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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 JI.4.III ("The Black Gate is Closed"); QS ch. XIV ("Of Beleriand and its Realms"). If actual page references are necessary, please give full details of the edition used, as set out above.

Abbreviations of titles frequently 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.

3. Fiction and Poetry

All types of Tolkien-inspired fiction

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

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

4. Artwork

All sizes and types are welcome, from full page (A4), to half page or smaller inset illustrations, borders and ornaments. But artwork can *only* be in black & white; shades of grey will not reproduce. Shading is best indicated by dots or lines. A margin of at least $\frac{1}{2}$ " (1cm) should be left all around full-page artwork - i.e. the actual dimensions should be $7\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11" (19 x 27.5cm). Full-page and half-page artwork is best vertically orientated.

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

5. Presentation of Material

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

6. Resubmission of Material

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

7. Return of Material

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

8. Letters of Comment & "Follow-ons"

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

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

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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Contents

	<u>PAGE</u>
<i>Guidelines for Contributors</i>	2
<i>Editorial</i>	4
<i>LotR: The BBC Radio 4 Serial</i> <i>James Kearney</i>	5
<i>Poem: "Unicorn"</i>	<i>Sara Pickering</i> ... 8
<i>Book Review: "The Lost Road and Other Writings"</i>	<i>Charles Noad</i> 9
<i>Whose Ring Is It Anyway?</i>	<i>K.C. Fraser</i> 12
<i>Grima the Wormtongue: Tolkien and His Sources</i>	<i>John Rateliff</i> 15
<i>Poem: "Upon a Lost and Windswept Shore"</i>	<i>Lynne Elson</i> 18
<i>The Tolkien Formation: a Lively Example</i>	<i>J.S. Ryan</i> 20
<i>"The Survivor"</i>	<i>Kay Woollard</i> 23
<i>The Draining of Moria</i>	<i>Michael Percival</i> . 30
<i>Mallorn Mail: Letters to the Editor</i>	32
<i>Where to Write</i>	35
<i>The Tolkien Society</i>	36

Credits

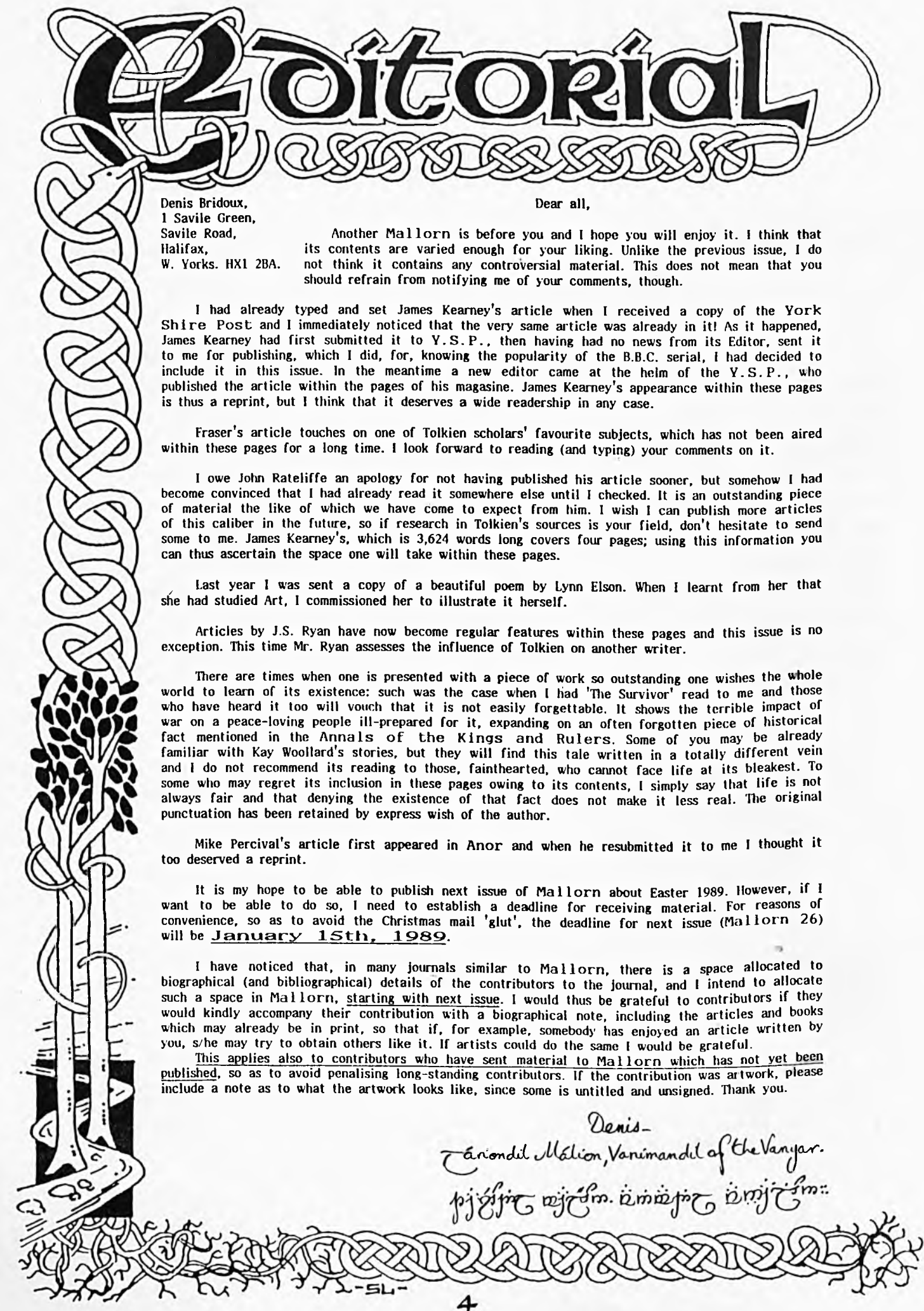
Pauline Baynes:	Cover Illustration.
Steve Lines:	All title pages save "The Survivor".
Ted Nasmith: Gandalf	p.7
Sara Pickering: Unicorn	p.8
Edward Holmes : Grima Wormtongue	p.14
Lynne Elson: "Upon a Lost and Windswept Shore",	pp.18-19
Edward Holmes: Eagle	p.22
Kay Woollard: "The Survivor"	p.23
Kay Woollard: "My Grandfather's Tinder-box"	p.29
Lee Holloway: The Nauglamir	p.34

Thanks

Once again the Editor wishes to thank warmly: Steve Lines for his titles, which are better than ever; Kay Woollard, for illustrating her story and numbering the pages; and Collerill Offices Stationers, Arches St. Halifax and their employee Trent, who never grumbled when they saw me arriving nearly at closing time, for the use of their excellent material: without all these people Mallorn would not be what it is.

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Denis Bridoux,
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Dear all,

Another Mallorn is before you and I hope you will enjoy it. I think that its contents are varied enough for your liking. Unlike the previous issue, I do not think it contains any controversial material. This does not mean that you should refrain from notifying me of your comments, though.

I had already typed and set James Kearney's article when I received a copy of the York Shire Post and I immediately noticed that the very same article was already in it! As it happened, James Kearney had first submitted it to Y.S.P., then having had no news from its Editor, sent it to me for publishing, which I did, for, knowing the popularity of the B.B.C. serial, I had decided to include it in this issue. In the meantime a new editor came at the helm of the Y.S.P., who published the article within the pages of his magazine. James Kearney's appearance within these pages is thus a reprint, but I think that it deserves a wide readership in any case.

Fraser's article touches on one of Tolkien scholars' favourite subjects, which has not been aired within these pages for a long time. I look forward to reading (and typing) your comments on it.

I owe John Ratcliffe an apology for not having published his article sooner, but somehow I had become convinced that I had already read it somewhere else until I checked. It is an outstanding piece of material the like of which we have come to expect from him. I wish I can publish more articles of this caliber in the future, so if research in Tolkien's sources is your field, don't hesitate to send some to me. James Kearney's, which is 3,624 words long covers four pages; using this information you can thus ascertain the space one will take within these pages.

Last year I was sent a copy of a beautiful poem by Lynn Elson. When I learnt from her that she had studied Art, I commissioned her to illustrate it herself.

Articles by J.S. Ryan have now become regular features within these pages and this issue is no exception. This time Mr. Ryan assesses the influence of Tolkien on another writer.

There are times when one is presented with a piece of work so outstanding one wishes the whole world to learn of its existence: such was the case when I had 'The Survivor' read to me and those who have heard it too will vouch that it is not easily forgettable. It shows the terrible impact of war on a peace-loving people ill-prepared for it, expanding on an often forgotten piece of historical fact mentioned in the Annals of the Kings and Rulers. Some of you may be already familiar with Kay Woollard's stories, but they will find this tale written in a totally different vein and I do not recommend its reading to those, fainthearted, who cannot face life at its bleakest. To some who may regret its inclusion in these pages owing to its contents, I simply say that life is not always fair and that denying the existence of that fact does not make it less real. The original punctuation has been retained by express wish of the author.

Mike Percival's article first appeared in ANOR and when he resubmitted it to me I thought it too deserved a reprint.

It is my hope to be able to publish next issue of Mallorn about Easter 1989. However, if I want to be able to do so, I need to establish a deadline for receiving material. For reasons of convenience, so as to avoid the Christmas mail 'glut', the deadline for next issue (Mallorn 26) will be January 15th, 1989.

I have noticed that, in many journals similar to Mallorn, there is a space allocated to biographical (and bibliographical) details of the contributors to the journal, and I intend to allocate such a space in Mallorn, starting with next issue. I would thus be grateful to contributors if they would kindly accompany their contribution with a biographical note, including the articles and books which may already be in print, so that if, for example, somebody has enjoyed an article written by you, s/he may try to obtain others like it. If artists could do the same I would be grateful.

This applies also to contributors who have sent material to Mallorn which has not yet been published, so as to avoid penalising long-standing contributors. If the contribution was artwork, please include a note as to what the artwork looks like, since some is untitled and unsigned. Thank you.

Denis-

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THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE B.B.C. RADIO 4 SERIAL

by

JAMES KEARNEY



The B.B.C. serial was first broadcast in the Spring of 1981, to a spate of patronising reactions in the media and in Tolkien fan circles. As the serial progressed, its true scale and achievement was more widely appreciated. This sequence of reactions resembled those originally given the book -- the whimsy of the first few chapters repelling readers then unlikely to sample the more mature imagination of the later parts. Only with a full study of the saga was its worth better understood. Nonetheless, both novel and serial have produced the most polarised reactions concerning technique and content. With its fourth broadcast in the Spring of 1987, this radio dramatisation is now regarded as one of the finest of the decade, surpassing past productions in scope and ambition. The strongest tribute from within the BBC is the serial's present release on audio cassette.

The first broadcast had a profound effect on the Tolkien Society. Radio Times published a colour feature on the serial, discussing the book and the Society. A Tolkien Society address was printed, prompting a flood of enquiries and new members, until the total membership reached an unprecedented high of around 1000, a number which has since declined. A number of subjective criticisms were printed in Amon Hen, but nothing resembling any kind of appraisal of the full serial. A one-off magazine was published, Microphones in Middle-earth, with some perceptive analyses and comments from actors and production staff, as well as some blindingly prejudiced remarks from casual listeners. Copies are now rare and highly prized.

The Administration.

Lengthy negotiations for the radio rights of The Lord of the Rings began in late 1979. This took 18 months, a longer process than usual because the rights were wrongly assumed to be owned by Saul Zaentz, the LotR Film producer's company -- instead they had rested with the publishers George Allen & Unwin all that time. According to a report in The Guardian, a budget of £50,000 (1980 prices) was set, an extremely generous figure in radio terms. Within this constraint a thirteen-hour, 26-episode serial was to be produced -- apparently half-hour episodes were easier to sell abroad. Since this was one of the longest radio serials ever to be made, the BBC took the unusual step of creating a team of two directors and two adaptors: Jane Morgan and Penny Leicester directing, Brian Sibley and Michael Bakewell dramatising. Bakewell was chosen for his past experience of saga adaptation, Sibley for his Tolkien knowledge. Between them,

they discussed how best to compress the novel into thirteen hours, fundamentally motivated by fidelity to the text and by what would be most dramatically effective on radio.

Sibley analysed the book, and produced a rough framework in the shape of a 26-page synopsis, subject to alteration. The two men then adapted thirteen episodes each, working within the guidelines specified by the synopsis. Bakewell was trusted with the complex battle scenes, and he generously made Sibley choose the episodes the latter particularly wished to tackle -- which included those episodes importantly featuring the Ents.

The Adaptation.

The adaptation is a remarkable achievement. Nearly every scene has some basis in the novel's words or spirit, a quality which relatively few book dramatisations share. Events not directly related in the novel were either taken from Unfinished Tales as in the case of the horse-borne Nazgûl galloping through Rohan, or dialogue was carefully invented from Tolkien's narrative, as with Bilbo and Frodo's early discussion of the party guests. One of the more striking additions was "Bilbo's Last Song", Tolkien's verses and Oliver's music giving greater poignancy to the parting of Frodo and Sam. The Tolkien Fundamentalists have understandably disliked such changes to the pure text, wondering why fiction outside of the book was included when so much of the original was cut. Such compromises are essential in book dramatisation, making a novel less incongruous in an acted form. The Unfinished Tales inserts added greater drama to Gandalf's plight, while the reshaping of dialogue and the use of new verse in the episode of "The Grey Havens" prevented the final parting being reduced to minutes of mere narration.

The original scripts are not identical to what you have heard in the serial, the broadcast scripts. The originals held sumptuous descriptions of lore and landscape which had to be axed to accommodate the main plot if the full script could not be contained in one 28-minute episode. Hence the neglected events, the sparse history and the poor landscaping. Sibley was content with his original results, and it was painful to see so much go by the wayside, an emotion common to all dramatists whose words are molested.

More controversial was the omission of Tom Bombadil and Gildor's meeting with the hobbits in the Shire. In fact the original synopsis left out Farmer Maggot and included Gildor, and Sibley considered Sam's meeting with Elvenkind in the novel a more satisfying event than the awkward compromise with Glorfindel's appearance. Why this change of priorities, I don't know. Bombadil was reluctantly removed, but it was considered dramatically incongruous to distract attention from the main threat of the Black Riders by using this isolated episode with the Old Forest, despite its charm. Stephen Oliver at least was grateful that he need not set Tom's verse to music after all...

Tolkien's ingenious dedication of the later books to one group of characters would never have worked on radio, so the chronological description of the plot was inevitable if those unfamiliar with Tolkien were to follow anything. The same applied to reported events, such as Gandalf's description of his imprisonment at Isengard to the Council. Despite the achievement of this written adaptation, both Sibley and Bakewell felt the need for a still longer serial, to impress the more strongly the enormous journey of the Quest and cover those events merely sketched within those 13 hours.

The production.

The directors cast all the parts, subject to the actors' availability, auditioned tapes of various composers' work before settling on Stephen Oliver and commissioned special electronic sound effects from Elizabeth Parker of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Within the budget limits, a remarkably starry cast was assembled from Britain's finer character actors. The smaller parts were largely allocated to Jane Morgan's "family" of actor friends, many of whom feature regularly in her other productions -- Michael Graham Cox (Boromir) and Jack May (Théoden) are two such siblings. Because the serial would be dominated by the

male voice, care was taken to ensure a wide variety of tone, to differentiate character and race more effectively and offset any monotony. Some of the parts were played rather physically, for all that -- all the hobbits except Samwise were played by small men. On the one hand actors with distinctive voice colour were cast, prime examples being Michael Hordern (Gandalf) and Robert Stephens (Aragorn); on the other, players renowned for their vocal virtuosity, like Peter Woodthorpe (Gollum). Strangely enough, the predominant accent was standard BBC -- no real variety of diction characterised the main roles in a land stretching over a continent's span.

The music budget accommodated the composition, three male singers, a male choir, a small string orchestra supplemented by harp and French horn, and a group comprising piano and pitched percussion. Most of the soundtrack was played by the orchestra. It was a deliberate directorial decision to avoid the customary brazen sounds of cinema epics, which would have sounded pretentious on the tranny; Oliver's reading of the text suggested a sober mood overall, a decision prompted by his first sight of "We hear of the Horns...", and his setting of it pleased him most of all the soundtrack. This unexpected view of the work is one of a number of ideas which has made this serial avoid the crass archetypes of saga dramatisation, and provided listeners with a new vision of the work.

The serial was rehearsed and recorded in Studio 6A in Broadcasting House, London, over Christmas 1980 and the New Year of 1981. 6A is one of the larger studios in the House, appropriate for the wide open spaces in LoTR, whether a massive hall in Moria or the grasslands of Rohan. Smaller acoustics were created by placing screens round the actors and modifying the microphone reverberation. The actors seldom carried out effects on the studio floor, preoccupied with reading from the script -- instead, the Spot Effects Staff splashed, jumped and hammered 'live' with the acting, a more painstaking job than might supposed. Each half-hour episode took two days to make, the first day, 10.00am - 6.00pm, to rehearse the main characters and synchronise the effects. Lesser parts were not dealt with. On the second day the episode was recorded with all parts played from 10.00am to 7.00pm, and the editing carried out in the evening.

This is an incredibly tight schedule in which to produce a finished drama, a world away from the frittering and extravagance of any film production. For this reason, pre-production discussions were all the more important, to plan to the finest detail how much time a scene could be spared, flexibly allowing for any inspired spontaneous suggestions from production staff and actors. It is also for this reason that some of the more spectacular set-pieces were not always ideally polished -- the short battle between the Fellowship and the Wargs on the way to Moria took an extravagant three hours to record in the studio, and it still sounded rough to some listeners' ears. That such radio drama maintains its high standards within such strict schedules is a tribute to the professionalism of the makers.

The Performances

The standard of acting was high within the serial, the weak performances confined to bit players uncomfortable with their strange roles. The directors emphasised that the characters be played for their 'humanity', for the lack of a better term -- "No funny voices!" they said. I appreciate that decision, a fundamental one which breathed emotion and vulnerability into characters sketched as archetypes by an author more intent on linguistic and historical flair. It has been a controversial decision, with violent reactions -- critical from one side who would have preferred the bland heroic archetypes of past saga dramas, and with qualified praise on the other, applauding the endeavours of those actors intelligent enough to exploit the mature characterisation Tolkien did to some degree provide, though you have to dig quite hard to find it.

In Ian Holm's voice, I heard Frodo the cheery hobbit suffer and mature under a heavy burden. That was as much as Tolkien had provided for him, but the character was developed still further -- in small ways, when the voice cracked and weakened after the

climbing of the stairs to Cirith Ungol, the ferocious selfish passion when Frodo snatched the Ring from Sam in prison, and the irritable outbursts on the first stage of their Mordor trek. Holm remarked afterwards that he had never received so much public acclaim for a single performance since his early days at Stratford.

William Nighy gave a Samwise initially subordinate to his Mister Frodo, and whose courage and support grew in the Quest, and the patronising Master-Servant relationship gradually dissolved into a friendship of two equals. Many of the dialogues between the two hobbits are the serial's finer moments, full of that intimacy in which radio drama can excel.

Robert Stephens provided a very human Aragorn, weary with long waiting and travel, his latent qualities as King overcoming his mistakes as leader of the Fellowship from Moria, and strongly evident in his amazing delivery of Tolkien's words at the Paths of the Dead. An understated interpretation which had provoked adulation and abuse, but it is characterised by an intelligence absent from, for example, Jack May's loud and braying Théoden.



Michael Hordern's Gandalf was thoroughly professional, an ideal example of a very compassionate, sometimes weary wizard with which you can't really complain. But still there are qualities to Gandalf which Hordern didn't try to find -- I am startled by how vicious Gandalf can be sometimes, frightening Frodo in his Rivendell sick-bed with unsuitably pessimistic forecasts, and passively goading Denethor to his suicide to smooth the path of the true King to the throne.

Peter Woodthorpe's Gollum is a vocal tour-de-force, and he has phrased many lines unforgettably. His microphone technique was brilliant and experienced; actors of the visual arts tend to "stand and deliver" for radio, but Woodthorpe pranced about the studio stage, and occasionally spoke right into the mike to produce an unbelievably menacing resonance.

Right through this production, great skill on the part of actors and directors has created frequent magic from Tolkien's dialogue, unhelpfully set as massive blocks of print. No reader, I guess, has ever brought the characters so fully to mind as effectively as these speakers.

The Music.

The music was melodious and businesslike. The writing for string textures was essentially unadventurous, but the string playing of the New Chamber Soloists was very descriptive -- string timbre could be altered to resemble the distant bray of horns at the Black Gate of Mordor, the galloping of Shadowfax, the ringing trumpets on the Field of Cormallen, and suggest the slow tread of the Ents. But considering the many British composers who wrote their most intense sounds for string orchestra (notably Benjamin Britten, Michael Tippett and Ralph Vaughan-Williams), I regret that Oliver's concentration on lightened sobriety prevented a daring exploitation of string texture. However the music for the Elves and the singing Eagle was startling and refreshing -- ingenious instrumentation and flavour, if not to all tastes. Oliver's vocal settings have been greatly praised, especially The Fall of Gil-Galad, and what is most impressive is the variety of mood that characterises each song. More dramatically effective than the setting of Tolkien's prose to music in the battle of the Pelennor Fields was the wordless male chorus roaring away in the battle of Helm's Deep, greater tension and drama from a throbbing string beat beneath.

