beheaded in Changsha in 1928, in Chiang Kai-shek's butchery of communists, along with a multitude of lesser known martyrs, who like her refused to renounce their principles. Many such were garrotted in Franco's Spain. Thousands have 'disappeared' in Pinochet's Chile, in Galtieri's Argentina. One could go on and on. Their names are legion, though they are mostly unsung. Jesus was a political extremist of his time and his propaganda was subversive. He preached against the status quo (Luke VI, 24 etc.) and for this he was crucified, on the insistence of the wealthy Jews. His popularity as a martyr took root and spread among the slaves of the Roman Empire. But the Pharisee Saul, or Paul, of Tarsus, one of that 'generation of vipers' against whom John the Baptist had warned (Matthew,

III,') changed Jesus' message to one which, while assuming the name of Christianity, would be acceptable to the ruling class. He thought that 'the powers that be are ordained of God... and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.' (Romans XIII, 1-2)— the direct opposite of Jesus' teaching.

Jesus' method of teaching by means of parables was good because, whether fact or fiction, they were not fantasy. They were based on ordinary, everyday occurrences, containing nothing of magic or the supernatural. In 'modern dress' some can still be used in good, moral teaching. The response he received in answer to the question he asked on concluding his story of the 'Good Samaritan' showed that he was a splendid teacher as well as an internationalist, for the people replied that the traditional 'enemy', in the story, had proved the good neighbour. (This point seems to be generally missed today!)

The fantasy of the personal God, of which we atheists have no concept, appears to be one of the root causes of alienation between women and men. For belief in God as a person is bound to cause some difficulty as to sex. Many, perhaps most, ministers of the Christian religion now concede that God has no sex or gender. Yet they continue to speak of God as 'he'. Most people have been taught from early childhood to pray to God as 'Our Father', and thus have formed the idea that Father is the head of the family and Mother a lesser light. Even some women have grown up believing that woman's 'natural role' is to be submissive to man! This idea is not natural, but implanted and cultivated. A human being knows mother before father and turns primarily to mother for sustenance and help. Even an adult, female or male, in extremis naturally calls upon Mother rather than Father. There is every indication that the earliest concept of a universal parent was a Mother, and that a universal Father (originally her Son) was deliberately invented to replace her, to keep women in subjection to men. Matriarchy preceded patriarchy, and it is quite probable that the first recognisable human being, constantly and vainly sought, was female. The ascendancy of men over women appears to have been part of the Fall, which took place as humankind changed from a hunter-gatherer economy to an agricultural economy. When all were hunters and gatherers, there was little or no private property and there was human equality. But with agriculture, private property became all-important, and a woman became a man's possession, along with his house, his ox and his ass. This concept of the Fall is a theory based not on fantasy, but on evidence. Now it is our task to win back that human equality, as brothers and sisters in one family, that existed before we fell. (Collected works of Marx and Engels, also research by Kate Millett and Elaine Morgan).

Jesus had remarkable understanding of women and sympathy with them in the ancient world of the 'Middle East' in which he lived. He preferred to talk and discuss with them rather than to be served by them (as illustrated by the story of Mary and Martha). But a man brought up as an orthodox Christian rarely has much empathy with a woman. Professor Tolkien himself believed that the 'friendship' that should be possible between all human

beings is virtually impossible between a man and a woman (Letter 43). He puts this down to the Fall (probably correctly). He thought that marriages were always a mistake, "even happy ones" (ibid). He did not regard women as equals, but was anxious to treat them with kindness and consideration (as we feel a duty and an affection towards children and animals). It is noteworthy that in his stories, women, with very few exceptions, are nonentities. There is no female equivalent to Iluvatar. There are, apparently, no female Istari, or healers, or orcs, or ringwraiths, or any inhabitants of Mordor. Among "Big Folk" they were submissive, with the single exception of Eowyn. Among the Hobbits they were silly, without exception; for the only one with any spirit, Lobelia, was represented as a ridiculous figure, brandishing an umbrella. This shortsighted anti-feminism results from the Father-God fantasy.

People involved in too much fantasy tend in time to believe it true. Signs of this confusion between fact and fiction appear in the Tolkien Society and even in Tolkien himself. For example he wrote (Letter 78): "There are no Uruks. No human being could be that bad." But if they were inhuman monsters, how were Frodo and Sam able to don their clothes and be mistaken for them? Was Tolkien beginning to believe that these imaginary monsters were real and human? Moreover, in another letter he writes that, in modern human society "some Orc" might seize the Ring. Dictatorship, however, is never seized by an Orc in the real world, but by a human being, possibly with good intentions, whatever the outcome of the dictator's endeavours might prove to be. Tolkien appears to have created a fantasy and then believed it to be true. There are no Orcs in Deutschland, Nippon or anywhere else in the world. Even Hitler was not an Orc. Tolkien described him as "a vulgar and ignorant little cad", (Letter 81), and so he may well have been, though if he had been a tall, gentlemanly scholar his regime would have been just as evil. Lady Mitford, who took tea with the Führer, found him very charming. Others said that he was liable to chew the carpet. He evidently went mad. So did Robespierre. So did Stalin, who, Russians said, suffered from 'occupational disease' (being a dictator). Indeed it must be well nigh impossible for a dictator to remain sane. But that does not make them Orcs. No human being but a psychopath could resemble Sauron, for he cannot be seen ever to have had any good intentions.

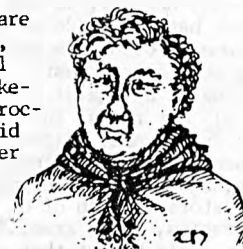
Politically Tolkien appears lost in a maze from which it seems impossible to extricate him. The anarchy which he advocates in Letter 52 would allow the exploitation of the less fortunate by the more fortunate. This very 'laissez-faire' philosophy formed the ideological basis of the modern permissive, capitalist society now dominant throughout the world. It has resulted in deprivation, even starvation, alongside bloated affluence, the acquisition of wealth by almost any means being encouraged or condoned. The chief danger today is the maintenance of the status quo of this gross inequality by means of dictatorship. Curiously, and with characteristic self-contradiction, Tolkien, an anarchist, advocates "unconstitutional monarchy" (ibid), a potential dictatorship, while at the same time a capable monarch could ally himself with the peasantry against tyrannical feudal overlords and thus actually protect the weak from

the strong, while at the same time strengthening his own position against rival aristocracy. The situation is different today. But in politics, Tolkien is lost in a fantasy of the Middle Ages.

Tolkien's fantasies, like most medieval legends tend to glamourise violence, with a class bias, and though this may be intended only to reflect the prevalent ideas of the time, it is very bad for the young in mind, of whatever age, unless counteracted by the teaching of realities. In medieval times the aristocracy and the gentry habitually carried swords, and even the mild little Bilbo's hand strayed to his sword in an altercation with Gandalf! Swords are so beautiful, especially when dripping with human blood? (Why are they never thus depicted in fantasy artwork?) The less fortunate classes could resort only to less glamorous weapons when angered. Frodo, by accident of birth, belonged to the master class and was thus entitled, indeed expected to wear a sword. But, "wise by experience", he did so unwillingly and for ceremony only (Book VI, Chap. 4).



If the young in mind are to read of warfare at all, they should learn the full implication of it. To Shakespeare's credit, in his atrocious play, "Henry V", he did point out that, among other atrocities, the enemy would see "their naked babies spitted upon pikes." This was realism, not fantasy. This method of warfare has been carried out by men, even on "our side", bayonets being used instead of pikes. In addition, babies are blown to pieces by bombs.



BILBO.

It must have been too much fantasy which caused the appalling piece of arrogant jingoism appearing in the article "In Defence of Fantasy", (Malloren 21). Who are "we" who "occasionally go to war"? Not Jessica or I, and I would not align myself with any power having such intentions. With regard to nuclear weapons, as Lord Louis Mountbatten has pointed out, they cannot be used in warfare. They can only cause a holocaust. The nuclear bomb is not more difficult to handle than the Ring. It is extremely simple. But all bombing from the air is simple. It is only necessary to press a button to cause a massacre, so easily done, especially in response to anti-aircraft fire. "By their deeds shall we know them", writes Jessica. By what deeds are we to know the babies torn apart by bombs or spitted upon bayonets? I would suggest that, on the subject of war, Jessica is lost in fantasy and is not facing reality.

In war each side thinks it is right. Who is to be judge? God? But all sides may claim God. In World War I, the following little verse achieved

some popularity: —

"The warring nations sing and shout:
'Gott Strafe England' and 'God Save the King',
'God this, God that and God the other thing'.
'Good God', said God, 'I've got my work cut out out.' "

It is presumptuous and arrogant to take for granted that 'our' side is bound to be right and the other side wrong. There are different points of view to any question. International affairs are not so simple, and we no longer see Gil-Galad or Aragorn setting out, clad in glittering elven mail and brandishing beautiful ornamented swords, against a dark, sinister enemy.

Too much fantasy and too little logic results in Orwellian "Doublethink". This is "the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously and accepting both of them." For example, Tolkien wrote (Letter 183) that it is better to be on the "right" side, which might perpetrate evil deeds, than on the "wrong" side which might do good ones. How does this square out with his statement in letter 81: "You can't fight the Enemy with his own weapons without turning into an enemy"? It does not. It is a clear case of Doublethink in an Orwellian nightmare. The wrong means cannot produce the right, and "by their deeds shall we know them".

It seems natural for people to take some interest, and if possible some pride, in their 'roots'. On pariahs, however, it has probably been impressed that they have no pride of ancestry. In the western world some unfortunates have spent much money in seeking out their ancestry and have spent yet more in hushing it up again! But how sure can any of us be of all our roots? Inborn characteristics are derived from genes, which are herited equally from both parents, who each inherit equally from both parents, and so on ad infinitum. The numbers of the ancestors of each of us runs into millions. Aristocracies, it is true, became shockingly inbred, in their belief that their own stock must be superior to all others, until the dangers of too much inbreeding were discovered. But among us plebeian folk it is impossible to know all our multitudes of ancestors. The exaggerated importance given to the male of our species has placed a ridiculous emphasis on the patronymic or father's name, which exists to the present day. A person may be described as 'a Smith' or 'a Jones', sometimes on account of physical appearance (!) though the patronymic obviously applies to only a very small proportion of a person's ancestry. In *The Lord of the Rings*, a Hobbit is represented as having physical and psychological traits according to whether his name is Brandybuck or Baggins or Took, which is absurd. The Hobbit gentry were so inbred that it is surprising how anyone could tell "t'other from which" anyway.

Pride of 'roots' is too frequently not based on true merit. Professor Tolkien was justly proud of his mother as a Catholic martyr, for indeed she was, enduring poverty and rejection by her family in refusing to renounce her faith, and she was also a steadfast rebel against her former indoctrination. But the merit of more remote ancestors may be open to question. He was proud of Viking descent, according to his biographer, but the terrorised population of English coastal towns prayed daily in their churches: "From the plague

of the Northmen, Good Lord deliver us." The Vikings appear to have invented the art of the 'blood-stained eagle', produced by tearing the heart and lungs intact from the living body, an art taught to their descendants in Central America many centuries ago. There is little evidence of that "noble Northern spirit" in its "supreme contribution to Europe"; the methods of achieving supremacy were far from commendable. It must be remembered that most, if not all, human groups all over the world must have similar pride in their own 'roots', in their own folklore and heroic legends, some probably no less horrible than the Vikings!

Too much preoccupation with pride of 'roots' can cause friction, rivalry, even hatred between rival groups. It is far more important to remember that humankind is one family, or in Biblical language: "Of one family created he them."

For this reason, the Scouring of the Shire is one of the most distressing events in *The Lord of the Rings*. Some sympathy is due to the unfortunate immigrants. In their closed agricultural community the Hobbits have no other perspective. Even Hobbits from different parts of the Shire were a "rum lot" to each other. An influx of immigrants who were Big Folk and also alien ("rum") in appearance must have been very alarming. Were they suffering from malnutrition or endemic eye weakness, producing sallow skin and a squint, or were they racially somewhat yellow-skinned, with fraenated eyes? In either case it was not their fault. 'A chap can't help his ugly mug', which, after all, may only appear ugly through unfamiliarity. (It is unexplained why Bill Ferny had the same physical traits, which, in reality, does not necessarily indicate wickedness). Possibly they had emigrated from a less favoured, even starving land in search of livelihood and were exploited by Lotho in his capitalist enterprise, taken over by Sharkey as dictator. Most dictators do not set out with the sole object of causing general misery, though this may be the result of their endeavours. The export of food from the Shire suggests that people elsewhere were starving, while the Shire was comparatively prosperous. The trouble was that the Hobbits were not consulted in any way. The Wise by Experience (Letter 168, giving the meaning of 'Frodo') thought the situation could be settled peaceably and was unwilling for any "ruffians" (immigrants) to be killed, unless necessary to save Hobbit lives. But his 'trigger-happy' cousin, Meriadoc, exceptionally tall for a Hobbit (nearly as tall as Mussolini) and splendidly arrayed, appointed himself dictator and brushed aside this wise counsel, brandishing his gleaming sword and ordering the shooting of anyone who stepped out of line. This was so much more spectacular than a peaceful solution that it pleased the Hobbit population. A battle is more exciting, even if it does cost lives and the unconsolable grief of mothers. The insufferable little Took, who at the very onset ought to have been spanked and sent to his mother, rode to his Great Smials, from the fastness of which his illustrious family had been sniping at the unfortunate "ruffians", prowling around in the hope of begging or stealing food, and from there he returned at the head of his forces, triumphant over his less glamorous and evidently less aristocratic cousin Frodo, so that a battle royal could begin. All Frodo could do was to prevent the slaughter of prisoners and those who surrendered. Much

more could have been made, had the author chosen, of Saruman's inability to pierce Frodo's elven mail. This could have impressed Hobbits and "ruffians" alike enough to make a peaceful settlement possible, with the banishment of Saruman, if past redemption. But Tolkien could not allow this, for it would have meant, after all, a Christ-like triumph for Frodo, the central hero. Instead, he must retire, defeated and broken, ailing and suffering until released by death. Even the King, alleged to be his friend, to whom he owed his throne, never apparently set foot in the Shire to put in a good word for him.

Had their history continued, Hobbits of the next generation would themselves probably be obliged to emigrate to other lands. For the population explosion that occurred after the Scouring must have strained the resources of this little agricultural community very seriously. They might not have been welcome as immigrants in other lands, even though golden-haired and, therefore (?) beautiful. (This Nordic ideal is somewhat disturbing). The Half-Wise (Samwise) and his silly Rosie might possibly have done better than to fill Bag End with their offspring when other Hobbits must have lacked house-room. But in those days it was probably the greater belief that the greater joy consisted in producing the greatest number of children; a belief, unfortunately, still prevalent in some deprived parts of the world, thus adding to the deprivation caused by international exploitation and climatic disaster.

Humankind is one family and it is obviously an evil thing that members of a family should be treated unequally. Wealth should fairly be shared. Jesus was very strong on this point, but until quite recently, Christians had turned a blind eye to the problem, sometimes regarding it as "God's will". The elderly can remember being taught, in childhood, to be "content in that station in life to which it has pleased God to call them." But, even in my childhood, "grace before meat" was revolting to me and still is. Are people thanking God for food when others have none? What kind of parent would thus distribute food among a family?

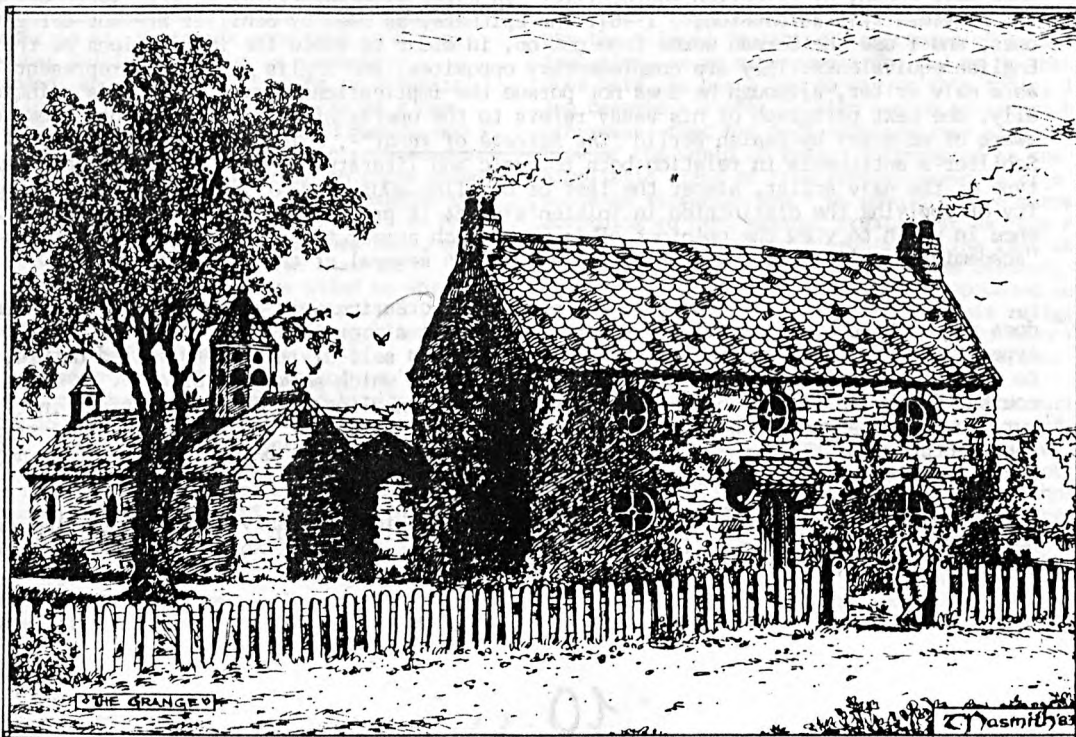
People have been heard to say: "Well, thank God we're not like those poor devils." Is the wickedness of such a prayer not obvious? In the New Testament the Pharisees are described as "those who thank God they are not as other Men are." Jesus had a word for them (Luke XI, 43-4; XII, 1). This injustice of unequal sharing is a man-made evil which must be removed by human means. Perhaps God is a scapegoat.

