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Artists

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19th and onwards:- reprints of articles in MALLORN 1 for
those newer members, and those buyers without the first issue.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Cover	A.R.Fallone.
8th page	Dragon by Bryan Talbot
13th	Butterfleye by A.R.Fallone.
3rd page	Ghooley-bit thing by Bryan Talbot
2nd "	" " " " " "

Duplicating by Hartley Patterson, of 'Finches', 7 Cambridge Road,
Beaconsfield, Bucks. Thank you- and for the cup of tea.

MISTAKES:-

MALLORN 1 p. 14. The sentence: "A dative ending
-nnar meaning 'upon' is seen in
Falmalinnar 'upon th foaming waves!'"

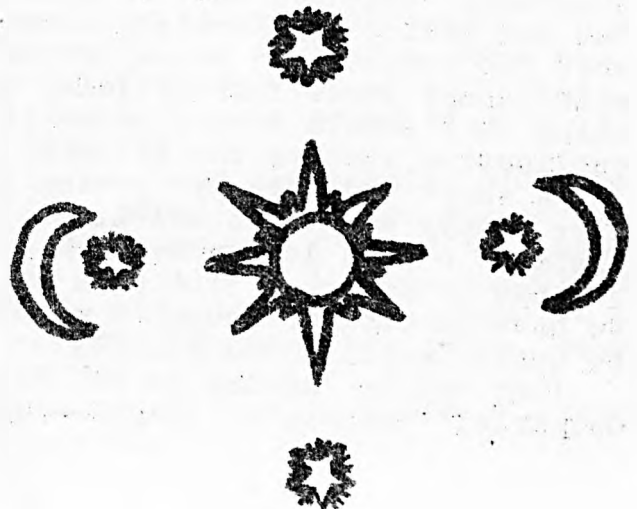
It should have been two sentences:-
"A dative ending -nna is seen in
Endorena 'to middle-earth'. One
other ending -nnar meaning 'upon'
is seen in Falmalinnar 'upon....'."

MALLORN 2 p. 7.

Last line reads:- "... bug-
eyed monsters from outer
space. DW.

Also, p.7. 10th line, "would
die in his bed..."

Articles ready for next issue
include "The Religion of a
Hobbit", "Honey beer";
Artwork from A.R.Fallone,
and John B.Abbott; and a
Bibliography of JRRT, for
which any further out-of-the-
way contributions are very
welcome



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Consisting mainly of letters to the last Editors and LOCs on MALLORN 1.

ARCHIE MERCER, (address elsewhere) writes: "The first Mallorn has arrived at last, proving (if proof were needed) the truth of the old saying: "Leave the Mallorn, and they will come home". Anyhow, thank you. All Mallorns gratefully received.

Let's see now. The artwork dept., of course, is not yet anywhere near the same class as that of TOLKIEN JOURNAL and similar publications, despite the Big Name on the cover, so I'll leave it at that for now. ((As you probably guessed, front cover this time was done on offset-litho, and we hope to continue this, although all other illoes were done on ordinary electro-stencil))

Editorials. Not much that one can say about these. I'm very sorry that you, whether jointly or severally, don't see that you can continue editing the thing. You've done a satisfactory editorial job on the specimen, anyway.

Sam Long's "Heraldry" article I have already commented on when it previously appeared, so I'll just say that I found it adequately interesting.

"JD" Collins's article on Gollum was even more interesting, pointing up a possible interpretation of Gollum's character that I hadn't previously considered. The idea of Gollum's being listable as one of the Ring-Bearers, incidentally, I had previously considered, and I agree that it can only be valid. In fact, he is in a sense a "submerged tenth" member of the Company of Nine.

Belladonna persuades me in a very literate way that it would be a waste of time for me to read Miss Stimpson's book should it ever show up under my nose. (I wonder why people who write books about Tolkien never seem to be able adequately to measure up to their subject? Or when somebody will who can.)

"Brief notes on Heroic Fantasy" is just that, apparently a feeler for reactions. My view is that a "Tolkien" magazine should use a little discretion: some writers (Lewis and Garner to name a couple) are near enough in one way or another to the Tolkienish mainstream to be considered in their own right, to a certain extent. ((I think here that he means in the Mallorn or the like)) Edgar Rice Burroughs and the "Sword'n'sorcery" writers, on the other hand, are far enough away from the Tolkienish mainstream for consideration in a Tolkien-oriented magazine only for strictly comparative purposes. Thus, the way Burroughs or Howard handles a certain situation could be contrasted with the way Tolkien handles a similar one. (And not necessarily to Burroughs or Howard's detriment, I may say) But articles on Burroughs or Howard per se would be misplaced. (Besides, they have their own literary camp-following complete with excellent magazines attached) ((Whoever else is written about in MALLORN, there will never be more than half not on Tolkien, or the Society.))

"The Languages of Middle-earth" I found interesting in a general way rather than in detail. Thus, I had not previously realised that Quenya was in any way akin to Finnish, for instance. ((Professor Tolkien acknowledged the debt to Finnish in the Radio programme 'Now Read On', on 16th December; and also Welsh.)) But not having any Finnish, I cannot concentrate to any degree on what Bob Borsley has to say about its inflections etc. compared with Quenya ones. This article, however, is very much the sort of thing that should form a proportion of the contents of a publication such as the Mallorn.

A short and vaguely Wormish lettercol. ((We've got two now! I've always wanted to add little double-bracketed comments in the middle of a letter by Archie Mercer, after reading the "WORM"; revenge is sweet...)) A poem or three - Ro's in particular seem to have something, though I wish she'd use metre and rhyme. Thus, to quote Darroil, THE MALLORN.

(Why not an "Advice to the Mallovelorn" column? By "Auntie Galadriel" perhaps?) ((ugh!...)) (I didn't mean it, I tell you!!!)



PHIL SPENCER (Address elsewhere) writes: "Now a loc on Mallorn. Overall I enjoyed the zine but I can't help but think that a Society zine suffers somewhat from being impersonal... this is general and is no criticism of your efforts as such but I am sure that you will see my point. Mallorn has got an editorial presence which is more than some I've read (eg Vector) but it just does not seem the same as say Seagull. I suppose an editor cannot make it too personal otherwise it ceases to be a society zine. Whoever does ((edit)) it is treading a very narrow line and it would be all too easy to stray to one side or another, preferably of course to the personal side. ((I agree, but don't try and get personal with me, except you be a passing fair Hobbit-maid, readers.))