The fault is not with the music, but its recording. Recording music is an art in itself, and BBC sound engineers prefer to balance the sound distantly and 'realistically', while some modern record companies prefer to record orchestral forces very close, so that they almost seem to be playing a few feet away. Oliver's re-scoring and augmentation of his music for LP release was ruined by insensitive engineering, which reduced the sound to an indistinct mush, and insulted still further by the sub-standard pressing quality of PRT Records. For the serial the sound was of better quality, but the music still sounded quiet and distant, especially when backing the spoken word. Dramatic effects can result from different sound balances, and I thought the effect of Oliver's more evocative writing was diminished because it was broadcast so quietly.

The other baffling quality was the placing of music in the serial. It was nearly always played as filler, separating passages of the spoken word. This effectively draws our attention solely to the music, so we can appreciate its quality. However Oliver wrote and scored many small passages which were only included in the serial. There are several moments in the book of excellent grandeur, and these pass by in the serial as a solitary voice in a studio: the first unsheathing of the Sword That Was Broken, the forging of Andúril, Galadriel's dramatic rejection of the Ring, and others. No passage of music already recorded was repeated during these events to heighten their impact. Did such repetition of music have a price that could not be afforded? And in those cases with background music, such as Théoden's energetic Call to Arms in front of Meduseld, the very forward voice and the distant music do not have the intended exalting effect.

The Sound Effects.

The serial's sound effects were strongly criticised from the start, and deservedly. Simple effects noted in the script (Théoden's "stick clattering down steps") were unperformed and some important atmospherics were neglected, such as the wind in the trees in Caras Galadon. Some of the faults can be put down to the lack of rehearsal and recording time noted above. A better representation of the arrival of the Rohirrim to Pelennor would have been possible if there had been time to create a tape of distant blaring horns. There was not, and the scene flopped, all the more disappointing because the rest of the battle was spectacularly handled. The fact that certain sounds started and stopped suddenly (the Wargs' howling, the movement of horses) seems to be a radio convention and a curious one -- justified to keep the radio sound uncluttered. Atmospheric effects there were, but they were very distant and quiet. Any film soundtrack recorded on location reveals an interesting balance between voice and background, and possibly more realistic, except that our ears filter out unnecessary sounds. Nothing resembling this was approached in the serial -- it seemed to be a quality of Jane Morgan's productions to emphasise the clarity of the voice

above all. Speakers in the serial are usually in the near or middle distance, and atmospheric effects are suppressed. This clarity of the voice was a quality I greatly appreciated in 1981, new to radio drama, but with greater experience since then I have heard the most ingenious and realistic technical presentation, and feel its relative lack in this production. Nonetheless, when things came together, some events are superb -- the trip through Moria, and the hobbits' sight of Galadriel's mirror, where acoustics and background are ingeniously manipulated; the voice of Saruman 'floating' towards the listener, and all the piled-up catastrophes at the Ring's destruction.

I have heard a justification for this forward balance. Statistically, most people listen to radio drama on cheap hissing trannies, so clarity of voice is all-important -- at least in the early 80's, for the national standard of radio reception has possibly increased in the following years. Production staff could not simply increase the volume of sound effects to compensate for the more forward balance of the voices, for the listeners to VHF stereo would be overcome by crude exaggerated noises. Hence the compromise of near voice and distant effect in some producers' work. This is a very regressive technique. No TV drama designer camera organises shots and group postures hoping it won't be too confused on a 14-inch black-and-white screen. Perhaps the overall quality of the serial would have been improved still further without these restraints hindering technical flair.

The Repeats.

The Executive decision to slice the book into half-hour wedges was a mistake, for not only was the plot changed into something like a Flash-Gordon cliff-hanger job, many of the foreign stations who bought it spliced the episodes together into hour-long ones anyway. With this in mind, the third broadcast modified the serial from 26 to 13 episodes, newly edited so there was less intercutting between travelling groups of characters. This action made more minutes available, so some out-takes were replaced, and Gerard Murphy recorded more descriptive and linking narrative in a noticeably slower and deeper voice. The replaced out-takes were usually trifling but colourful decorations to the main thrust of the plot - Treebeard's adding of Hobbits to his long list and elegant qualifications in the dialogue between Gandalf the White and Saruman. More significantly, some scenes essential to the plot were still absent from the serial, though not from the original scripts. The unknowing listener never heard any conclusion to the Battle at the Black Gate, with its climactic arrival of Eagles -- and most outrageous of all, the hobbit species was never at any point in the serial physically described!

This is the version that has been released on thirteen cassettes, on good quality chromium dioxide tape, at a reasonable price of around £32.00 by mail order. However, there are moments of distortion, and the high frequencies have been emphasised at the expense of the lower, so that the years' passing will not swiftly dull the sound. The set is nicely packaged, but with minimal documentation -- just a card with a map, cast-list and Tolkien biography. There was a series of exquisite drawings by Eric Fraser which accompanied the serial titles in Radio Times in 1981. They have not been reprinted for this release -- a great waste of resources. Incidentally, the cassette for Episode 8 is now titled The Voice of Sauron!*

The broadcast serial's revelatory achievement was to find greater depth in Tolkien's main characters, revealing more interesting personalities to

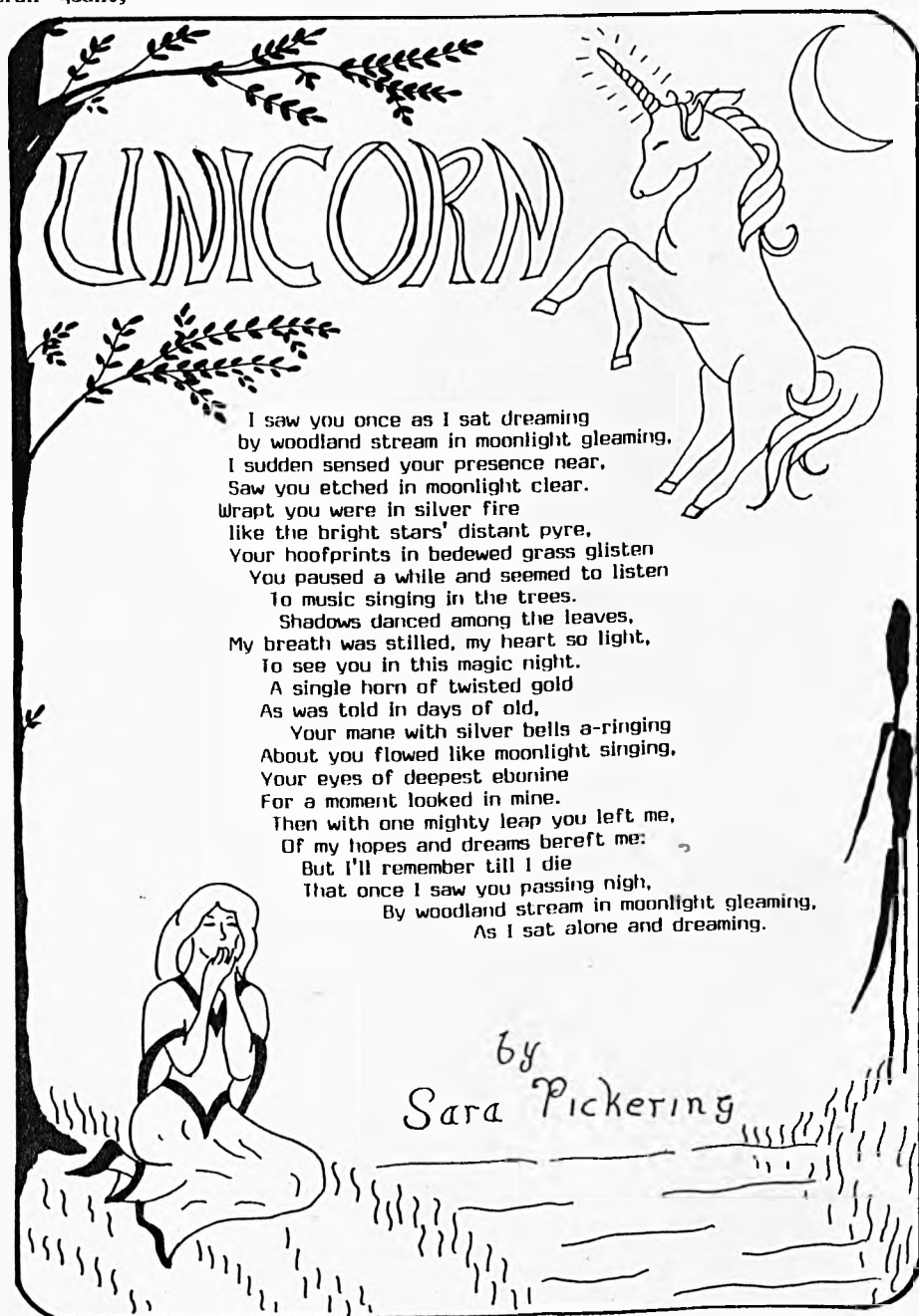
listeners initially more impressed by the novel's epic qualities than anything else. This revelation had a cost. There are events and settings in the book which have a massive grandeur that is incredibly exciting. The serial's relatively unmelodramatic approach severely diminished the impact of those moments. Listeners felt the trials and the joys of the characters, but not so much of the awesome historical perspective in which these characters were placed. The intimacy of the book was revealed, but not the grandeur. Perhaps non-visual radio makes these qualities mutually exclusive?

Sources

- a) Broadcast scripts of The Lord of the Rings.
- b) Microphones in Middle-earth, edited by Ian D. Smith. Hampshire: June 1982.
- c) Mallorn 17, "The Choices of Master Sibley", by Brian Sibley
- d) Synopsis for The Lord of the Rings, by Brian Sibley: 1980.
- e) Conversations with and letters from members of the cast and production staff.
- f) The New Tolkien Newsletter, Vol.II, N°1: "Microphones in Middle-earth", by Ian D. Smith: September 1982.

*:Editor's Footnote

I have recently been informed that the mistake had been corrected and that the original title The Voice of Saruman is now reinstated.

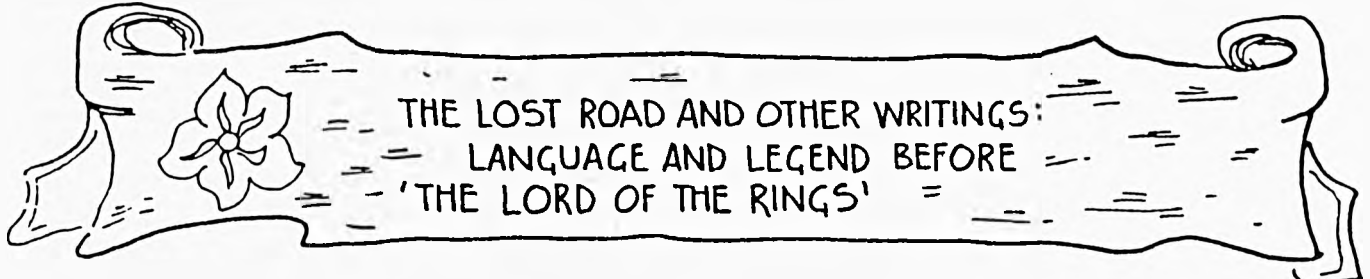


I saw you once as I sat dreaming
by woodland stream in moonlight gleaming,
I sudden sensed your presence near,
Saw you etched in moonlight clear.
Wrapt you were in silver fire
like the bright stars' distant pyre,
Your hoofprints in bedewed grass glisten
You paused a while and seemed to listen
To music singing in the trees.
Shadows danced among the leaves,
My breath was stilled, my heart so light,
To see you in this magic night.
A single horn of twisted gold
As was told in days of old,
Your mane with silver bells a-ringing
About you flowed like moonlight singing,
Your eyes of deepest ebony
For a moment looked in mine.
Then with one mighty leap you left me,
Of my hopes and dreams bereft me:
But I'll remember till I die
That once I saw you passing nigh,
By woodland stream in moonlight gleaming,
As I sat alone and dreaming.

by
Sara Pickering



BOOK REVIEW



J.R.R. Tolkien, ed. Christopher Tolkien.

Unwin Hyman, London: 1987. 455 pages. £16.95.

This latest volume of The History of Middle-earth completes the publication of Tolkien's writings concerning the Matter of Middle-earth as they stood at the time he set them aside and began the sequel to The Hobbit his publishers had asked for. The fourteen years he took to finish The Lord of the Rings curtailed any further substantive work on the mythological material, which was only taken up again in 1951; hence we come to a natural break.

Some of the material herein consists of revisions of earlier material -- the Annals, the Ainulindalë, the Quenta -- while the rest, relating to Númenor and to the languages, first emerges at this time. All these pieces are, as usual, accompanied by comprehensive notes and commentaries by Christopher Tolkien.

The first part consists of the earliest developments of the concept of the island Kingdom of Númenor. Although its roots lay in Tolkien's 'Atlantis dream' of a land drowning beneath a gigantic, onrushing wave, the incorporation of this concept into the mythology seems to have had its origins in conversations he had in 1936 (possibly) with C.S. Lewis. One day the latter said to Tolkien that, as there was too little of what they really liked in stories around, they should have to write some themselves. After tossing up to decide who was to do what, Lewis agreed to write a space-travel story, and Tolkien a time-travel one. (One cannot help but wonder what would have been written if the coin had fallen the other way up.) Lewis, 'being a man of immense power and industry', quickly produced Out of the Silent Planet (this was offered, with Tolkien's backing to Allen & Unwin, who turned it down, but it was accepted by The Bodley Head, of which Stanley Unwin also happened to be the chairman). But Tolkien's story, in which a man of modern times eventually finds himself in Númenor at the time of its drowning, quickly ran out of steam, partly because his real interest lay in Númenor itself, rather than the modern age.

Númenor seems to have been put into the story as a destination for the time-traveller Alboin Errol, to reach. So, concurrent with the formulation of the story, 'The Lost Road', the earliest story of the Númenor legend, entitled 'The Fall of Númenor', began

to take shape. This was considered from the first as a part of the main mythology, dealing with the history of Elves and Men after the casting-out of Morgoth, and with the rise of Sauron. Up to this time, post-Morgothian history seems to have been only vaguely sketched, with a period of thousands of years separating that time from our own, and with hints of Sauron's continuing presence in the world during the early part of that period. Now the tale of Númenor served to fill in with much more detail, and to give a more coherent structure to, the history of this period (although the later transition to recorded history remained ill-defined). Even in the earliest draft of 'The Fall', the main themes -- the Fathers of Men given a land to dwell in, the coming of Ithú/Sauron to that land, the moral decline of the Númenóreans, their assault on Valinor, the drowning of Númenor, the 'globing' of the world, the defeat of Ithú and his flight far away to a forest in Middle-earth, and the straight path (i.e. the 'lost road') to the West -- are all present, although the details underwent much elaboration later. What exists of 'the Lost Road' seems to place Númenor at some time before the last Ice Age, or Ages. It is not clear quite how long this meant to Tolkien, but we are presumably talking of a period of several thousands of years, apparently longer than in his earliest chronologies. And interestingly there are no other references in the Annals and the Quenta, as they stand at this time, to Númenor. It is as though Númenor ushered in an entirely new concept in post-Elder Days history.

Of especial significance is the fact that it was this concept which provided the historical background for The Lord of the Rings. This was because that book was begun not so much as a post-Morgoth tale set in the mainstream of the mythology, but as a sequel to The Hobbit. The latter work was not at first intended to be a serious extension of the main mythology, even though incorporating elements from it. Why then should its sequel, 'the new Hobbit', have anything to do with it either? Perhaps it was because Tolkien found that in writing the sequel he was being drawn further and further into the legendary material, so that what was being written under his hands was, perforce, part of

that mythology; also, he couldn't in any case have had something sizable which used the mythology but wasn't supposed to be part of it: so, at a certain point, he found that he had to make the sequel consistent both with The Hobbit and with the mythology. And that meant that The Hobbit had, retrospectively, to be considered part of the mythological scheme, and the Hobbit-sequel be made consistent with both. Insofar as Bilbo's adventures could be related to the mythology, they take place a long time after the Elder Days (e.g., the swords of Gondolin are 'very old'), and are set vaguely in the interior of Middle-earth (the map of Wilderland is virtually a mirror-image of the Beleriand map). More specifically, the world of The Hobbit could be seen as being set some time in the post-Númenórean world, a point of reference being the 'Necromancer'. The presence in The Hobbit of the Necromancer in the south of Mirkwood lies in neatly with the reference to Thû/Sauron fleeing to a dark forest: he is still there when Gandalf has to deal with him. The reference to the Necromancer was, as Tolkien later noted, scarcely more than an excuse to separate Gandalf from Bilbo and the Dwarves. But one wonders which came first: the defeat of Sauron in the earliest Númenórean references, or the reference to him in the final text of The Hobbit -- and which influenced the other?

In any case, the implied time of The Hobbit -- a long time after the Elder Days -- seemed to fit in quite nicely with the altogether independent post-Númenórean history, helping to make both it and The Hobbit a consistent whole with the mythology, and so it was the new, Númenórean chronology which came to provide the historical background for The Lord of the Rings. Indeed, in the second version of 'the Fall', we read of Sauron having rebuilt his fortress in 'Mordor the Black country' -- the earliest known reference to the name.

From the 'The Fall of Númenor', which is in the main line of the mythology, we now turn to 'The Lost Road' itself. As the development of the 'Silmarillion' material in the present History shows, the evolution of a style appropriate for his mythology, from the overwrought archaisms of the early Lost Tales of the early twenties to the more measured and effective simplicity of the present Quenta of the late thirties took Tolkien a long time. He had also succeeded with the straightforward adventure-narrative style of The Hobbit. But with 'The Lost Road', Tolkien found himself attempting for the first time to write in a modern 'novelistic' style. Whether or not he deliberately chose this style from the beginning, the content of the intended tale, at least in its early chapters, with their close-in narrative and conversational exchanges between characters, would have forced it on him. And it doesn't really work. One feels that Tolkien has wandered into unfamiliar territory, but carries on nonetheless. In a way, of course, The Lord of the Rings is partly written in a novelistic style, but that is more of a descendant of The Hobbit's adventure-narrative style than of 'The Lost Road'.

In the story, Alboin, the son of Oswin Errol, in the present time, has an interest in languages from his early youth. He has dreams he cannot quite remember afterwards but which seem connected with strange names, such as Beleriand and Amon-Ereb, which at times he finds himself saying aloud. He feels that the words somehow 'come through'. The dreams stop for a while then come back, but the words and fragmentary phrases he then gets are of a different sort, 'Beleriandic' as opposed to the earlier 'Eressëan'. But soon he himself is grown up, and a widower, with a growing son, Audoin (as Humphrey Carpenter noted, the story is 'cloying in its portrayal of the father-son relationship as Tolkien would have liked it to be'; neither father nor son is 'encumbered with a wife'), who doesn't have words 'transmitted' to him, but sees visions of battles and towers and suchlike in his dreams. Then Alboin, in a dream, receives a summons from Elendil to return with Audoin to Númenor, and the second chapter ends with accepting the summons. And that is the last we see of Alboin and Audoin as the scene shifts abruptly to Númenor itself, the two chapters about which mainly consist of conversations between Elendil and his son Herendil on the baleful influence in Númenor of the presence of Sauron.

Númenor at this stage of writing exhibits certain peculiarities: the ships of the Númenóreans (based on

Sauron's teaching of secrets of craft) can move without the wind and are unsinkable; their darts pass over leagues unerring. In the 'Fall', the post-Númenóreans devised 'ships that would sail in the air of breath.' This all sounds terribly Edgar Rice Burrough-ish, and we may be thankful that these details weren't carried over into later versions. The Númenóreans also had extended life-spans, a factor which Tolkien seems to have interpreted too literally at this time. Hence, because the Númenóreans have a very long lifespan, everything in that life takes proportionally longer: Herendil, although not yet quite come to manhood, and called a 'lad' or 'youth', is forty-eight years old here. Again, a detail dropped in later writings.

The first two chapters, set in modern times, have some autobiographical elements, such as Alboin's interest in languages. Nevertheless, it seems hard to believe that Tolkien ever formulated his own languages through having them 'transmitted' to him as they are to Alboin.

In short then, 'The Lost Road' represents a new departure for Tolkien. But he was unsure of his material and the intended novel died a natural death. In fact, he returned to the theme in 1945, in 'The Notion Club Papers', where the Inklings themselves, thinly disguised, make a showing. And the far more interesting tale of 'Aldarion and Erendis' can perhaps be considered a descendant of the Númenórean narratives.

Other fragments of 'The Lost Road' deal with isolated periods between the present time and that of Númenor. The longest of these tells of the ninth-century minstrel, AElfwine, who sings of the coming of King Sheave several centuries earlier.