Tolkien wrote in Letter 86: "*I fancy that Our Lord is actually more pained by offences we commit against one another than those we commit against himself....*" Now we are on common ground — "*where many paths and errands meet.*" It is very disappointing that he should leave it later, with his condonation of atrocities committed by the "right" side. The only just cause is the cause of humanity.

It has been suggested to us that "God" really means "Good", but unfortunately this appears to have no etymological foundation. Otherwise this explanation would be acceptable to most humanists. We should find it impossible however, to conceive a personification, owing to difficulty of "race" and sex. But a composite power of good existing among human beings is a faith to which many of us cling, and there is so much evidence of good in humankind that this faith cannot be based on sheer fantasy.

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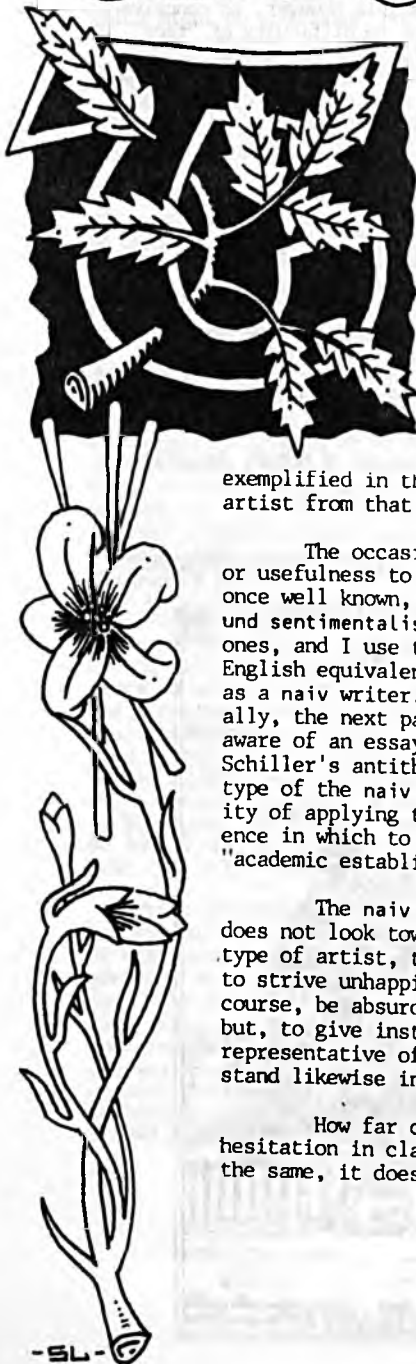
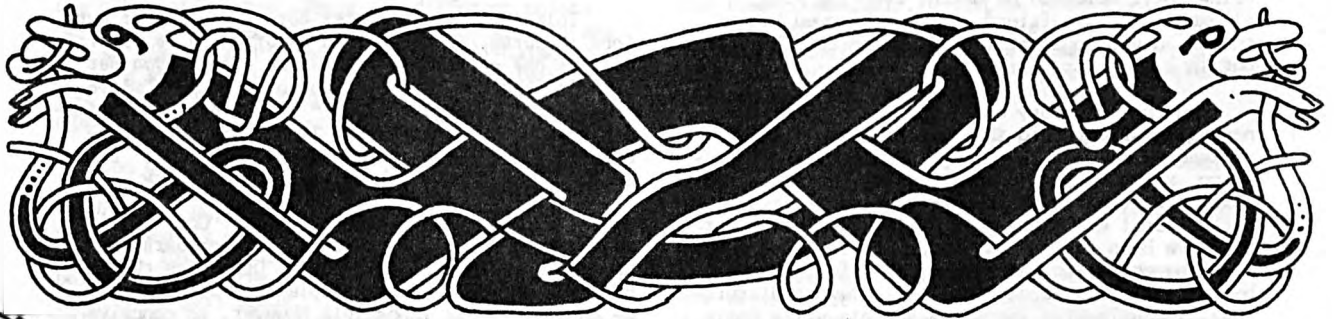
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FROM INNOCENCE TO EXPERIENCE:

THE 'NAIVETE'¹ OF J.R.R. TOLKIEN by JOHN ELLISON



his article

takes as its starting point the review in *Amon Hen 68* by Jessica Yates, of the recently published collection of essays edited by Robert Giddings under the title of *"J.R.R. Tolkien: This Far Land"*² and, at least in part, amplifies some of the points made there. The contributors to this book, or most of them, seem to react to Tolkien's work, (or rather to *The Lord of the Rings*, on which they almost exclusively concentrate), as though it represented an attempt to undermine their most cherished values and beliefs. At the same time, their "Tolkien-bashing", (for want of a better phrase), seems to arise, not out of straightforward aversion or contempt, but from a confused mixture of feelings, attraction mixed with repulsion. They seem to be determined not to accept Tolkien's work on his terms, or to admit that he is not writing with any political or didactic 'message' in view. Nothing in the book is more characteristic of it than Robert Giddings' refusal, in his introductory essay, to take seriously Humphrey Carpenter's reminder³ that Tolkien's mythology and storytelling derive their essence from his linguistic preferences. The critical method exemplified in this book are not derived from the discipline of trying to see the work of an artist from that artist's own standpoint, whatever other resources they may possess.

The occasional flash of insight encountered by the way may, all the same, lend interest or usefulness to such a book as this. One of these is Fred Inglis' reference⁴ to an essay, once well known, by Friedrich von Schiller "*On Naive and Sentimental Poetry*" (*Über der naiver und sentimentalische Dichtung*", 1796). The epithets, as used by Schiller are not derogatory ones, and I use the German words from now on, in order to avoid the implications of their English equivalents. They are complementary opposites, and Inglis appears to represent Tolkien as a naive writer, although he does not pursue the implications very far. Perhaps coincidentally, the next paragraph of his essay refers to the operas of Verdi. He does not seem to be aware of an essay by Isaiah Berlin "*The Naiveté of Verdi*"⁵, which examines the scope of Schiller's antithesis in relation both to music and literature, and which takes Verdi as a type of the naive artist, almost the last of his line. Our special interest is in the possibility of applying the distinction in Tolkien's case; it provides an interesting frame of reference in which to view the opinions of his work which appear to be held by many in the literary "academic establishment", and which are evident in several of the essays in this book.

The naive artist⁶ is the type who engages in creative work as an end in itself, and does not look towards achieving any sort of external aim or ideal by means of it. The other type of artist, the sentimentalisch, tends to be of a self-divided, unfulfilled nature, and to strive unhappily to pursue external aims or ideals which seem unattainable. It would, of course, be absurd to try to develop a system of pigeonholing all creative artists in this way, but, to give instances, Shakespeare or Dickens, Bach, Handel or Verdi himself might stand as representative of the first class, and Flaubert or Dostoevsky, Beethoven or Wagner, might stand likewise in respect of the second.

How far can the distinction be applied to Tolkien? Probably he would have had no hesitation in claiming to be identified with the first group, if anyone had asked him. All the same, it does not look as if he fits into the typical figure of the naive artist, at least

not fully. For him to philosophize about the essentials of his art, as in the Andrew Lang lecture *On Fairy Stories*, or to construct an allegorical figure of it, as in *Leaf by Niggle*, would seem to take him rather beyond the scope of his work "as an end in itself", and to look rather like a typical instance of the sentimentalisch. He was, though, in a most unusual position for an artist, in that he derived the substance of his creative work from the scholarship that occupied his professional life. The occupation of the true scholar, who pursues learning for its own sake, without external motive, is itself, in the best possible sense naïv. Tolkien's occasional explanatory and allegorical gestures came as a result of being forced outside the shelter of his work as scholar and linguist, as he was bound to be in an age in which the pressures placed on artists of every kind to explain their own "significance", are overwhelming. The sentimentalisch in art will most likely dominate periods of political turmoil, war or violent social upheaval; perhaps the truly naïv artist has become something of an anachronism in the twentieth century.

Perhaps also the general reaction of antipathy, as far as Tolkien is concerned, on the part of the "high brow", literary establishment, arises from envy of a kind, not crudely materialist envy of the commercial success of LOTR, but envy of another sort. The sophisticated intellectual may experience, without acknowledging it, real envy of the creative instinct able to express itself without painful soul-searching or self-analysis. The hostile attitude of many of Verdi's contemporaries, their contempt for his supposed "vulgarity", his popular appeal, and his capacity for adaptation to his own purposes of what were thought to be outmoded self-expression, display this form of envy to perfection. So do the authors of several of the essays in Mr. Giddings book.

Take, for instance Derek Robinson in *The Hasty Stroke Goes Oft Astray: Tolkien and Humour*,⁷ who bases his dislike of LOTR on what he sees as the limited and inadequate nature of the humourous element in it. He spends some time in demonstrating that Tolkien's humour is elementary, heavy-handed, and above all, lacking in essential "bad feeling". "There is no such thing as a completely non-malicious joke", he pontificates, and thereby commits a "howler", of heroic proportions: whatever is one to say of Wodehouse on those terms? (Incidentally, Wodehouse is as good an example of the naïv artist as one could possibly be). Do Mr. Robinson, and several of his colleagues here, one is inclined to ask, really believe that the legions of Tolkien's admirers are blind to what they themselves see? If "humour" be treated in isolation as if it was a required ingredient of the literary recipe, obtainable out of a tin, then of course anyone can see that Tolkien's brand of it is fairly unsophisticated, and hardly calculated to do more than raise a slight smile now and then. It would be useless for its necessary purpose if it were anything else. The important point is that Tolkien instinctively avoids subtleties or artifice that would introduce incongruities or clashes of style and this indicates clearly enough that we are dealing with a naïv type of artist. All Mr. Robinson has succeeded in doing is to disguise his personal taste (perfectly legitimate, of course, in itself), as objective

criticism.

Donald McLeish, in *The Rippingest Yarn of them All*⁸ contributes one the more interesting essays in this book; it certainly deserves more consideration than the rather silly title would lead one to believe it merits. The interest particularly lies in the author's ambivalent feelings about Tolkien, which are of the kind noted at the beginning of this article. He has obviously enjoyed the experience of reading LOTR immensely, but feels ashamed to admit it without qualification, and a delicious sense of guilt. (Again, Wodehouse provides a parallel instance. A surprisingly large amount of people will not "own up" to reading him unless they can be assured that it is safe for them to do so). Consequently, instead of looking at the work in a straightforward way, he begins by making all sorts of assumptions about it in advance; essentially his problem is one of simple non-comprehension of the evidence. The prime instance of this is his extraordinary statement, (on p.133), that "*God himself is rigorously excluded from Tolkien's cosmology*"; of course he has been misled by the absence of references to organised religion in LOTR.

The special interest of this in the present connection is that this absence is, once again, thoroughly naïv, Tolkien's whole world-view being bound up as it was with a Christian faith of a very traditional kind. He assumed, as he openly said, that the reader who shared his most deeply held beliefs would recognise them as being embodied in his work without any specific reference to them. Not many artists in this century would be likely to make this kind of assumption: not C.S. Lewis, certainly. Of course, that does not imply that only those people who are committed to the essentials of Christianity are qualified to experience LOTR fully as a work of art. It does mean, however, that its author's description of it as a "*fundamentally religious and catholic*" work is a classification, just as it would be in the case of, say, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*.

It is, therefore, a pointless exercise to discuss the alleged "political" overtones of LOTR in isolation, as so many people do, and as Mr. McLeish does here. He has a lot to say on this topic, insisting despite all that Tolkien can do to assure him otherwise, that his work represents an allegorical view of the world of today, interpreted in the simplistic light of "*the ethical verities of a vanished Victorian era*." We should all be warned, according to him, against treating it as "*any kind of answer to the world's problems*." The last thing that Tolkien wanted was to have it so treated; the only kind of answer he would have propounded would have been one stated in the terms of his religious faith, of which his "politics"; (whatever they may have been), could only have been a derivative.

Mr. McLeish has been misled too by the curious impression that LOTR undoubtedly does give, of "*reflecting*" real events at one or two removes. It is as though the history of the times, both of its writing and of the conception of Tolkien's whole mythology, were being shown to us in a looking-glass held some distance away and in a slightly different plane. He is not prepared for the "naïveté" of Tolkien's actual procedure; the convention by which the "imaginary" world is treated as though its history was recorded reality, which the author's task is

to "report". This is indeed a somewhat dangerous exercise, but not in Mr. McLeish's sense. History does not repeat itself, just like that, but is always giving us the tantalising sense that it is doing so, or is about to do so. The selection of extracts from the past, suitably edited, and the calling of them as evidence for one's cause, is as popular an occupation with the so-called "progressive" left as it is with the so-called "reactionary" right. The freedom of the reader, as Tolkien calls it, allows anyone to treat the history of the "imagined" world in like manner as that of the real one. There can be very few authors of significance who cannot be thought of as "dangerous", on some or other terms.



Janet Menzies, in *Middle-Earth and the Adolescent?* concerns herself with character development, and at least finds herself in a position of arguing on a more substantial foundation of evidence than some of her colleagues in this book. One may even so suspect that the conclusion reached, namely that LOTR is a superficially attractive work which lacks a "moral centre", because in its characterisation is imposed from outside, rather than being developed from within, reflects an experience biased in favour of the novel. The great novelists, later than Dickens have tended very much to the sentimental persuasion, and Ms. Menzies' argument, carefully and intelligently presented though it is, amounts in reality to no more than an expression of personal preference, for the intellectually calculated as against the instinctive in art. Her principal contention is that Frodo, carrying the responsibilities of the official "hero" of LOTR, is not developed enough as a character to carry such a burden from the reader's point of view. The task, according to her, should have been allotted to Aragorn, who ceases to develop as a character halfway through LOTR, and thereafter becomes "remote", (so he does, of course).

Ms. Menzies (like Mr. McLeish, though in a different way), has misunderstood Tolkien's method; he is at once too simple and too subtle for her. As the typical approach of the novelist is the only one that attracts her sympathy, she has assumed it to be the only valid way of indicating the development of character. It would not be possible for it to be assimilated in Tolkien's carefully articulated structure, which depends on a symmetrical balancing of argument and dialogue against cumulative dramatic tension. Pace, Ms. Menzies, Frodo's character is the subject of a very full and sustained development from within, but it does have to be reconciled with the requirement of having the dénouement in Orodruin come as a complete surprise, to Frodo himself as much as to the reader. It is of course, the best kind of dramatic surprise, the one which, as soon as it has been sprung, is seen to have been inevitable all along. It is perhaps indicative of Tolkien's own "naivete", that a letter of his to Christopher Tolkien shows that as late as November 1944 he still did not know himself how the Ring was to be destroyed.

The novelist's freedom to act as commentator and interpreter is thus denied to Tolkien, who virtually never appears in this guise all the way through LOTR. He did so, of course, in *The Hobbit*, in the form of the frequent avuncular "asides", which punctuate the narrative and in which he addresses the young reader in person. Significantly, it was this particular feature of the earlier work that he later came to think of as misconceived. On the other hand, Ms. Menzies clearly hankers after just this kind of auctorial "direction", not seeming to realise that its purpose can be achieved in a different way; implication can replace express statement. In successive stages during the narrative, Frodo's gradual evolution, his acquisition of stature and power, is implied, and, as a result, felt, from the simple Hobbit who sets out from the Shire, to the, "Lord (if only for a few seconds) of the Ring." The taming of Smeagol, and later, Frodo's obvious assumption, in his dealings with Faramir, of equality in their confrontation, are two such stages. Another one, more subtle, because indirect, is Sam's vision of himself, temporarily carrying the burden of the Ring, as "a vast and ominous threat halted upon the walls of Mordor"¹ a vision that transfers it self in the reader's mind as a reality to Frodo once the latter is reunited with Sam in the Tower of Cirith Ungol. At any one moment, it can be said that the reader is only being permitted to look at Frodo's personality from the outside. When all these glimpses, or "revelations" as Ms. Menzies calls them, are collated, the character is seen to have been built up from within, in a series of "steps", as it were. Tolkien deals with coincidence, in fact, in the same way; its frequency has been used against taking LOTR seriously as a handling of the "quest" theme, but the method is actually to repeat coincidences in a progressive ascending spiral of tension.