As to the contents, well, I am not too qualified to comment here. I have enough problems trying to cope with the "White Goddess" at the moment, and so only read a bit of Bob Borsley's article... It seems very good but I don't go that far with reading a novel and analysis has several drawbacks... It can be too detailed and bore people (lay readers like myself), it can reveal the writer's faults by looking too hard at what is only a piece of imagination of the writer, and it can read too much into trivialities.

Sam Long's piece on heraldry is about the limit that analysis can go with me, it was clear and EASY TO READ which helps. I liked most of the rest especially the unicorn poem.

I have not read the book Belladonna was reviewing... sounds like I might like it !!!!!

B's Postbag... nothing outstanding here though I really am looking forward to seeing Belladonna's article on Hippies... now that I will go to town on when I loc next issue. Well that's the Loc.. sorry I haven't provided much comment, but I confess to only having read Tolkien and not memorising it. ((glad I'm not the only one)) One last thing... Great cover.. I really was impressed by the Gaughan drawing.

DAVE WELDRAGE of 9 South View Terrace, Hill Head, Halifax Road, Dewsbury, Yorks., writes: ((and later to Belladonna, and even an article if you look hard)) : "Thanks for the copy of the 'Mallorn' There's a fair selection of material. I think you've done a fair job of editing - seems a pity you won't be going on.

About the articles themselves:-

The heraldry article was O.K. Perhaps it was of specialised interest but it was light and easy to read so everybody should have got through it, which, I reckon, is more than can be said for Bob Borsley's article. Doubtless it's competent and accurate but I reckon very few people will make the effort to read it all. I didn't. I got as far as the end of the first page then skipped the rest.

I've got nothing to say about Phil Spencer's article or "The importance of being Gollum" except they're both O.K.

However, I reckon the book review was unfair. I mean people are entitled to dislike Tolkien if they wish and equally they're entitled to write books about why they dislike Tolkien. B.T.,

((sorry about that gap)) boiling over in her wrath, seems to overlook that point. I suppose it was inevitable really - the appointment of a Tolkien-hater to review Tolkien's books may produce idiocies, but do you really think that appointing a Tolkien-lover to review the critics work is going to produce Gospel-truth and not similar idiocies?

Out of the postbag there is only one point which I'd like to mention - this business of 'hippy ideas' which the society is supposed to reject entirely. I wish someone would get to the point and make it clear what we are supposed to disassociate ourselves from. I suppose Belladonna's article will make it clear but here are a few points of my own. ((Follows two pages, most of which is repeated in ARF's article))

Finally, my poem had a misprint in it. It should be ASTROLABE not ASTOLOBE. It's a thing for working out planetary orbits.

STEWART BAILEY, of 18 Willow Crescent East, Willowbank, Uxbridge, Middx., writes: LoC: Very good! Full marks! You can't not continue the editorship, Ro.

The article on heraldry of the LotR is very interesting, and it would be interesting if any one could make up shields atc (say one for the society) on heraldic lines.

"The Importance of Being Gollum" was very good. The review on the book was interesting in that it also showed an interesting side of Belladonna. The article on LotR languages was a re-hash of the appendix of LotR but still very interesting. Altogether a fanzine I approved of (will the society live up to the quality of the fanzine?) will it go on like this? ((see next week's thrilling constitution!))

A.R.(FARAMIR) FALLONE, of 7, Broxburn Road, Broadway Estate, Warminster, Wilts., writes: "Thank you for sending me the first issue of Mallorn, which I thought was good, a great step up from BBS, but obviously still bearing a few rough edges. Getting down to actual criticism of the contents of MALLORN, the article on Heraldry was good and clear as was the one on languages. Phil Spencer's bit on Heroic Fantasy was also good but not long enough and more or less repeated what he said in his Gamma. The bit on Gollum was nice and well written but also short. Belladonna's annihilation of Miss Stimpson's book was marvellous - there is nothing I enjoy reading more than the expert dismemberment of a bad book. I suppose it is the sadist in me. As for the poems, I am afraid that I have had just about enough of unicorns to last me for a while and I liked them very little at the best of times. ((In which case you will love the book review elsewhere in this issue - I don't think!)) They always struck me as rather randy beasts, always chasing after virgins, and not even virgins of their own kind... I agree about the constitution, it is long and involved but whether it should be or not I am not qualified to say never having seen one of the breed before. All in all, not bad, but as they say, onwards and upwards...

Perhaps we should have a theme song, like Nilson's "Everybody's Tolkien at Me" or "Bilbos and Bangles" or "Band of Gold" or something. After that I think I should shut up and close. ((In a later letter, he writes concerning his article :-))

"I have a feeling some of the things I have put in my article will raise a little controversy to get your letter columns working - but then, like Phil Spencer, I could see the society stagnating a little and I reason that it either needs a shot in the arm or a Kick up the backside to get it moving. I may not be the right person to put the boot in, or the boot may not be of the right sort, not enough hobnail, perhaps, but as dear old Gandalf would say, "We shall see, We shall see..." "

ARTHUR CRUTTENDEN of Idiocy Couchant, 11 Heath Lodge Site, Welwyn, Herts., writes: "Ta 4 Mallorn, had begun 2 think th@ I'd been 4gotten. 1st impressions - bit large 'ennit? Good layout, clear print but illoes a bit dark.

Ur editorial - as I say in the Qaire, too much emphasis on fantasy by other authors would dilute the zine. If people have an interest in fantasy in general let them 4m the British Fantasy Soc. or join the Cabell Soc. Sam's article is thought provoking. I've tried, since reading it, 2 design some arms 4 various characters - with much non-success - they neither look nor "feel" right. Hope others have tried and submit same. ((My arms certainly feel all right!! Seriously though, if anyone has drawn up some arms, we can publish some in the next issue - see note on illustrations elsewhere.))

"Gollum". I'M going to reread "The Rings" b4 commenting on this.