Next we come to revised versions of the Annals of Valinor and of Beleriand. These are mainly a stylistic revision of the earlier Annals and do not represent any great narrative development. These Annals of Beleriand take us up to the very end of the First Age, whereas the final version of the early fifties, the Grey Annals, stop short at the end of the story of Túrin. Thus the final passages of these Annals provide some unique material 'in the Annals tradition'. Unfortunately, neither of these versions of the Annals was known at the time that The Silmarillion was prepared, so none of the material peculiar to these accounts influenced the final text of that book. In the present Annals there is a detailed chronology of the time between the coming of Eärendil to Valinor and the final end of the wars of Beleriand. We learn that some fourteen years elapsed between Eärendil's plea to the Gods to aid Elves and Men against Morgoth and the coming of the Host of the West, and that the war waged by it against Morgoth took another fifty years; Morgoth himself is even said here to have come forth for a time to fight. These details do not show up in the Quenta but, as we have seen in connection with the Númenórean material, that does not necessarily invalidate them.

The next is the Ainulindalë. This is a new version of 'The Music of the Ainur' of the Lost Tales, evidently written with the earlier work to hand. Composed to provide an account of the creation which is absent from the Quenta, this is more a revision of style than of content.

The Lhammas, the 'Account of Tongues', follows. This exists in two similar versions, as well as in a compact rendering, the Lhammasethen. These works trace the development mainly of the languages of the Elves, but cast light also on those of Men, Dwarves and Orcs, from their origins and through their variant versions, noting the time when one dialect influenced another. This is far too complex to describe here, but it may be noted that, at this time, Tolkien still considered the original language of the Valar, 'Valarin' or 'Valian', to be the ultimate root language, the ancestor of all other tongues. This is not quite consistent with later views. In a 1958 letter to Rhona Beare, Tolkien wrote that, 'Since the Valar had no language of their own, not needing one, they had no true "names", and their names were conferred on them by the Elves, being in origin therefore all, as it were, "nicknames", referring to some striking peculiarity, function, or deed.' However, seeming to contradict this, in The Road Goes Ever On, (1967) we are told that 'miruvóre' is 'a word derived from the language of the Valar'; so perhaps Tolkien never finally made up his mind on this subject.

There follows the Quenta Silmarillion, as it is now called. The descriptions of the manuscript -- 'As originally written, the Quenta Silmarillion was a beautiful and elegant manuscript.... [It] became afterwards the vehicle of massive revisions... with layer upon layer of correction and wholesale re-writing, of riders and deletions' -- sounds by now all too typical of Tolkien's manuscripts in general. Briefly put, the final revisions referred to represent the post-Lord of the Rings version of The Silmarillion. But the version given in this volume is based on the original writing on the manuscript together with what are almost certainly the early pre-Lord of the Rings amendments only. Interestingly, it is still presented as the work of Pengolod the Wise of Gondolin, as subsequently translated by Aelfwine of England. This version is based on the earlier Quenta Noldorinwa and the differences in detail need not be gone into.

Of especial interest is the chapter 'Of Beren and Tinúviel'. Up to this point, none of the manuscripts intervening between this version of the Quenta and the previous one have survived; but from hereon they have. For this particular chapter, five different manuscripts exist, and, rather than reproduce them in their entirety (which would have involved a great deal of repetition), Christopher Tolkien uses the material to discuss the construction of the corresponding chapter in the published Silmarillion. The sources of various phrases are given, not just the Quenta manuscripts, but also the Grey Annals, the final, unfinished version of the Annals of Beleriand, and the reasons for the changes and deletions are discussed.

Reading this gives the reader an inkling of the detailed editorial work that went into the preparation of The Silmarillion. The main thrust of this work was to make a narrative level with other chapters, but also with the general usages of Tolkien's final revisions, including linguistics. Also, many stylistic changes were made in order to avoid solecisms. The changes described for the chapter on Beren and Tinúviel are quite involved, but even so constitute a relatively very simple element in the construction of the final text. However, it is noteworthy that here there are noted several instances where Christopher Tolkien regrets his editorial decisions of the time. Here also he mentions Guy Kay, who helped on that work, and expresses the hope that a later work will show his particular contribution to The Silmarillion.

A significant detail is given in the tale of Eärendel: 'Now all those who have the blood of Mortal men, in whatever part, great or small, are mortal, unless other doom be granted to them,' in the words of Manwë; on which Christopher Tolkien comments that 'Dior, Thingol's Heir, son of Beren, was mortal, irrespective of the choice of his mother', according to Manwë's judgement. That Elf-Human unions produce human offspring is consistent both with the available data on Elf-Human crosses in the First Age, and with that of Imrazôr the Man and the elf-woman Mithrellas, ancestors of Imrahil of Dol Amroth in the Third Age, as described in Unfinished Tales, pp.247-248. However, the matter is quite complicated and, for a start, involves distinguishing between Men and Elves on both the physical and the metaphysical level. But the matter would take too long to go into in this review.

The last main part of the book is 'The Etymologies': this is not so much a straightforward vocabulary as an 'etymological dictionary of word-relationships.' There are the usual varying layers of alteration and amendment, and one feels that the editor had an exceptionally hard task in producing the present listing. This reviewer is no linguist, however, and shall add no further comment, other than to remark that, insofar as Tolkien's linguistics were very much at the heart of his mythological subcreation, then, in the additions and amendments to the Etymologies we shall probably come as close as ever we can to this creativity. It scarcely needs adding that the Etymologies will be of consuming interest to those who are linguists.

An Appendix deals with two pieces of writing which are not printed: genealogical tables of the Men and Elves of the First Age, and an alphabetical list of names. The former apparently belong with the earlier Annals of Beleriand, but were not published with them as they had not been discovered at the time that Volume IV of the History was completed. Only those entries in both documents which give additional details

to what is already known are presented.

These are followed by the second 'Silmarillion' map. This was also the last such map, and became much overlain with later changes and additions. Christopher Tolkien has traced the original version and presents it on four pages.

Finally, there is a comprehensive index: taking up forty pages, it occupies some 9% of the book. An index of this size is quite unusual even in a scholarly textbook. Its length and detail indicate the seriousness of the editor's approach to his material, and its usefulness in finding the most abstruse of references could not be bettered.

The complete History of Middle-earth series, whenever it reaches completion, will make an astounding record of the imaginative creativity of one man. But the first five volumes form a set in themselves: they show the development of the Matter of the Elder Days up to when it was set aside for a long period, and a whole new dimension added to the mythology.

It is difficult to add anything to what has been said in previous reviews about Christopher Tolkien's editorial work, so I shall merely rephrase it: the sheer quantity of painstaking editorial effort undertaken to produce this latest volume is sobering to contemplate, and those of us who keep up with this History must be grateful for it.

Charles E. Noad

Mythopoeia

Tree and Leaf including Mythopoeia, J.R.R. Tolkien. Unwin Hyman, London: 1988. £7.95 hardback, £3.95 paperback.

At long last the complete text of Mythopoeia sees the light of day. What a long wait this has been! Those who have read Tree and Leaf already will know that an excerpt from it was quoted in the essay On Fairy-Stories as an answer to C.S. Lewis, who had said that fairy-tale making was "breathing a lie through silver". Many Tolkien scholars were fascinated by this tantalizing glimpse into what seemed to be one of Tolkien's inmost convictions and had for many years hoped to be able to read and study its complete version. The poem was also quoted briefly by Humphrey Carpenter in his J.R.R. Tolkien: a Biography, which set it into the context of its writing. However, up to now, this was all that we knew about it. This lacuna in Tolkien Sources has now been remedied, and I cannot recommend too highly the purchase of the new edition of Tree and Leaf, with a new introduction by Christopher Tolkien, which includes the poem, even to those like me who already own a previous edition of the book.

Some 150 lines long, Mythopoeia reads, in fact, like nothing less than the 'Artist's Creed' and, together with A Secret Vice, published in Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics, form the closest approach to Tolkien's attitude towards his creative output. Mythopoeia reveals itself indeed as the justification of the writer who writes out of personal feelings and not simply out of a mercenary desire to satisfy his market. "I bow not yet before the Iron Crown, / nor cast my own small golden sceptre down." does it say near the end, and may all who read it feel the same.

"The Return of the Shadow"

the history of The Lord of the Rings, Part One. Volume VI of The History of Middle-earth, edited by Christopher Tolkien. Unwin Hyman, 1988. 497pp., £17.95.

Like the brief text above, this is not a review, but rather a quick reaction to this year's Tolkien releases.

This new volume is interesting for many reasons, but for me the foremost is that, while in The Silmarillion we never actually reach a fully completed version, with LotR we do -- that is the one we all know --, it is thus much easier to compare these early versions with the finished work. The evolution one notices between them and LotR seems, at times, as extensive as that between Lost Tales and The Silmarillion. I found the earliest version of "A long-expected Party" hilarious, particularly the end of Bilbo's speech. On a more sober note, the 'Glorfindel Controversy' is here officially laid to rest forever as it is revealed that the two Glorfindels are one and the same person. Another fascinating aspect of it is the gradual merging of The Hobbit's world into that of the Matter of the Elder Days. Nowhere else, it seems, is this shown more clearly.

I expect this book to be of greater appeal among the general public than the previous volumes, due to the popularity of LotR, and Christopher Tolkien, who was there when the original text started, and (consciously or not) influenced his father's writing at the time, has, once again, done a brilliant work. One can never praise him too highly for this study of literary pregnancy.

Denis Bridoux

WHOSE RING IS IT ANYWAY?

by K.C. FRASER



Ly **SUBJECT** is a long epic dealing with heroes, dwarves, a dragon and a broken sword, and its central feature is a magic ring which gives its wearer power over the world. Now the readers of this journal will immediately deduce that I am going to speak of Tolkien's Lord of the Rings: but if I were writing for musical readers they would certainly suppose that I had in mind The Ring of the Nibelung by Wagner. Are the similarities between the two just coincidences, or did the opera really influence the book?

Although the parallel with Wagner was so obvious that it was first remarked on by Rayner Unwin, the first person outside Tolkien's immediate circle to read The Lord of the Rings,¹ Tolkien in later life had trenchant views on it. Commenting on a Swedish critic who had brought the point up, he wrote: "Both rings were round, and there the resemblance ceases."² But I do not think the resemblance can so easily be shrugged off.

Let us consider, as a contrast, the Finnish Kalevala, a collection of legends to which Tolkien openly acknowledged his debt. Indeed, he stated in a letter to his son that it gave him the idea for The Silmarillion.³ Not only was Finnish the most substantial influence on the Elvish languages, but the story of Túrin in the Silmarillion is closely paralleled by that of Kullervo in the Kalevala. But, if we look at LoTR, we find little Finnish influence, apart from the elvish languages which, of course, had already been invented before that book was written. As far as the plot is concerned, the only possible connection seems to be a slight similarity between Gandalf and Väinämöinen, the hero of the Kalevala, both being elderly wizards who, at one point in the story, are rescued by an eagle. So that, if we were to propose the Kalevala as a major source for LoTR, we would be wrong.

On the other hand, connections between LoTR and the Norse myths, which were already Wagner's sources, are legion. We know that Tolkien was already reading Old Norse while at school,⁴ and in his Honours course at Oxford specialised in that language.⁵ As a Professor of Anglo-Saxon he would have had a continuing interest in Norse legends and there is evidence that they also influenced his literary output, for he told W.H. Auden that, apparently in the inter-war period, he had written "an attempt to unify the lays about the Völsungs from the Elder Edda."⁶

At this point it is necessary to say a little about what the Norse myths are. Be it noted that I cannot claim any special knowledge of them, and have simply read some standard sources.



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The legends have survived because they were written down in Iceland, mostly in the 13th century. There are three main sources, the Poetic Edda, a collection of poems, some of which may have originated as early as 800 A.D.; the Prose Edda, compiled by the historian Snorri Sturluson in a deliberate effort to preserve the myths which were in danger of disappearing under the influence of Christianity; and the Volsunga Saga, which describes at greater length the story of the Volsung family, found also in the Poetic Edda. It is remarkable that those few of the characters who can be identified with historical figures are not Icelanders at all, but Central European chieftains of the 4th and 5th centuries. This fact provides a date and a place for the origins of the legends. Some of the same characters also appear in the German poem the Nibelungenlied, written about 1200: its sources must have been related to those of the Norse myths.

Now whereas the amount of influence these Norse legends had on Tolkien is controversial, (I shall return to it later), they are of course the fundamental sources of Wagner's Ring: in a letter to an admirer he listed his sources in detail⁷ and they are, in the main, those just mentioned.

It is essential to my argument to point out that Tolkien himself was acquainted with the Wagner Operas. We find him, at the age of 19, making a scathing reference to the errors of Wagner's interpretation of the Volsunga Saga.⁸ Later Tolkien's great friend C.S. Lewis was a Wagner enthusiast, and in one source it is said that Lewis took him to see one of the Ring operas.⁹

We do not have to look far to see the influence of the Norse myths in Tolkien's works. There is, for example, the well-known fact that all but one of Tolkien's Dwarf-names, not to speak of that of Gandalf, are taken from the list of Dwarves occurring in the Poetic Edda.¹⁰

The Prose Edda describes the distinction between Light-Elves and Dark-Elves that Tolkien used, (in a rather different sense), in the Silmarillion.¹¹

Tolkien himself acknowledged that he thought of Gandalf as similar in appearance to Odin,¹² who as a modern critic says "frequently wandered through the worlds in disguise, particularly in the disguise of an old man with a staff, one-eyed, grey-bearded and wearing a wide-brimmed hat."¹³ Apart from the one eye, this might be Gandalf as he appeared to Aragorn in Fangorn.¹⁴

The Volsunga Saga tells of the broken pieces of Sigmund's sword being made into one again for his son Sigurd, just as Aragorn had the pieces of the sword of his ancestor Elendil reforged for him.

In both the Poetic Edda and the Volsunga Saga a character kills his brother in order to gain the Ring, just as Smeagol killed Déagol in LoTR.¹⁵

Nearly all these parallels between Tolkien and the Norse myths can also be found in Wagner's Ring. But are there parallels between Tolkien and Wagner that do not occur in the myths? There are indeed.

Some of these are of a comparatively minor nature. For instance, at one point in the opera, the goddess Erda is addressed as Wala, (pronounced Vala and meaning, approximately, Wise Woman). Is this a source for the Valar?¹⁶

In the opera Siegfried occurs a scene in which the cowardly dwarf Mime, (compare Mim in the Silmarillion), who is planning to murder Siegfried for the sake of the Ring, imagines himself as a world ruler.¹⁷ In LoTR we find similarly the unworthy Gollum, planning to murder Frodo to obtain the Ring, imagining himself as "Gollum the Great".¹⁸

There is another parallel between Mime and Gollum, for just as in The Hobbit Gollum and Bilbo ask each other three riddles,¹⁹ the penalty for failure being death, so in Siegfried Mime engages in a similar wager with the disguised Wotan.²⁰ In both cases the evil character loses but is spared.

However there is, beside these minor points, a parallel between Wagner and Tolkien that is actually fundamental to both works: I refer to the importance of the Ring itself. To prove the point, it will be necessary to study the place of the Ring, both in the two works and in their Norse and German sources. I would have found this impossible to do, but for the work of the late Deryck Cooke, in his study of Wagner's sources entitled I Saw the World End.²¹

There are two famous rings in the Norse myths.

In the Eddas is described the ring Draupnir, which had the magical property of reproducing itself into nine other rings every nine nights; this was a valuable treasure, but by no means all powerful. Both the Eddas and the Volsunga Saga also mention a ring of similar properties, [It attracts gold to its bearer, cf. the Dwarf-rings in LoTR, Ed], possessed at first by the dwarf Andvari who, on losing it, declared that "every man who owned that ring would get his bane from it,"²² a curse that is worked out in later episodes.

A ring, not apparently with any magical powers, plays a significant part in the Nibelungenlied in which is also found the great (but not magic) Treasure of the Nibelung, which causes its possessor great trouble. The poet says that, among the treasure, lay "a tiny wand of gold, and if any had found its secret, he would have been lord of all mankind"²³ but this wand plays no part at all in the plot, since none of the characters know of its existence, and it is never mentioned again.

Very different is the status of the Ring in Wagner's operas. Here, the accursed ring is, for the first time, turned into a talisman conferring power over the world. Deryck Cooke describes it thus: "Not only shall the ring bring death to everyone who possesses it, but it shall bring unhappiness to everyone connected with it; those who do not possess it shall be consumed with envious longing for it; he who does possess it shall be so consumed with care, through fear of being killed for it, that he shall long for the death that he knows awaits him: 'the ring's master shall be the ring's slave, until it returns to the hand of its maker.'²⁴ Is this not a perfect description of the Ring in LoTR?²⁵ Cooke also notes that the source of the all-powerful talisman may be the mysterious little wand of the Nibelungenlied, but "in attaching this concept to the ring of Scandinavian sources, Wagner created a symbol entirely his own."²⁶

There is another characteristic of the Ring which may come from Wagner. In the Nibelungenlied there occurs a cloak of invisibility: Wagner, to make it easier for the stage, changed it into a helmet called the Tarnhelm. Those who have heard the operas will know that the ring and the Tarnhelm were made at the same time and consequently are frequently mentioned together. Could this be the source of the Ring's power of invisibility in Tolkien? (In fairness, there is an obscure medieval German poem in which a ring of invisibility is mentioned).²⁷

But the Ring, both in Tolkien and in Wagner, is not merely an essential part of the plot: it is, in fact, the pivot of the whole work in each case. Every critic knows that Wagner's operas are an allegory of the conflict between Power and Love, and that Power is symbolised by the ring. (In a recent production this message was emphasised by depicting the Rhine, at the point where the Ring originated, being crossed by a hydro-electric dam!) The text states this symbolism plainly in the first act of Rhinegold: "The world's inheritance he would win to himself who, from the Rhinegold, created a ring which would give him boundless power"; but: "only he who denies the power of Love... can aim at the magic that forces the gold into a ring."²⁸ And, on the other hand, we find Tolkien in 1956 writing that "of course my story is not an allegory of Atomic power, but of Power (exercised for Domination)."²⁹ As for Love, we can hardly deny that Sauron has renounced it. To reinforce the point, in each work the destruction of the Ring, in ending its power, also ends an Age of the world. This combination, he it noted, is first found in Wagner, not in its sources. Remarkably, in both works, the last event that happens to the Ring before its destruction is that an evil character, (Gollum in the book³⁰ Hagen in the opera)³¹ tries to seize it and dies in the attempt.

Thus I suggest that it is more than likely that, in spite of his denial, it is from Wagner that Tolkien obtained the central symbol of his fictional universe. The Norse myths might have provided him with an accursed ring, but only in Wagner does it confer supreme power over the world. There is one final point that may be significant. In scene 3 of Rhinegold, Alberich, who had the Ring made, describes himself as "lord of the Ring", ("des Ringes Herr")³² Is it possible that even the title of Tolkien's book came from Wagner? [LoTR is called "Der Herr der Ringe" in German. Ed.] Truly, the two rings had more in common than being round.

Notes

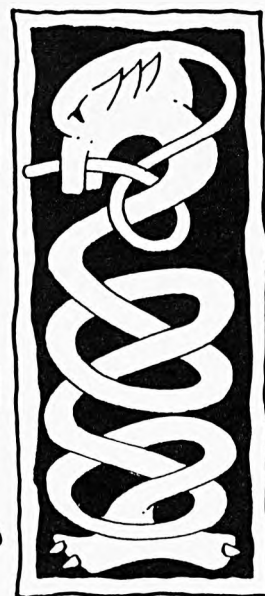
1. Humphrey Carpenter, J.R.R. Tolkien: a Biography, London, Allen & Unwin, 1977, pp.202-4.
2. J.R.R. Tolkien, Letters (ed. Humphrey Carpenter), London, Allen & Unwin, 1981, p.306.
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4. Carpenter, op.cit., p.35.
5. Tolkien, op.cit., p.12.
6. Tolkien, op.cit., p.379.
7. Deryck Cooke, I Saw the World End, London, Oxford University Press, 1979, pp.89-90.
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10. Carpenter, op.cit., p.383.
11. P.H. Mallet, Northern Antiquities, trans. by Bishop Percy, London, Henry G. Bohn, 1859, p.414.
12. Tolkien, op.cit., p.119.
13. Brian Branston, Gods of the North, London, Thames & Hudson, 1955, p.113.
14. LotR, II.3.v.
15. LotR, I.1.ii.
16. Richard Wagner, The Authentic Librettos of the Wagner Operas, New York, Crown Publishers, 1938, p.137 (Rheingold, Scene 4).
17. Wagner, op.cit., p.209 (Siegfried, Scene 1).
18. LotR, II.4.ii.
19. III, 5.
20. Wagner, op.cit., p.199 (Siegfried, Scene 1).
21. Cooke, op.cit.
22. The Saga of the Volsungs, trans. by Margaret Schlauch, New York, American-Scandinavian Foundation, 1930, p.87.
23. The Nibelungenlied, trans. by A.T. Hatto, Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1965, pp.145-9.
24. Cooke, op.cit., pp.223-4.
25. LotR, I.1.ii.
26. Cooke, op.cit., pp.137-8.
27. Cooke, op.cit., p.121.
28. Wagner, op.cit., p.104 (Rheingold, Scene 1).
29. Tolkien, op.cit., p.246.
30. LotR, III.6.iii.
31. Wagner, op.cit., p.306 (Götterdämmerung, Act 3, Scene 3).
32. Wagner, op.cit., p.124.