Ms. Menzies is of course right in saying that Tolkien's preoccupation with early and medieval literature predisposed him to a view of narrative as dominated by action over introspection. "In sagas," (she says), "a man is defined more by his acts (gestes), than his thoughts"² Not only in sagas, though; nearer our own time, in opera very widely, and in Verdi's operas most of all, is this a truism. The remark just quoted is actually a commonplace of Verdian criticism. Music tends to impose on the composer for the lyric stage the same kind of limitations in terms of characterisation as Tolkien imposes upon himself. There is something peculiarly "operatic" about the way Frodo's internal crisis of self-confidence, preparing to face the decision to go alone to Mordor if need be as the dramatic climax of the last act of LOTR unfolds, is dramatised as a "confrontation duet" with Boromir (one for tenor and baritone, one is tempted to add). The same tendency appears later, in the dramatisation of Gollum's internal conflict as the "dialogue", overheard by Sam by the slagheaps at the edge of the Morannon, and in Sam himself, whose internal doubts and decisions are several times dramatised in the same way.

The extent of Ms. Menzies' misunderstanding of Tolkien's method of character presentation is shown by her failure to understand the necessity for or the purpose of, his epilogue. For her to accept Gollum's fall with the Ring into the fires of Orodruin as "the organic conclusion of the story", is in its way as remarkable a piece of misinterpretation as Mr. McLeish's (quoted above). The tragic

outcome of the quest is Frodo's loss of that which is the birthright of all Hobbits, his innocence. The price he pays for the ransoming of Middle-Earth is more poignant than any physical death could have been. Every thing that happens afterwards is a preparation for the closing "revelation", which occurs when Frodo refuses to allow Saruman to be killed because: "it is useless to meet revenge with revenge: it will heal nothing." 'You are wise, Halfling', says Saruman, and it is true; here is the "moral centre", of the epic, for which Ms. Menzies has looked in every place except the right one. Frodo has taken over Saruman's place among "the Wise", and the "wisdom" he has gained is the direct counterpart of the "innocence" he has lost, and the outcome of its loss. The predisposition towards violence, which was an integral part of that "innocence" is still plainly to be seen in the other Hobbits who surround him. Frodo, if you like to put it that way, understands himself and Saruman as now part of himself, and his acceptance brings LOTR to an ending in a moral ambiguity which the "literary-critical" school of commentators have not begun to realise is there.

Although one may speak of Tolkien's "method" or "technique" of character portrayal, of which Frodo's is the most fully developed instance, words like this clearly do not apply in any conscious or deliberate sense. He has simply left it to the reader to deduce the inner development of character, as a theatre audience does, from a combination of direct evidence in the form of speech and dialogue, and indirect evidence, the totality of action and situation. If such a procedure, in its naivete, baffles the critics, it might, perhaps, have been designed with W.H. Auden in mind, Auden, that is, the opera-lover and librettist, as well as poet; appropriately enough, the essay by Isaiah Berlin cited above is dedicated to Auden. It is most fitting that the tragedy of LOTR should centre on the loss of innocence, the basic attribute of Tolkien as an artist.



Footnotes

- 1: See Note 5.
- 2: R. Giddings, Ed.: "J.R.R. Tolkien: This Far Land." Vision Press/Barnes & Noble, 1983. Cited from now on as TFL.
- 3: See R. Giddings' TFL, introduction p.19 and note 24, p.23, quoting Carpenter in a Radio broadcast BBC 'Kaleidoscope'. Radio 4, January 2nd, 1981.
- 4: F. Inglis: "Erutility (? Ed.) & Powerlessness: Tolkien and the New Class." TFL, pp. 25-41 (reference on pp.36-7).
- 5: See: The Verdi Companion, Ed. W. Weaver and M. Chusid, Gollancz, 1980, pp. 1-12. Reprinted in Opera Magazine, Ed. H.D. Rosenthal, February 1980, pp.128-35.
- 6: This paragraph is a summary, necessarily very condensed, of the exposition of Schiller's antithesis by Isaiah Berlin in the essay cited above.
- 7: TFL, pp.108-124.
- 8: TFL, pp.125-136.
- 9: TFL, pp.56-71.
- 10: See The Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien, Ed. Humphrey Carpenter, Allen & Unwin, 1981, pp.103-4.
- 11: The Return of the King, (2nd Hk. ed.), Allen & Unwin, 1966, p.177.
- 12: TFL, p.70.



The Glendil Stone



BOOK REVIEW

The Lays of Beleriand

by J.R.R. Tolkien, edited by Christopher Tolkien. London:

George Allen & Unwin, 1985. 393pp., £14.95

This, the third volume of *The History of Middle-earth*, consists of Tolkien's endeavour to recount the more developed narratives of his private mythology, first given shape in *The Book of Lost Tales*, in metrical form.

The material as presented in the book finds the reader in the by-now familiar territory of successive (sometimes temporarily overlapping) manuscript and typescript versions of any one text with one or more layers of revision applied to each version, but still with nothing finally reaching completion. In one case at least, that of the final version of *The Lay of Leithian*, this unfulfilment is as heartbreaking for anyone with a keenly-felt appreciation of Tolkien's mature development of his mythology as is that of the revised version of *The Fall of Gondolin*.

The editorial complexities of the material are, as usual, ably and lucidly navigated and charted by Christopher Tolkien, who, as in *The Book of Lost Tales*, provides a general introduction for each part, and texts, notes on textual variations and a commentary for each sub-section, as well as an extensive glossary of archaic words and an index.

Part I, *The Lay of the Children of Húrin*, retells and develops the material concerning Túrin. Composed in about 1918-1924/5, the present poem takes the story only as far as Túrin's arrival in Nargothrond; since this takes over 2000 lines, Tolkien obviously conceived the poem on a very large scale - an example, perhaps, of Tolkien's ambitions outweighing the time and energy he could devote to the task.

The poem is written in the non-rhyming Old English alliterative metre, the same in which the songs of Rohan are made. It may be noted that, although this metre was highly esteemed by Tolkien, he apparently produced little more material in that mode after abandoning the present Lay: apart from the abovementioned Rohirric songs, the as-yet un-

published *The Fall of Arthur* appears to be the only substantial work to have been attempted. Here is an example:

*Thus Flinding faltered, faintly stirring
Túrin's heaviness, that he turned his hand
towards Thangorodrim, and thrice he cursed
the maker of Mourning, Morgoth Bauglir.*
(1453-6)

We may also note that in this poem, at line 390, we have our very first glimpse of Sauron, at this time known as "Thú".

A second start was made on the Lay in the early to mid-nineteen-twenties. Quite distinct from the alliterative verse, it presents an early version of Aragorn's song in *The Lord of the Rings* about Beren and Lúthien, a variant of this early version being published in *The Gryphon*, in 1925. Although the first line does not bode well:

*The grass was very long and thin, (403)
some of it is well worth the sixty years' wait to
be rediscovered:*

*Till moonlight and till music dies
Shall Beren by the elfin maid
Dance in the starlight of her eyes
In the forest singing sorrowless. (463-6)*

Part II of the book, *Poems early abandoned*, deals with three false starts Tolkien made in the mid-nineteen-twenties, while he still taught at Leeds University. *The Flight of the Noldoli* consists of 146 lines of alliterative verse, which are mainly concerned with the assembling of the Elves in the city of Túin, where they are harangued by Fëanor. The Oath of Fëanor makes its first appearance here.

This is followed by a fragment of an alliterative *Lay of Earendel*. Of this only thirty-eight lines exist; these concentrate on the escape of Tuor and the refugees of Gondolin from the fall of that city. Of especial interest, an uncancelled

alternative reading for a line suggest an equivalence between the poem's *Túr* (i.e. *Tuor*) and Wade of the *Helsings*. Wade was a mythical figure of the peoples of the coasts of the north Sea and the Baltic. His boat was called *Quingelot*, which recalls Eärendel's "*Wingelot*"; and Eärendel was *Tuor*'s son. Christopher Tolkien points out that this identification was no coincidence, even if his father may have had Wade in his mind at the time for other reasons.

It is also pointed out that the tribe of the *Helsings* gave their name to *Elsinore* in Denmark, and there Hamlet's father ruled, who in one place is called *Horwendil*, otherwise Eärendil.

The third part of this section, *The Lay of the Fall of Gondolin* is more or less a straightforward versification of the prose *Fall of Gondolin* and adds little to the original.

Part III, *The Lay of Leithian*, is the most substantial of these lays, and by far the most interesting to this reviewer. The verse-form used is rhyming four-beat couplets, a more readable metre, I think, than that used for *Túrin*.

In this retelling of the tale of Beren and Lúthien, Beren is a Man, not an Elf, although Christopher Tolkien hints that his father had not yet finally settled the question of Beren's kind.

The story is much the same as in *Lost Tales*, although with many minor differences. But there is a major difference in Tolkien's general treatment of the theme. If the *Lost Tales* showed a coherent but out-of-focus view of the myth, then here in the *Lays* it is as though the lens through which we perceive has been suddenly turned, and all become clearer and sharper. This is because Tolkien knew his own material better. By the time the *Lays* had come to be written he had lived with his mythology for some years, and his increasing understanding of and sensitivity to it allowed him greatly to refine it, both as tales in themselves and in the language used to express those tales.

At one point in the *Lay of Leithian*, this refinement seems especially apparent when Lúthien finally returns Beren's love:

Tinúviel! Tinúviel!
His voice such love and longing filled
one moment stood she, fear was stilling;
one moment only; like a flame
he leaped towards her as she stayed
and caught and kissed that elfin maid.

(740-5)

Although this Lay, like all others in this book, remained unfinished, the some 4200 lines that there are take the reader up to Beren and Lúthien's descent into *Thangorodrim* and before the throne of *Morgoth*, but stops short just at their escape.

A notable feature of *Leithian* is how little, in a number of places, the narrative of *The Silmarillion* differs from the metric version, e.g. as pointed out by the editor, the fight between *Fingolfin* and *Morgoth*.

Christopher Tolkien's notes usefully reproduce his father's original synopses of the story; these reflect Tolkien thinking about the plot more or less at the same time as he wrote the notes, some times rejecting certain ideas.

It was during the writing of the *Lay of Leithian* that the name "*Beleriand*" was invented. Initially the land in which the tale takes place was called "*Broseliand*" (or "*Broceliand*"), a name

of Arthurian provenance. He experimented with a number of other names, such as "*Lassiriand*", "*Geleriand*" and "*Belaurin*", before making a final choice. The Lay as printed incorporates the alterations Tolkien made to the poem in response to C. S. Lewis' criticism of it. Although Lewis himself once declared: "*You can't influence Tolkien - you might as well try to influence a Banderstnatch*", the reproduction of Lewis' comments makes it clear that Tolkien could be so influenced. Lewis was given at least the first 2000 lines of the poem in late 1929, and gave Tolkien his detailed commentary on it by treating it as a real text, quoting the opinions of academic (mainly German) critics, and referring to different texts, some of which are "quoted" to give Lewis' suggested amendments by way of indirect criticism. It is splendid stuff.

Finally we come to Part IV, which has the delightful eighteenth-century title, *The Lay of Leithian Recommenced*. This a revision of the original lay using the typescript of the earlier version as a physical foundation for the changes. These are concentrated at the beginning of the poem, with only the odd revision made to the later parts. A fair copy of the first 624 lines of the new version, incorporating so many textual changes as to make it a new poem, was made, a leaf from this copy being reproduced in colour at the start of the present volume.

This revision had begun in about 1949-50, that is to say after *The Lord of the Rings* had been completed, and is thus consistent with the more fully developed mythology. We may note that the glimpses of Sauron we have here are particularly 'authentic' in that they were composed at about the same time as the account of his later doings in the Third Age - more authentic than the description of "Thú" made some twenty-five years earlier.

Insofar as the revised lay represents, as I think it does, the peak of Tolkien's mature poetic style, it is another tragedy of unfulfilled beginnings that was never completed.

As a postscript, there is a note concerning the original submission of *The Lay of Leithian* and *The Silmarillion*, with some other material, in 1937. We already know that it was when Tolkien's hope of publishing the Matter of the Elder Days were dashed that he returned his efforts to pressing on with the sequel to *The Hobbit* Stanley Unwin had asked for. What the present note makes clear is that the *Silmarillion* material was, for some forgotten reason, never actually given to Allen & Unwin's reader to pass judgment on. Only the poetic material was actually commented on, and that unfavourably; yet the reader's comments on some prose supplied to complete the story of the poems were enthusiastic: presumably, he would then have made a highly favourable judgment on the prose material proper, had he seen it. But that was not to be. As Tolkien years later remarked: "*The result was The Lord of the Rings.*"

Tolkien's poetry as exemplified in the *Lays* succeeds quite well at what it sets out to do. There is little to displease the ear (I suspect that they were written with the possibility in mind that they would be read aloud) or to pain the sensibility. There are some, if not a great many, heights and few depths. If we are to consider the present lays as poetry in the same sense as the kind of thing written by a Blake or a Keats is poetry, then we shall consider in vain; but to see them as narratives in metrical form shows how well they succeed

in that form. Tolkien's grasp of language, especially regarding choice of appropriate words, has advanced considerably from *Lost Tales*, and it will be interesting to see how much further it has advanced when *The Shaping of Middle-earth* sees the light of day.

The lays afford glimpses of the otherwise unstated metaphysics underlying Tolkien's mythological invention. For example, consider the episode in *The Silmarillion* where Huan releases the defeated Sauron from the grip he has on his throat: Sauron "took the form of a vampire... and he fled, dripping blood from his throat upon the Trees..."

In the equivalent passage in the *Lay of Leithian*, however, although we still meet the vampire-shape flying away, it leaves behind it on the ground the corpse of the wolf into which Sauron had transformed his body in order to defeat Huan. This at least tells us that Sauron at that time had the ability not just to alter the shape of his physical form, but to create a new one instantaneously – and notes that it is not a mere phantom, for it still drips blood from its wounded throat onto the trees it flies over. This could be taken to imply that spirits such as the Valar and Maiar could readily convert some of their considerable native energy into matter at will, though Tolkien did not perhaps think of the process in such terms. As an aside, this episode in the *Lays* reveals that by its final end, Sauron will have had at least four distinct bodies:

- 1) the wolf-form "slain" by Huan;
- 2) that drowned in the Sea in the Downfall of Númenor;
- 3) that slain by Isildur;
- and 4) that which dissolved (if it did) when the One Ring was destroyed.

Another curious aspect of the mythology is being provided by Huan, the wolfhound from Valinor. Most of the characters in the lay are aware of a prophecy concerning him:

*Yet he little feared
that fate decreed and known to all:
before the mightiest he would fall,
before the mightiest wolf alone
that ever was whelped in cave of stone.*

(Leithian, 2291-5)

But the problem arises with what appears to be a consequence of this prophecy:

*No wizardry, nor spell, nor dart,
nor fang, nor venom devil's art
could brew had harmed him; for his weird
was woven.*

(Leithian, 2288-91)

Even though Huan is from Valinor, there is no reason to suppose that his body is invulnerable. Whatever his evil fate might be, it surely makes no difference to his current condition whether or not there exists a prophecy about it. Yet the lines just quoted imply just that, something which is confirmed by Tolkien's note: "He ((Huan)) is proof against magic sleep or death..." but this is not because of his fate but solely because of the existence of the prophecy concerning that fate.

The implied underlying metaphysics seem to me extremely obtuse. Perhaps the model behind the Huan episode is something like this: Huan's death at the fangs of the mightiest wolf is fixed in Time (presumably woven into the Music); therefore the chances and vicissitudes which befall him before that point will turn out to have a non-

fatal effect. But added to that we then have the information that such a fate is pre-ordained given at some time prior to that ending, i.e. a prophecy. This introduces a strain. Why should not Huan's enemies set out deliberately to kill him by ordinary means? He is surely still flesh and blood. But no: because his fate is absolutely determined, he cannot now be killed prior to it, whatever use anyone makes of the prophecy.

Such a definitive prophecy could, I think, only have been made by Mandos. But that raises further problems, e.g. could Mandos make other creatures and persons invulnerable simply by making prophecies of their particular fates. Doubtless, such a prophecy would itself be something foreshadowed in the Music...

The seemingly paradoxical relationship between Fate and Freedom, predestiny and free-will, is something, I think, came much to concern Tolkien as he continually revised his mythology. But whether he has worked out the consequences of Huan's "weird" remains to be seen.