Belladonna's review is excellant and somewhat different 2 what I who has only read her broadsheets & not met her might expect.

"The Languages" is both erudite and interesting. It shows the almost unbelievable care JRRRT took in constructing "The Rings". This type of article should be encouraged.

THE DRAGON

by DAVE WELDRAKE

To trace the history of dragons in detail would require a search into the religion and folklore of every country in the world and would reveal many different creatures all going by the name of Dragon. In the east dragons are associated with the control of the elements, especially water, and are on the whole reasonably beneficent to humans. In the West, however, the dragon is the symbol of evil as in the St. George legends, but even so men have been impressed by its ability to inspire fear and it has become a symbol of strength and power. Therefore it is not surprising that the Vikings should shape their boats like dragons, or that the British warrior chiefs like Uther, father of King Arthur, should carry the title Pendragon for their bravery in battle.

However, the story of dragons begins long before this in Sumeria about 5,000 BC where the dragon Zu stole the tablets of law from Enlil the chief of the gods, who then ordered the sun god to slay the dragon. In Egypt too the dragon was the enemy of the sun. When the great boat of the sun passed beneath the earth each night it was always menaced by Apep the giant serpent of the underworld. In Iran Ahura Mazda, god of light, battles a three headed representing the spirit of deceit.

But these are all battles on a cosmic scale. How did man himself fare with a more earthly dragon? Surprisingly he met with a fair degree of success. Hercules slew the Hydra at Lerna. Jason, being more cunning, merely put the beast to sleep while he stole the golden fleece. Perseus even succeeded in turning one to stone and in so doing rescued a beautiful princess, an element which was to become almost standard in dragon stories of later years.

Another standard element connected with dragons is the idea that they guard treasure. This too was known by the Greeks. Artemidorus (2nd Century AD), in a book on the meaning of dreams, says that to dream of dragons means wealth and riches "because dragons make their fixed abode over treasure". In Norse mythology the dragon niflungs guards a vast hoard of treasure, and is slain by Siegfried, who drinks its blood to acquire the ability to understand the language of the birds. A similar hoard is supposed to be hidden at Cadbury Castle in Devon. This too is guarded by a dragon.

However, mediaeval saints were less interested in the acquiring of treasure than in the slaying of a monster which to them represented the devil. The best known of these is, of course, St. George, but amongst the others are St. Philip the Apostle who slew a dragon at Hieropolis by holding up a crucifix, St. Marthe who pacified the Tarasque by sprinkling it with holy water, after which it was stoned to death by the local populace, and St. Romanus who slew the Gargouille, a great dragon which ravaged the area around Rouen in the seventh century.

This example was not to be wasted on literally hundreds of knights who set out like King Pellinore to kill their own dragon. Usually this was done by some form of trickery rather than by open combat. The Lambton Worm, for instance, used to terrorize the banks of the river Wear. It had grown from a small worm which the heir of Lambton had hooked while fishing on a Sunday and thrown into a well where it grew to gigantic size before re-emerging. Meanwhile young Lambton went on a crusade and not until his return did he see the results of ignoring the Sabbath. However he set about destroying the monster but was foiled by its power of being able to rejoin parts of its body which had been cut off.

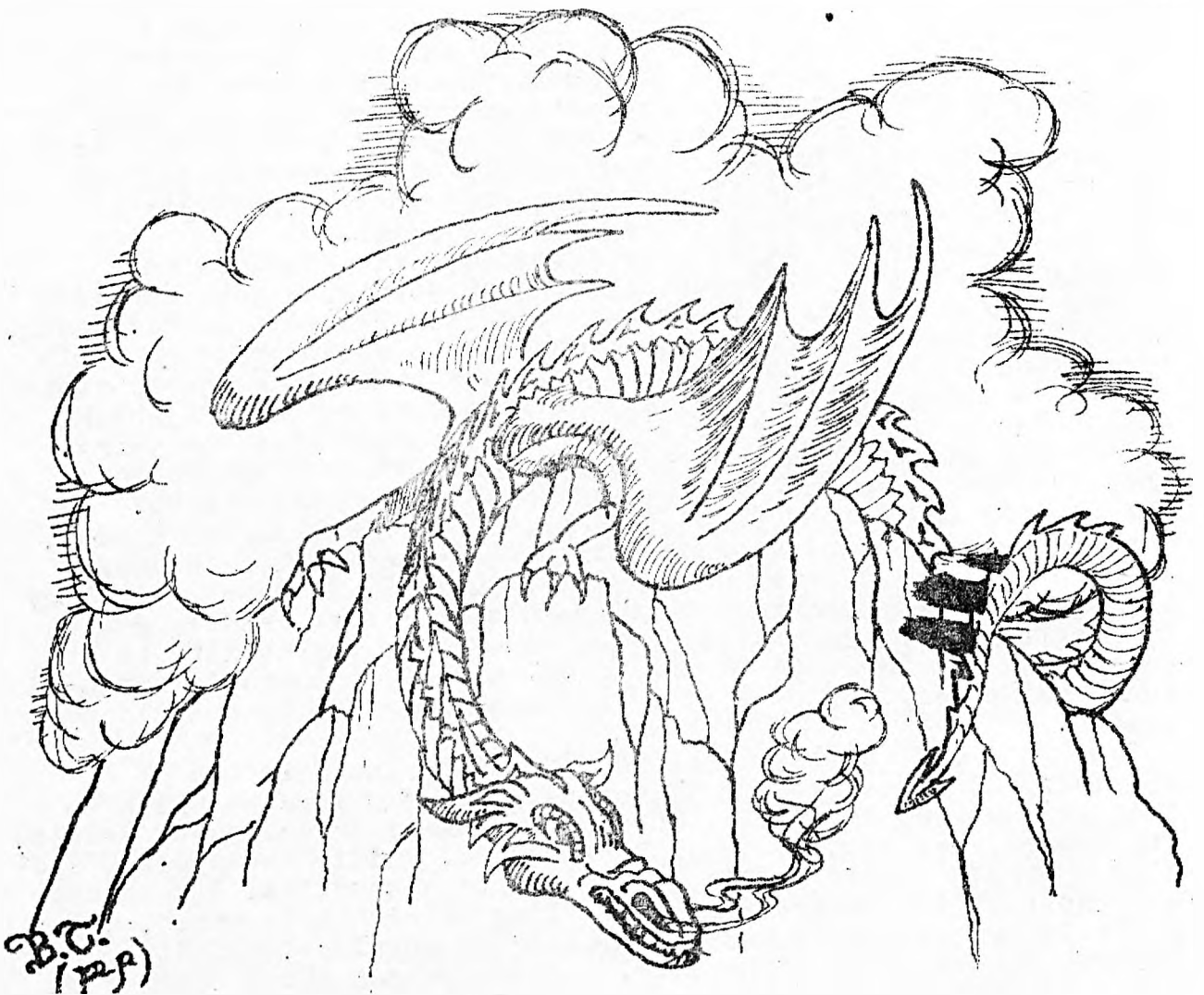
In despair young Lambton went to consult a witch who promised him victory on the condition that he would kill the first living thing he saw after the combat. He promised to do this and was told to fight the dragon in a suit of armour studded with razor blades and to fight on a crag in the middle of the river. So having made such a suit of armour he went to the crag and waited for the dragon, which was not long coming. The furious beast