GRIMA THE WORMTONGUE: TOLKIEN AND HIS SOURCES

by
JOHN RATELIFF



ne of the most popular trends in Tolkien Studies in the last few years has been that of source studies. Among some of the sources suggested at various times by various critics have been Paradise Lost, "The Tale of Sir Thopas", The Worm Ouroboros, Genesis, The Wind in the Willows, The Elder Edda, The Earthly Paradise, and The Kalevala, to name a few. The main purpose of these critics in suggesting these has been to show how a particular work may have influenced Tolkien's and to trace this influence through Tolkien's Middle-earth works.

It might be noted, however, that Tolkien himself did not think much of source studies in general, feeling that most attempts to establish what his sources had been were "rather vain efforts"⁴ and also that he specifically singled out this approach to a literary work for criticism in his allegories of the tower in "Beowulf: the Monsters and the Critics" and of the soup-cauldron in "On Fairy-Stories". In the Beowulf essay, he compares the poet to a man who builds a new tower out of old stone, and source hunters to the men who knock the tower over to look for hidden inscriptions, or to determine whence the man's ancestors got the stones, or to dig for coal deposits in the ground. "But from the top of that tower the man had been able to look out upon the sea."² Similarly in the 'Origins' section of his essay "On Fairy-Stories", he says: "I feel that, it is more interesting, and also in its way more difficult, to consider what they [fairy-stories] are [than what their sources might have been]... I would say: 'We must be satisfied with the soup that is set before us, and not desire to see the bones of the ox out of which it has been boiled.'... By 'the soup', I mean the story as it is served up by its author or teller, and by 'the bones' its sources or material -- even when (by rare luck) those can be with certainty discovered. But I do not, of course, forbid criticism of the soup as soup."³

The point Tolkien is trying to make here is, I think, a valid one. As many readers will testify, it is possible to read and enjoy The Lord of the Rings without being aware that the Rohirrim speak Old English, that the 'Star over Mordor' scene (Book 6, Chapter 2) is probably modeled upon one in Charlie Chaplin's The Great Dictator, that Gondor and the city of Minas Tirith are meant to be a kind of medieval Byzantium, and so forth. We can be fairly sure that Rider Haggard's She series had a considerable influence on Tolkien⁴ -- for one thing Tolkien said so⁵ -- but knowing that Haggard's description of Kôr also fits Tolkien's Gondolin does not tell us much about Gondolin, nor does knowing that Ayesha's water-scry add much to our knowledge of Galadriel herself. What it does do is show us something about the way Tolkien used his sources

-- "with the book closed", as the saying goes. What I would like to do in this paper is not to start with a particular work and then to show all the possible ways in which it might have influenced Tolkien, but to start with a particular point in Tolkien's work -- in this case, the character of Gríma Wormtongue as he appears in *LotR*, Book III and VI -- and then to look at some of the sources which Tolkien seems to have drawn upon.

In taking a closer look at Wormtongue's character, it seems to me that three distinct elements went into its makeup, two of them external sources taken from other works and the third a marked similarity to another of Tolkien's characters in *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*. The first of these source-elements is to be found in *Beowulf*, a work which Tolkien read, taught, wrote about, and translated. Not only do the Rohirrim, or Eorlingas, speak Old English, but, as Dr. Rhona Beare pointed out in her essay on Tolkien's *Beowulf* borrowings in *LotR*, the entire chapter in which Gríma appears (*LotR*, Book III, Chapter 6, "The King of the Golden Hall") is full of echoes of *Beowulf*, in the description of Meduseld (literally, "Meadhall"), very like Hrothgar's great hall Heorot, in the prediction of its ultimate fate (like Heorot, destruction by fire -- Théoden says: "Not long shall the high Hall which Brego son of Eorl built. Fire shall devour the high seat."), in the visitor's disarming before entering the meadhall itself, in the challenges of Théoden's guards and the Danish coast watcher upon first encountering the heroes, in the guide's parting words: in *Beowulf*, "It is time for me to go back. The All-wielding Father in his grace keep you safe in your undertakings. I shall go back to the sea to keep watch against hostile host."; in Tolkien, "There are the doors before you," said the guide. "I must return now to my duty at the gate. Farewell! And may the Lord of the Mark be gracious to you!"⁷ in the proverb used by both Háma and the coast watcher, "In doubt a man of worth will trust to his own wisdom"⁸ in the descriptions of the feast that follows. And in the characters of Unferth and Gríma.

Like Unferth, Wormtongue is the old King's counsellor; like Wormtongue, Unferth taunts the visitors, who after all have come to save his people and deliver the land from its peril. Both are soundly put down by their opponent, and accused of treachery -- Unferth of betraying his kin; Gríma of betraying not only his people but the King himself. But along with these similarities, there are differences as well -- Gríma is revealed to be a spy for Saruman, seeking to destroy King Théoden and usurp his place, while Unferth is in no sense an ally of Grendel but in fact a loyal follower of Hrothgar, whatever his faults. Also Unferth repents of his rudeness and loans Beowulf his sword for the fight with Grendel's dam, while Gríma, when Théoden gives him a chance to redeem himself, hesitates and then chooses to leave the King and return to his true master, Saruman. Gríma is, in essence, a further development of Unferth as Tolkien saw him (he once referred to him as "the sinister counsellor"⁹ of King Hrothgar) -- Gandalf explicitly says of Wormtongue: "See Théoden, here is a snake! With safety you cannot take it with you, nor can you leave it behind. To slay it would be just. But it was not always as it now is. Once it was a man, and did you service in its fashion..." (*LotR*, Bk.3, Ch.6, Pt.IX, Par.17, emphasis mine). It seems to me that, in creating his own character, Tolkien adapted some elements of Unferth's personality (such as his insults to the visitor's chief), suppressing others (such as Unferth's repentance) and amplifying a select few (such as the hint of Unferth's treachery).

But this explanation of Gríma's character and its source is incomplete. There is nothing in *Beowulf* to account for Wormtongue's motives for his betrayal of King Théoden -- greed, for the King's treasure, and lust for his niece, Princess Éowyn -- not for the fact that Gríma is in fact responsible for the King's plight. It is not Unferth's fault that Grendel terrorises the Danes, nor is there anything he can do to stop it, whereas Wormtongue is directly responsible for the fact that Théoden has slipped into despair and dotage, for the death of the King's son, and for the unpreparedness of the Eorlingas when Saruman finally invades their land. While the borrowings from Unferth are there, it is not enough to say 'Wormtongue is based upon *Beowulf*'s Unferth', we must look further. And,

if we are willing to look in some unlikely places, a striking parallel soon appears -- Uriah Heep.

In Dickens' character from *David Copperfield* we find several of the elements missing in Unferth: an advisor who has wormed his way into his master's confidence and used his position to drive his master into dotage and despair -- in Mr. Wickfield's case, through blackmail and drink, in King Théoden's, through age and ill counsel. Both are usurpers: Uriah gains control over all Mr. Wickfield's affairs, while Wormtongue achieves such power that he is able to issue commands "in the King's name" and, after the death of Prince Théodred, is even able to have Éomer, the King's nephew (and heir), thrown into prison -- although universally unpopular, both are undeniably powerful. Much is made of Uriah's 'umble origins, while we are not told of Wormtongue's -- merely that he is the son of Galmód. It seems unlikely, however, that he was a member of the royal house, and if he had been a relative of the King's we surely would have been told of this important fact. In any case he would not have been a close relative, for we are told that Éomer and Éowyn are 'the last of the House of Eorl' and that Théoden's mother had not been of the Rohirrim at all but a woman of Gondor. Added to this is the matter of motive, major point unaccounted for by the Unferth parallels. Gríma and Uriah have exactly the same motives, however: both wish to gain their master's wealth and both desire their master's daughter -- in Uriah's case, Mr. Wickfield's actual daughter, Agnes; in Wormtongue's, Théoden's niece (and adopted daughter) Éowyn.¹⁰ Both fail in their plots and their downfall is equally swift after their true natures are revealed. One final point which may be significant hangs upon Tolkien's choice of a name for his character -- his villain was apparently always named Wormtongue, but Gríma son of Galmód is a later substitution for the original Frána son of Fremdā¹¹ ('Mask' son of 'wanton', for 'Asker' son of 'Unfriendly Stranger'). This is important because 'Mask' does not fit Unferth (whereas 'Asker' would), but it is a very good epithet for Uriah Heep -- who is twice described by Dickens as having a face "like a mask" -- and, of course, for Wormtongue, since his power depends upon keeping his true nature hidden behind the mask of faithful counsellor to the King.

There are undoubtedly other sources in addition to these lying behind Tolkien's character -- neither *Beowulf* nor *David Copperfield* provides us with a source for the idea that Wormtongue was merely an agent for another, greater evil, for instance -- but most of Gríma's actions can be found paralleled in these two works.

There is, however, another significant element in Gríma's make-up, which, so far as I know, has not been noted by any commentator: his marked similarities to Sméagol the Gollum. This is not necessarily deliberate on Tolkien's part (although it probably is), for both Wormtongue and Gollum seem to represent Tolkien's idea of what happens to people who choose to be evil -- certainly, in the 'gollumisation' of Wormtongue we have a vivid picture of the process. The similarities are striking: both are described as being in some way warped or twisted creatures, both have a marked tendency -- alone of any of Tolkien's characters to refer to themselves by their proper names rather than by the correct pronoun, which is to some degree mocked at some point by those around them:

'Mercy, lord,' whined Wormtongue, grovelling on the ground. Have pity on one worn out in your service. Send me not from your side! I at least will stand by you when all others have gone. Do not send your faithful Gríma away!

'No, not one shall be left, not even Gríma. Gríma shall ride too. Got You have yet time to clean the rust from your sword.'

[said Théoden.]
(*LotR*, III.6.ix.9&10)

'No, no, master!' wailed Gollum, pawing at him and seeming in great distress. 'No use that way! No use! Don't take the Precious to Him! He'll eat us all, if He gets it, eat all the world. Keep it, nice master, and be kind to Sméagol. Don't let Him have it. Or go away, go to nice places, and give it back to little Sméagol. Yes, yes, master: give it good, eh? Sméagol will keep it safe; he will do lots of good, especially to nice hobbits...'

(*LotR*, IV.3.iii.7)

'Sméagol'll get into real hot water, when this water boils, if he don't do as he's asked,' growled Sam. 'Sam'll put his head in it, yes, precious... But be good Sméagol and fetch me the herbs, and I'll think better of you.'

(LotR, IV.4.vii.19&21).

Both Gríma and Sméagol are universally known by their epithets ("Wormtongue" and "Gollum"), again, unlike any of Tolkien's other characters -- even the Wizards' epithets are designations (i.e. Gandalf the Grey, Saruman the White, Radagast the Brown), not used as proper names. As both have the simile "like a dog" applied to their actions at some point; so far as I am aware, the only times Tolkien ever uses this imagery. Further evidence that the two were somehow linked in Tolkien's mind can be found in "The Hunt for the Ring" in Unfinished Tales;³ the Nazgûl (Ringwraiths) ride forth seeking Gollum to find out from him where the Shire lies, and instead come upon... Gríma Wormtongue, who in terror tells them all the information they were seeking and more. Finally it should be noted that Gríma grows to resemble Gollum by the end of the story much more than at his first appearance. Thus, "Wormtongue" becomes plain "worm" in the end, as the one-time counsellor of the King of Rohan becomes progressively the doorkeeper of his own prison, then a beggar, then a murderer and (probably) a cannibal. This "gollumisation" of 'poor Gríma' repeats the same process that five hundred years earlier turned an inquisitive hobbit named Sméagol into the Gollum. Even their deaths contain a similar element: in the end, both suddenly go completely, violently mad and, in their deaths, bring about the destruction of their true master and tormentors as well -- for Wormtongue murders Saruman seconds before he is killed himself, and Gollum takes the Ring with him into the fire.

It might also be pointed out that while Dr. Beare finds the source for Gandalf and Wormtongue's verbal duel in Unferth's exchange with Beowulf, Dr. Bonniejean Christensen⁴ picked this same scene in Beowulf as the origin of Bilbo and Gollum's riddle-game in The Hobbit, Chapter 5, "Riddles in the Dark". It might also be commented that Frána ('Asker'), Wormtongue's name in the original manuscript, would be an equally good epithet for Unferth (because of his taunting 'do-you-still-beat-your-wife' type of question to the hero) or for Sméagol ('Snouper'), especially before the Ring came to him, when he was 'a great seeker after secrets'. Sméagol became the Gollum largely because of the murder of his friend Déagol,⁵ while Beowulf predicts that Unferth will be damned because he is a "kin-murderer", and Worm is prevented from accepting Frodo's pardon in the end because he has killed (and we have strong reasons to believe, eaten) Frodo's cousin Lotho. The influence is therefore ouroubours: Gríma is partly derived from Unferth, as is Gollum, and studying them helps us to arrive at an idea of Tolkien's conception of Hrothgar's counsellor, while Gollum's character in turn influenced that of Wormtongue, and Gríma's decline provides us with an example and better understanding of Gollum's.

Unferth, Uriah, Sméagol/Gollum, all contributed to the character of Gríma the Wormtongue, but by examining the nature of these contributions it becomes clear that Tolkien has not used his sources to create a patchwork effect but has synthesized the elements borrowed into a new whole: old threads woven into a new pattern. This is something he achieved over and over throughout The Lord of the Rings: whatever Tolkien borrowed he made his own, whether by transforming a somewhat silly episode of The Kalevala into the Leaf-like "Tale of the Children of Húrin", or by creating a character like Galadriel the Elvenqueen -- Galadriel may, as I have suggested elsewhere,⁶ be partially derived from Ayesha, She-who-must-be-obeyed, or she may, as many have suggested, be meant to remind the reader of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or she may, as Elizabeth Holland has suggested,⁷ have lived in Galatia, but none of these facts, whether true or false, will enable us to understand who she is or why she acts as she does; only reading Tolkien's books will do that. Studying Tolkien's sources and how he used them helps us to learn a great deal about the way Tolkien wrote, but I believe it is a fallacy to try to explain the actions of his characters in terms of those of his sources.⁸ Certainly, Tolkien borrowed heavily from a great variety of sources in his writing, but to sum

his borrowings up, as Dr. Robert Giddings did, by saying "Tolkien... was a great plagiarist" seems to me to miss the point. It is not the fact that he used sources, but the use he put those sources to, that is important. As Pr. Tolkien said of his works: "It is not about anything but itself"⁹ and I believe that this is not only true, but that it is also precisely the reason why The Lord of the Rings is a great work. 'From the top of that tower, the man had been able to catch a glimpse of the Sea'.

Notes

1. "An Interview with Tolkien" (March 2nd, 1966), by Henry Resnick. Niekas 18, Spring 1967, p.33.
2. J.R.R. Tolkien, "Beowulf: the Monsters and the Critics", London: Oxford University Press, 1936, pp.6-7. Reprint in The Monsters and the Critics and Other Essays, London: George Allen & Unwin, 1983, p.7-8.
3. J.R.R. Tolkien, "On Fairy-Stories", reprint in Tree and Leaf, Boston, Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1964, Part III, Par.3.
4. H. Rider Haggard, She: a History of Adventures (1887), Ayesha: the Return of She (1905), She and Allan (1921), Wisdom's Daughter (1923). For more on Tolkien's possible borrowings from this series, see my article "She and Tolkien" in Mythlore XXVIII, Summer 1981, pp.6-8.
5. Resnick, p.40.
6. This essay remains unpublished. I unfortunately have been unable to locate a copy to refresh my mind of its contents, but have summarised its major points (with some additions of my own) in the remainder of this paragraph.
7. Beowulf, trans. E. Talbot Donaldson, in Beowulf: The Donaldson Translation -- Background and Sources -- Criticism, ed. Joseph F. Truoro, New York: W.W. Horton & Co., 1975, pp.6-7.
8. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings, 2nd Edition, III.6.v.1.
9. This detail is mentioned in Pr. T.A. Shippey's "Creation from Philology", in J.R.R. Tolkien, Scholar and Storyteller: Essays in Memoriam, eds. Mary Salu and Robert T. Farrell. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1979, p.307.
10. J.R.R. Tolkien, "Prefatory Remarks on Prose Translations of Beowulf", in Beowulf and The Finnesburg Fragment, tr. John R. Clark-Hall, rev. C.L. Wrenn. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1940, p.xiii. Reprinted in The Monsters and the Critics and Other Essays (see note 2 above) under the title On Translating Beowulf, p.52, line 7.
11. As Dr. Beare points out (letter to the author, Nov. 3rd, 1981), Wormtongue had failed to take into account that Éowyn was not the type of person to take her uncle's and brother's murders lightly. I fully agree: King Gríma, I think, would not have enjoyed his victory for very long. [This calls to mind the character of Kriemhild, the archetypal warrior-maid in The Nibelungenlied, who incited her new husband Etzel (Attila), to murder her brother and kin for having caused the murder of Siegfried. Could Kriemhild be a source for the fiery Éowyn? Ed.]
12. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings, Manuscript in the Marquette University Memorial Archives.
13. J.R.R. Tolkien, Unfinished Tales of Númenor and Middle-earth, ed. Christopher Tolkien. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1980, 3.IV.i.13-17.
14. Bonniejean Christensen, "Beowulf and The Hobbit: Elegy into Fantasy in J.R.R. Tolkien's Creative Technique", (1969 dissertation). DAI, Vol.30, N° 9-10 (1970), p.4401-A.
15. The murder is not in the original manuscript of this chapter, where Sméagol (originally called Dígol ('Hidden'), then Déagol ('secret') merely finds the Ring on the riverbank. [See Vol. VI of HoME, The Return of the Shadow, London: Unwin Hyman, 1988, pp. 78, 86, 261. Ed.]
16. She and Tolkien. See note 4 above.
17. Elizabeth Holland, "Notice to Travellers: You are here", The New Tolkien Newsletter, eds. Dr. Robert Giddings and Elizabeth Holland. Vol. 1, Number 1 (August 1980), p.13.
18. This viewpoint is not shared by the editors of The New Tolkien Newsletter.
19. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien, ed. Humphrey Carpenter with Christopher Tolkien. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1981. Letter 165 (June 30th, 1955), p.220.

Upon a Lost and Windswept Shore

Upon a lost and windswept shore
Arrayed in winter dusk,
There stood, tenuous, before
The cresting, falling frost
Of the sea, a lonely figure.

Grey as the twilight was her dress,
Her face remote and still:
Long has been my vigil
Since swan-ships graced the West
Following the flight of the sun
On a tide that would not return.

The Elves were radiant to behold,
They stood aloft, their raiments flowed,
And in their noble faces glowed
A fading memory of gold.

Swift sailed the company,
Their voices ringing through the air,
Their melodies unearthly, rare,
Rising and falling with the sea.

And high upon the sombre cliff
Like seaquills poised in sharp relief
Against a looming storm,
The white-robed riders shone.

Aalediction without word,
They raised their streaming standards,
turned-

Rode away in a rush of air -
The sky was void, the cliff was bare.

And coursing the waves like sunlight
As sunset evanesced,
The glimmering white
Swan-ships passed into the West,
Spiriting the lost of the light
Away, leaving the sky bereft.

Their sea-song stirring in my veins,
I had not known myself till then
Daughter of Elves and not of men:
I woke and sang but they were gone,

All gone, leaving no trace behind
But one stray cloak plucked by the wind
That shimmered, star-like, in my hands:
Softly through my tears I sang.

Estranged from where I once sojourned
But never in my heart belonged,
I walk the thoroughfares of men
Watching their faces flow and stream:

And some are wise, and some are worn,
And some compose a mortal song,
And some there are who dream alone,
But of my kindred there are none.

No song or solace can disguise
The haunted distance in my eyes
As I walk sequestered ways
Silently calling across the sea...

Once within a dream there shone
A ship as auric as the sun,
Motioning towards its dawn
I freed a bird and watched it fly
White-winged, flickering, through
the sky.

Echoing from eternity
I heard a clear voice cry -
"What is this lyric on the wind
Summoning me to silent lands?"

But distant lies that flawless world
To which the stranger was recalled
Before his echoes rang and fell,
Dispelled, yet unforgettable.

So Love recedes to unknown shores
Remoter than a fading star:
So near to heart and yet so far,
Our hope is ever our despair.

And as my thoughts subsiding, blur
With the sifting sigh of the sea,
And the failing light once more retires
Into the bourn of dreams,
Far o'er the vitreous water gleams
A point of steady fire.

All thoughts are stilled, all fear
dissolved

In silver radiance and gold:
Slowly Earendil stars
And in his glittering wake appears
An endless panoply of stars.

No Elf is he who could not stir
Eloquent with love, nor hear,
As I, in every breath,
The whispered name of Elbereth -

Softly stars glint and flare
In the shadows of her hair,
Transcending time, I feel within
That moment of awakening
When my forebears rose and sang
By clear Cuivienen.