There is a tantalising glimpse of the history subsequent to the time of the lays:

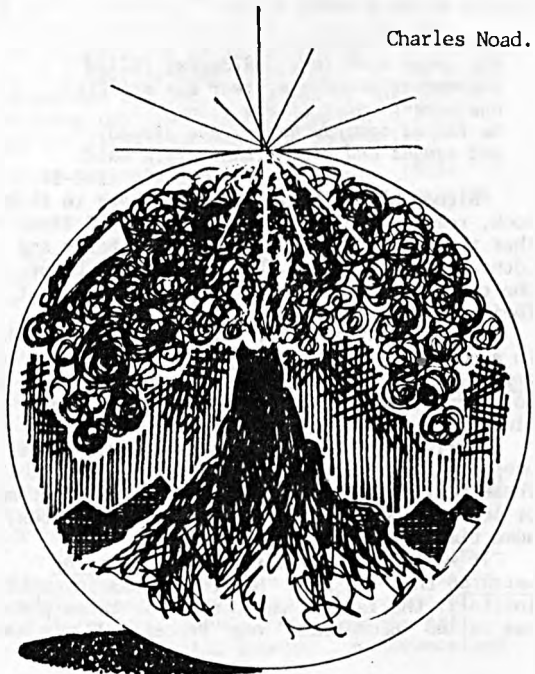
*Men called him Thû, and as a god
in after days beneath his rod
bewildered bowed to him, and made
his ghastly temples in the shade.
Not yet by Men enthralled adored...*

(Leithian, 2064-9)

this suggests that although Morgoth would somehow one day be put an end to, Thû would remain to oppress the world for a time. One wonders if *The Hobbit*, with its mention of the Necromancer, was set before or after this period.

It only remains to note, as is now customary, Christopher Tolkien's meticulous industry in preparing for publication this extract from his father's papers. *The Lays of Beleriand*, by virtue of the painstaking care in its preparation and comprehensive detail of its notes, is a worthy addition to *The History of Middle-earth*.

Charles Noad.





Of Amalion

by Denis Bridoux

Among the Maiar who dwell in Aman there is one who is called Amalion. He is a page of the Lady Yavanna and of all the Maiar who serve Kementári is he versed deepest in the lore of seeds and pods, of nuts and berries, of flowers and fruits, of trees and leaves, and dearest to his heart he holds the Olvar rather than the Kelvar. Yavanna his mistress is proud of his knowledge and scarce less does she love him than Aulë her spouse, if in a differing way, for who can compare one's heart indeed to one's right hand? Moreover the Earthwright and Kementári diverge in their opinions and will not often reach agreement, and the storms that shake their love yet make it all the firmer, whereas Amalion is always of like mind with his mistress and no disagreement ever comes between them. Many a time has he helped her in the making of the plants that lie in her heart, but in the creation of the Two Trees Tyelperion and Culúrien, that gave light to the Blessed Realm before Melkor killed them, he took no part.

As Valinorë was hid and the Enchanted Isles were placed in the Shadow Seas, set as a girdle in the Sea for the safety of Aman, Yavanna returned to Oioloirë, the Mound of Eversummer, and took seat between the Two Trees that still remained standing, now dry and barren. Long did she remain there, deep in mourning, as the Moon and the Sun glided swiftly over her head in their glowing vessels, but not a look would she give to the blossom of Ninquelotë and the fruit of Malinalda as they descried the new days and nights of Arda in their orbs of light.

One by one all herpeople gathered round her, and Vána her sister who is also the spouse of Aldaron, and Aiwendil, and Amalion, and many others who have not been named by any of the Amanquendi but help Kementári in the ordering of her domains. They tried to divert her, and Vána danced before her with Nessa Lintalë, Oromë's sister,

to bring were it only a smile on her lips. But there she remained seated, unseeing, mute and her fair face closed to the world. In vain was it that Ulmo came from his watery realm in the Outer Sea and played for her on his horn of white shell, that Salmar had made of old and which have for name the Ulumúri, whose calls few can resist. Nienna herself, who seldom leaves her mansions facing the Door of Night in the West of Aman, came to Yavanna upon Ezellohar; she took her like a babe in her arms and crooned soothing lullabies in her ears to assuage her grief, but she would not be moved and the Lady of Mercy was at a loss as to what should be done. And all the attempts of Aulë, even he her very husband, proved of no avail. All but a few in Valinor knew despair then, for the songs of Yavanna bring fruit to the land and the laughter of Kementári causes blossoms to open, and they believed that she would be lost forever, and with her all the beauty she had brought forth into the world.

But there was one who would not surrender to despair and this was Amalion her page. Long did he ponder upon a way to help his mistress as he sat close by her on the slopes of Azaldúchar, the Mound of Twain Trees Lightèd, when of a sudden he recalled the song he had sung along with the choirs of the Ainur before Ilúvatar during the Great Music before the World was, and it seemed to him that the Vision Eru had given them of old unfolded anew before his very eyes and revealed to him what his task was to be. Taking leave of his brethren he hastened towards his mansions that lie about the great opening of the Calacirya, south of Valmar of many campaniles. There had he made his dwelling when the great cleft was opened through the mighty walls of the Melekrambar. Then the dews of silver light which fell from the blossoms of Ninquelóte and the rains of golden radiance that poured from the horns of Malinalda, which previously lingered about the land before being kept in the great vats of Varda, presently found a new outflow, and streamed forth through his gardens on the way to the Sea. And rightly had these gardens become renowned in Valinóre, for

there only was it that the Light of the Trees and the lore of Amalion were given to merge and blend in the devising of blossoms of hue and shade unthought of and of fragrance uncomparèd, were it only with those of Kementári herself when she counselled Irmo and Estë and gave them advice on the fashioning of the gardens of Lórien. But whereas Yavanna is ever mindful of the fruits her Olvar will provide, it is solely in their beauty and appeal that Amalion bethinks himself and the pleasure they bring to others.

Now gone was the river of light and vanished with it were the fair hues and perfumes it had sustained, but to it all Amalion paid no heed, for a task of much higher a portent than that of restoring a garden lay upon him. And he summoned in his mind all his lore of seeds and pods, of nuts and berries, of flowers and fruits, of trees and leaves, and wove it into a mighty song of power, the very one indeed that he had sung among his brethren before Eru, thus adorning the Theme they had been granted to play for the delight of their sire and the fulfillment of their own being, until at the last he stood, a small seed in his hand.

Then he went to Ilmarin, the palace of Manwë and Varda atop Elerrína Crowned with Stars. He entered the Chambers of the Wind, Sambar Súleo, open on all sides to the surrounding airs, where Manwë Ilmentar sits in majesty on the Tarmahalma his high throne, wrought for him by Aulë at the time of the Settling of Aman, and there does he receive tidings unceasing of all that happens in Arda.

There Amalion in reverence approached the throne and, kneeling, spoke to the King as follows:

"O my lord and brother in Eru, as thou knowest my mistress is very ill and we all fear for her. Much has been attempted to give her succour but all has failed, so far, and many despair as they see no way of drawing her back from the depths of her grief. So I pray thee, in thy wisdom, who art closest to Eru our father, to hallow this small seed, of all the least and the most minute, for it may well prove our last hope to come to her help."

Now, more than any other Vala does Marwë ponder upon the Music and the Vision that ensued, and Eru favours him and reveals to him more than to any other, who was chosen to be his Vice-Regent on Arda, and for this Marwë is given to understanding more of his brethren and their deeds, save Melkor and his servants, than any of his kind. And he bade the page stand and come to him and said:

"Dear little brother, I know thy heart and thy love for thy mistress is renowned among us. Thy works have earned thee much praise and respect indeed from all thy brethren, that of Aulë, thy lady's spouse, not the least. It is with great joy that I grant thee thy request." And taking the seed in his hand he blessed it, saying:

"May the hope you placed in it be fulfilled according to thy desire", and returned it to Amalion. The page then took leave of Súlimo and, descending with haste the slopes of the Holy Mountain, returned to Yavanna upon Ezellohar. There kneeling at her feet he said to her, imploring:

"O fair Mistress, I pray thee cry no more, for it is unfair that so fair and wise a Lady as thou art should consume herself with grief for the misdeeds of others. Moreover, what else but Time is there now to assuage thy sorrow?"

And Kementári, who had not been moved by any, were they named Vana, Ulmo, Nienna, even Aulë her spouse, was touched by Amalion her page.

"O kind Amalion," she replied softly, raising her face towards him and it was bathed with tears that fell like twin springs from her eyes onto the roots of the Trees, "tell me now of the reasons that still remain for me to endure life." And she softly stroke the boles of the Trees beside her. "They were my children indeed, the offspring of my heart. You of all know that they were to me like the scions of my very spirit, whose like I shall never make again. So please tell me wherefore I should have to return to life."

And she bent her head again, her grief, were it possible, even greater than before as she choked on her tears. And Amalion knew despair then, if only for a brief moment, at his Mistress' plight. But, restraining himself, he took her right hand with great care and tenderness and slowly opened it.

"All is not lost, not yet," he whispered. "At least you still have ... this!" and he put the seed onto her palm and fled, vanishing into the distance, ashamed of having thus made bold with his Lady.

Astounded, she looked through the shimmering veil of her tears at the small seed, of all the least and the most minute, which lay in her cupped hand. And behold! watered by her weeping the seed opened and began to unfold before her very eyes. From that moment her grief receded in her heart before the interest the seed had kindled,



for she dearly loves. all things that grow in Arda and the seed was like and yet unlike any that she had seen or devised previously. Wondering at its sight she praised the cleverness of Amalion and rose to her feet, to the amazement of all who were by her and knew not what had befallen. Yet in their hearts all gladdened as they saw the smile on her face, as she forsook the company of the dead Trees. Crossing the fields whence her Maiar gather miruvóre, she came to the middle of her domain, which lies in the innermost part of Valinor, and there she planted the sapling.

Swiftly did it take to growing, and it grew, and expanded, and increased in vigour and became a high and noble tree and lo! it covered itself with leaves and no two of them were alike and the flowers which burst into bloom were all different from one another, and the fruits that came to ripeness were all dissimilar.

All her thoughts of grief and mourning now forsaken, Kementári called all the Valar to come to her gardens, and they marvelled at her wondrous recovery but even more at the sight of the tree they presently beheld before their very eyes and the like of which they had never seen before. Some among them there were who bethought it her latest creation and the issue of her long mourning and they would praise her for it, but she said to them:

"Behold the work of love and affection! For from the abyss of grief where I was slowly drowning Amalion brought me back to life. He is the one who devised this beauteous tree and him should you praise, as indeed do I the pupil who outdoes his master, for he taught me that what has died is dead, but that life still endures, and our task it is to protect and sustain it, no matter the hardship we are brought to suffer. In the depths of my sorrow I had forgotten it, and the tree of Amalion has reminded that so long as love remains so does life, and never again will I let the flames of love be quenched under the rains of mourning."

And all the Valar rejoiced, for they had come to think that Yavanna would be lost forever. They went in search of Amalion and found him at

work in the remains of his gardens. His turn was it to grieve now, for now all the Olvar had perished and lay dry at his feet. Nothing he tried would restore them and he wept quietly. But his brethren comforted him and brought him back to his Mistress, singing his praises along the way. And Amalion knew not the wherefore of their praises and was nonplussed as to how he had earned them. But when he beheld the tree, a look of awe came on his face, and he said:

"In truth, not even during the making of the seed had I the least foreknowledge of what it would become. For although I was the instrument of its fashioning I was only doing my part in the theme we were all given to adorn together before the beginning. So do not give praise to me but to Eru instead who is its true creator."

And Aulë wept for happiness as he came towards his spouse and he said:

"Truly, what a worthy page is thine to have rescued thee from such a deep sorrow that even I could not recall thee from it." And for once they were in full agreement for, her face radiant with joy, she answered:

"Worthy in deed is he, but thou too partookest of my recovery, for thine is the ground whereon all things grow and live. Thee too I praise, for who would Kementári be indeed without Kementano her beloved husband?"

And so glad were the Vanyar of the healing of Yavanna that they rang all the bells of Valmar of glittering pinnacles, and their pealing could be heard far and wide throughout Valandor, resounding on the slopes of the Pelóri, called by some Melekrambar, the Walls of Might. And a moment later there could be heard in the distance a mighty consort of trumpets and, like unto an echo, the deeper booming of sea-horns, which rebounded on the steep walls of the Calaciryra, playing as it were a counterpoint to the pealing. For messengers had left Valinor in haste to tell the good tidings to the Kings Finarfin of Tirion and Olwë of Alqualondë.

Finarfin the Fair who, is he dearly loves Aule his master-in-lore, does not cherish any less his spouse Yavanna had ordered his trumpets to be blown from the summit of the Mindon Elda-

liéva, the Tower of the Eledar, and Olwë, who had stayed unconsolated since the death of his people, — that of Olwion his eldest son not the least —, and the loss of his ships, had been so moved by the tidings that he had commanded that the Sea-horns, — which Ossë had given him as parting gift and are made of mother-of-pearl —, should be blown in rejoicing from the height of the haven-gate, for he had said:

"I am not worthy to pursue with my mourning when so noble a Queen forsakes her own, who has suffered in truth a loss far more cruel."

And Yavanna invited all those who dwelt in Valinórë to rejoice around the tree of Amalion, and asked that a festival be held at the same time each year to celebrate the birth of the tree of Amalion and to greet Ilúvatar for his bounties.

The tree of Amalion gave many scions and many seeds and each grew unlike the others: some grew like trees, some like shrubs and bushes, some like flowers, some like ferns and mosses, and each was, and still is a cause for wonder. Some send their summits to soar among the clouds, rivalling with the trees of Aulë himself, whereas others remain content to crawl upon the ground. But as each tree indeed is unique, each is called the Tree of Amalion. Yavanna sent her birds and bees to dwell on their branches and they all take delight in them, the ones in their fruits and berries, the others in their pollen and nectar. Even Nienna, the Lady of Mercy herself, is pleased at times to leave her mansions in the west of the West, to be seen seeking rest for a while from the griefs of the world under their foliage, as they grow in the gardens of Lorien her brother, and she dearly loves them, for she knows that they were born out of love and concern to relieve a lady of her mourning.

Many are they who often recognise in the Tree of Amalion some shades uncommon, some hues unthought of before, some fragrances hitherto uncompered that may have appertained before to the Olvar that grew before in the gardens of Amalion and they are glad for him, for they perceive that in these Amalion had unknowingly made

early attempts at his great achievement. But Amalion is unaware of it himself, for he is now where he has always been, at the feet of his beloved Mistress Yavanna Kementári, and he does not need a garden anymore.



Epilogue

Of memories of the Tree of Amalion in this Bent World remains only this tale called the Amalionaldë, "Of the Tree of Amalion, which was first told, it is said, by the Vanya Táriondil Vanimandil, and a few tapestries and traditions which were brought from Atalantë the Downfallen by Elendil and his sons. For in the days of their friendship the Eldar came to Numenóre and many tales of the Undying Lands did they tell the Númenatani. Some have disappeared or are now distorted beyond recognition to form legends of later Ages, but others were preserved and faithfully kept, for they formed memories of a vanished past when gods dwelt on this world and could at times be seen or heard, witnesses of a time far beyond our poor understanding. The Amalionaldë was among these latter and with them also came some seeds of the Tree of Amalion to be given to the care of the people of Elenna-nóre. Soon they came to grow all over the land, perfuming equally town and country with their fragrances and filling people with wonder by their variety and wondrous hues. Once a year at the time of Midwinter, Mettarë in the Elven tongue, which is the time of the sprouting of the first Tree, children gathered round the Trees and covered them with garlands, for the Trees bloomed and gave fruit all year round. It was taken as a blessing of the Valar to have a Tree of Amalion in one's garden, for they were like unto tokens of hope for the life that endures and comes again in the Spring. Ordinary branches of evergreen were dressed up inside houses to look like Trees of Amalion and they were laden with presents and sweetmeats, symbols of the bounties of Eru and the Valar. One was not supposed to cut or trim the Trees as they never intruded in one's life, but for the festival, which was called Turuhalmë or Logdrawing a single bough was cut and reverently burnt in each hearth, and its fire was kindled with the remainder of the previous year's log, which had been preciously preserved, hence its name. The ashes of the fire were recovered and dispersed in the gardens, promising a year with blossom and fruit aplenty.

Some seeds of the Tree were taken by Anardil, son of the King's Heir of the time, to Middle-earth and presented to Gil-Galad, King of the Noldor, along with many other gifts, and he planted them on the slopes of Ered Lindon, facing the West. But the Trees would not grow and all died. And the Lady Galadriel, spouse of Celeborn of Harlindon, grieved much over them, for she said:

"Too far from Aman are they and they choke on these mortal lands whereon Morgoth has tread. Blessed are they indeed in Numenóre, who can see daily these reminders of Valinor and the bounty of the Valar." And at this it is said that she felt the first pangs of exile come to her heart. Now Gil-Galad, to bring her consolation, gave her some nuts of Malinornë, which too had been presents of Anardil, but she would not plant them yet, for she said:

"What if they too fail? I shall keep these until I find a land wherein they can feel at home."

For many a year did she keep these, and only when she came to Lórinand after the Mirdain's revolt in Eregion did she put them into the ground,

and they had been well preserved, for they grew swiftly and soon came to rival all the local trees. And Amdír, lord of the land, took the name Malgalad because of them, for he said that the beauty of their blooming in the Spring brought dreams to his mind as it were of the land of the Valar beyond the Sea, which he had never beheld, being of the Nandor. For this reason the land was soon renamed Lothlórien, the Dreamflower, and Galadriel felt another pang in her heart at this, for it was in the gardens of Lórien that they grew best in Valinor.

It is said among the Wise that one nut was preserved by the Lady Galadriel and she would not plant it, even in Lórinand, and she kept it in a small wooden box which, for all its plainness, had been given to her by Durin III of Hadhodrond; for the price of a gift does not reside in the material the maker uses but in the skill of his hand and the love he puts in the object as he makes it. And it is this very box and its contents which were later passed on to a certain Master Berhael of the Periannath, who made good use of it an Age later.