wrapped itself around the knight and was cut to pieces by the razor blades, while the stream washed away the severed pieces and prevented them from joining up again.

Lambton had won his combat but there was still the penalty to pay, for as he made his way home, hoping to see a dog or some other animal, he saw his father running to greet him. Not being able to bring himself to slay his own father Lambton went once again to consult the witch who prophesied that as a result of Lambton not paying the forfeit no head of the Lambton family would lie in his bed for seven generations after which the curse would be lifted.

However, at least young Lambton fought with his dragon. Others resorted to even lower tricks quite outside the knightly tradition. One of these was King Cracus of Poland who, when he found his lands to be troubled by a dragon, hit upon the following ruse. He filled a calf's skin with sulphur, pitch, and nitre and threw it into the dragon's cave. The dragon pounced on it, swallowed it whole, gave a terrific bellow, and died instantly.

Once the dragon had been overcome its corpse was of great magical value. Most people know the story of Cadmus sowing the



dragon's teeth to raise an army of merciless warriors, but other parts of the dragon have their uses too. In the 'Horlus Sanitalis' we learn that "Dragons flesh is the colour of glass and cools those who eat it. Therefore the Ethiopians do gladly eat of the flesh of dragons, so that their factors tame the dragon with certain songs, and, sitting on his back, guide him with a bridle until they come to Ethiopia." If this is not enough we could put the dragons corpse to the use suggested by Topsell in his 'Historie of Foure-Footed Beasts': "The fat of a dragon, dried in the sunne, is good against creeping ulcers; and the same mixed with Honey and Oyl helpeth the dimnesse of the eyes. The eyes ((of the dragon)) being kept till they are stale and afterwards beat into an Oyl with Honeyp and made into ointement keep any one that useth it from the terror of night visions and apparitions"

It seems to me that the recomended cure is somewhat worse than the disease but since it could hardly have been tried out I don't suppose it matters. However, what does matter is that the dragon stories are still in the books and can still provide a source of wonder for those whose minds are not trapped by machines and

One of the eternally fascinating things about the old myths and legends is the way in which the stories, in varying versions, get caught up and incorporated in each other. Thus one runs continually up against stories-within-stories, and even stories-within-stories-within-stories. Some of the stories, furthermore, are virtually unspoken - so well understood by the mythographers original public that they are only hinted at in the surviving texts, leaving such latter-day public as ourselves somewhat tantalised. Since the stories-that-didn't-have-to-be-written-down are presumably even more basic - and thus important - than the stories in which they are obliquely referred to, we have to grope as best we may for what lies behind the overt record.

Take the Mabinogion ((version as in Everyman Library)), eleven assorted stories, translated from the mediaeval Welsh, in which a very flimsy Christian false-front has only to be stripped away to reveal the pre-Christian vitality beneath. (I do not say this in disparagement of Christianity, I may say: Christianity has its own vitality, but here I am concerned with that of its predecessors.) Beneath the vitality - something else again: another vitality, earlier still, reduced to bare names and a few hints of the deeds and natures connected therewith. Pendaran Dyfed, sitting as it were in the back row of the chorus, but who once, surely, played the lead. Glewlwyd Mighty-grasp, Chief porter (ie, gatekeeper) at Arthur's court, or, according to a curious variant, not really chief porter but nevertheless performing the functions of that office. Only, it would seem, Glewlwyd was originally porter not to Arthur but to some even earlier dignitary. And so on.

Then there is the family that is the main subject of this article

Our quest here starts in the Second Branch, the tale of "Branwen, daughter of Llŷr". Bendigeidfran (or Bran for short), ruler of Britain, gave his sister Branwen in marriage to Matholwch king of Ireland. When the news came that she was not being treated befittingly, Bendy (as I prefer to shorten him) took his armed strength and invaded Ireland. Seven chieftains remained to look after this island, one of whom is given as "Llathar son of Llaesar Llaesgyngwyd".

Continuing to the Third Branch, the tale of "Manawydan son of Llŷr", we find a certain "Llathar Llaes Cnygnwyd" referred to in passing as having been renowned for the manner in which he was wont to colour saddles. (This could, presumably refer either to the son or to the father in the preceding entry.) Traces of an elder artisan-god, perhaps? Certainly nothing so simple as a mediaeval court-craftsman, for Manawydan - of heroic status himself, if not deific - is shown as following his example.

Leaving for the moment the Four Branches proper, we come to the incredible tale of "Culhwch and Olwen". Here we meet Glewlwyd Mighty-grasp, and his four assistants who do the actual portering except only on the first of January. One of the four is peculiar indeed, but it is not he with whom we are now engaged but a certain "Llaesgymyn". Some six-and-thirty pages later, three of the four are slain during the hunting of Twrch Trwyth, leaving only Llaesgymyn of whom the somewhat equivocal remark is made that he was "a man for whom none was the better".

In the romance of "Gereint son of Erbin", which was apparently set down a century or three later than the tales we have already glanced at, we meet Glewlwyd Mighty-grasp and his gang again. The gang has grown to seven now - not including Glewlwyd himself, who officiates as porter at the "three high festivals" but not otherwise. Despite three of his men having - according to the earlier account - been killed off, at least one if not two of them are still around - and "Llaesgymyn" is still one of their number, though nothing more of him is said in this particular story.