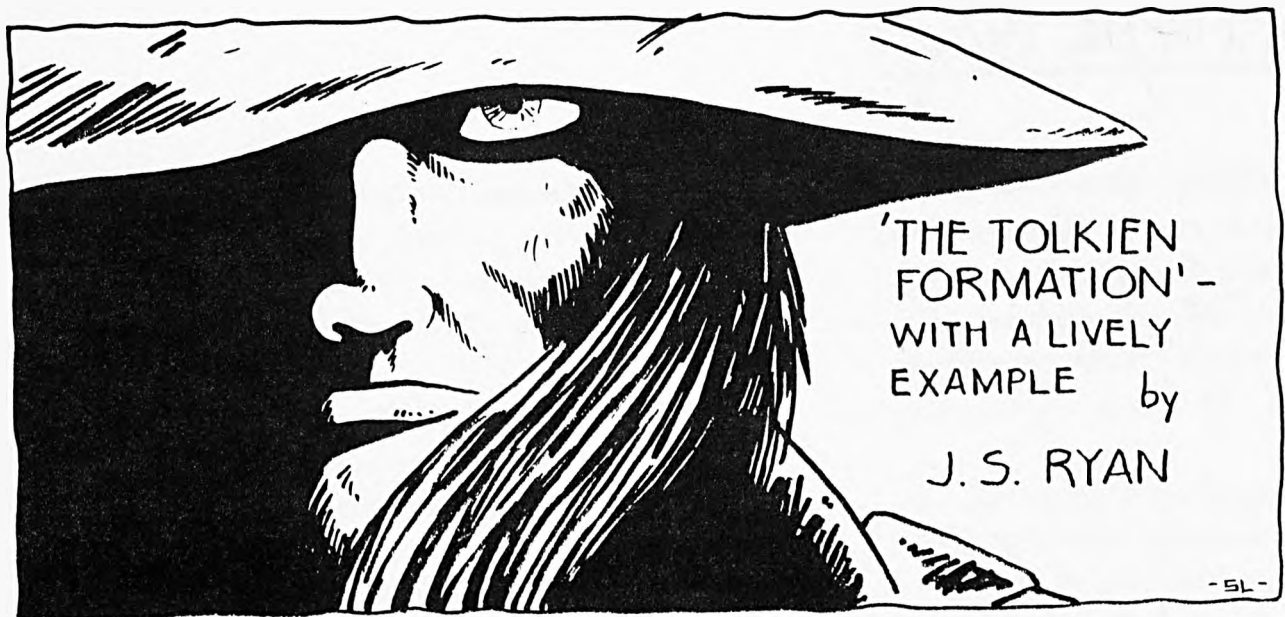
Returning now, the tide unrolls
Glistening, in the night,
Like Nephredil, the stars unfold
Their raying fronds of light -

Oh Luthien Tinuviel
Where is the vestige of your spell,
The peerless beauty of your soul?
In your footsteps I will dwell
Seeking glimmers of the Tale

And though I dream of Eldamar
With an unrequited heart
Yet will I step beneath the stars
Scattering their argent rays
Through shaded woods and wand'ring ways:
A lonely gossamer of joy."

Lynne Elson





The Tolkien formation... is typified by two kinds of fiction...; the first kind transpires in historical novels...; the second... pulls away from more or less straight history... towards legend, myth, fairy-tales, and the great underworld of magic and the occult.
(Fred Inglis, The Promise of Happiness: Value and Meaning in Children's Fiction (1981), p.213.)

In this relatively recent, vigorous and broad-based study of children's literature Inglis made incisive categorisations of 'the new work', in particular, in English children's books written since c. 1950. One of his key arguments is that Tolkien's success and achievements 'light up the formation of a group of people, [this being] a social progress which declares itself in the outline of ideas' (ibid.), and argues that such writers find their 'forms and narratives' in the trio before mentioned 'distinguishable but related strands of fiction-making' (p.213).

Inglis cites as an example of the first commando arm Penelope Lively (p.133) (op.cit., pp.226-8), yet her The Whispering Knights¹ (1971) may be held to be a text which belongs to both fictional modes. This second work of hers is not an historical novel² but rather about present-day children in present-day surroundings. The author is concerned -- as always -- with continuity, with how people and places incorporate the past, in this instance how the malevolent spirit of Morgan Le Fay can come back and contend with her foes, the equally ancient forces of good, the 'whispering Knights' of the title, but clearly also the Rollright Stones, a great monolith circle, on the border between Oxfordshire and Warwickshire. Ancient field paths are equally important to the story, as is generally and externally, 'the power of place'.³ Yet both Inglis and Rees fail to observe just how close this book is to Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings (1954-55), let alone how the later text can illumine the earlier one.

The Lively story is set in a Cotswold village, Steeple Hampden, a former 'place of evil' (p.61) once dominated by a witch⁴ --

*She is Morgan Le Fay... and Duessa, and Circe,
 and the Witch in Snow-White, and the Ice Queen,
 and many, many others. (p.17);*

one who 'always has a feeling for places that have once been hers' (p.18) and endeavours to repossess such a spot in the hope that 'it will once again become a place of evil' (p.61). This

enemy is given all the characteristics of Tolkien's Black Riders, as the story develops.

These may be listed:

1. 'the important thing is never to meet her on her own ground... You must never play the game according to her rules'⁵ (p.34);

2. the pursuit of her victims on a demonic horse -

'they could see the ripple of powerful muscles, and the flare of nostril... its furious snorting, they and Morgan, locked in their deadly game of hide-and-peek'⁶ (p.110);

3. the characteristics of

'Morgan's approach... the dreadful chill stealing into their bones, and hear the hiss⁶ of her breath' (p.117);

4. the assault in sleep on the intended victim, as of the child Martha:

'nameless fears... harried her in forms of dreams... witches, goblins... and other vaguer horrors, that rose up grinning'⁷ (p.22);

5. the emotion and anger of the Enemy -

'there was a thin voice screaming... somewhere high above... in the sky... it certainly was nothing human or animal'⁸ (pp.86-87);

6. the innocent are pursued by menacing shadows, with

'the shape of a figure in a cloak' (p.24);

7. the sound of the Enemy when thwarted:

'A wailing, thin and high, beginning as a moan and then rising to a shriek... a manic hideous sound' (pp.135-6);

and

'a terrible, mounting wail of rage and despair' (p.143);

8. the horrible eyes of the Enemy:

'her eyes were terrible. They were black, and cold as frost, and quite empty of anything but a furious intent to destroy' (p.71);

9. the ancient quality of the face of the White Witch -

'the face was young... it carried with it also a total strangeness, a suggestion of something very old and far away'⁹ (p.142);

10. the indestructible quality of evil¹⁰ -

'She is never routed for ever, for of course she exists at different levels in time' (p.148);

as with the hobbits in both Tolkien's fantasies, so with the company of children here, the mediator of the Divine assesses their moral achievement:

'I can see you have been a long way... You have done magnificently... the task is complete.' (pp.146-47)

Penelope Lively's text also contains many other mythic motifs familiar to readers of writings about Middle-earth:

- danger away from the consecrated safety of an ancient [Christian] village -

'in the field they were back in an

older, more unpredictable world' (p.37);

- significance in (wise) old tales -

'a story that persists in that way must have some kind of substance' (p.16);

- earlier ages and mores -

'She is from a time far older than ours' (p.17);

- the horrible colour of the living dead -

'her skin was bone-white'¹¹ (p.70);

- the pounding sound of the demonic pursuit -

'there was a drumming in her ears' (p.140) which
'hunted her through strange landscapes' (p.23);

- the nature of the only real opposition to such evil -

'It's courage and conviction that count' (p.63);

or the undead nature¹² of the ancient monoliths, the Hampden Stones -

'a circle of rough grey stones, dappled with lichen and pock-marked by age, sunk deep in the grass'. (p.64)

While some readers may feel, from this catalogue, that the story is too obviously derivative of Tolkien-reanimated motifs and symbols, the present writer prefers to regard it as an intense meditation on an ancient rural landscape¹³, with a consequent response to its legends, folklore and (regional) superstitions¹⁴. Some of the other motifs, like that of the ancient road across the fields (pp.90, 139, 140, etc.), are not ones used conspicuously by Tolkien, while that of the denser forest than today's,

'crouched against the skyline like a sleeping animal' (p.141),

is not so much an echo of the march of the Ents as a suggestion that the place itself, the hill of the standing stones, has reverted to an earlier, more wooded period, much as it was at the time of the 'great battle' (p.75) there so very long ago. It was alive then, as perhaps it may be again in the time of great spiritual crisis.

Indeed, while the inspiration, and influence of Tolkien is obvious, David Rees was very correct in his assessment of *The Whispering Knights* and other of her early novels:

What Penelope Lively has achieved... is something unique, a kind of book that is neither history nor fantasy but has something of both, and that cannot be labeled conveniently -- a book where the power of place is a stronger force than most of the characters¹⁵, where "history is now." (loc.cit., p.187)

Thus, while the work under discussion can and should stand on its merits as a peculiarly sensitive musing on the old Oxfordshire/Warwickshire border country, it affords many powerful insights into Tolkien's creation by its analogous handling of related ideas:

- the witch-warlock characteristics of the Black Riders;

- the occult-like assaults on Frodo in *The Lord of the Rings*;

- the subtle glosses on the nature of 'shadow' (pp.132,156);

- the reptilian nature of Angmar and, even more, of Sauron;

- the strength and poignant eternal vigil of soldiers⁶ (here 'Knights') dedicated to a cause and for whom there is no rest in this sublimary world;
 - the spiritual dangers of lusting for food leading to more serious forms of greed and selfishness (p.44);
- or the phenomenology of hope being the metaphysical basis for (the practice of) courage.

In essence, then this novel from the 'Tolkien formation' affords us insights into: the nature and necessity of the positive life; the ontological nature of evil; the power of landscape; and the interrelatedness of the past and present. It has the added merit that it can bestow illuminating insights into the seemingly more distanced but essentially contemporary fantasies of J.R.R. Tolkien.

NOTES

1. All page references are to the Piccolo edition, 1973, etc.
2. Its closeness to this form is stressed by David Rees in his essay 'Time Present and Time Past - Penelope Lively', originally published in The Horn Book Magazine, February 1975, but quoted from as printed in his The Marble in the Water (1980), pp.185-198.
3. Rees, loc.cit., p.187.
4. While Tolkien's Lord of the Black Riders is called Angmar, 'the Witch-king', critics do not follow up this occult aspect of the Nine Riders.
While Tolkien may not ever explicitly refer to the Rollright Stones on the N. Oxfordshire boundary, something very like them is suggested in The Fellowship of the Ring (1954):

... the stone-rings upon the hills... Stone-rings grinned out of the ground like broken teeth in the moonlight. (p.141).

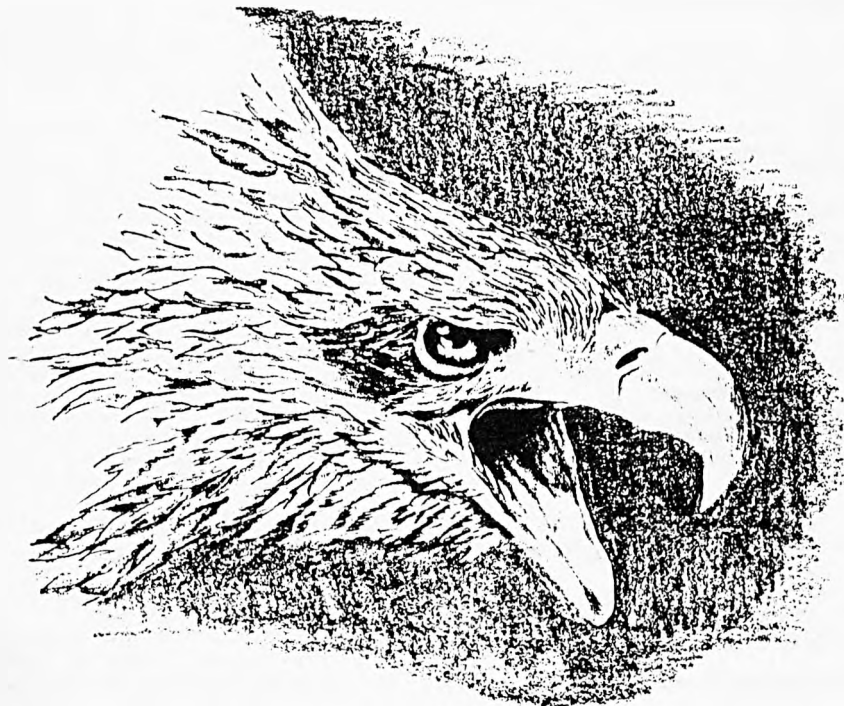
[Editor's Note: These stones are mentioned in Farmer Giles of Ham: George Allen & Unwin (1949), [p.27], as Tom Shippey showed in his The Road to Middle-earth: George Allen & Unwin (1982), p.102:

'There is a local legend... attached to the Rollright Stones on the north edge of Oxfordshire, mentioned for a moment in Farmer Giles of Ham. These, says the story, [Arthur J. Evans, 'The Rollright Stones and

their Folklore', Folklore, vol.6 (1895), pp.6-51.], were once an old king and his men. Challenged by a witch to take seven strides over the hill and look in the valley below, the king found his view blocked by a barrow and the witch's curse fulfilled:

"Rise up, stick, and stand still, stone,
For King of England thou shalt be none.
Thou and thy men hoar stones shall be
And I myself an eldern tree."]

5. Advice given by the 'white Witch', Miss Hepplewhite, whose role approximates to that of Gandalf at many points. The danger is analogous to Frodo's putting on the One Ring.
6. Several times equated with a snake (e.g. pp.115, 118).
7. Compare the terrors experienced by Frodo after the wounding by the knife of a Black Rider.
8. Compare the sound heard over the Dead Marshes by Frodo and Sam, or at Weathertop by Pippin and Merry (I, 207).
9. Compare also the account of Galadriel at the end of The Fellowship of the Ring (1954).
10. Compare Gandalf's comments on the Necromancer, towards the end of The Hobbit (1937). Again, here, the advice is given by the good magician, Miss Hepplewhite.
11. Tolkien used this compound of Gollum.
12. Compare the perceptive response of Merry and Pippin to the Púkel-men statues, on the ride to Minas Tirith in The Two Towers (1954).
13. Compare Lively's 1976 publication, The Presence of the Past: An Introduction to Landscape History.
14. Tolkien responds to many local (i.e. Oxfordshire and nearby) settings - e.g. in Smith of Wootton Major, or in Farmer Giles of Ham, to the place-name, Worminghall, or Bree's 'Chetwood', the same name as the village in Buckinghamshire.
15. The little girl, Martha, who is the prime target of Morgan's assault reminds us of both Gollum and of Frodo.
16. Compare: 'It's time the Knights was coming back to look after their own' (p.75). Similar legends continue about other saviours of the nation, like Arthur, or Sir Francis Drake, who are all, with Aragorn, Rangers and protectors of the simple folk.



THE

We are told that once a company of hobbit archers was sent to the aid of the king - nothing further is known of them - what was their fate? Were there others of whom we are not told? What of them?

SURVIVOR

BY KAY WOOLLARD

How did I get here -- how did I get here? These rocks around which the wind moans -- these stunted oaks. Above and behind me the mass of the moor, before me the great gulf of the valley. The sky is grey and so low I think I could touch it. The cold is pitiless.

I have some shelter here beneath this small crag and further down a little stream wells out of the hillside and runs down the slope. That is good -- I shall not need to move very far and can rest here. But it is so cold -- so very cold. My wound suppurates and stinks, I disgust myself. Who would have thought that so slight a scratch from a spear's point could blacken my whole side -- could cause such pain. I no longer wish for food -- was it yesterday I shot the hare? Or was it a week ago? Time is all one now, the markers which measure it have become disarranged. I lit a fire and I skinned and cooked the hare but I do not remember eating it. It must have been there that I left my tinder-box -- I remember looking at it where it lay in the grass, the stems bending around it and a little insect walking across the lid. That tinder-box was an old friend, worn and dented from long use, it once belonged to my grandfather -- but it has gone now and I cannot light a fire and it is so cold -- so cold.....

Just now I slept and awoke to what seemed the music of reed pipes. I sat up thinking with joy that Edwy was coming, but it was not so. For a while I listened and waited but he did not come, I was alone on the hillside. But as I looked down through the oaktree branches I realised whence came the music, the leaves of last summer were still upon their twigs but dried and each curled into a little tube, and through these the wind blew as does the breath of a piper through the reeds.

.....

Sometimes it is day and sometimes dark. There are times when I think the twilight is the beginning of day but darkness comes instead and other times what seems the dusk of evening brightens into day. Each time I go to the stream it seems further away and the climb back here gets longer and steeper. The sky remains grey and heavy, how long is it since I saw the sun? I need her warmth so much -- this little hollow beneath the overhanging crag would catch the sun's full rays all day for it faces south, I know that is the direction because the sides of the tree trunks which face the hill are coated with moss so the north must be behind me.

I must go soon. I do not know how long I have rested but I must get up and go down into the valley and up the other side. I shall leave perhaps tomorrow -- or the day after, I think I shall be stronger then.

.....

Today I gathered my courage and bared my side to bathe it at the stream. The

discolouration is spreading and the scratch is even more foul. I was glad there was no one there to see. For a while the water, being ice cold, numbed the pain and I was able to stand up straight and breathe deeply, but on the way back feeling returned and with it the pain, and I crawled up the slope holding onto the grass.

I looked around for dock leaves or some such thing to lay upon the wound, but there was nought but a little dry bracken and the tussocks of wiry grass beneath my hands.

When I finally reached here I lay thinking of other much sweeter grass than that which grows around these rocks. The grass -- in fact -- of my own hillside at home -- it is soft and green and in springtime starred with little flowers, yellow and white and red. My sheep graze all over the hillside and sometimes right down to the smial door, and if the door is open they come inside and my mother shouts at them and chases them out. They have on occasion been known to steal new-baked bread off the kitchen table and then my mother has scolded me right roundly for being so careless as to let them stray.

I must go soon, I must get up and leave this place and find my way back to my own hillside -- but -- now I remember -- it can never be the same -- never, never again for they will not be there.

Yes, there were the three of us -- three who shared one heart, my love, my friend and myself. Edwitha who was my intended, looked like Edwy my friend, and she laughed like him and moved like him and was merry like him, for she was his twin. Their smial was not far from ours and we grew up together on the green hillside and their sheep grazed with ours and we tended them together and no one of us was complete without the other two. I was taller than they, fairer in complexion but more morose and tending to introspection. They would admonish me and laugh me out of my solemn moods and for this I was glad. Sometimes we would sing together or Edwy would play on his reed pipes and Edwitha and I would dance. And we worked together at combing time and shearing time and always in between walking and watching on the green hillside. There were times when Edwy and I high on the hill would look at the frosty stars and I would wonder at them and ponder upon what was their nature, but Edwy would say "Does it matter Alfric? They are beautiful, is that not enough? Enjoy them just as they are!"

How long is it since we parted, Edwy? Was it a week ago, or more -- or less? I have not seen the stars for a long time Edwy, the sky is overcast both day and night, the winter deepens and it is so cold -- so very cold.

The wind had snow in it today, but not enough to coat the ground, just a little dry powdery stuff that blew along and lodged here and there in the grass. I have not been down to the stream today and my water-bottle is almost empty. I shall try and manage until morning. Maybe I shall feel stronger then, my wound may have started to heal. If so I shall not come back here but will keep going down into the valley then straight up the other side.

There was frost on the grass this morning and down by the stream there was ice on some of the rocks. I bathed my side again and found that my arm is beginning to blacken. When I got back to the hollow I picked up my bow and tried to bend it but found myself unable to do so. This alarmed me as I have been an archer since childhood. We used to practise together, my love, my friend, and myself, and Edwitha had even greater skill with the bow than her brother. We would go down to the village and join the lads in their contests and Edwitha and I were always the victors.

Last summer I spoke for Edwitha and it was agreed that we would marry in the Spring -- oh Edwitha -- your bright eyes! Summer turned to Autumn and we were happy as never before. The days were long and golden, the trees red with rowans and the brambles loaded with fruit. We made plans for Yule and for the Spring to follow.

Then came a day when the wind blew cold and we knew that winter was not far away, and on this very day there marched into our valley a company of

archers, headed by a resplendent figure, the captain on a fine pony. They halted on the green and one commenced to bang a drum to draw attention. The entire village flocked out to see and when all were assembled the one on the pony spoke, he said that a decree had been issued declaring that the best archers from each village were to join his company and proceed north to aid the King for there was trouble in that part of the land.

We were sent home to get our bows and when we returned they made us shoot one at a time in order to test our skill. Edwy was chosen, and myself, but when Edwitha stepped forward, they laughed. This angered my love, who then bent her bow and shot so true and fine an arrow that everyone gasped in amazement. But the captain said "Very pretty, but we need sturdy lads, not lasses, -- go back to your spinning wheel!"

Four more lads were chosen and I was placed in charge. "Be here at dawn tomorrow" said the captain, "this is the last village on our way so in the morning we march north."

That night I kissed Edwitha and bade her farewell "Do not come to see me off" I said "it would make my going more difficult." She made no reply but moved away into the gathering darkness.

Before dawn I said farewell to my mother, and leaving old Ban and my faithful dogs to guard my sheep I took my bow and went down towards the village in the growing light. On the way I was joined by Edwy and we walked together and talked quietly about what might lie ahead. He was elated and eager to see new lands and to meet Men, but I had a secret apprehension.

The others, when we joined them on the green, were of mixed emotion, but all were curious about where we were going and excited at the thought of seeing the King. None of us had ever been far from our valley so there was much speculation about what, and where, lay ahead.