But whereas the Trees of Amalion spread far and wide over Numenóre, the White Tree only grew in the Courts of the King in Armenelos, and it was revered over all the treasures of Andor, for it stood alone and was an image of the Tree that gave light to Aman before the Moon or the Sun existed.

For a long time there was bliss and joy in Numenóre and, were it possible the telling would end here, for it is with this tale as it is with others; but History cannot be altered and the contents of the cup must needs be fully drunk, the sad with the happy and the bitter with the sweet.

As the Shadow grew, people went seldom anymore to the Hallow of Ilúvatar upon the Meneltarma, the first offerings of fruit were neglected and the White Tree was left without care. Nevertheless the Trees of Amalion were still tended, for they had become part of daily life and any link between them and the page of Yavanna had been all but forgotten, save by a few. Outwardly the festival did not change, but it lost all its ties with a birthday to remember or a promise of Spring. It turned instead into opportunities for revelry and debauchery. Only for children did it retain its magic.

But Ar-Pharazôn usurped the Sceptre and called himself King; he waged war unto Sauron and brought him back with him as a hostage to Numenóre, or so it seemed at the time. Now in those days the hue and shape of the Gorthaur were still those of one both fair of face and wise of heart, and many there were whom he impressed with his goodly countenance and honeyed tongue, and they showed him respect at first then swore to him allegiance in secret. Sowing dissent among the advisors of the King he sundered the latter from his kinsman and childhood friend Amandil, whom he caused to fall out of favour. Whispering his advice into the King's ears only at first, he soon came to declare it aloud to all that cared to listen and curry favour, and these were many, for besotted by their terror of Death. It did not

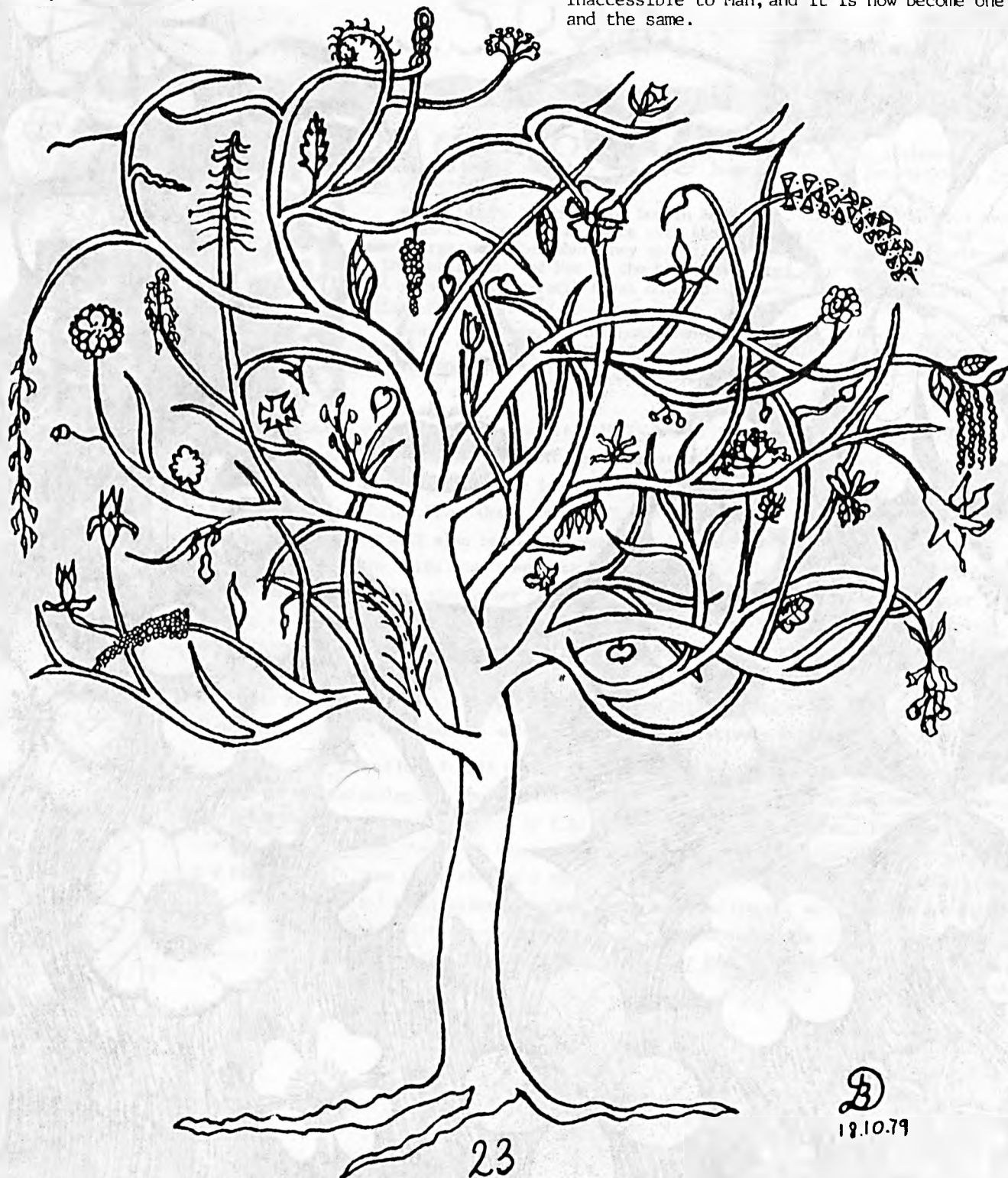
take him long indeed to turn the minds of the people towards the dark worship of Melkor, thus drawing them back to the very calamity their ancestors had fled from in the East one Age previously, and he fanaticised them, mounting them against the Faithful who had been persecuted since the days of Ar-Gimilzôr.

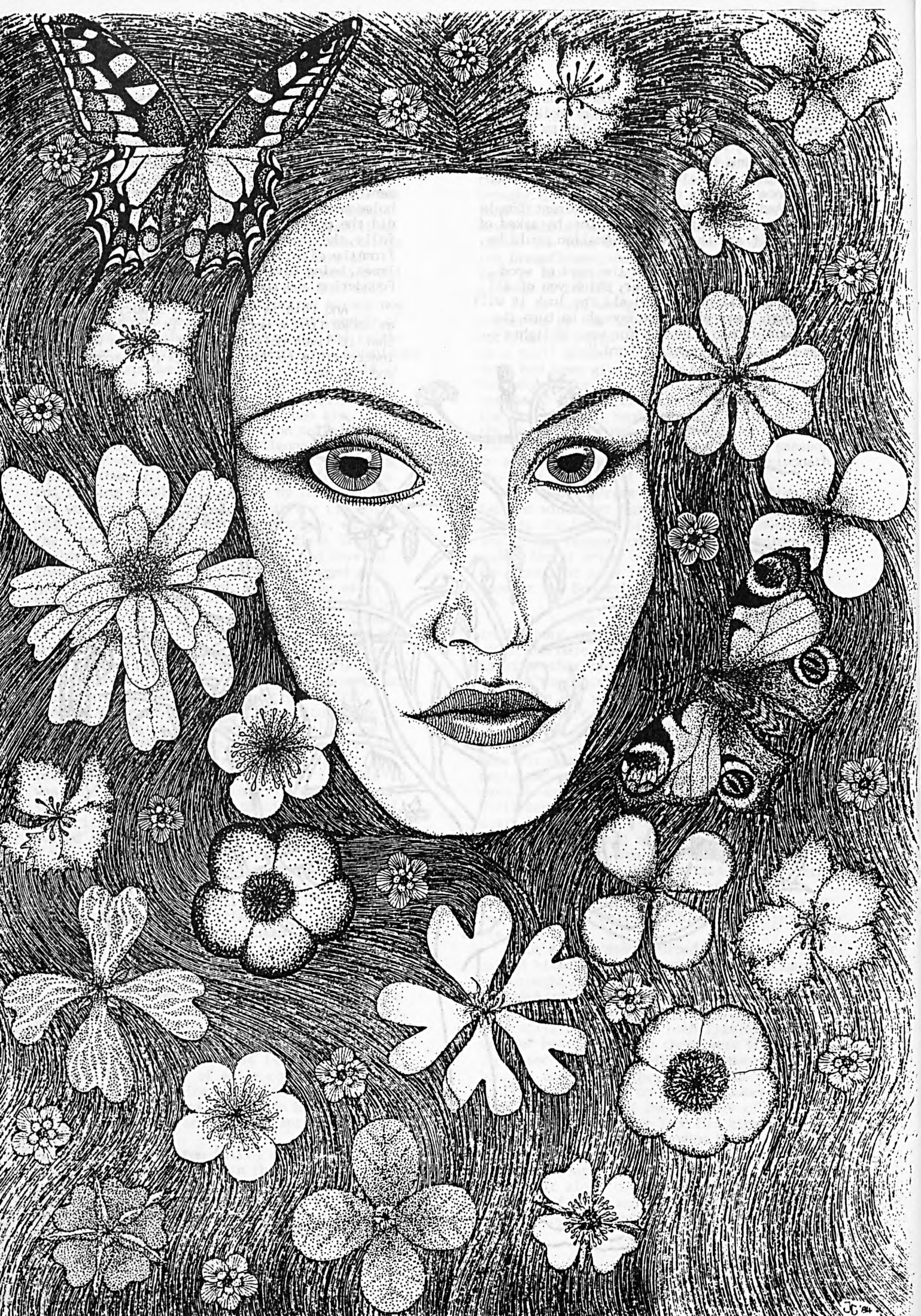
And when he had caused the Great Temple of Melkor to be built in Armenelos, he asked of the King if all the Trees of Amalion could be cut, for, as he said:

"As you know, great is the need of wood for the sacrifices. Moreover, think you of all the ash we will gather and all the luck it will bring you. There should be enough to turn the whole world into a garden for your delights when you are its rightful Lord."

Then the King, in his madness, followed the advice of Sauron and, ignoring all the prayers and supplications of his Queen, Zimraphêl, who dearly loved them, ordered that all the Trees of Amalion that could be found be felled and uprooted, and that they be sent to Armenelos to supply tinder for the holocausts of the Temple of Melkor. And gladly did the people fell their Trees for, in their folly, they believed that it would deliver them from the claws of Death. As it happened the Trees, being Olvar, did not escape the Great Foundering and the Faithful could save none.

And this is how a great beauty vanished as smoke from a world which is now bent, and that it lives only in memory and in a West inaccessible to Man, and it is now become one and the same.





WARG, WEARG, EARG

AND WEREWOLF

A NOTE ON A SPECULATIVE TOLKIEN ETYMOLOGY

J.S. RYAN



The word *vargr*

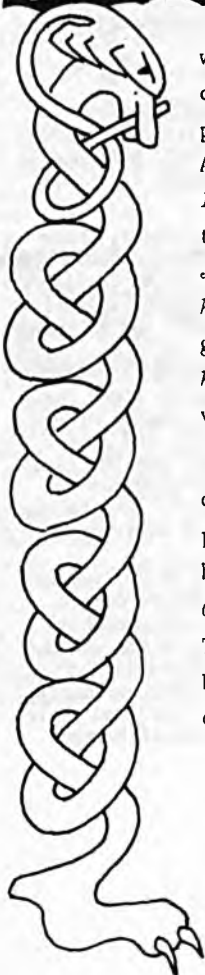
had a double significance — it signified a wolf, and also a god-less man. Sabine Baring-Gould, *The Book of Were-Wolves*, 1865, p.48.

Wargs In the Third Age of Sun in Rhovanion, there lived an evil breed of Wolves that made an alliance with the mountain Orcs. These Wolves were named Wargs and often when they set off for war they went with the Orcs... In the battles of the War of the Ring, the Wargs were devastated... and the histories of Middle-earth speak no more of these creatures. David Day, *A Tolkien Bestiary*, 1979, p.236.

wearg (-h), -es. *m.* (of human beings) a villain, felon, scoundrel, animal. II (of other creatures) a monster, malignant being, evil spirit. J. Bosworth and T.N. Toller, *An Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, 1898, p.1177.

Most readers of Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, (1937) and of *The Lord of the Rings*, (1954-55), will remember the *wargs*¹, the wolf-creatures which pursue Gandalf, Bilbo and the Dwarves in chapter VI of the former — which are led by 'a great grey wolf' (p.112), fear fire, fight and plunder with the Goblins (i.e. Orcs), and which are routed in the climatic Battle of the Five Armies (p.259). They will also recall the Warg chase of the members of the Fellowship (*LotR* I, 310, 312) when the Wargs have come west of the Mountains, led by 'a great dark wolf-shape', the 'Hound of Sauron'. In the former text Gandalf feared the Wargs, but in the chapter 'A Journey in the Dark', (1954) he is powerful enough to rout the 'great host of Wargs (which) had gathered silently and was now now attacking them from every side at once' (p. 312). In his gloss on these creatures Robert Foster observed² of the Wargs of *LotR*: 'They do not seem to have been true Wargs, in that they were west of the Misty Mountains and were not real—' a view born out in that Gandalf is able to combat them relatively easily.

It is the contention of this note that Tolkien was indulging himself with this word and concept in both etymological speculation and in restoring to the living English language a pattern of meanings long forgotten. As T.A. Shippey was to point out much later, in 1982, in his *The Road to Middle-earth* — " 'Wargs' are a linguistic cross between Old Norse *vargr* and Old English *wearg*, two words showing a shift of meaning from 'wolf' to 'human outlaw'." (p.50). This is both true and simplistically confusing in that the thought associations are also blended to some extent with the concept 'werewolf', on which form the following entry is excerpted from C.T. Onions (ed.) *The Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology*, (1966), " 'werewolf'.



person transformed or capable of transforming himself into a wolf. Late O. English werewolf (once). Low German werwulf; c.f. W. Frisian waerūl; Swedish varulf, the latter perhaps representing Old Norse *varulfr, whence Old North French garwall (Marie de France³), later garoul (in Modern French loup-garou). 'The first element is doubtful, but it has been identified with Old English wer (= latin vir), man.' After the Middle English period the word was chiefly Scandinavian until its revival through folklore studies in the nineteenth century. (p.1000).



As the last point makes clear, there was considerable academic interest in such human shape-changing in folklore studies in Europe in the later nineteenth century, as it was realised that notions of similar metamorphosis in classical mythology were paralleled widely in medieval, and, not infrequently, in later records of many of the Indo-European peoples. The depiction of wolves alongside the hunters was done in many cave-paintings of more than 50,000 years ago. In earlier classical Europe the wolf was especially associated by the Greeks with Apollo, and, probably, was originally worshipped or received offerings as was the case among the Letts⁴. As Frazer points out⁵, in the process of time the cult was associated with that of Apollo, and it was supposed that he had received his title (lúkios) from having exterminated wolves⁶. In Delphi, in the temple of Apollo, there was a bronze image of a wolf, which was explained as commemorating the finding of a treasure with the aid of a wolf. Like Romulus and Remus, many children of Apollo by human mothers were said to have been suckled by gentle wolves.



As the last dangerous animal to survive in many parts of Europe, the wolf has given its name to the group of beliefs (lycanthropy) based on the idea of the temporary or permanent transformations of living men in to wolves⁸ or other animals. Yet these beliefs had, to a large extent, passed from English, though, as Baring-Gould explained:

"English folklore is singularly barren of were-wolf stories, the reason being that wolves had been extirpated from England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings, and therefore ceased to be objects of dread to the people. The traditional belief in were-wolfism must, however, have remained long in the popular mind, though, at present it has disappeared, for the word occurs in old ballads and romances. Thus in Kempion —

was it war-wolf in the wood?
or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mis-shaped
thee?

(The Book of Were-Wolves, p.100)

Clearly, as with other such literary losses of folk-concept, Tolkien was concerned, to some degree, to reanimate the lost thought by showing the various meanings in action in his story constructs.

Related to this were-wolf notion is that of the link between the concepts of 'wolf' and 'outlaw', as referred to above by both the Bosworth and Toller dictionary and, more recently, by T.A. Shippey. As Baring-Gould put it in 1865—

"Vargr had double significance in Norse. It signified a wolf, and also a godless man. This vargr is the English were,⁹ in the word were-wolf— (op. cit., p.48). He had also noted, a few lines above, that the Norse Vargr may be seen as u-argr, 'restless', the second element being a cognate of Old English earg. This last adjective is listed in classical Old English by Bosworth and Toller (op. cit., p.233) as having two main senses —

(I): inert, weak, timid, cowardly.

(II): Evil, wretched, vile.

The first sense is illustrated excellently by the Beowulfian half-line (1.254lb) comment on Beowulf's approach to the dragon:

"ne bið awylc earges sið! (Such is not the way of the coward!)

While Tolkien is not primarily concerned with the link between warg and earg, the warg cowardice is stressed in the contexts under discussion, and so there is left floating the possible etymological link which modern scholarship prefers not to stress, despite Baring-Gould suggestion (p.48).