In order to get the most detailed account of what I presume

to be this same family, though, it is necessary to return to where we started - the Second Branch, the tale of "Branwen, daughter of Llŷr". When Matholwch king of Ireland was over in Britain courting Branwen, brother Bendy gave him a magic cauldron which had the property of restoring life to slain men - save only that they lived thenceforward as mutes. Bendy explained that the cauldron originally came from Ireland (it must be emphasised that this is the Welsh version of the tale, not the Irish, if there was one) and had been brought to Britain by a certain "Llasar Llaes Gyfnewid", who with his wife Cymidei Cymeinfoll had escaped from Ireland. Matholwch then provided details/further/: Llasar was huge and ruffianly in appearance, and carried the cauldron on his back, while the woman who walked behind him was twice as big as he. Told that the woman would give birth to a fully-armed warrior, Matholwch took them into his service. After the first year, however, the scions of the growing clan started making public nuisances of themselves, and the Irish decided to get rid of them. To this end they constructed a great Iron cage, and getting the entire clan drunk, they imprisoned them inside and tried to roast them alive. When the iron was white-hot, Llasar charged it with his shoulder and broke free, his wife following. They lost their children - but at least they saved the cauldron! This they gave to Bendy, who in return received them hospitably, and gave them lands in Britain. Nothing is said of the civil behavior of the clan that arose, but Bendy admitted that he found them around because of their excellent fighting qualities.

There we are then. "Llasar Llaes Gyfnewid", the giant with the cauldron and the troublesome offspring. "Llashar son of Llaesar Llaesgyngwyd", one of the leaders who stayed behind in Britain when Bendy invaded Ireland. "Llasar Llaes Gygnwyd", noted dyer of saddles. And "Llaesgymyn", one of the assistant porters at Arthurs court. Quite a family, it would appear. A family, moreover that was important in myth and legendry before Arthur was ever heard of. AM.

//////////////////////////////////////THE LAST UNICORN//////////////////////////////////////
REVIEW // by Peter Beagle

The story concerns - would you believe? - the quest of the last unicorn to find and free her fellows, captured by the Red Bull for the evil King Haggard. All the essential ingredients of a fairy-tale are supplied: the wicked witch, the curse, the fair maiden, the valient (though stupid) hero, and of course the happy ending. Yet the result is far from what one would expect from such a well-worn formula; the parts fit together into a credible whole, and one willingly believes that things will happen as they must because the nature of the story demands it. The Red Bull is vanquished, the unicorns are freed, and yet there is a perpetual sense of expectation rather than boredom.

Above all, this book has what Tolkien's works most seriously lack - humour. The humour of LotR is rare and cold, but here it is ever-present and refreshing, an undercurrent of irony stopping just on the right side of parody. I realise that almost every book of the genre is described as being as good as, or even better than, Tolkien, but in this one respect I think that this book surpasses the master.

This article is being written by myself, and not by someone more competent to do so simply because, as far as I know, no-one else has heard of the book. To the best of my knowledge, the paperback will soon (February?) be back in print. I hope that the book will be dragged from its ill-deserved obscurity.

Alex Holdschmidt.

Short book reviews on any book, or longer reviews on Tolkien-oriented books are very welcome (1 per issue perhaps?) This is of course in general sphere of fantasy-SF, etc.

Again and again it crops up: the statement that "THE LORD OF THE RINGS is the hippies' bible". And when one thinks of the author of the trilogy and his traditional background, one's first reaction is to nail the lie, as the saying is, to the counter. However, the issue may not be so simple, and needs examining. First, to be strictly fair, - we throw the term "hippy" about to freely - obviously not all young people who have romantic ideals and adopt a sentimental style of dress are to be classed as hippies. We want to know, first of all, what a hippy is, and why the word should be a term of reproach; and then let us see whether there is any warrant for "hippydom" in the actual pages of LotR.

The question is not to be dismissed as one of dress. Those who are sensitive to the visions of "Otherwhere" will naturally enjoy dressing themselves up like more romantic characters; but there is a world of difference between, on the one hand, long but "kempt" hair and beards, feet sandalled or bare but clean, silks and ponchos well chosen and well worn; and on the otherhand, deliberate and cultivated ragbag squalor. And observation will show that there are differences and grades - ranging all the way from "Beautiful People" and "flower children" to Hell's Angels and skinheads. We must not by any means lump them all together.

What then is the extreme Hippy - the Hippy in the abstract, as it were? The character which we hope is not setting its smear on LotR?

First of course is the matter of drugs. An extreme Hippy is a devotee of "pot", "acid", and all the rest. It should need no words of mine to show the evils of the drug cult, in spite of all attempts to justify or palliate it - such specious arguments as "It's no worse than alcohol or tobacco," etc. The thing is self-evident. You see them around Notting Hill Gate, red-eyed and drooping, with posters demanding the legalisation of "pot". The graphic arts which stem from this cult we know of as the "psychedelic" style - pale translucent colours deliquescing into swirling patterns, outlines of letters swollen 'till they are hardly distinguishable, a world of monsters palpitating with an aura of strangeness... now what in the world is there in LotR that partakes of this? "Middle Earth" is, of course, strange and out of this world - but it is not crazy. It is "Middle Earth" - in the Anglo-Saxon sense - that is the region of "here and now", neither heaven nor hell, but midway between them. Many Anglo-Saxon poets use the term, and Professor Tolkien of course knows it well. The scenery of Middle Earth is convincingly realistic, and belongs in every detail to this world, even though it may smoulder into the terrors of Mordor or blossom into the vision of Lothlorien. There are no suspensions of the natural order, neither are we on any other planet; where marvels and monsters do occur, they are used sparingly, and therefore are more effective; for the terror and wonder break in upon a world of sober and serious reality, a perfectly sane world, where the scale is the measure of man.