A large waggon drawn by horses had followed the company, and now we were taken to this and issued each with a quiver full of arrows, some clothing, and a blanket, and my little group was given a cooking pot and food for several days.

By the time the sun had started to send her rays into the valley we were ready to leave. We took our place at the back of the company, and, at the word of command we were off. As we marched away the villagers came out and waved to us. Some cheered and some wept and some were silent.

All day long we marched through increasingly unfamiliar countryside, stopping only to eat bread, and bacon cooked in our own pot. During the day we drank water from the bottle which each of us carried, but when we finally camped for the night there was ale to drink. We had all, as a matter of course, brought our own pewter mugs and these were filled from a barrel in the waggon.

The night was cold and we were all tired, some of the lads were from such trades as weaving, some were leather workers or bakers and were unused to walking long distances at a time. Many had sore feet which had to be bandaged, others were too weary to take their evening meal. There had been much merry chatter during the early part of the day but this had gradually ceased as the business of marching became more of a task.

Now we all sat around our little cooking fires with the night closing in like a dark wall around us. I felt very far from home, neither Edwy nor I had ever been beyond our valley. We sat close together as we had so often done when out with the sheep at night.

For a while we were silent, then Edwy brought out his pipes and began to play. He chose a lilting, merry tune and soon everyone began to feel happier. He then played a song which everyone knew and soon the whole company was singing, and we were a much more cheerful band of hobbits when we finally rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down for the night.

My small group had the second watch and we were roused from our sleep near to mid-night. It was an eerie business walking around the edge of the firelight with the others asleep and that unfamiliar land stretching away into the darkness.

I remembered the tales I had heard of strange beasts and beings that dwelt in parts of Middle-earth and the hair on my neck stood up. We were armed with our bows and long knives, but I knew that some of these beings could only be vanquished by weapons of magical power. How glad I was when it came the time to rouse the third watch and we could return to our blankets near to the friendly fire.

.....

I wish I had a fire now -- I wish I had not lost my tinder box -- I wish the sun would shine if only for a little while -- it is so cold, so very cold. I do not want to eat but feel that I ought to be doing so if I am to gain sufficient strength to get on my way. What shall I do? I can no longer lift my bow let alone use it for hunting. My arm is now black and useless. But even if I was able to shoot something I could not cook it for I have lost my grandfather's tinder-box and I cannot make a fire and it is so cold - so cold.....

.....

What place is this? I was asleep just now and dreaming of being on the march but all my companions were shadows. Now I remember, this hollow beneath the little crag, how long have I been here? A few snow-flakes are drifting on the wind, I must start on my journey soon before the snows begin -- I must get home before the winter deepens -- I cannot leave old Ban to look after my sheep alone in the winter days.

I wish I had my blanket, it was a good one, large and warm, and it was pleasant lying rolled in it by the little fire with Edwy and the other lads close by, talking and joking until we fell asleep.

At first most of us enjoyed our adventure but it was not long before those with sore feet and those unused to the outdoor life began to suffer. Edwy and I were fortunate, we were both very strong and healthy and hardened by our days and nights on the hillside.

By the end of the third day many were limping badly. I went to the captain and requested that some might travel in the waggon. My request was, of course, refused without hesitation. However, Edwy, who was as usual at my side, smiled and said "We will all forget our blisters when we see the King."

The captain stared at him for a moment then laughing derisively said "The King! You're not going to see the King! What makes you think that the likes of you is good enough to see the King? No, my lad, you're going to battle, that's what you lot are here for. We will shortly be meeting the Men and we march with them until we meet the enemy and then we will all fight. It will be the last battle of the autumn campaign before the fighting ceases for the winter, so look after your bows -- you're going to need them!"

Edwy and I returned to our companions and broke the news to them. There was no merry singing that night. The disappointment was bitter, everyone felt used -- betrayed. We lay down silently to sleep.

I had been dozing for maybe an hour when I was roused by someone coming and lying down close to me. The fire had burned low and the light was dim "Edwy," I said "if you are cold put some more wood on the fire."

There was a soft, muffled laugh and a voice whispered "I shall be warmer this way!" Then I was caught in a close embrace and soft lips were pressed against mine in a long kiss. I could hardly believe it, as soon as I was able to speak I gasped

"Edwitha! How did you get here?"

"Hush!" she replied "I am Edric now. I could not let you go just like that -- I love you too dearly. I borrowed some of Edwy's clothes and I hid in the waggon. That's where I have been all this time, I waited until we were too far away from home for you to send me back. I have my bow and my long knife, and in the waggon I found a cap and tunic such as all of you are wearing. Our village lads will recognise me but they can keep a secret and I don't think anyone else will notice me -- particularly the captain. Let us sleep now, pleasant dreams, my love."

She kissed me again then curled up and went to sleep. Your kisses were like honeysuckle, Edwitha, they are with me still.

.....

The following morning I awoke and for a moment blinked in unbelief thinking that some dream was still upon me, for there in the light of dawn stood two

Edwys. I rubbed my eyes and stared and both Edwys laughed at me. Then I remembered the night before and tried to distinguish which was my love and which my friend. At that moment one of them came and kneeling down kissed me "Edwitha -- " I began, she put her finger on my lips

"No" she said "I am Edric now, don't you remember."

Indeed the name suited her well. The brown curls which once swept her shoulders were now clipped to earlobe length as were her brother's. On her head she wore the same leather, steel-ringed cap which was worn by us all, and with the padded leather tunic concealing her girlishness she looked more like Edwy's twin than ever before.

I scolded her for coming and placing herself in danger, but she only said

"Alfric, you know very well that I shoot better than Edwy, and can, if necessary, fight with the long knife. Besides, how could we ever have been happy far apart and pining for each other?"

She was right. I wanted to take her in my arms, but the others were awaking, so instead we set about replenishing the fire and cooking breakfast and making ready to march. Edwitha cleverly made herself inconspicuous and blended in so well with her surroundings and companions, that even I, had I not been aware of her presence, would not have noticed the addition to our ranks.

At noon when we stopped for our midday meal we were once more issued with food for several days.

"This is the last you shall receive" said the captain, "it should last 'til we meet up with the big people. If you want anything else you'll have to hunt for it."

We watched the driver turn the waggon and take it away along the route which we had come. Then we ate and afterwards marched again.

That evening Edwy and I took our bows and went hunting rabbits. We managed to get two before the light became too bad to see clearly. When we returned to the camp we found that Edwitha had been busy. We had been issued with several bags of flour, these Edwitha had baked into a pile of firm bread-cakes which we could carry with us and use as our basic food.

The lads in my small group knew who she was and were, indeed, pleased that she was there, but no one else made any comment. It is my belief that they thought she was Edwy.

.....

So it went on for two days more. We marched through wild lands, through woods where the trees had almost ceased to shed their leaves and through forests of strange dark trees which sighed perpetually in the wind. There were cliffs and mountains and strange rocks and high moorlands where heather grew thickly and the sky seemed to be only a few feet above our heads.

We three marched together and sat with the others at our cooking fire. Then, apart from the rest we bathed in cold streams, or hunted, or searched amongst the bushes for what nuts the squirrels had left us.

On the second evening we were in a wooded valley and as we set off to hunt amongst the trees Edwitha said to me "Alfric, my love, we should marry now. Spring is a long way ahead, why should we wait 'til then? We are together and our love is strong, it is but right that it should be so."

This had never occurred to me, but now I realised that she was right. Edwy was delighted and made for us two garlands of evergreen leaves as there were no more flowers, it being almost winter.

Then in a glade in that quiet woodland with Edwy presiding we made our vows and exchanged our garlands. Then Edwy cried out in delight "Now I have both a sister and a brother!" and he hugged and kissed us both then taking his bow he went off to hunt leaving Edwitha and I alone together.

Our marriage bed was the dried bracken, the roof of our chamber the open sky. The first stars looked down upon us, but on that occasion I did not stop to ponder upon their nature.

.....

It was on the following day that we met the Men. On the march a little before noon we suddenly smelt a wonderful savoury odour.

"Smells just like roasting pork," said Edwy "ooh -- I would like some of that! I'm tired of bread and bacon

and we never get enough rabbit."

Not much further along we came to a sudden halt. My little group was in the rear, and I being the tallest peered over everyone's head in an attempt to see the reason for our stopping, but the tree branches got in the way.

Then we were moving again, a few paces more and suddenly we were in a clearing filled with the tallest beings I had ever seen. They looked at us and we looked at them. They had narrow faces and many of them were bearded, they all wore boots and I wondered what their feet looked like. Most of us only stood as high as their belts, and I, who was the longest lad in our village only stood a little above elbow height to the Men.

For an astonished moment they regarded us, then one of them began to laugh and several more joined him. I felt hot and angry, it was degrading to stand there a subject of these large beings' mockery. I would have moved forward to strike them, but Edwy and Edwitha, knowing my quick temper had hold of me by the arms,

"They are much stronger than we," whispered Edwy, "but I can think of other ways to pay them back."

Another group of Men looked at us in a superior manner and another lot turned away in what seemed disgust. But there were many who smiled at us in a friendly way, and it was one of these who finally strode over to us and said

"Welcome to our company, you look hungry, lads, the meat is almost cooked so come and have a bite with us," and this we were very glad to do.

They had three cooking fires and over each of these the carcass of a wild boar was roasting. The men gave us fresh bread with thick slices of roasted boar meat laid upon it. I was surprised to see how little the Men ate, even Edwitha ate three times as much as they.

Their ale was very good, we had not had any since the waggon went away and we were delighted when a big fellow came with a jug and filled up our mugs. Then they gave us apples, cheese and fresh walnuts and this good food raised our flagging spirits.

We did not march any further that day but sat about and talked and tended our blisters. Edwy and Edwitha were very merry and made me laugh with their tales and jokes. It was a happy day -- how long ago was that? I seem to have been a lifetime without you Edwy and Edwitha.

The following morning we marched with the Men. All went well at first, but we hobbits were in the rear and it was not very long before a gap began to form between us and the Big People. They were twice our height and their legs twice as long therefore they moved with much greater speed. We tried to run but those with injured feet could not manage this for very long. The Men's baggage waggon passed us and soon all the big People were out of sight. None of us knew where we were going, not even the captain. There was no road to follow and our only clues as to the right direction were the broken branches, the trampled grass and the occasional booted foot-print in the soft earth.

Towards midday the captain went ahead on his pony to try and catch sight of them. The rest of us plodded on trying to cheer each other up, but it was a wearisome business. Eventually the captain returned. He had seen the Men on the other side of the next low ridge. They appeared to have stopped, probably for their midday meal. We were glad as this would give us time to catch up, and we stepped out with a will. We were all looking forward to a rest and a good meal and this gave us courage to climb the ridge and hurry down through the trees on the other side.

We arrived just as the Men were putting out their cooking fire and rinsing their mugs in a nearby stream. The food was already packed away and not even a slice of bread was available to us. Edwy, Edwitha and I still had some of Edwitha's breadcakes and these we shared with as many of the others as we could.

But far and away the worst thing was that there was no time for us to rest. The Men arranged themselves in marching formation and at the word of command were off. We, tired though we were, were bound to follow, and it was not long before we were once more struggling along on our own. Our progress was now even slower and the twilight was fast fading

ere we saw their camp fires in the distance.

Once more we were too late for the meal, but some of the Big People, more kindly than the rest, had saved some food for us, and there was plenty of good ale. Quickly we revived.

The Men drank a good deal, sitting or reclining by their fires. They did not talk to us but made conversation amongst themselves. It was then that Edwy and Edwitha chose to take their revenge upon those who had laughed at us.

Moving silently and almost invisibly they made their way to where the chief mockers sat carousing together. Suddenly the twins appeared in the firelight, it was astonishing even to those of us who knew about them. One moment there was just the bushes and tree trunks lit by the fire, the next moment a double image stood there. Then, in perfect unison the twins went into a strange slow dance moving and turning. Bright against the dark woods, they did not look real. Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, they vanished. The Men, who had fallen silent, now gasped, blinked, and rubbed their eyes, and I saw one or two empty their ale-mugs into the grass!

It was all we could do to conceal our laughter, and we were quite merry when we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down for the night. Also we were assured of a complete night's rest as the Men did not request us to do a watch. I do not know whether this was through kindness or arrogance, or the thought that they would not be safe with mere 'halflings' -- as they called us -- on guard.

Edwitha lay close to me and hand in hand we talked softly for a little while.

"If only we were alone, my love" she sighed, then added "but at least we are together and that in itself is wonderful."

Suddenly, in the distance, there was the most horrifying sound as of many voices howling together. Several of us hobbits sat up and reached for our bows, but one of the watch who happened to be passing near to us said,

"It's all right, small friends. 'Tis only wolves, they are far away and will not come near the fires. You are in no danger."

We lay down again, reassured, but nevertheless we moved closer together.

.....
The night was still and very cold with a sky full of bright stars and when we woke in the morning there was frost on our blankets. Winter had truly arrived and it seemed strange to think that so short a while ago we had been rejoicing in the mellow autumn sunshine. I wondered if we would be home for Yule.

Knowing that there would probably be another difficult day ahead I told my lads at breakfast to eat as much as possible, and to supply themselves with bread and cheese and meat for later in the day. "I wish we had some honey cakes" said Edwy.

"Or some of mother's apple pies!" added Edwitha.

It was obvious that many of us were now regretting bitterly leaving home. At first it had seemed a jolly adventure and something that we could talk about in later years. We had been so proud in our leather caps and tunics and we had even talked about how important we would be when we returned to our villages. Not that we could have refused for it had been a decree that we should go and against this we had no power. But now everything had gone sour, and here we were struggling to follow the ways of Men, ways completely unsuited to people of our race. Hobbits are domestic folk, the hearth of home being the most important place in our lives. Food, good cheer, good fellowship and family happiness matter more than riches and fame. Here in this unknown land, living this hard unsheltered life, we suffered.

.....
Progress on the march that day was even more difficult than before. It was mainly through forest land with many stones and brambles. The Men, in their boots had very little difficulty, but the unshod feet of we hobbits, although tough, were particularly vulnerable to injury and there were many cuts and bruises in our ranks. Rapidly we were left behind, and it was not until late in the afternoon that we reached the place where the men had paused for their midday meal.

Here we stopped, kindled fires in the places the Men had used and there we ate and rested a while.

I examined the feet of my little group. Edwy and Edwitha were only slightly bruised, but some of my poor lads were in a very sorry state. The youngest one was trying not to weep, his feet were bleeding and there were thorns embedded in them here and there. I felt guilty about this boy, he was the only child of a widow and I should have tried to get him excused from coming with us, but he was a very fine archer and to do this would have hurt his pride. I tended his feet, removing the thorns, salving and bandaging them.

"Thank you," he said "but I want to go home."

"So do we all, my friend" said Edwy "so do we all!"

Afterwards we marched again, pushing on slowly through the gathering dusk. Night fell and there was still no sign of the Men.

"We must keep going till we meet up with them" said the captain firmly "we will continue to march until we do so. They will have stopped somewhere for the night and we shall see their fires."

I wondered how he would see the Men's tracks in the darkness and almost asked the captain how he would do this -- but I realised that he would not tell the likes of me how he managed it and in any case such a thing on my part would be deemed presumptuous.

We ate the last of our food and shared between us a flagon of ale.

"I hope we find the Men in time for breakfast!" laughed Edwy.

The sky had clouded over and now we did not even have starlight. In order not to become separated, and also to give us courage we marched hand in hand. I remembered the wolves but instantly put the thought out of my mind in case I should communicate my fear to the others.

For hours we stumbled on, and it became clear to me that we were lost. We paused once to rest a little, but this proved a frightening experience, for, with the task of forcing our bodies to work suspended, we became aware of the noises of the night all around us. Edwy and Edwitha huddled close to me and we put our arms around each other.

"We are together" said Edwitha "we have each other, who cares about a few owls and badgers or anything else for that matter. We three are one and always have been, that means that we are three times stronger than anyone else and three times braver and three times happier."

Edwy and I kissed her, and in the darkness she kissed us back. Oh my Edwitha -- your courage was like a flame which brightened the night -- oh my Edwitha -- oh my love.

So the dark hours of that terrible night moved by as, at a snail's pace, we made our way through the forest.

It was towards dawn when we heard the captain's pony suddenly scream and then the captain's shout as the beast threw him and went galloping away. He swore and complained loudly, but it was no good trying to find the pony in that dark forest at night. Now on foot the captain continued to lead us I knew not where.

Now for some unaccountable reason I began to feel a terrible apprehension. The night wind was cold, but the chill which I felt was deeper than any physical sensation.

"In a short while it will be dawn" I told myself, "then we can stop and light some fires and rest -- that is all we need -- rest -- some sleep and warmth." Edwitha's hand tightened in mine, but she was silent.

Then, faintly at first, then becoming stronger, there was borne on the wind a foul stench. We shuddered in disgust wondering what it could be, and shortly after I became aware of points of light in pairs between the trees. Were they the eyes of wolves? I looked about and saw that we were surrounded. Whatever they were they were at too close a range to use our bows.

"Your knives!" I cried "Quickly!"

But they were upon us! They were not animals, they were not Men -- they were foul beings of some terrible kind unknown to us. They forced their way amongst us slaying and maiming. They seemed to be wearing mail and their feet were iron shod, we fought back, but in the darkness we could not tell friend from foe. We used our long knives but they had stabbing swords and

spears and they also used their fangs and claw-like fingernails. They seemed to be able to see in the dark and were immensely strong.

My only thought was to protect Edwitha, but we became separated and all I could do was battle with anything that came near me. All around there was confusion and it was terrible to hear the cries of my companions mingling with the roars and screeches of our adversaries. I thrust out widely with my knife and many times inflicted wounds upon the foe. Once I was borne to the ground and almost stifled by the disgusting body of one of my victims. I struggled from underneath it and stood up only to be knocked down again by a spear which sliced through my leather tunic. At first I thought my end had come but after lying still for a moment I realised that I must only have been scratched. Pulling the spear away I was just in time to use it in order to trip up one of the beings who was rushing at me in attack. As it fell I lunged upwards with my knife and the falling body received the blade through its coat of mail and into its heart.

Now the darkness was beginning to lift a little and the faint greyness showed that we had been worsted.

"Edwitha -- Edwy!" I called but received no answer. Some of my comrades were still fighting but everywhere there were piled bodies some dead and some horribly wounded. Nearby the widow's son was struggling with a vile monster, I rushed to his aid but was too late. The being impaled him on its sword then swung round and before I could swerve I received a blow on the side of my head which sent me hurtling down into darkness.

I could not have been out for very long, for when I opened my eyes the light was still dim. All was still around me but the foe were busy some distance away. I realised that they were slaying and stripping the wounded -- ours and theirs alike!

I had been near the edge of the battle and now looking cautiously around I saw that I was only a few yards away from an area of thick undergrowth. If I could reach that unseen I might have a chance to escape. Keeping close to the ground I wriggled towards the bushes.

Then, on my right, I heard a hoarse whisper "Alfric -- Alfric -- help me -- please, Alfric" it pleaded. I looked towards where some hobbits lay, and there, half hidden by the bodies was one of the twins. It was difficult enough in broad daylight to distinguish one twin from the other, now in this half light it was impossible. I wondered desperately which twin this was and where the other could be. But it was necessary to act quickly, I must get this twin over to the bushes before searching for the other.

Slithering lizard-like across the ground and occasionally glancing towards the activities in the distance I finally reached the place where the twin lay. A hand was extended towards me but before I could take it it went limp. Grabbing the wrist I pulled and out from underneath the piled bodies came the twin. Now quickly as I could, and dragging the inert form with me, I wriggled through the long grass and deep into the undergrowth. There I lay panting and shaking, a cold sweat shaking my body.

When I had steadied somewhat I turned my attention to the twin who lay still and ashen faced beside me. The left shoulder of the tunic was torn and dark with blood and I wondered how bad the wound within it could be. I undid the lacings and opened the tunic and shirt -- it was Edwy. He had been stabbed high up, the collar bone deflecting the sword and thereby saving his life, but he had lost a good deal of blood.

I deemed it wiser to let him lie as he was for a while and not attempt to revive him. His breathing was not impaired and it would not be long before he recovered of his own accord. I turned him on his side, then I lay down close to him and peered through the grass and the stems of the bushes in order to see what was happening on the field of battle. Where oh where was Edwitha? My heart said "Go, search for her" but hobbit-sense told me to wait.

As the vile creatures moved slowly towards me I saw and heard what they were now doing and cold horror seized me. The beings were breakfasting --

I dropped my face into the grass and lay there so full of revulsion I could hardly breathe.

Suddenly I became aware of a loud sniffing noise

coming towards me. I looked up, and there, almost upon me, one of the vile beings was coming with a crouching gait through the undergrowth. In that moment I knew without a shadow of doubt that these beings could only see really clearly in darkness. Quickly I moved and it turned, narrowing its small eyes in my direction, it had a wide-nostriled, snuffling nose and its fangs protruded from its black mouth.

As I moved, my hand encountered a stone. I grabbed this and hurled it straight at the being, it struck the face and knocked the foul being off balance. Before it could recover or cry out I jumped at it knocking it to the ground, its iron cap fell off, and once more grabbing the stone I struck again and again at the abominable skull shattering it in places and causing the black brains to start oozing out.