The actual word form warg is an interesting one, since it is earlier¹⁰ than those occurring in written Old English, where the word shows the sound-change, breaking, and is spelt wearg. There are, however, various early forms extant which show Tolkien's lexical source, such as:

(i) Gothic vargs, a fiend;

(ii) Pluquet in his *Contes Populaires* which tells that the ancient Norman laws said of criminals condemned to outlawry for various offences: "Wargus esto!" "Be an outlaw!"

(iii) The *Lex Ripuaria*, tit.8: "Wargus sit, hoc est expulsus."¹¹

or (iv) The Salic Law¹², tit.57, which orders:—"Si quis corpus jam sepultum effoderit aut expoliaverit, wargus sit." ("If any one shall have dug up or despoiled an already buried corpse, let him... warg.")

In his own elaboration on these forms, their semantics and sense implications, Baring-Gould notes from Palgrave's *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* that among the Anglo-Saxons an outlaw 'was said to have the head of a wolf' and he then concludes:

"If then the term vargr was applied at one time to a wolf, at another to an outlaw who lived the life of a wild beast, away from the haunts of men — 'he shall be driven away as a wolf, and chased so far as men chase wolves farthest' was the legal form of sentence — it is certainly no matter of wonder that stories of out-laws should have become surrounded with mythical accounts of their transformation into wolves. (p.49).

While the linguistic speculation by Tolkien is perhaps most clear in his earlier references to wargs, the notion of the were-wolf was probably present initially in his thought as in the account of Sauron's wolves on the Guarded Plain in *The Silmarillion*. These creatures are there variously referred to as 'wolves' and 'werewolves' and their mightiest stand strongest is a wolf form of Sauron

himself, who, when seized by Huan, shifts his shape from wolf to serpent and then back to his usual body, finally flying away in the form of a vampire dripping blood, (*The Silmarillion*, p.175). As we have been told a little earlier Sauron had made various strongholds of evil, such as "the fair isle of Tol Sirion" which "became accursed, and it was called Tol-in-Gauroth, the Isle of Werewolves." (p.156).

As the Appendix on elements in proper names tells us (p.359), in this name gaur means 'were-wolf', and it comes from a root ngaw- 'howl'.

(It seems to have escaped the eye of Mr. Ryan that the two words gaur and warg might be cognate in the mind of the author, the second being the Westron translation of the first and, indeed, a metathesis of it: gaur → gaw → warg, and I wished to emphasise this point since it furthers Mr. Ryan's theory. Ed.)

In a similar note, in *Unfinished Tales*, (1980), the *Gaurwaith are defined thus:

The outlaw-band on the western borders of Doriath that Túrin joined and of which he became the captain.... [The name is] translated Wolf-men, pp.85,90. (p.440).

The first of these passages gives an excellent gloss on the concept of outlaws (the section is entitled *Turin among the Outlaws*:

... all that region lay under the fear of Orcs, and of outlaws. For in that time of ruin houseless and desperate Men went astray: remnants of battle and defeat and lands laid waste; and some were Men driven into the wild for evil deeds. Tolkien continues: They hunted and gathered such food as they could; but in winter when hunger drove them they were to be feared as wolves, and Gaurwaith¹³, the Wolf-men, they were called by those who still defended their homes.... they were hated scarce less than Orcs, for there were among them outcasts of heart, bearing a grudge against their own kind.

Although it is not at all obvious from the passage in *The Hobbit* where there is 'a great grey wolf' as leader, or that in *The Fellowship of the Ring* with 'the Hound of Sauron', in the van, the section in *The Silmarillion* certainly shows that Sauron (or 'the Necromancer') was leading the wolf-outlaw pack in all cases, and that the notion of (temporary) shape changing is implied in most, if not all, the references to outlaw/wolves/werewolves throughout the canon.



The ancient notion of actual shape-changing is, however, more thoroughly explored in another place - in the character of Beorn in *The Hobbit*. In discussing this problem of enigmatic humans in Tolkien, Shippey observes of Turin in *The Silmarillion*:

"He is only half a man. this idea Tolkien clearly took from the famous Saga of Egill Skallagrims-son. In that saga Egill's grandfather is Kveld-Ulfr (Evening-Wolf), not entirely human, 'a great shape-changer', very like Beorn in The Hobbit." (The Road to Middle-Earth, p.198).

Earlier he had noted that Beorn "is a were-bear, who changes shape, or 'skin' as Gandalf calls it,

every night." (p.62).

This last is in accord with general nineteenth century theory of lycanthropy, as in Professor J. A. McCulloch's definition:

(1) *It may indicate merely a form of madness in which the patient imagines that he is an animal, especially a wolf, and acts as such.*

(2) *It indicates the popular belief that on occasion a human being can actually transform himself, or be transformed into a wolf or some other animal. In this form he slays and eats men.*

As McCulloch and others¹⁵ stressed, while the superstition is practically world-wide and the wolf transformation has been the most usual one in all parts of Europe and in North Asia from early times, in the Northern parts of Europe the bear form is also general. For example Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence, in the 8th century, mentions the belief, (*Sermo XV*).

The change was caused by a man himself - e.g., by donning a wolf-skin (Ulfhamr, hence the name 'skin-changer') or a wolf-girdle. In such cases, the man was a wolf or bear by night, and a man by day, howling and devouring like the actual animal. Such persons were said to be eigi einhamr, 'not of one form'. In later times the Scandinavians thought that Finns, Lapps or Russians had the power of changing others to wolves or to bears at will¹⁶. McCulloch also suggested the point of linked thought and association:

The belief was apparently much mingled with and probably influenced by the fact that wild warriors and outlaws - e.g. the bersekr - wore wolf-skins or bear-skins over their armour or clad themselves in these, while they were often victims of ungovernable passion and acted as if they were animals.' ('Lycanthropy', p.208).

Many Scandinavian instances of this are to be found in classical Norse literature, e.g.:

- the account of Sigmund and Sinfjötli donning skins and becoming wolves (*Volunga Saga*, chaps. 5-8).

- Björn (in *Hrolfs Saga Kraka*) being transformed into a bear by his stepmother, who shook a wolf-skin glove at him. He lived as a bear and killed many of his father's sheep, but by night he always became a man.

- the statement by the hag, Ljot, in the *Vatnsdala Saga*, that she could have turned Thorsteinn and Jokull into boars¹⁸ (ch. xxvi).

or - the account of Thorarinn becoming a boar when pursued and afraid (*Eyrbyggja Saga*, ch. xviii).

Of this mix of fable and romance relative to such transformation into wild beasts, Baring-Gould well observed:

among the Scandinavian nations there existed a form of madness or possession under the influence of which men acted as though they were changed into wild and savage brutes, howling, foaming at the mouth, ravening for blood and slaughter, ready to commit any act of atrocity, and as irresponsible for their actions as the wolves and bears in whose skins they equipped themselves. (op.cit., p.51).

The Beorn of *The Hobbit* in the late Third Age was the chieftain of the clan of Northern Men whose traditional duty it was to maintain the safety of the trade routes from Eriador to Mirkwood. As presented in Chapter VII (*'Queer Lodgings'*) he is someone of appalling anger (p.126), 'a skin-changer' (p.126), perhaps 'descended from the great and

ancient bears'¹⁹ (p.127), normally very inhospitable (p.136), indifferent to gold and silver²⁰ (pp.137-8), at night 'like some great beast' (p.139), but who 'loves his animals as his children' (p.147).

Thus while Beorn conforms to all the usual berserkr qualities, Tolkien has made him a distant blood relative²¹ of the Edain of the First Age, and the *Quenta Silmarillion* relates how some of that stock were skin-changers, the greatest of whom was Beren. Further, as Gandalf makes clear, Beorn comes from ancient stock and 'is under no enchantment but his own'²² (p.127). Yet some of the traditional ruthless violence is allowed by Tolkien to his creation:

"What did you do with the Goblin and the Warg?" asked Bilbo suddenly.

"Come and see!" said Beorn, and they followed round the house. A Goblin's head was stuck outside the gate and a Warg-skin was nailed²³ to a tree just beyond. Beorn was a fierce enemy. (p.143)

(In the light of what has been said above, notice the particular hatred that Beorn, a shape-changer bears for the Wargs. Ed.)



Any careful reading of the Baring-Gould²⁴ study of werewolves will indicate Tolkien's close indebtedness to this collection which he follows very closely for its chapters I-IV, and VIII (i.e. the period prior to the Middle Ages. He is also in sympathy with the earlier parts of Chapter X, *Mythological Origin of the Were-Wolf Myth*, particularly those concerned with metempsychosis or sympathy (and communication) between men and beasts. While he could not, as Christian, have subscribed to the ancients' belief in a soul-endowed animal world, yet transformation into beasts was a part of Greek mythology, while in Scandinavian mythology Odin changed himself into the shape of an eagle, and Loki into that of a salmon. As Baring-Gould puts it of such transformations and communicating —

the line of demarcation between this and the translation of a beast's soul into a man, or a man's soul into a beast (metempsychosis) is very narrow.

The doctrine of metempsychosis is founded on the consciousness of gradation between beasts and men... in this myth... we trace the yearnings and gropings of the soul after the source whence its own consciousness was derived... (pp.153-4)

At many points in *The Hobbit* there is much such communication between various orders of rationality, a possibility which has largely passed by the time of Frodo's quest. Thus, in the earlier text -Bilbo understands the dragon, the great spiders, and the eagles; Gandalf can follow the speech of the Wargs²⁵; both thrushes and ravens speak to the Dwarves; and Beorn has the ability to talk to his animals, ponies and dogs. This primitive sympathy for the state of animals is something which Tolkien allowed himself in the sphere of myth, as opposed to the more history-like mould of the later Third Age in *The Lord of*

the Rings. What were perhaps, mythological stories early in *The Silmarillion* have gradually deteriorated into attitudes alien to superstition, blood-thirstiness, cruelty and even cannibalism by the later times of *The Lord of the Rings*. Perhaps naturally fables and fears are seen for what they are in the face of the morality and theology at the end of the Third Age.



In a similar antiquarian vein Tolkien allowed himself the inclusion in skeletal form, at least, of the vampire concept. While both werewolf and vampire have a liking for human flesh and blood, there is a marked difference in them. Whereas the former is a living person assuming animal form, the latter is a resuscitated corpse which rises from the grave to prey on the living. Despite his use of the vampire idea, Tolkien seems not to be influenced by post-medieval Balkans (and especially Rumanian) story, but rather to be drawing on his classical knowledge of such antecedent beings as the blood-consuming ghosts in the *Odyssey*, in Ovid and elsewhere. There may also be echoes of the demonic Hlith of ancient Hebrew legend, who had many vampire traits, or of the Roman lamia which enticed men sexually²⁶ and then feasted on their blood.

The brief Tolkienian account of the phenomenon occurs in *The Silmarillion* in the account of Thuringwethil, a creature of monstrous evil and perhaps one of the corrupted Maiar, described thus as

...the bat-fell of Thuringwethil. She was the messenger of Sauron, and was wont to fly in vampire's form to Angband; and her great feathered wings were barbed at each joint's end with an iron claw. (p.178)

Typically she is the companion of 'the ghastly, wolf-hame of Draugluin' (ibid), whose name and description imply some form of obscene misgenation.

(A further study on vampires by Michael Burgess was published in *Amon Hen 75*, p.15-7, and is, fittingly enough, a reply to a previous article by J. S.Ryan himself! Ed.)



While Tolkien's thoughts about ancient vampirism are suitably enigmatic, the same cannot be said about his views on the related phenomena of male cruelty, outlawry and preying in cannibalistic fashion on other humans. As with his other such investigations of Ancient Indo-European and Germanic thought, the clue is as always in the words used and in what is said in his stories about these seemingly strange and fabled forms of being. While he would not have accepted that he was conducting an anthropological interpretation of sadism, masochism and lycanthropy²⁸, there is no doubt that Tolkien has tried to trace the idea of the werewolf back to (germanic) pre-history. If he does not quite see its origin as Eisler does, in primeval

clash of cultures between peaceable vegetarian early man and the brutal, fur-wearing carnivorous creature that he was forced to become (by, say, an Ice Age) to become, yet his stories do inculcate similar probing thought about

- the stern autonomy of ancient figures like Beorn;
 - the nature of the cowardice and aggression of outlaws (O.E. earg/wearg);
 - the ancient and vindictive laws which made solitary men 'wargs';
- and the revulsion felt by even the most elemental of men, like Turin or Beren, in the presence of the obscene, mindlessly malevolent and the grotesque travesties of humanity created by Sauron.

As on many other occasions²⁹, Tolkien has extended the folk-memory by exploring and reanimating old words for too long lost to the English-speaking peoples, so that, like our forebears we 'recover' the freshness of words and in so doing make for ourselves

'a discovery in the inner world of consciousness.'³⁰



Footnotes

1. '...the wild Wargs (for so the evil wolves over the Edge of the Wild were named...)' *The Hobbit*, Second edition, p.112.
2. *The Complete Guide to Middle-earth*, (1978), p.415.
3. This 13th century text is, specifically, her 'The Were-Wolf' lai. (*Bisclaveret*), translated into English in Vol.4 of *Arthurian Romances Unrepresented in Malory's Morte d'Arthur*, 1900, pp.81-94. The work was reproduced in facsimile by AMS in 1970. The title word, *bisclaveret* is held to come from *bleiz* ('Wolf') + *garou*. The story itself is found in other literary versions, such as the 14th c. *Roman de Renart*, by the clerk of Troies.
4. Sir James G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, (1901), vol. 2, p.249.
5. *Ibid.*
6. The Warg attacks and their repulsion by Gandalf may be held to be a witty recollection of the epithets used by Homer of Apollo (*Iliad*, iv, 101, 119) which may be glossed as either 'twilight-born or wolf-born'.
7. Andrew Lang, *Myth, ritual and Religion*, (1899), vol. 2, p.220.
8. For myths and folk-tales of the wolf, see A. de Gubernatis *Zoological Mythology*, (1872), vol. II, pp. 142-9. S. Baring-Gould presents many like legends in her overview study, (*op. cit.*).
9. This identification is not certain - see the quotation above from C.T.Onions (*op.cit.*).
10. Pp. 47, 49, 53-4 of J.S. Ryan, 'German Mythology appied' - *The Extension of the Litterary Folk Memory, Folklore*, Vol. 77, Spring 1966.
11. I.e. 'Let (a man) be an outlaw, this man is driven out'.
12. Quoted by Baring-Gould (*op. cit.*). There is some possibility of confusion with vampires

here.

13. One assumes a recollection of a root *Gaur-, which might be postulated to lie behind the ONFr. *garwall*. (See Onions, above). Norman *guarwolf* is also cited in various etymological dictionaries as an occurring form. A. Brachet's *Etymological Dictionary of the French Language*, 3rd Edition (1882), derives M.French *garou* from O. Fr. *garoul*, from Med. Latin *gerulphus*, a word of Scandinavian origin (p.179).
14. In his article on 'Lycanthropy', p.206, of vol. VIII (1915) of *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethica*, edited by James Hastings.
15. e.g. Robert Eisler, *Man into Wolf*, London, Spring Books, 1949.
Enid Starkie, 'Petrus Borel the Lycanthrope': *his Life and Times*, London, Faber & Faber, 1954.
Ian Woodward, 'The Werewolf delusion', New York and London, Paddington Press, 1979.
16. J.Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, (1882), p.1097. G. W. Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, (1888), pp. lxi. G. Vigfusson and Y. Powell, *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, (1883), vol. 1, p.425.
17. Cp. Sir Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802, (1839 Edition), p.354.
18. The expression *verða at gjalti* 'to become a boar' is often met with in the Sagas.
19. Presumably also the lord of all the bears which came to dance at night (p.141).
20. This suggests that he came from a time before the lust for wealth and possessions inspired malice among the dwellers on Middle-earth.
21. This background is neatly summarised by David Day, *A Tolkien Bestiary*, (1979), pp.30-1.
22. This ancient strength and his various marvellous deeds liken him to Bombadil in LotR.
23. This is very similar to the nailing of Gundel's claw to the gable of Heorot in *Beowulf*. (11.883-36).
24. Tolkien referred with approval to his scholar's studies in the field of folklore in various lectures and seminars attended by the present writer in the years 1954-1957. Tolkien was also aware of the many Oxford lectures in the area of French Lycanthropy by Dr. Enid Starkie, some of which were later included in her book on *Petrus Borel*.
25. This must remind us inevitably of Montague Summers, in his *The Werewolf*, discussing: *certain fantastic beings known (in Normandy) as lupins or lubins. They pass the night chattering together and twatling in an unknown tongue*, (Quoted, p.3012, by Douglas Hill in his article on *Werewolves*, pp.3008-3012, *Man, Myth and Magic*, no. 107, (1971).
26. Cp. 'he saw upon his flank a bat-like creature clinging with creased wings', (*The Silmarillion* p.179).
27. The second element may well be connected with the dialect verb *hame*, 'to have sexual intercourse with', from Old English *hæman*, 'concubere, coire, nubere' (See J. Wright. *The English dialect Dictionary*, (1905), Vol.III, p.39).
28. The subtitle of Robert Eisler's *Man into Wolf* (1949).
29. See, for example, J.S. Ryan, *German Mythology Applied*, as quoted in footnote 10 (*supra*), or his *Before Puck - the Pukel-men and the Pucca*, (*Mallorn* 20), September 1983, pp.5-10.
30. Owen Barfield, *History in English Words*, 2nd Edition, (1954), p. 82.