Notice too the attitude of the book towards such things as "taking trips", and the use of palantirs and other magic. The heightening of consciousness and the breaking through into other mental regions by the use of drugs, hypnotism etc., must I am sure be classed under the misuse of palantirs. Pippin looked in the Palantir of Orthanc and narrowly escaped disaster; Denethor gave himself up to his palantir and so placed himself in the power of the enemy, to his own ruin. Only Aragorn might, for a sufficient reason, expose himself to the enemy through use of the Palantir of Orthanc, and he alone, and barely, had the strength to survive the ordeal. The Ring itself is another illustration of the power of a dangerous means of breakthrough. These things are fraught with peril, and even Gandalf knows that the wiser a man is, the more he avoids them. There are no "trips" in this book, - only voyages and quests, made on man's two feet, and with his eyes wide open.

Another thing that characterises the extreme hippy is his obsession with sex. When he demands freedom, most of the time it is sexual freedom that he means; and having quite justifiably thrown off the heavy hand of the last century, he is now not content 'till he can abandon the last elements of elementary decency. With this attitude, our book has nothing to do. It does not deal with sex at all, because it is just not that kind of book; on the other hand there is a great deal in it about love and friendship - written from a time, and by a mind, in which it was possible to believe in love and not lust, and friendship that was not homosexuality. This book, let it not be forgotten, began as a story told by a father to his children - ("...and if his son ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? or an egg, will he give him a scorpion?"). That is simply the kind of a book that it is. It is to be admitted that our author does not write easily about women; but what of that? The story is a good story without sex - who wants it? There are plenty of other books, if that is what you want...

The extreme Hippy, again, is a "drop out" - that is, he is so opposed to conventional values ("The Establishment") that he will repudiate them by escaping from them, and fleeing to some kind of wilderness of his own. (It is worth noting, in passing, that the only "drop-out" or "commune" movements that have ever succeeded, are those which sooner or later evolved a still more rigid discipline, as the Mormons and the Franciscan Order.) There is nothing in the book to encourage "dropping-out" in any way. Although we must all from time to time feel a longing to step outside of our humdrum door and suddenly be in the Wonderful country - yet if we were there, we would find hardly anybody engaged in "dropping-out", except, certainly, Gollum. It is not a book of escape (though there are some very good and ethical books of escape, e.g. "Pilgrims Progress"). The characters in it are not conscious of the heavy hand of the "Establishment" (as for example in the Gormenghast trilogy). The Dark Power is not "The Establishment", but an alien tyranny from without. The environment from which the hobbits come is a beloved and cherished home, to which they long to return when their task is done - Frodo is even willing to give up his hope of ever returning there, for the sake of preserving it unchanged for others. There is no "dropping-out" there, nor even breaking-out. The Rangers are wild, detached and lonely, but not because of any rebellion - they wander because it is a duty laid upon them. If a charter for the drop-outs is sought, it must be sought elsewhere - again, this is just not that kind of book.

A further point is the Hippy's insistence on "Doing Your Own Thing". Every Hippy sees himself as an artist, and insists on the divine right of originality. True enough originality is a valuable thing, and without it there is no life - but when it is blown up into "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law", then it runs amok. (What Rabelais, that much misunderstood man, said, "Do what you wish, and love God.") I do not think that there is much in the book about "doing your own thing", still less of "doing what thou wilt". Most of the protagonists were doing things they did not want to do, for the sake of a higher good - even the Elves were willing to work against their own advantages, so that all good should not perish. Many characters had, of course, remote and inscrutable interests, such as Tom Bombadil and Fangorn, but they did not put those interests first. Only Gollum, Saruman and S_____ did, - Those we can see trying to follow "Do what thou wilt" and falling into disaster. As to the worship of creative art - the Elves, of course, lived in an atmosphere of poetry and music, yet this was the climate of their life rather than its objective - they would not abandon their true values to "do their own thing". The Dwarves were serious artists, and (as we see in "The Hobbit") by no means free from the selfishness and avarice of the artist and the lover of beauty; but I do not feel that their art was motivated by any desire for originality. As good craftsmen, I think they would be more anxious to make a good Thing than to do their own thing. Both they and the elves, one feels, were artists on fairly traditional lines, indeed somewhat

conservative. No doubt their art developed, but they would feel no great sympathy for the individual's frantic search for novelty and self-expression.

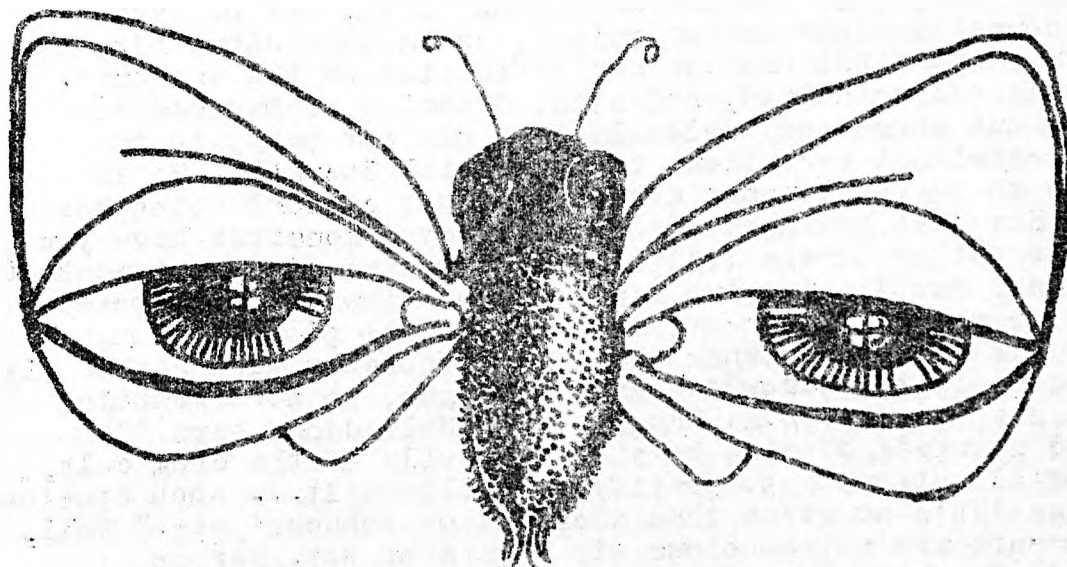
So - it is not a psychedelic book; it is not a book about sex; It gives no encouragement to "dropping-out" nor to "doing one's own thing". Why should our extreme Hippy bother with it? It is a moral, ethical book, full of the old-fashioned virtues, and the ethical bones beneath the structure of it are totally opposed to all that the Hippy believes in.