Then I dropped the stone and turned away in horror of the being but also in horror of myself for the dreadful deed that I had done.

Now the light was getting stronger and I noticed that the beings were moving with less confidence. I wriggled to the edge of the undergrowth and looked hard at the battle field -- suddenly I saw her -- my Edwitha, lying wide-eyed, arms flung out, upon her back and I saw the wound in her neck from which her dear blood had flowed taking with it her life. In that strange, cold, early light there was no colour and the blood which drenched my love's tunic seemed as black as that of her adversary whom she had slain before herself dying, and who now lay across her supine form. Heedless I would then have rushed to her but at that moment I heard Edwy groan.

Quickly I returned to him, he was recovering and beginning to move. I laid my hand across his lips, "Edwy" I whispered "hush". His hand moved and taking mine gave it three quick squeezes. This was one of the secret signs which we in childhood had used as a means of communication in the presence of grown-ups. This particular sign meant "I understand".

I removed the hand from his mouth then tapped his left ear twice with my fingertip -- this meant "I shall not be long". Without opening his eyes he smiled and lay still. I left him and once more made my way to the edge of the undergrowth.

The sky was now lightening considerably and dry streaks were beginning to appear in the east. Suddenly the sun began to show above the opposite hill top. The beings were thrown into confusion they milled about for a little then they fled, every one of them.

I waited a little, then standing up I ventured onto the battle field. It was a scene of horror and heartbreak, no living thing was there. All my little group of lads lay there, my brave and bonny lads who had marched so happily from our valley so short a time ago, and there lay my love -- oh my love -- my love! I ran to her and heaved away from her the monstrous thing which had caused her death.

She looked so small lying there in the grass. The early sun touched her face tenderly and was reflected in her wide unseeing eyes, and the morning wind caressed and played gently with her hair. I took her in my arms and rocking her like a child mourned silently.

Then, after a little while I laid her down and searching, found a clean blanket. In this I wrapped my love, and, loath to leave her sat a little while beside her. And as I sat a voice at my side said "I could not get to her -- there were so many of these monsters between us -- I fought and fought but could in no way reach her side -- I failed her when she needed me most -- and because of this she died -- oh I wish it had been me who received that wound!"

Edwy was kneeling there, his face a mask of grief. "You are wrong, my brother" I replied "both you and she fought valiantly. No one is to blame but that unspeakable horror that lies rotting there. But, now, Edwy, keep still while I tend your wound."

I opened his tunic once more, and now in the light of day I could see that his wound, though small was deep, the skin surrounding it showing considerable discolouration. I used the last of my salve upon it and bandaged it with strips from my own shirt. When I had done this we drank some water from my bottle then proceeded to search for our bows and long knives. I found mine near the body of the widow's son. The

blade of my knife was all blackened and corroded by the vile blood of the enemy, but it had served me well so I slid it into its sheath.

Then I heard Edwy cry out. He had found his weapons and had wandered away to where the beings had been interrupted at their terrible breakfast. Again Edwy cried out, and, stumbling and jumping over the bodies I hurried to him. When I reached his side I too almost cried out, for the first thing I saw was the captain. He had been a fine well-built hobbit with broad shoulders and sturdy limbs, now what was left of him was naked and looked exactly like the gobbet dropped from the jaws of a dog when caught in the act of eating its stolen meat. Others were in a like state, and not only hobbits, for these hideous beings had eaten also their own kind.

"Edwy," I said urgently "they will return to finish the rest. We must leave at once and put as many miles as possible between us and this place before night falls!"

"But Alfric" cried Edwy, "what of Edwitha? We cannot leave her here for them to -- to --"

"No" I replied "we will take her with us and find somewhere safe for her to rest until we can return for her and take her home."

Edwy nodded, he did not look fit enough to travel but there was nought else we could do.

We went back to where Edwitha lay and I raised her in my arms.

"I too wish to carry her" said Edwy, so, between us we bore her away from the field of battle.

All day we travelled pausing occasionally to rest and as time went on the rests became more frequent. Neither of us wished for food and this was just as well for we had no time in which to hunt. We followed as best we could the tracks which the company had made on its way to that dreadful place. At first these tracks were erratic having been made during the hours of darkness, but soon they steadied and we made good, if slow, progress.

When it grew dark we decided not to continue but to rest until dawn.

"They will not come after us tonight." I reasoned "They have plenty to keep them busy back there."

We settled down at the foot of a great tree, its trunk at our backs and Edwitha lying near to us. I took the first watch, and as Edwy sank into exhausted slumber I settled down to my vigil. Sitting thus I felt strangely at peace, the night was clear and still with great white stars looking down on us. I felt protected.

The following day our path took us near to a broad stream whose shallow waters rushed noisily round their stones. I remembered that if one was lost it was always wise to follow a stream. I mentioned this to Edwy, he nodded in silent agreement. He was growing noticeably weaker and he, who had been such a merry chatterer now seldom spoke.

It was at noon that we stopped to rest and I took our water bottles to fill them at the stream. I walked a little way along the narrow pebbly strand and it was then that I saw the cave. It was small but wide-entranced the ceiling was low and it was quite dry in there it being above flood-water mark. Also it would not be seen from higher up the bank. Of course! The very place!

I filled the bottles then hurried back to Edwy and told him of what I had found. We bore Edwitha there and laid her within, I took a little sprig of evergreen and turning back the blanket, placed my last gift in her small cold hand. I had tried to close her eyes but they would not stay that way and now she lay looking up towards the cave roof as if she were looking straight through it at the sky -- and beyond.

I took a flat stone and with the point of my knife scratched on it

*Here lies Edwitha
Beloved Wife of Alfric of the Hill
Dear Twin to Edwy Edwin's Son*

Then I kissed her, and caressed and kissed her feet as I had done when we were lovers. Then Edwy came and bestowed his kiss. Then we once more folded the blanket around her and covered her with evergreen bows. Then we softly sang her favourite song which began

Before the grass grows green and sweet
Before the Spring is on the land
My dearest love I soon shall greet
And we'll go laughing hand in hand.

It was a happy song with a pleasant tune and it seemed right that there should be no sadness for Edwitha. Then Edwy played a dancing tune on his reed pipes and afterwards we smiled at each other and it was almost as if we could hear Edwitha laughing at us.

I placed the inscribed stone beside her, then we filled the cave entrance with small boulders and stones from the river bed. For a moment we paused then turned and went softly away leaving her with the perpetual music of the stream to make happy her slumber.

.....
We did not stop but continued our journey the rest of the afternoon. I became very worried about Edwy, he was in pain and rapidly growing weaker. We needed food and as we walked I looked around for things suitable to eat. I found a few nuts and a mushroom or two and when at twilight we stopped I lit a little fire and cooked the mushrooms on a green twig. I offered these to Edwy but his throat was hurting and he could not swallow them. I wanted to examine his wound and at first he would not let me, but I persisted and in the end he gave in. I removed the bandages and was horrified to see that the flesh around the wound was quite black and discolouration was spreading up his neck and down his chest. I had no more salve and all I could do was bathe the wound in water and bandage it with some pieces of my shirt.

My own wound was beginning to hurt but it was only a slight scratch so I chose to ignore it.

That was a difficult night, Edwy was in pain and myself too full of anxiety for him to rest.

As the greyness of morning came slowly, Edwy turned to me and said "Alfric, if you love me, slay me now, your hand is strong and true, I would do it myself but I might not be able to do it properly, weak as I am."

I saw that the discolouration had spread upwards during the night and that his cheek was dark and swollen. However I admonished him and said we would soon be reaching our own land; and standing up I pulled him to his feet and once more we began to walk.

At mid-morning he stumbled and fell to his knees and I realised that he was now too weak to continue. He begged me to leave him, but how could I have done such a thing? I took our bows and tied them to my belt then I raised Edwy and taking him across my shoulders carried him in the way I carried lambs. For the rest of the day I carried him thus and that night sat holding him all through the dark hours. By morning his breathing had worsened and he was in great pain, Hoping that we might soon come to a place where there were people I thought it best to keep going. If we reached a house or smial Edwy could be cared for and I could rest a little. It was many days since we had a roof over our heads and winter was deepening rapidly.

As I picked up Edwy he gave what sounded like a moan but his throat was swollen inside and he could no longer speak. After an hour we came to a clearing, a wide flat brambleless area beside the stream, it was very pleasant, and I lowered Edwy to the ground and went and filled our water bottles.

When I returned I raised Edwy and supporting him offered him a drink, he tried to take it but could not swallow. Then he laid his head against my shoulder and closed his eyes, he seemed to sleep and I sat still for a while. It was when I tried to wake him that I realised I was alone.

.....
I had no blanket for Edwy, but I folded his hands on his reed pipes and laid his bow beside him. Then I inscribed a stone for him thus

*Here lies Edwy Edwin's Son
beloved brother to
Edwitha and Alfric of the Hill*

I covered him with evergreen bows and laid the stone beside him, then I laid upon him stones from the stream bed. I could not sing as I had done for Edwitha, but stood there in the slanting winter sunlight and saluted my dearest friend.

I remember walking away from there in amongst the trees and I walked on without looking for signs of a track. My wound was now hurting badly but I tried to ignore it. I found more mushrooms and ate them raw as I walked.

Darkness came early that evening, the sun dropping behind a bank of clouds and it was so cold. I lit a small fire and huddled over it. "Surely" I thought, "there must soon be a village or a farm. I do not believe that the land is as empty as this."

It is from this point that I find it difficult to remember things coherently. I think it was the following day that I saw the hare and shot it. I remember wishing that I had not done so but I skinned and cooked it -- my tinder box lying in the grass -- the little insect walking across the lid. I remember crossing the stream -- why? Stumbling on the stones and climbing, climbing.

Then there was the moor with the winter heather: its flowers all shrivelled and brown and the cold wind. I took shelter for the night in the lee of a great standing stone -- it was one of several that stood in a circle -- but I could not sleep for the fear that was upon me and the pain of my wound -- and in the grey bitter dawn and lashing rain I stumbled on not knowing which direction I took --

Then somehow I was here -- how did I get here? How long is it since I last saw you, Edwy? If I had not insisted upon going on -- if I had stopped there and cared for you, Edwy, would we still be together now?

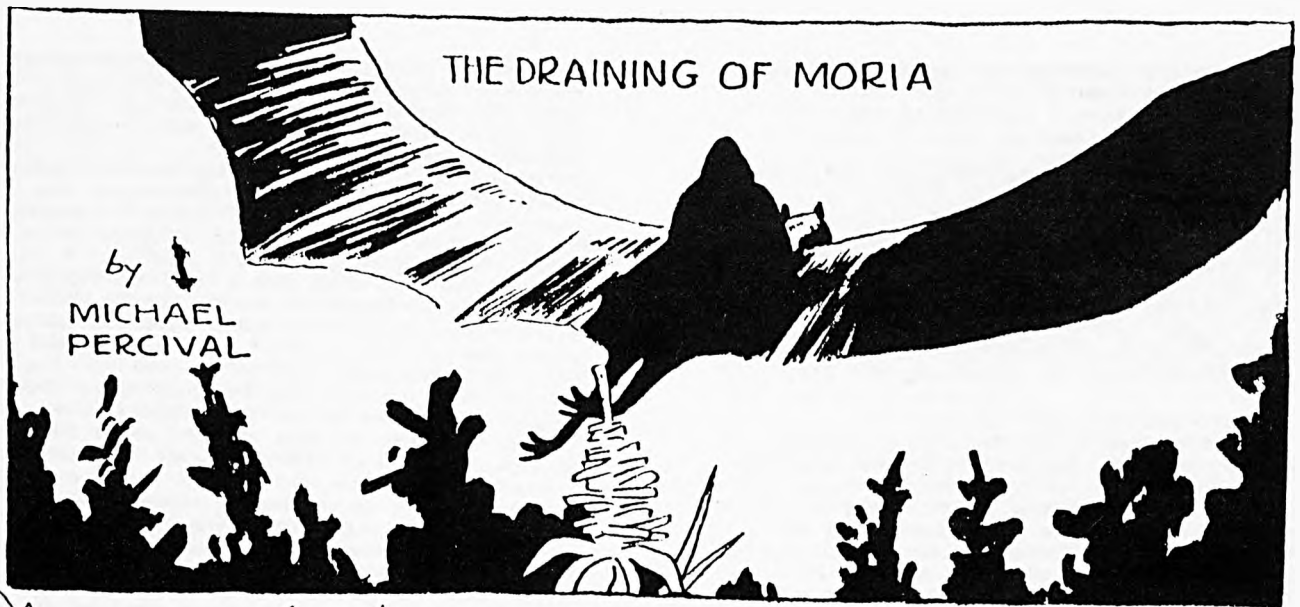
I am looking at my hand -- it was once sunburnt strong and skilful, now it is a black useless claw lying on the ground beside me. Strange how I can remember quite clearly the early part of the terrible adventure but the latter part is dim or confused or not there at all. How did I get here? Twilight and again twilight, what happened in between? It was cold -- I know that it is cold now -- that night is coming on -- no pain now -- just numbness -- sleep.

.....
Last night I dreamed of the Sea. I have never seen the Sea but this is how it must be, like a shining sheet of grey cloth, flat and wrinkled to a featureless horizon and it makes sighing sounds and rattles the shells and pebbles around its edges, piles of strange wet weed on wet rocks and fishes and strange beings in the depths --

The sun! The sun is coming out -- I knew it would be warm and lovely like this and -- yes -- I can move my arm now -- ah, the blue sky! I shall go and bathe in the stream -- there now -- it was no effort at all to rise to my feet.

Someone is coming up the slope -- two people -- yes -- waving to me -- such a feeling of joy! It is -- it is -- why, Edwy -- Edwitha I thought you were





In a recent holiday it occurred to me that I had visited several different types of mine during my life, and in each of them one of the major technological problems was that of removing the water which inevitably enters the mine. In fact, guides in mines almost always try to impress visitors by quoting figures for the enormous quantities of water involved. That this must also have been a problem in Moria is confirmed by the text of "A Journey in the Dark" (LoTR II,4): "When they halted for a moment they heard nothing at all, unless it were occasionally a faint trickle and drip of unseen water" -- and that was fairly high up in the mines, the problem would have been far worse deeper down. Did the mines somehow drain themselves, or did the Dwarves drain them mechanically?

The Geology of the Mines of Moria.

The first factor we must consider is the amount of water involved, and this will be determined chiefly by the geology of the mines. Roger Mason (Mallorn 9) considers the basic material of Caradhras to be granite, which characteristically weathers to a red colour (cf the Red Hills of Skye, or several peaks in the Alps called Rothorn [-Red Horn-Caradhras]), and this agrees well with Sam's comment on the Industry of the Dwarves digging Moria, "and most of it is hard rock too", although he may have been comparing it to the material Hobbits usually worked (probably soft, unconsolidated or poor consolidated sands), rather than other types of rock. A granitic country rock also ties in nicely with P't. W. Sargeant's views on the mineralisation (personal communication): "The mines of Moria are, in the old fashioned terminology of ore geology, evidently located on a stockwork, and present a classic instance of ascending mineralising fluids, with the least precious metals nearest the surface, gold and silver at depth and mithril -- obviously a very high temperature mineral -- deepest and most precious of all.*"

However the area of mines cannot have been entirely granite, as there were caves there before the coming of the Dwarves (LoTR, Appendix A, part III), which would not be typical of Granite mountains. It would therefore seem most likely that the chief dwelling places of Moria were excavated in Limestone, probably somewhat metamorphosed both by the intrusion of the granite and by the orogenic activities leading to the formation of the whole Misty Mountain chain, while the chief mines (and the passage toward the West Door) would have passed into the mineralised granite. Readers will be familiar with the occurrence of stalactites, underground



rivers, etc., in limestone caves, although these may not have caused too much problem in Moria, as most of the 'living' areas appear to have been well above the level of the doors, and so, perhaps, above the water table. Granite, though not as susceptible to attack by water as limestone, can still be porous, especially if jointing has occurred as a result of pressure release following uplift and erosion, and it is certain that much of the mines were dug well below the water table, since following the departure of the Dwarves the treasures in the deep places became "drowned in water", as reported by Gandalf, presumably on the basis of his own experience when he was searching for Thráin. Thus it seems certain that, left on their own, at least part of the mines would have become flooded, and thus that the Dwarves must have had some method of removing the water.

Removal of Water from the Region.

The next point to consider is how, having removed water from the mines, it would have been removed from the region altogether. The map in *FoTR* shows only one river leaving the vicinity of Moria, that is the Celebrant or Silverlode, which is shown flowing out of Mirrormere. However, this is plainly wrong on two accounts. First the map does not show the Sirannon or Gate-stream, which flowed from the West Gate of Moria. Although at the time of the war this was no more than a trickle, it had, in the past, been "swift and noisy". Secondly the Silverlode did not flow directly from Mirrormere; the company had descended "some way below the mere" before they came on a "deep well of water, clear as crystal", which Gimli identified as the "spring from which the Silverlode rises".

I believe that the water removed from the Mines of Moria was ejected via the Sirannon for three reasons:

- 1) Mirrormere was 'sacred' to the Dwarves, and I cannot believe that they would have polluted it with water from the Mines.
- 2) Mirrormere must have been fed by water falling down the Dimrill Stair in a great torrent. The cold, clear water must have been meltwater from the snows higher up the mountain. However the rim of the mere is described as "unbroken", and the surface is perfectly still, so both the entrance and the exit must have been underwater (the mere would not have remained clear and pleasant for long if it had been stagnant). Thus the water which later found its way into the Silverlode may have come from the same source: certainly the description of the Silverlode as "icy cold" implies that it originated as meltwater rather than in the mines.
- 3) Most significantly, the reasons given for the drying up of the Sirannon cannot be correct. As anyone who has ever tried to dam a stream will be aware, however good the dam is, it is only a matter of time before the pool fills and the water begins to escape somewhere. Yet the pool at the West Gate of Moria appears to be stagnant, apart from a small trickle out of the falls, and a narrow, almost stagnant creek flowing in. The only way this could be the case would be if the supply of water to the Sirannon had stopped. This could be as a result of it being silted up after the dam formed, but this again would only result in a channel shift, which seems unlikely for what must have been an underground river. The only other possibility is that the supply ceased, and my conjecture is that it happened gradually as the mechanisms of the Dwarves fell into disrepair following the coming of the Balrog.

The Mechanism for Draining the Mines.

Thus far we have a situation where water is collected in the depths of the Mines and ejected via the Sirannon, but the most significant problem still remains: how did the water get to the West Gate? The problem of collecting the water would have been relatively simple for the Dwarves, who would have constructed a system of sloping troughs and trenches to remove it to collection points. But after they enter the Mines the company descends almost continuously

throughout the first leg of its journey and yet remains well above the deeps, and in relatively dry passages. When Pippin drops a stone down the well in the guard room "many heartbeats" pass before a sound is heard, implying that the water is some distance below. Thus there must have been some sort of pumping system to lift the water out of the deeps and into a channel which exited at the West Gate. How was this pumping system driven? Unfortunately, in the absence of perpetual motion, it is not possible to use the water itself to drive the pumps, so some other source of energy must have been available.

One possibility, though I admit it, an unlikely one, is that there was a massive water-wheel complex under the Dimrill Stair, which used the energy of the waterfall to lift the water into a channel cut right through the mountain to the West Gate. However, I do not think that the channel was this high in the mountain. When the company crossed the widest of the fissures they encountered in their first march (i.e. well to the West of the Mines), they heard "the noise of churning water... as if some great mill-wheel were turning in the depths". I do not think that this was in fact a mill-wheel -- more likely it was a bit of debris lodged in the channel, churning up the water -- but I do think that this may well have been a feeder taking water into one of the collecting pools. This means that the 'pumps' must have been towards the West end. So how was the water lifted to the level of the gate? The only reported power sources in Middle-earth are waterwheels, windmills and the (presumably steam) engines used by Saruman. However there are problems with all of these. There are no reports of waterfalls near the West gate to provide water power -- in fact there were no streams at all except the Sirannon itself. Nor is there any mention of batteries of windmills on the flanks of Caradhras. This seems to mean that steam power is the only possibility, but the problem is here one of fuel. Dwarves had a strong dislike of mining coal, and anyway, the geological environment of the Mines makes the likelihood of coal occurring there very small. But neither is there any record of large forests ever having grown close to the West Gate, and even if there were, the amount of wood required would be fantastic.

There is, however, a solution to this problem, and once again it is the geology which comes to our rescue: geothermal power. We know that the misty mountains were a geologically active region (for example the fissures across the passage which the company has to cross imply that there had been considerable earthquake activity since the Dwarves left), and it is reported that after the company entered the Mines the air quickly became "hot and stifling", although this can occur in areas with rather low geological activity. Thus I propose that the Dwarves discovered an area near the West end of the Mines where the rocks were heated by geological activity below, and used this energy to drive steam engines (in the same way as electricity is generated in Iceland**; cold water is pumped down one hole, is heated by the hot rocks, and returns to the surface via a second hole as steam, which can be used to drive a turbine or steam engine), which would then be used to pump the water to the surface. This mechanism has the advantage that it could, in principle, keep running for some time after the Dwarves left until, in time, some part wore out and broke; thus the stoppage of the flow of the Sirannon could have happened long after the Dwarves left, which would help in explaining why it came as a surprise to Gandalf, who left by the West Door 800 years after the coming of the Balrog.