THE FAIRY-TALE TRADITION

by CHRISTINA SCULL



This paper was read at the Tolkien Workshop on 22nd March 1986: the text given here is slightly amended and incorporates suggestions made by Denis Bridoux, Jeremy Morgan and Charles Noad in the discussion which followed the reading of the paper.



The Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien includes (P. 406-7) part of a letter written on January 8th, 1971 to Roger Lancelyn Green, an expert on children's literature, seeking his help; Tolkien had been asked to justify his claim to have invented the word 'hobbit' which was to be included in the Second Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary. He could remember the occasion of its invention, but as at least one person, a correspondent to the Observer in 1938, claimed there was a pre-existing fairy story called The Hobbit, Tolkien could not exclude the possibility that he also had read this story long before and buried childhood memories had suddenly risen to the surface and influenced his choice of name. He had tried without success to find the story. Tolkien goes on to say " I used

(before 1900) to be read from an ' old collection' - tattered and without cover or title-page - of which I can now remember was that (I think) it was by Bulwer Lytton, and contained one story I was then very fond of called 'Puss Cat Mew'- - - I wonder if you, the most learned of living scholars in this region, can say anything. Esp. for my own satisfaction about Puss Cat Mew - I do not suppose you have found a name precisely hobbit or you would have mentioned it. Oh what a tangled web they weave who try a new word to conceive!"

A note (P. 453) records that Green informed Tolkien that the author was E.H. Knatchbull-Hugessen and the book was Stories for my Children. It was published by Macmillan & Co. in 1869 and reprinted by them in 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, and 1876 and by Routledge in 1884 and 1904 so it was a popular book of its time. Except for short reference by Humphrey Carpenter and Mari Pritchard in The Oxford Companion to Children's Literature no consideration seems to have been given by any Tolkien scholar to this childhood favourite. On seeing the reference in Letters I was interested, but rather than taking the easy way of looking at it in the British Library, I preferred to wait until I found a copy for myself which I did in the autumn of 1985. When I opened the parcel containing it I glanced at the book quickly, and the second plate made me gasp and realise that here was an important influence on Tolkien in his early formative years. I am not suggesting that he consciously adapted motifs from this book but that they remained in his subconscious. Of course some of the motifs occur in very similar form in other fairy tales and are part of the 'soup'



referred to in *On Fairy Stories*, but this is one source Tolkien definitely knew and it was perhaps the first occasion on which he encountered them. The fact that he remembered so much about the book and the title *Puss Cat Mew* is itself a tribute to the impression it made on him, though he undoubtedly read many similar things for he says in *On Fairy Stories*: "I have been a lover of fairy stories since I learned to read". (Allen & Unwin, reset *Tree and Leaf*, 1975, P.9). I wonder how many readers of this article can remember much about their earliest acquaintance with fairy-stories. Tolkien said the stories were read to him, so the reader was almost certainly his mother, Mabel, and if he is correct in placing the reading before 1900, that means before his eighth birthday in January 1900, and before he went to school in September 1900.

The first story in the book is indeed *Puss Cat Mew* and purports to explain the meaning of the nursery rhyme *Puss-Cat Mew* which, the author says, every child knows. I must confess I had never heard it before, but on consulting several books of nursery rhymes I found that it was always included though the actual wording varied a little. For those as ignorant as myself, I give it here in full:

*Puss-cat Mew jumped over a coal;
In her best petticoat burnt a great hole;
Puss-cat Mew shan't have any milk
'Till her best petticoat's mended with silk."*

One might note that in some of his poetry Tolkien also tried to expand and explain other nursery rhymes such as *Hey Diddle Diddle* and *The Man in the Moon*. *Puss-cat Mew* tells of Joe Brown, a miller's son who travelled in search of adventures and chose to ignore a warning not to enter a wood where ogres and fairies dwelt. Soon after entering the wood he comes to a clearing and on the far side sees "an old dead Oak, with two great branches, with scarce a leaf upon them, spreading out right and left. Almost as soon as he noticed the tree, he perceived, to his intense surprise, that it was visibly agitated, and trembled all over. Gradually, as he stood stock-still with amazement, this trembling rapidly increased, the bark of the tree appeared to become the skin of a living body, the two dead limbs became the gigantic arms of a man, a head popped up from the trunk, and an enormous Ogre stood before the astonished traveller." (*Stories for my Children*, P.4). The ogre, unlike Treebeard was evil, but I think the illustration which accompanies this scene is the best depiction of an Ent that I have seen and Joe Brown would not do too badly for a Hobbit.

In about 1903 Tolkien read *Macbeth* at school and in later years he especially remembered "the bitter disappointment and disgust from schooldays with the shabby use made in Shakespeare of the coming of Great Birnam Wood to High Dunsinane hill: I longed to devise a setting by which the trees might really march to war." (Carpenter's *Biography*, P.27-8). The illustration in this book may well have contributed to his expectation of something more dramatic. Joe is saved from the Ogre by a Tortoiseshell Cat, Puss-cat Mew, who changes him into a Hawthorn-tree at which the Ogre says: "Spiflicate those fairies!" (P.6),

a phrase which seems to me to be echoed in Bilbo's "Confusticate and bebotho these Dwarves!" in *The Hobbit*, (P.19).

Joe is later captured by the Ogres but escapes with the help of Puss-cat Mew who also aids him in leaving the perilous forest, whereupon she turns into a beautiful girl, the daughter of the Queen of the Fairies. she becomes Joe's wife but certain conditions must be fulfilled if she is to remain with him - for three years she must drink a bason of milk daily and every year on her wedding anniversary she must wear her best embroidered petticoat, and if during the time she is wearing it the petticoat should in any way be damaged, Puss-cat Mew will be lost to Joe until it is mended which can only be done by the Fairies in the perilous forest. As might be expected in a fairy-story, despite every care the petticoat gets damaged: a coal rolls from the fire and threatens to set the dress of Joe's mother alight and Puss-cat Mew's petticoat is burnt as she jumps over the coal to rescue Joe's mother.



Joe Brown and the Ogre.

P. 5

Puss-cat Mew is changed back into a cat and disappears, and indeed is the prisoner of the Ogres and must marry the chief of them, if he succeeds in catching Joe. Joe goes back to the wood and gives the petticoat to the Fairies to be mended and while this is being done he sets out to rescue his wife. He is met by a Fox who gives him several gifts to aid him in his quest: one is a dagger which even the tough hide of an Ogre cannot turn aside - which foreshadows various elven and dwarf-made blades in Tolkien's works; but more interesting is a left hand glove which when worn makes its bearer invisible. He is soon able to test this last gift, for it is not long before he meets two of the Ogres and one of their Dwarf servants. While invisible he is able to start a quarrel and violent fight

among them with blows and taunts which the recipients think come from one of their companions – rather in the way Gandalf foments dispute among the Trolls in *The Hobbit* – with the result that they injure each other so badly that Joe is able to kill all three. He uses the glove to enter the Ogres' castle unseen, and when he hears the two remaining Dwarf servants say they are going to make their daily visit to taunt Puss-cat Mew, he follows them and discovers her prison. In a similar way in *The Hobbit* the invisible Bilbo hears the guards talking and learns that Thorin is a prisoner in the Elvenking's palace as well as the twelve other Dwarves. Then with very Orc-like behaviour one dwarf kills the other, as he wants all the human heads which are the Dwarves' share of the Ogres' victims and Joe is able to deal with the one remaining Dwarf. Using his glove and knife he incapacitates most of the other Ogres though at one point he is in great danger, because when wearing the glove "as ill luck would have it, a nail in the doorpost caught his glove, which fell from his hand, and as he rushed from the yard the Ogre saw him" (P.60); the 'accident' foreshadows the tricky behaviour of the One Ring which tended to slip from the wearer's finger in moments of crisis – for example, from Isildur, leading to him being killed by Orcs. When the last Ogre is destroyed, and the Fairies have mended the petticoat, Puss-cat Mew is restored to her human shape and this time the conditions are fulfilled and she stays with Joe.

Puss-cat Mew is undoubtedly the best story in the book and agrees with Tolkien's statement in *On Fairy Stories* that "most good 'fairy-stories are about the adventures of men in the Perilous Realm or upon its shadowy marches" (*Tree and Leaf*, P.14) rather than about Fairies themselves. Many of the other stories in this book are more beast fables or cautionary tales than fairy stories; all of them tend to have a moral tone; for instance in *Puss-cat Mew* it is the children who have not learned their collect on Sunday who are captured by the Ogres; they also emphasise that one should be contented and accept one's position in life and remember that there are always people who are worse off. There is also a considerable amount of violence such as a detailed account of a fight between a robin and a sparrow. As in *The Hobbit* The narrator makes his presence felt occasionally with comments in the first person, such as when the Ogres had just ordered Joe to be killed "Joe heard (this) with very disagreeable feelings; for no one likes the prospect of being killed like a pig, and afterwards eaten by an Ogre; though it must be allowed that if the former fate happened to any of us, the latter would cause us little pain or trouble" (P.14); also when Puss-cat Mew first changes into a girl he says "I cannot attempt to describe her; but let everybody that reads this story think who is the prettiest person he or she has ever seen and Puss-cat Mew was just like her" (P.37).

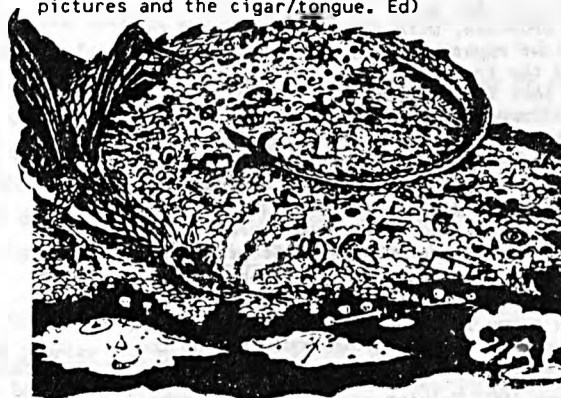
Another story *Ernest*, also has some Tolkien connections. A boy called Ernest goes down a well to recover his ball and meets an enormous Toad who is smoking a large cigar – this is also depicted in an illustration (see Plate). Note again the rather Hobbit-like figure. The encounter in some respects suggests Bilbo's meeting with Gollum who on more than one occasion has been



Ernest and the Toad.

P.14

depicted as rather frog-like. In character however, the Toad is much more like Smaug. He calls Ernest a presumptuous fool for daring to come down the well. Ernest "replied with the lowest bow which circumstances enabled him to make – 'Presumptuous, sir, I may possibly be, but it can hardly be the act of a fool which has brought me into the presence of so noble and handsome a Toad as yourself.' 'Not so bad', replied the Toad; 'I see you have been taught manners.'" (P.74). Interestingly in Tolkien's own illustration 'Conversation with Smaug', (Plate 3), the invisible Bilbo is also bowing down deeply to Smaug, who cannot see him and there is no mention of a bow in the text. (Notice also the smoke in both pictures and the cigar/tongue. Ed)



Detail from *Conversation with Smaug.*

Bilbo similarly flatters Smaug. "No thank you, O Smaug the Tremendous!" he replied. "I did not come for presents. I only wished to have a look at you and see if you were really as great as tales say. I did not believe them... Truly songs and tales fall utterly short of the reality, O Smaug the Chiefest and Greatest of Calamities'." In his

reply Smaug also comments on Bilbo's manners: " 'You have nice manners for a thief and a liar' " (*The Hobbit*, Allen & Unwin HB. P.190). Later in the story Ernest meets the Man in the Moon who tells him: "I am the Man in the Moon, and of course I have come down before my time; and as to asking my way to Norwich, it is quite useless, for I find the people there are frightened at my very name just now" (P.86). The original nursery rhyme makes no mention of how the people received the Man in the Moon: -

*The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon,
and asked his way to Norwich.
He went by the South
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold plum porridge.*

In Tolkien's retelling of the story, first printed in *A Northern Venture*, 1923 and later in *The Adventures of Tom Bombadil*, the people are not frightened by the Man in the Moon but they treat him with disdain or ignore him.

In *Katie's Adventure* the young heroine becomes Queen of the Horses and is waited upon by servants who have horses' heads "but were otherwise like human beings, all but the hoofs" (P.161). These seem part way to the ponies who were servants in Beorn's Hall. In *The Brown Fairy* a little girl, Eva is taken by the Brown Fairy into her palace in a series of caves; one cave was paved in rubies and emeralds, the sides and domes were studded with pearls and it was lit by fireflies singly and hanging in clusters - "and right through the middle the stream rippled on, murmuring gently in the stillness" (P.195). Another cave was formed entirely of diamonds. These perhaps contributed a little to the caves of Menegroth and the visions of Khazâd-Dûm in its days of glory, but perhaps more to the Glittering Caves of Aglarond, in Helm's Deep, described so vividly by Gimli, who talks of gems and crystals and veins of precious ore glinting in their polished walls, and the dropping of the water in the still pool.

Who was this writer whose work Tolkien remembered over seventy years after hearing it? Edward Knatchbull was born in 1829 and through his mother he was a great-nephew of Jane Austen. His father died in 1849 and in accordance with his will Edward took the additional surname of his paternal grandmother, who had been an heiress, and became Edward Knatchbull-Hugessen. After spending some years at Oxford, at the age of 28 he became a Liberal Member of Parliament and for most of the period 1859-1874 he held various offices under first Palmerston and then Gladstone. In 1880 he was made Baron Brabourne of Brabourne in the county of Kent, but soon after entering the House of Lords he changed parties. He died in 1893. Between 1869 and 1894 he published fourteen books of stories for children, the last posthumously, (another involuntary similarity to Tolkien); some of his books were illustrated by quite well known artists such as Richard Doyle and Gustave Doré. *Stories for my Children* was his first book and was, like *The Hobbit*, written for his own children. It is dedicated to the four children of his first marriage, Edward, Kate, Eva and Cecil - he used their names in some of the stories. He says in his Preface: "Most of the stories were originally told to my children in the pleasant half-hour before the

arrival of their bedtime and the sound of the dressing bell interrupted our evening talk" (P.vii). A somewhat different class of household than that of Tolkien but the atmosphere must have been very similar for Christopher Tolkien, in his letter to Father Christmas in 1937 said about *The Hobbit*: "Daddy wrote it ages ago, and read to John, Michael and me in our Winter 'Reads' after tea in the evening." (Carpenter - Biography P.177).

I have had little success in discovering the illustrators responsible for the two plates relevant to Tolkien. No illustrator is credited in the book itself and Macmillan & Co. have no information in their records. There is no correspondence between Knatchbull-Hugessen and his publisher in the family records which are on loan to the Kent Record Office. Some of the other illustrations in the book are signed and the appearance of two names suggests that several illustrators were involved, which was not uncommon at the time; the signed or monographed illustrations are by J.Jellicoe and A.J.Elwes. The plate of Ernest and the Toad has no identification at all; that of Joe and the Ogre is signed only by the engraver, "J.Cooper sc.". This was James Davis Cooper, 1823-1904, a wood engraver, responsible for several important works in the nineteenth century. Artists whose work he engraved included Charles Keene and Randolph Caldecott. I have examined several books with illustrations engraved by James Cooper and noted that even in books where he is said to have been responsible for the engraving or to have directed the whole, he only signs a few plates. He may therefore have engraved all the plates in this book.



One very transitory influence from this and most other contemporary fairy tale books was the diminutive size of the fairies. I can imagine that in later years Tolkien would have castigated such description of fairies as the following: "a myriad of Fairy forms like those children see in the Christmas pantomime, only smaller and prettier" (P.23); the Forest Fairy was "about seven inches high, of perfect face and form, with a queenly look about her" (P.114), and she drove about the forest in a little wicker carriage drawn by six squirrels or rode on the back of a squirrel or rabbit; the Brown Fairy was "a little lady smaller than the smallest baby that ever was born, but evidently

full grown. She was standing... with her hand upon the neck of a milk-white rabbit from which she had apparently just alighted" (P.189).

Yet it is just this tradition which appeared in Tolkien's first work, the poem *Goblin Feet*, (*Oxford Poetry* 1915). In *The Book of Lost Tales Part One* (P.262) Christopher Tolkien explained that in the earliest entry in that work 'gnome' is an emendation of 'goblin' so it would appear that the beings referred to in this poem are the predecessors not of the Orcs but of the Noldor.

Although there is no direct mention of the Goblins' size it is implied by "the tiny horns of enchanted leprechauns", "the little tinkly sounds", "noiseless little robes" and "happy little feet". Humphrey Carpenter says in the Biography that Tolkien wrote it to please his wife Edith, who said that she liked "spring and flowers and trees, and little elfin people" (P.74). Carpenter also implies that its acceptance by Blackwell for *Oxford Poetry* led Tolkien to hope to get some income for his poetry and was thus one of the factors which encouraged him to marry Edith in 1916. It was quite successful in its time and appeared in several anthologies the first being five years later in 1920 when it was included in *The Book of Oxford Poetry*, edited by Dora Owen and published by Longmans. This is a beautiful luxury volume with 16 coloured plates by Warwick Goble and cost 21 shillings when published. It is a fine anthology beginning with the ballads of *Thomas the Rhymer* and *Tamlane* - and one might note in passing that in these early works there is no suggestion of the inhabitants of Faery being of diminutive size; among the authors whose works are included in the anthology are Shakespeare, Marvell, Milton, Keats, Scott, Tennyson, Yeats and de la Mare. Tolkien was in distinguished company and *Goblin Feet* must have made quite an impression to be included in such a prestige book. At the time Tolkien was

probably pleased and flattered.