But as I stated at first, not every wild and free young modern is like that. There are all kinds and grades. And if there are those whose eccentricities are the expression of their desire for a world more like Middle Earth, that is all to the good - so long as Middle Earth is clearly seen as a sane background from which the wildest adventures start, where love and friendship exist clean and uncompromised, and where "service is perfect freedom", why then, their feet are on the Road That Goes Ever On. And perhaps it will lead them There and Back Again, to the peace of the Shire.

B.T.

Before the next article, a reply to the above, there will be a short interval on behalf of the Editor/Typist, entitled:-

BUTTERFLEYE



A.R. Fallone

The interval is completed by one of many little ditties received by the editors from Keith (Beorn) Bridges.

Good Boromir
Come blow up your horn
Theres Orcs in the meadow
And Ents in the corn
Where is the man who looks after the keep?
He's gone with a Balrog down into Helms Deep.

Although not a hippy myself and bearing not the slightest resemblance to one in clothes, habits, or desires, I think I am able to see their point of view, something Belladonna seems bent on refusing to do. Now, to take it piece by piece, first of all the statement she quotes, that LotR is the hippies' Bible. I am not at all sure that this isn't a load of rubbish - many books have been said to be the hippies' Bible, from the volumes of Timothy Leary to "Stranger in a Strange Land" by Robert Heinlein (Sharon Tate's alleged killer Charles Manson formed his commune on lines set out in the latter book). Once upon a time it was said that flowerpeople used to read LotR just before taking a trip on LSD so that the tale would reveal itself in supernal colours across the backs of their eyeballs. But this was many years ago and our American cousins have gone on to gaudier stimuli. In Britain there was - or may still be - a group of 'clean' hippies who used to produce a magazine called "Gandalf's Garden" which tried to put over the idea of a back to nature movement, macrobiotics, communes, peace ect. uncontaminated by drugs or dirt or overemphasis on sex, the opposite of "OZ" in other words. So far as I know these are the only hippies to embrace LotR more than casually. When was the last time any of us saw "Frodo Lives" scrawled on the wall of our local Tube station? No, LotR was a passing fad with students and hippies, mostly on the other side of the water. But, just for the arguments sake, let us assume that Belladonna is right in her primary assumption about hippies and LotR. We must first examine her definition of the creature. A true hippy is a long haired, red eyed, drooping, debauched doss coated drop out shambling aimlessly from one pot party to the next with occasional excursions to the Social Security. He is most likely to be found under a bush at a pop concert doing his own thing. Now just how many of these bug eyed monsters have you or I seen recently? I mean full time, all out wierdos, not weekend freakers. Very few I'd imagine, and of those few how many possess the brains or powers of concentration needed to plough through 1500-odd pages of Tolkien when they would probably much rather dig their latest copy of "Screw"? Sorry, I forgot, we were granting Belladonna her premise. O.K. Drugs, then. Belladonna says "It should need no words of mine to show the evils of the drug cult, in spite of all attempts to justify or palliate it... such specious arguments as 'It's no worse than alcohol or tobacco' etc." Well, these arguments are not specious in regard of pot. Heroin, cocaine, all the hard drugs are to be shunned, slow death every one. LSD? mescaline, psylocibin and all other hallucinogens affect the mind and one's philosophical balance (all that disgraceful scare propaganda about damage to the chromosomes should be ignored, or at least taken as 'not proven') and not the body. It is true that takers of LSD etc. tend to be more agreeable citizens afterwards and lose most of their agressiveness. This, of course, is a dreadful change for the worse. On no account must any of us cats lose our claws... Pot is about as addictive as tobacco and probably not as much as alcohol. To speak of pot smokers as red eyed and drooping, en masse, is a little sweeping. You could say the same of a weekend drinker on the morning after the night before or a furious chain smoker lighting his fiftieth of the day. I would much rather be sitting next to someone stoned out of his mind, quietly enjoying his high, than a roaring drunk out for a good punch-up. The only argument that holds water against maryjane is that it adds another mild addictive to the list of those already available. A lot of people of my age group that I know have had a drag at a joint at one time or another, some liked it, for others it did nothing. It is just another forbidden fruit to be plucked on the quiet.

Middle Earth is not this world and it does have magic, there are supernatural realms within it, Mordor, Lothlorien, where the landscape is transformed into something rich and strange, full of hair-bristling horrors like the Nine and the Balrog and mind

bursting glories like Galadriel and Gandalf uncloaked and Elves floating in their own radiance under the stars. These are suspensions of the natural order, they occur often in LotR and it would be a very much poorer book if they did not. There is a serious point here -- once a writer punctures the fabric of his sane and normal background with a supernatural event then all that he has built up prior to that point is automatically suspect. There is no such thing as being 'slightly supernatural', you either are or you are not, like being pregnant. Like it or not, Belladonna, one must classify Tolkien's works with all those wierd and wonder-ful books you so heartily abhor. To say that Gandalf knows that the wiser a man is the more he avoids such wonders is to have him arguing against his own profession as a wonder worker par excellence. As for palantirs, it is straining to equate them with a freak out on LSD -- palantirs were meant to be objective, showing things afar as they were in the past, are in the present, and, maybe, will be in the future. Time scanners. Hallucinogens are subjective -- my visions are mine alone and no other soul can share them... It could be said that now there are no more voyages and quests left to us, the ordinary people who are not astronauts or jungle explorers, than those into the uncharted regions of our own dark minds. Hallucinogens do not create these visions of heaven and hell, they merely bring them out from where they hide, deep in the white spaces of the map of the mind. Perhaps books like Tolkien's only serve to bring up to the surface a pale, rationalised literary reflection of the visions below, the wonders in check, marvels rationed out sparingly, colours bled down to bearable levels, the consecutive logic of a storyline woven in. When we read these tales the tingle of pleasure we feel is that of recognition, hearing, however faintly, the crystalline chimes of the bells of wonderland buried far within us all. Not everyone has the same wonderland, some are Mordors, some Lothlorien, some niether. With some people it is so heavily overlaid by the dull, ordinary world outside that only cowboy stories and detective novels and sex sagas please them - or Coronation Streets. With others, and I would include all members of the Tolkien Society in this category, their wonderlands are much closer to the surface. This can be dangerous. There are those who do not live in this world at all, alone they inhabit their private visions - these we lock away. I think that most of us would prefer to be more of a brilliant nut than a clod, however... Now, sex... I agree with much of what Belladonna says concerning this but one should always bear in mind that sex is in the eye of the beholder. I dare say that someone with sufficiently twisted outlook could raise a snigger over the most innocent and sexless passages in LotR if he or she wished. One could even, with a bit of imagination, get erotically aroused over the destination board at Waterloo Station... The only true drop out, obviously, would have to be a hermit -- no group of human beings ever existed that didn't form some sort of organisation within itself. Those who call themselves 'drop outs' now are merely people who feel irked by the present established organisation and wish to exchange it for a freer one, a sentiment with which I heartily agree but am too chicken to do anything about. Belladonna says that the Hobbits come from a beloved and cherished home -- yes, and the home is the only unit of any size in the Shire. Lets face it, there was no Establishment to speak of in the Shire from which to escape. Not quite the hippies' paradise, it must be admitted, but a lot nearer their ideal than present day Britain or America.