An Aside: Fresh Air and Water.

As an aside to this discussion, I consider the question of the provision of fresh water and air in Moria. When the company stops in the guardroom, Gimli identifies the hole in the floor as "a well for the guards' use", but the time taken for a stone to fall down indicates that it was of a depth which would make it impractical to collect water in a bucket. There may have been some kind of pump again, but I think it is more likely that there had formerly been a trough running across the well at some lesser depth, which indeed carried water. The trough would probably be wooden (and under constant repair), and would carry

running water, thus ensuring the best possible chance of clean water. This would have been part of a system of channels reasonably high up in the Mines which would have circulated drinking water around the main inhabited areas, probably from a source at the Eastern side to the same collecting point in the West as the waste from the depths. Coupled with this could have been a waste disposal system; toilets and waste disposal points could have fed into the main water disposal channel, and this may explain why the "well" continued to such great depths, as it may have doubled as a waste disposal point. There may also have been a ventilation system; the air inside the Mines was certainly fresher than one might expect of a set of caves stretching over forty miles from one entrance to another, and this might also have been driven by geothermal power, either by using fans to draw air through the Mines, or setting up temperature differences which would help to keep the air moving.

Conclusion.

The Mines of Khazad-dûm are described in The Silmarillion as "greatest of all the mansions of the Dwarves", and this is by no means an understatement. The technical achievements in providing water and fresh air for a community of several thousand Dwarves, and of removing water from the deeper mines, makes Moria one of the most 'advanced' places in Middle-earth, rivalling and, indeed, probably surpassing the works of Saruman or Sauron. Whether their machinery was indeed driven by geothermal power we can never be certain, but it seems to be a possible solution to an otherwise difficult problem.

Footnotes

* As a corollary, Pr. Sarjeant also observes "A puzzling feature about this is what and where were the gangue minerals? One would have expected spectacularly colourful displays of barytes, flourspar or some other gangue: yet Tolkien, though so conscious of colour in rocks, says not a word about this."

** [The argument Mike Percival presents in favour of geothermal power as source of energy in Moria seems all the more persuasive in the light of the new HoMe volume: The Return of the Shadow, pp.454-5. Indeed, though the Mines are already in existence at the beginning of the writing of LoTR and fissures duly noted, there is no mention of the "mill-wheel". However, I have been told that the '40s and '50s, during which LoTR was still being rewritten, saw the first large-scale use of geothermal power, in Iceland, which among other claims for posterity is, of course, the place of origin of the Eddas, in which Tolkien found the Dwarves' names and many other revealing features of their character. It would be quite logical for Tolkien to incorporate the new data from Iceland into his depiction, however discrete, of Dwarvish technology and thus to add to his world's self-consistency. Ed.]



First of all I wish to thank those of you who wrote to me about last issue. I would be grateful if you would write to me about the present one and its contents. Feedback is of great importance to me. How would I learn otherwise, whether you liked or disliked such or such article, or whether it left you cold?

There has been somewhat of a dearth of letters this time, although those who did write sent longer letters than usual.

First of them is Jeff Stevenson who wrote 'A Delusion Unmasked' in Mallorn 24.

...The Stone of Erech' was very absorbing, drawing attention to one of the more obscure relics of Middle-earth. 'A Merry Fellow' also got me thinking, and I have submitted to Amorn Hen a brief article on Tom Bombadil and related matters.

I would however be grateful for the opportunity to clarify what might appear to be a serious contradiction in my article 'A Delusion Unmasked'. Under the heading 'Frodo and Jesus' I questioned Kathleen Jones' assertion (in 'The Use and Misuse of Fantasy' Mallorn 23) that Tolkien punished his characters. Later however (under the heading 'Peaceful Endings') I suggested that Tolkien did punish some of his characters.

Tolkien was well aware that his Secondary World "may be fundamentally 'wrong' from the point of view of reality" and even that it "may be bad theology" (Letters, n° 153). Tolkien had no real fear that any part of his Subcreation (as such) was a blasphemy and therefore he certainly would not punish any of his characters for this. This explains my first point. Tolkien seemed rather more concerned to maintain internal consistency within his Middle-earth. Therefore whenever any of his characters broke the fundamental Rules of Arda, that being would be punished. It was only a matter of how and when. This explains my second point.

Elsewhere in my essay I leapt to the defence of Ms. Yates. I do not however apologise for my "unscholarly" use of her Christian name alone (although I will try to remember not to use it in future). Mallorn is undoubtedly the more serious publication of the Tolkien Society, but surely, after an appropriate introduction, members can treat each other with friendly (but respectful) informality? Of course, certain members' names have appeared so frequently in the Society's publications over the years that one feels that, in a way, one has come to know them. And when they invariably proffer their Christian names, it seems that one is expected to use them.

With regard to your request in Mallorn 24 for opinion on the content of Mallorn, I can only agree with yours, except that I prefer to read Tolkien articles, poems, stories and artwork (whether by you or anyone else) in the publications of the Society. That is, I don't particularly wish to join half a dozen other societies even should they issue highly recommended journals such as Weathertop.

By the way, you mentioned in your Editorial in Mallorn 24 that 'Yes, Mr. Chairell' was "illuminating of British Society". You can rest assured that Britain does not have a monopoly on bureaucracy; this is evidenced by the world-wide success of the television series 'Yes, (Prime) Minister'.

I, for one, welcome the occasional "threatening" article (such as the one by Kathleen Jones), "so that people will remember the Great Danger and so love their beloved (Middle-earth) all the more." (LoTR III.6.1x)

I agree with Jeff Stevenson's opinion on smial magazines (though I am Editor of one), and it is for this reason that I make a plea to magazine editors to send me copies of their magazines, for some of the material they contain may be suitable for reprinting within the pages of Mallorn. If so, the reprint will mention the date of first publication and the magazine it was first published in. Remember that Society publications should always take priority over smial publications.

Another letter is from Jenny Coombs, another up-and-coming member who seems bound to go far. This is what she says:

I must say how much I enjoyed reading Mallorn 24 and the back issues I bought at Oxonmoot. It's beautifully produced, and although you apologised for the paucity of artwork, there were many superb pictures. I particularly liked Edward Holmes Eagle on p.30, and the Green Elf by 'M' on p.33, although I think (human) archers usually hold the bow vertically. And, of course, there was the lovely Lay of Éowyn. I agree that the justified typing makes the text look neat and professional.

"The Stone of Erech" presents some very interesting ideas; but I am not sure that the Stone of Erech was necessarily the Isli-stone. Jenny Curtis gives some thought-provoking evidence for its being a palantir, presumably disoriented so that it would be blank. Otherwise any passing traveller, being drawn to the Stone, would surely have noticed its powers. But this would mean that

It was a minor Stone, since the great Stones could not be disoriented, and indeed the Isil-stone is expressly stated to be one (UT, p.410), which supports Mrs. Curtis' view. But is the Stone of Erech not rather too big for a minor palantir? It is said that "at smallest they were about a foot in diameter, but some, certainly the Stones of Osgiliath and Amon Sûl, were much larger and could not be lifted by one man." The Stone of Erech was six feet in diameter, and could certainly not have been lifted by one man. A palantir 1m (I was brought up to the metric system) in radius would have a volume of 4.188m^3 (113.0973 cubic feet) as the volume of a sphere is $\frac{4}{3}r^3$, (I hope my maths is right!) Assuming the palantir to have the density of glass (2.23/cm³) which does not seem too unreasonable, it would have had a mass of 9341kg (Mass = Density x Volume). I don't know how much mass the average man can lift, but it seems to me that it would take a fair number of men to lift nearly 10 000 kg! Even if we guess the palantir to have a hollow in its centre, say, 25cm in radius, it would still have a mass of 9195.05kg. I know that I have to make assumptions about the density etc. but would a minor palantir like the Isil-stone really have been this heavy?

Another thing that puzzles me about the whole palantir affair is this: would Sauron have needed a Seelng-Stone anyway? Galadriel didn't need one to perceive Sauron's mind ("Even as I speak to you, I perceive the Dark Lord and know his mind, or all of his mind that concerns the Elves") nor to "speak" with the Company in thought. Galadriel was a powerful Noldo, but Sauron was a Maia, albeit much "diminished" by his various misfortunes, e.g. the destruction of his incarnate forms in the Akallabêth and by Elendil and Gil-galad. Why should he need a palantir to indulge in his various telepathic (for want of a better word) activities, such as searching for Frodo wearing the Ring on Amon Hen? "There was an eye in the Dark Tower that did not sleep... A fierce eager will was there. It leaped towards him; almost like a finger he felt it, searching for him." This could be a description of Sauron wielding his palantir; on the other hand, it could be Sauron's naked will.

One possible solution is that Sauron did not have the Ring, whereas Galadriel did have Nenya. Maybe this is why she is aware of other wills, and can even create a makeshift palantir for less skilful minds to use. There are a few similarities between the ways the Rings and palantiri worked. For instance, Gandalf, bearer of Narya, is able to "shroud" himself from other minds in the same way that it was possible to guard himself against the sight of the palantiri (UT p.410): "I cannot see [Gandalf] from afar, unless he comes within the fences of Lothlórien: a grey mist is about him, and the ways of his feet and of his mind are hidden from me." This is strikingly similar to the description of "shrouding": "... certain things or areas would be seen in a Stone only as a shadow or a deep mist". Also, Frodo associates the Ring with communication in thought: "I am permitted to wear the One Ring: why cannot I see all the others and know the thoughts of those that wear them?"

But *RotK* p.232 (Unwin Books 1975) tells us that "they would sit together under the stars, recalling the ages that were gone... or holding council, concerning the days to come... They did not move or speak with mouth, looking from mind to mind; and only their shining eyes stirred and kindled as their thoughts went to and fro." It is not made clear exactly who "they" are; but they are certainly not all Ringbearers: I think they are assorted Elves of Lórien and Imladris, including Elrond, Gandalf, Galadriel and Celeborn.

There is much food for thought in this letter, and I can already envisage whole articles stemming from it. One thought which comes to me though, is that, in creating the palantiri, Eänor has reduplicated semi-mechanically the Sight that Manwë is endowed with, when Varda is at his side and which he imparted his Eagles with. Concurrently one must remember that Tolkien, in his last days, saw Galadriel as the equal and opposite of Eänor in all matters: this could include what to mere humans could be termed arcane lore, which she might have acquired in her youth, perhaps studying upon Taniquetil where her Vanyarin relatives dwell. Surely if Galadriel is as great as Tolkien viewed her, her knowledge must go further than creating a scrying mirror.

Our last letter comes from a wrathful Dwarf who complains for having seen his kindred so ill-treated in the article by Kenton E. Wittrup "Extrapolations from the Tolkien". I am quite astonished that his should be the only follow-up from this article I have received: surely that must have stirred

some reaction from other readers, or has the readership become so apathetic that they cannot muster enough strength to put pen to paper? We can be thankful that Peter Bolton should restrain himself and only send us a "Temperate Reply to Mr. Wittrup", though, for who would like to face a Dwarf in full wrath?

Above whatever feelings I could have over the 'doings' of Elves relating to the matter of the Rings of Power, I would take umbrage over what Mr. Wittrup says about the motives of Dwarves in their dealings with both Elves and the Dark Power. I leave to others the care to comment upon other points of his article, but I choose to reply in the manner of a outraged and much maligned Dwarf. So please make due allowances for my "inconsistencies and wild statements" as I made for Mr. Wittrup's!

After the sack of Erejon, Mr. Wittrup mentioned the flight of Galadriel into the obvious refuge of Khazad-dûm: a fitting place for a Noldo to go to, given the great friendship and understanding that existed between them, which was the very reason for establishing Ost-in-Edhil there in the first place. Anyway, Galadriel did not 'buy' her way into sanctuary with a ring. First of all they were not hers to give out, apart from her own. Secondly Durin III had already received his Ring by the time Galadriel entered Khazad-dûm. The text clearly states the two sources of Dwarf- and Mannish Rings as being Celebrimbor and Sauron. If you wish to go against the text, Mr. Wittrup, then do so but, please, provide a more plausible solution than Elves grabbing a handful of Rings and running here and there with them! Rings were made by Elves without any knowledge as to how Men would react to them. They were not meant for them in the first place anyway.

For Dwarves to have first allowed Galadriel in, and then had second thoughts about it, even going so far as to think of handing her over to Sauron is adding insult to injury! Never have Dwarves treated guests that way, despite provocation or threat from Sauron.

The Dwarves who killed King Thingol in Doriath did so after falling for the Silmaril upon a necklace made of Dwarf-gold, with an Elven curse upon it to boot! Further to that, although Dwarves do come across as being taciturn, greedy and very clannish, not wishing to get embroiled in other people's business, their strength of character and commitment to friendship shows through clearly in their love of Bilbo, and even more revealing is Thorin's understanding of Gandalf's love and friendship for Bilbo, as Gandalf related in 'The Quest for Erebor'.

Clearly Durin III would never have broken the 'guest-rights' and his own honor -- a very powerful thing -- by handing Galadriel over. Remember that Dwarves die or 'break' under an enemy, but never surrender to its will.

As for Mr. Wittrup's assumption of Galadriel's counsel being accepted or rejected by Durin III, this is a totally unsubstantiated statement, which does not bear water. If Celeborn distrusted Dwarves and banned them from entering Lórien, it is solely due to the 'stirring up' of Durin's Bane and not to any hypothetical rejection by the Dwarves of Galadriel's advice.

Although Mr. Wittrup makes a good point in suggesting that Thrór's Ring might call out to the One Ring under the Misty Mountains -- the One Ring attracted the Ringwraiths up to Weathertop -- I do take exception to the allusion of Thrór's wandering "aimless", as if he were witless. Thrór attempted to re-enter Khazad-dûm purposefully with his eyes open, even if he knew that Orcs and Durin's Bane might well be in possession of the caves.

As for the "folly" of Durin's line, what folly is he referring to? Come on, Mr. Wittrup, if you say folly at least back up that word with facts, not thin air! The actions of Thráin, Thorin and Ballin were not folly but necessary acts of Dwarf-lords faced with pressures due to the burden of having to lead their people. They acted out of duty. The survival of the Tribe has led many a leader into doing something which, with the benefit of hindsight, might be labelled as folly. Ballin entered Moria to expand the dwellings of the House of Durin and also to find the last Dwarf-Ring, as revealed at the Council of Elrond.

On the one hand, Mr. Wittrup says that the actions of Thráin & Co. were folly, and on the other he calls the vengeance upon the Orcs as folly also, along with the Quest for Erebor and the 'vindication of the Dwarves in the War of the Ring'. Without those very actions, Dragons and Orcs would have wiped out Eriador and Rhovanion, as Gandalf told Frodo in the tower at Minas Tirith. Is that what he wishes? I wonder!

As for breeding Elf-women & Males Dwarves to make Orcs, this is so patently absurd that it is not worth the

Erratum

After Mallorn had been sent to the printers, I noticed, to my horror, that a whole line had been omitted: it is the Top Left-hand Line on Page 34. So here it is.

honour of a reply. The idea of breeding Trolls by using Orcs

You should stick it onto the page at the required place.

If you notice further errors or spelling mistakes, you are welcome to notify me, indeed I would be grateful if you would. An Errata will be published in next issue, as is customary in scholarly magazines.

Please accept all my apologies.

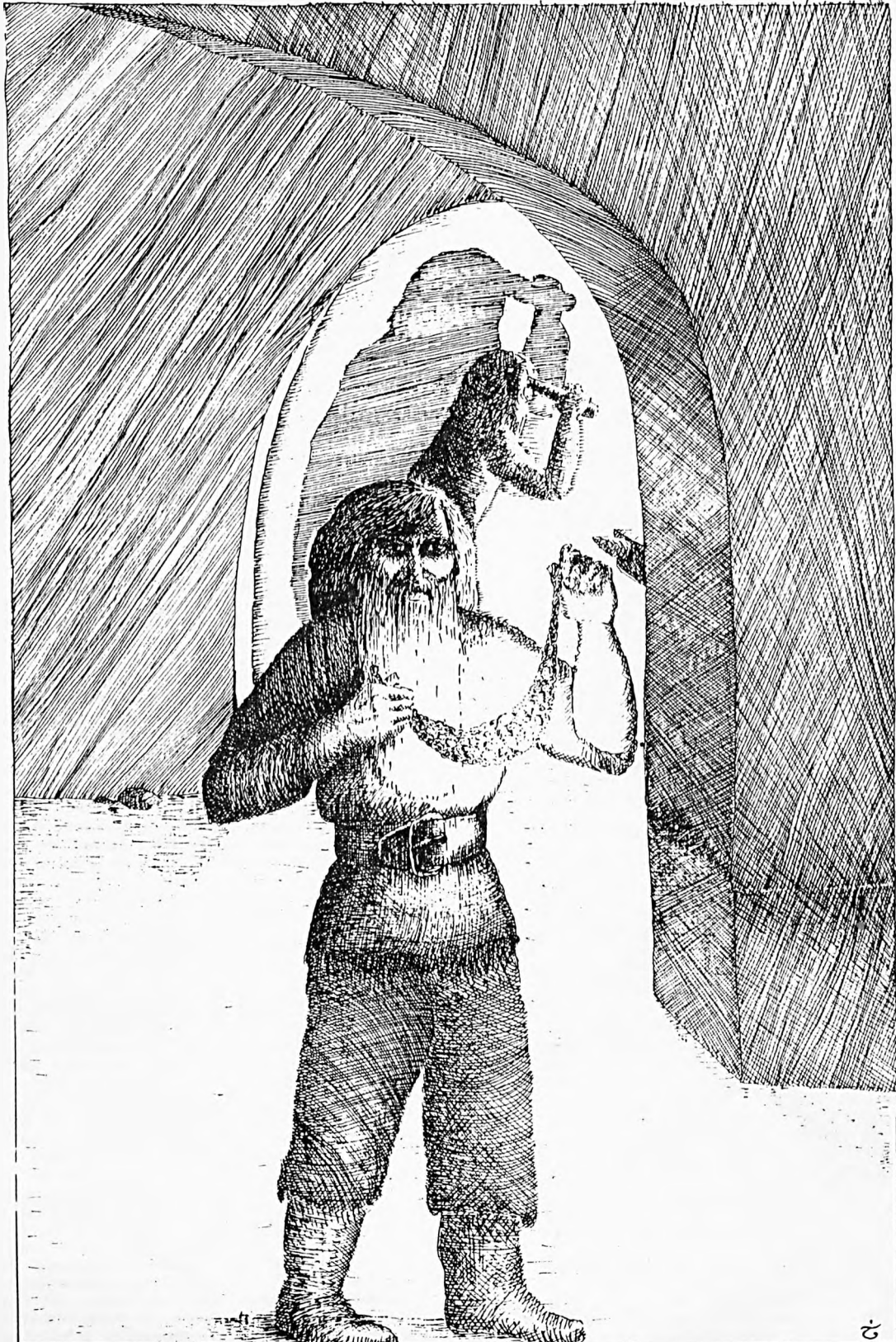
The Editor.

and Goblins too is laughable, since Mr. Wittrup forgets (or does not seem to know) that Orcs and Goblins are one and the same! Breed an Orc with a Goblin and you will get another Orc or Goblin NOT a Troll. They were created from stone and return to it when they are exposed to sunlight as the texts say repeatedly.

The last point (among many more that I could have selected), that Galadriel personally stopped the Dwarves from giving full support to the Enemy is the most outrageous of the lot! Never, never, never has any Tribe collaborated with the Enemy or has ever openly, freely given him support. Galadriel, I agree, is a great Elven

Lady, but she would not be needed to stop any Dwarf from going over to the Enemy, for they need no such 'support and counsel' to oppose him in the first place. Remember that Aulë made the Khazad to oppose the Enemy, NEVER to help them!

I am very sorry to have to make this critic of Mr. Wittrup's article, but the inconsistencies, misrepresentations, disinformation about matters Dwarvish had to be refuted fully and forthrightly. All that I can add by way of advice is that Mr. Wittrup carefully re-read (if he ever fully did) the whole Histories from The Silmarillion, The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings!



The Nauglamir

Where to Write

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

Correspondence and contributions for MALLORN (other than queries about subscriptions or back issues) should be sent to the Editor, *Denis Bridoux*

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

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

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Bibliographical enquiries about the works of J. R. R. Tolkien should be addressed to the Bibliographer, *Charles Noad*

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

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The Tolkien Society



Founded in London in 1969, the TOLKIEN SOCIETY is an international organisation, registered in the U.K. as a charity, dedicated to the furtherance of interest in the life and works of the Late Professor J. R. R. Tolkien CBE, (1892-1973).

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. His daughter, Miss Priscilla Tolkien, became our Honorary Vice-President in 1986.

This is MALLORN, the Society journal.

The Society also publishes a bulletin, AMON HEN, which is published bi-monthly, and contains shorter articles, artwork, book news and reviews, Society announcements and letters.

The Society organises three international meetings in the U.K., the AGM/Dinner in the Spring, the Workshop where talks are given and discussed, and Oxonmoot, held in Oxford in early Autumn, where Miss Tolkien has often been our guest and hostess.

In many areas, both in the U.K. 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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