The Anthology is of particular interest because one of the plates illustrates *Goblin feet*. According to Humphrey Carpenter, Tolkien began illustrating his own poems as an undergraduate but none of the illustrations have yet been published. *The Book of Fairy Poetry* was published in October 1920 and this is probably the first published illustration of a work by Tolkien. It does not follow Tolkien's poem too closely: it does show the "swinging lamps in little starlit globes" and the creature in the foreground could be a "beetle-thing" or less likely

a "golden honey-fly", and there is certainly an attempt to suggest "dancing goblin feet" but I cannot see any musical horns and Tolkien made no mention of his goblins having animal heads. (I suspect that in this Gable was influenced by Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market* - also in the anthology - where animal-headed goblins occur). It is true that one of the heads is that of a "coney-rabbit", which is mentioned in *Goblin Feet*. It is possible that the rabbits used as steeds by the fairies in *Stories for My Children* brought them into *Goblin feet* where their inclusion is surprising but would make more sense if one assumed that some of the Goblins rode on them.

As late as 1971 there was a request for *Goblin Feet* to appear in an anthology and on this occasion Tolkien wrote: "I wish the unhappy little thing, representing all that I came (so soon after) to fervently dislike could be buried forever." (*The Book of Lost Tales, Part One, P.32*).

goblin feet



I AM off down the road
Where the fairy lanterns glowed
And the little pretty flittermice are flying:
A slender band of grey
It runs creepily away
And the hedges and the grasses are a-sighing.
The air is full of wings,
And of blundering beetle-things
That warn you with their whirring and their humming.
O! I hear the tiny horns
Of enchanted leprechauns
And the padding feet of many gnomes a-coming!

O! the lights: O! the gleams: O! the little tinkly sounds:
O! the rustle of their noiseless little robes:
O! the echo of their feet—of their little happy feet:
O! their swinging lamps in little starlit globes.

I must follow in their train
Down the crooked fairy lane
Where the coney-rabbits long ago have gone,
And where silverly they sing
in a moving moonlit ring
All a-twinkle with the jewels they have on.
They are fading round the turn
Where the glow-worms palely burn
And the echo of their padding feet is dying!
O! it's knocking at my heart—
Let me go! O! let me start!
For the little magic hours are all a-flying.

O! the warmth! O! the hum! O! the colours in the dark!
O! the gauzy wings of golden honey-flies!
O! the music of their feet—of their dancing goblin feet!
O! the magic! O! the sorrow when it dies.

J.R.R. tolkien

We can trace some of the changes in Tolkien's conception of Fairies/Elves in the early versions of his Mythology which are now appearing, edited by Christopher Tolkien as "*The History of Middle-earth*". If he felt like that about *Goblin Feet* he may well have been horrified to know that these early versions would be published, but I certainly do not regret their publication for we are given a fascinating insight into the evolution of his Mythology, and



one strand of this is the way he moved from the traditional view of fairies to something quite different.

In *The Book of Lost Tales Part One*, the Cottage of Lost Play (written c.1916-17) is described as a tiny dwelling. "There dwelt within, 'twas said, Lindo and Vairë who had built it many years ago, and with them were no few of their folk and friends and children. And at this he wondered more than before, seeing the size of the cottage; but he that opened to him, perceiving his mind, said: 'Small is the dwelling, but smaller still are they that dwell here - for all who enter must be very small indeed, or of their own good wish become as very little folk even as they stand upon the threshold'." (P.14). In *Gilfanon's Tale* when the Elf Nuin sees in the Vale of Sleep the forms of Men who had not yet awakened to live in the Great Lands "all who slumbered there were children, yet was their stature that of the greatest of the Elves" (Part I, P.233). This suggests that adult Men would be at least twice the size of fully grown Elves but almost immediately Tolkien begins to change this, for the above quotation from *Gilfanon's Tale* is followed by a note: "Men were almost of a stature at first with the Elves, the Fairies being far greater and Men smaller than now. As the power of Men has grown the Fairies have dwindled and Men waxed somewhat" (P.235). In the later parts of *The Book of Lost Tales* the Elves were conceived to be of slighter build and stature than Men but not greatly so. It was because Túrin "was a Man and of greater stature than they" that Beleg and Flinding were unable to carry him further and cut his bonds while he was still unconscious and thus occurred Beleg's tragic death; (Part II, P.80). The same is true in *The Lays of Beleriand*, (P.44) where the carrying of Túrin is called a doughty deed for though Men of that time were not as mighty as they became later and the Elves had not yet diminished, yet still the Elves were not taller than Men so "Like a log they lifted his limbs, and and straining staggered with stealth and fear, with bodies bending and bones aching". Another reference of interest is found in *The Book of Lost Tales Part Two* (P.281): "After the departure of Eñrendel and the coming of the elves to Tol Eressëa great ages elapse: Men spread and thrive, and the Elves of the Great Lands fade. As Men's stature grows theirs diminishes. Men and Elves were formerly of a size, though Men always larger". He goes on to provide a link between his view of Elves as of almost the same stature as Men and the traditional diminutive view. "After the Battle of Rds the Elves faded with sorrow. They cannot live in air breathed by a number of Men equal to their own or greater; and ever as Men wax and grow more powerful and numerous so the fairies fade and grow small and tenuous, filmy and transparent, but Men larger and more dense and gross. At last Men, or almost all, can no longer see the Fairies." (P.283). This is more or less the relationship of Men and Fairies which occurs in traditional fairy tales and in newly created stories such as those by Knatchbull-Hugessen. Tolkien makes his very point himself: "So fade the Elves and it shall come to be... as Men wax... ever shall they fade more and grow less; and those of the after days shall scoff, saying Who are the fairies?... And some few shall answer: Memories faded dim, a wraith of vanishing loveliness, a rustle of the grass, a glint of dew, some subtle intonation of the wind; and others yet fewer

shall say....'Very small and delicate are the fairies now... Hark O my brothers, they shall say, the little trumpets blow; we hear a sound of instruments unimagined small. Like strands of wind, like mystic half-transparentcies, Gilfanon Lord of Tavrobel rides out tonight amid his folk and hunts the elfin deer beneath the paling sky. A music of forgotten feet, a gleam of leaves, a sudden bending of the grass, and wistful voices murmuring on the bridge and they are gone." (Part II, P.288-89). This is where *Goblin Feet* fits into Tolkien's mythology.

However this did not remain Tolkien's view. Christopher Tolkien says: "Ultimately, of course, the Elves shed all associations and qualities that would be now commonly considered 'fairylike', and those who remained in the Great Lands in Ages of the world at this time unconceived were to grow greatly in stature and in power; there was nothing filmy or transparent about the heroic or majestic Eldar of the Third Age of Middle-earth." (Part II, P.327). J.R.R. Tolkien himself in *On Fairy Stories* acknowledged that the idea of the diminutive size of fairies was a leading one in modern use and says: "Of old there were indeed some inhabitants of Faërie that were small (though hardly diminutive), but smallness was not characteristic of that people as a whole. The diminutive being, elf of fairy is (I guess) in England largely a sophisticated product of literary fancy". Even in *The Lord of the Rings* there are some echoes of the earlier view. Galadriel says to Frodo: "Yet if you succeed, then our power is diminished and Lothlórien will fade, and the tides of Time will sweep it away. We must depart into the West, or dwindle to rustic folk of dell and cave, slowly to forget and be forgotten" (F.o.R. A & U HB. P.380). In his latest writings on Middle-earth Tolkien had no doubt about the stature of the Eldar. "The Eldar of the Elder Days were also very tall. Galadriel 'the tallest of all the women of the Eldar of whom tales tell', was said to be man-high, but it is noted 'according to the measure of the Dúnedain and the men of old', indicating a height of about six feet four inches" (*Unfinished Tales*, P.286).

Tolkien was not unique in his time in portraying Fairies or Elves of a stature comparable to Men. They appear so in Lord Dunsany's *The King of Elfland's daughter*, 1924, and in Rutland-Boughton's opera *This Immortal Hour* but he was undoubtedly greatly responsible for the change in the general view of "faerie" in the second half of the Twentieth century. There are still many works in which Fairies/Elves are dainty and diminutive though these are mainly written for children. Indeed, in the past, the diminution in the size of the Fairies may have been a result of the banishment of fairy tales to the nursery; children would feel more at ease with beings in size closer to themselves. It is interesting that having increased the stature of his Elves, Tolkien invented the half-size Hobbits when he came to devise a story for his children. But side by side with the more traditional diminutive view a new one has grown up, mainly influenced by Tolkien's works, in which the inhabitants of 'faerie' have become beings of power, dignity and stature; such works are usually aimed at an adolescent or adult audience. Tolkien has added new ingredients to the 'soup' of which he speaks in *On Fairy Stories* and greatly increased the number of those who are nourished by it; the Fairy Tale

Tradition has been altered and enriched by him and is no longer mainly confined to the nursery audiences.

Acknowledgments

I would like to express my thanks to the present Lord Brabourne and his wife, Lady Mountbatten, for the interest they showed in my research and their careful scanning of their own copy of *Stories for My Children*; to Nita Rigden who provided me with a biography of Edward Knatchbull-Hugessen and helped me with advice; to Nigel Yates, Kent County Archivist, who checked the Brabourne papers to see if there was any correspondence with Macmillan & Co.; to Macmillan & Co. who checked their records, and finding no reference to the illustrations agreed that they were probably out of copyright, but in any case gave permission for their reproduction.

The Editor wishes to give special thanks to the Executors' of the late J.R.R. Tolkien for allowing Mallorn to re-publish the poem "*Goblin Feet*" within its pages without a fee, and Mr. Rayner Unwin for allowing us to reprint a detail from the drawing "*Conversation with Smaug*", published in 1937 in "*The Hobbit*". All quotations from the works of J.R.R. Tolkien are reproduced with the permission of their publishers, George Allen & Unwin.



I hope you have noticed the address on top of the editorial page. This where you've got to send all your comments on Mallorn, reports, articles, artwork, etc... If your comments are found interesting or relevant they might be quoted in this column, depending on the available space at the time. Quotes taken from your letters will be subjected to the same Copyright as any other material. For further information on this see bottom of page 2. Some send article-length letters of comment and unfortunately there is not enough space for printing these here. However let them be reassured, they will probably find their way in the article section of the Journal.

Please do not forget to read the guidelines on p.2 before sending your letter, for unless I know otherwise, any spelling mistake may find its way herein, and as you may have noticed, my typing mistakes do not need company: they are

numerous enough! To print you I have to be able to read you first.

First of all a letter from Margaret Askew, following her article on the G.W.R., and Andrew Turner's letter in Mallorn 22:

I have found out that 'Evening Star' has been preserved and is in steam transfer of her now adorns my typewriter at work.

Since writing the article I have come across much more 'evidence' of Tolkien's using the G.W.R. as source material, naturally! I was glad to find that the rail-buffs found the article OK on the railways side.

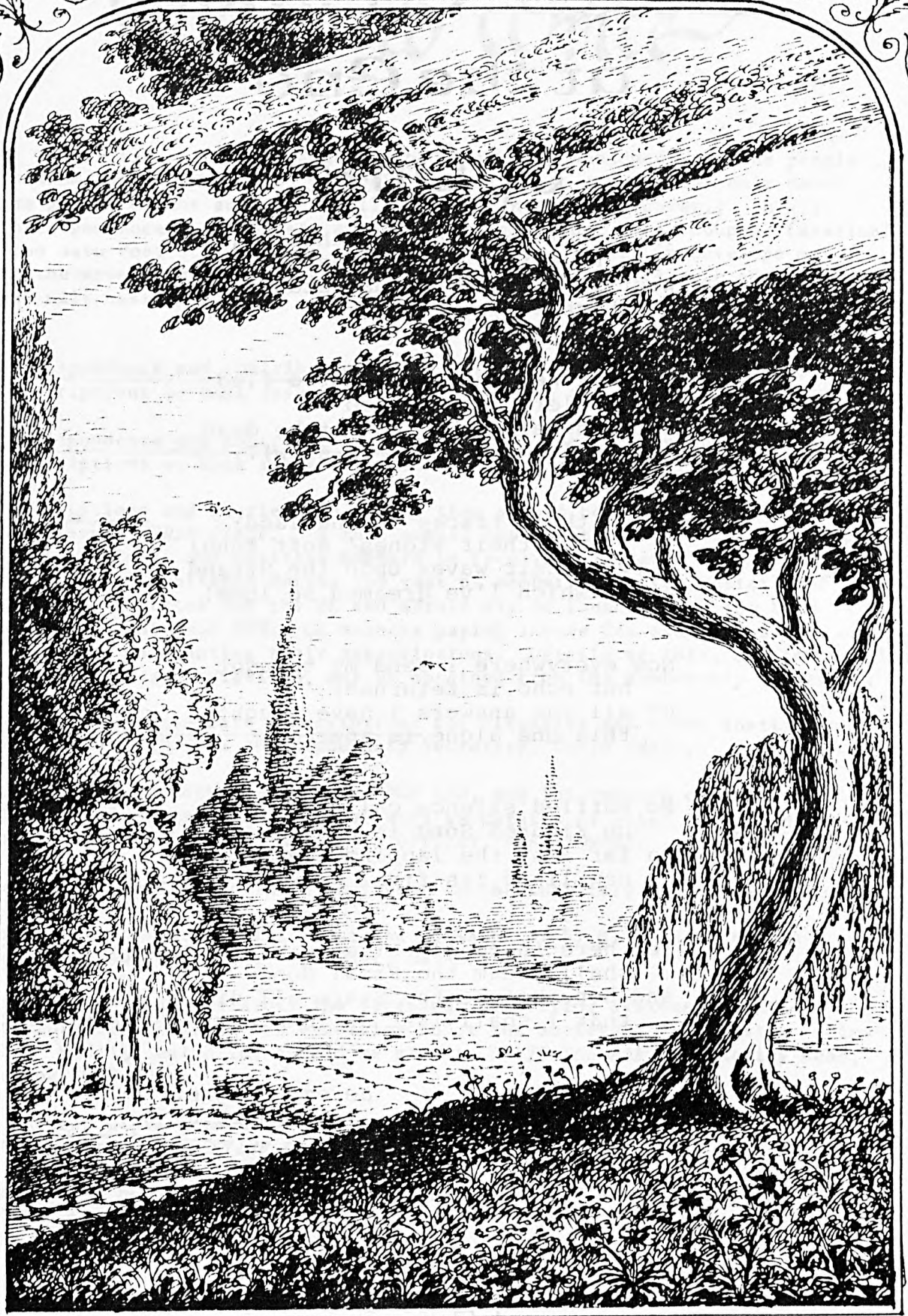
Next comes a letter from Alex Lewis:

I enjoyed Charles' review very much. It was well written and considered much that was necessary in that difficult book.

However, I would disagree with one point that Charles made when he said that the book is... of more use to the curious... than as something that stands in isolation. Where would you place the unique descriptions of the armed forces of Gondolin, and the gloriously real battle scene, the sense of impending doom, unstoppable because the King had done nothing about the real crisis looming (much as politicians nowadays, one could add!) And the anguish of the King! He cast his crown at the feet of his people. (much as Finrod did in Nargothrond, Ed.) Galdor picked it up, but the King refused it. No blow will I strike more, he said and went up his tower - very much as Denethor did in Minas Tirith - and then died as his tower was thrown by the Dragon. The panic of the folk, the evacuation through the tunnel, the treachery of Meglin. No, I think it is not a book merely for the curious. This is a book by a talented man in his late twenties, early thirties that was never completed, and just as, say, an early unfinished symphony of Beethoven would deservedly arouse great interest, so I think that the Book of Lost Tales Volume II, alongside with its predecessor, which merits several readings to really be appreciated, is a gem of a work.

I hope you find the same satisfaction with Charles' review of *The Lays of Beleriand*. Do not forget that, by the time you read this, Volume IV, *The Shape of Middle-earth* should be available in all good bookshops.





GARDENS · OF · IRMO

The Last Elf's Song at the End of Time

In vain I seek the Way that's gone -
a Road towards the Sea
past ruin'd tow'rs that stand alone -
which only I can see.

And whither have my kindred fled
who left so long ago -
(for, surely, they cannot be dead
who lingered here so slow)?

I see their traces in the land;
I hear their stones' soft song;
I feel their waves upon the Strand
of which I've dreamed so long!

Now everywhere I send my thought
but echo is returned;
Of all the answers I have sought
this one alone is spurned.

No muffled silence calls to me -
no Kindred Song is heard -
as far away the lapping Sea
now lisps its final word.

Yet here in lonely silence, I
shall dream the Final Song
and hope before the Stars all die
that I shall last as long.

Jeremy Morgan.
10.10.84

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.

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

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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, *MARTIN SMITH*.





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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