ARTISTIC originality through whatever medium has to be controlled by the originator or it descends into unintelligibility and art has to be a form of communication or it is nothing. Anarchy, 'Do what thou wilt' never produced good art and of course Chaos was always a synonym for Evil. But Chaos is needed. The very theme of LotR is the fight of Order against Chaos, and Order wins but only just, and only temporarily. You say, Belladonna, that the Elves and Dwarves were artists; I would disagree and say they were something less, decrators of environment, craftsmen, muzak maker s poetic historians. There is no evidence in LotR that the Elves or Dwarves ever had their Michaelangelos or Leonardos or Shakes-peares or Blakes or even their equivalent of Tolkien - the only

artists named great in the book are Celebrimbor and Feanor and both were, it appears, only supreme craftsmen. Tolkien's world does not admit of genius, which partakes uncomfortably much of the Chaos which his heroes are fighting. Few of the hippies could be labelled geniuses, even by the most charitable standards, some may be, most certainly act as if they were. Like it or not, Tolkien appeals to the eccentric in people, and if he attracts the hippies he does so for that reason, there being rather more eccentricity in them, real or assumed, than the rest of society. Also, like it or not, we are brothers and sitters under the skin to the hippies in our eccentricity, being members of a literary society existing far out on the periphery of the 'normal' world of books. We are as much Outsiders as they are, with that whiff of chaos about us that so unsettles ordinary folk. If this point seems hard to take think back to the last time any of us tried to explain the trilogy and our enthusiasm for it to one of the mentally moribund. Remember the glazed gaze, the restless movements, the attempts to change the subject? We are beyond most people's pale. Belladonna's points are as follows: it is not a psychedelic book- I say it most certainly is, she says it is not a sex book- I say any book that has a man and a woman in it is a book about sex, she says it gives no encouragement to dropping out- I say it paints a picture of a world much closer to the drop out's ideal than our own, she says it does not encourage anyone to do their own thing. I say that Tolkien did his own thing for many years and through many difficulties to produce the book and is an object lesson in the practice himself. Another point - how many times have books been used for a purpose completely opposite to that for which they were written? The Bible is number one on that long list... Human beings are rotten animals, mosly, their only saving grace being an inner spark that drives them toward perfection, some sort of ideal state. Even the lowest of the low still has this dim vision, glinting like a diamond at the bottom of a cess pit. Middle Earth is applace where one's ideals stand realised and manifest and also where the grim, foul elements in everyone are embodied, clothed in scale and hide, gibbering at one in clear daylight. One's evils, usually so elusive and hard to get to grips with, are there to be whacked. and whacked they are, to the delight of all. That, unfortunately, is not how it is in real life, as we know. Indeed Tolkien has made some attempt to temper our delight with the realization that the defeat of evil is at some serious cost to the forces of good. Primarily, as he says, he was telling a story, telling it supremely well, but not totally realistically - there are no halts for natural functions, the act of sex is not mentioned, we do not even know if Aragorn had a beard, if not, whether he kept a clean cut image by having a quick scrape round with his dirk at quiet points in the story. Yes, these are ideal figures on a clean landscape fighting the foulest of evils and winning. It is what we are all striving for, hippies and 'normals', knowingly or unknowingly, the triumph of what every human must consider right over what every human must consider abhorrent, or betray his own humanity. So, Belladonna, leave the poor old hippy alone, if he wants to read the book, it only shows that under all that hair and pot he has the same aspirations as anybody. He may express them in a fashion of which you disapprove, but surely evryone has the right to go to hell or Heaven in his own way? What you object to is us being tarred with the same brush as the hippies by 'normal' society because we read a book they also reda. Apart from the possibility that reading a book so strongly moral and correct might effect some change of ways in our benighted hippy friends, placing their feet on the path of righteousness, as it were, all it is is just one minority group disdaining another for something which I am not at all sure is true, anyway. I think they have left us behind long ago, these extreme hippies you tak about, Belladonna, and those that still wave Tolkien like a banner are just eddies in the backwaters of hippiedom, apeing their leaders' abandoned fashions. We need not feel besmirched by being associated in other people's minds with these plastic hippies. The real variety have gone on and got violent at demos and David Frost Shows, turned into yippies. Good riddance, the phony breed are much more pleasant. Polyvinyl daisy, anyone? Love, Love, Love, Gandalf for Queen..... ARF.

Correspondence continues, lively and controversial - I am grateful for the hospitality of the columns of the 'MALLORN' for some of it. Those of you who have written will note that many of the letters are dated some way back in the year - I'm sorry, but time passes so quickly!

HAL BROOME (Mithrandir) of the Istari smial, Hattiesburg, Miss., U.S.A. writes: "We are starting with 5 members, with two more prospects who may join later. We meet Thursday nights every week! (He also comments on the Donald Swan songs) "I read an inquiry in 'B.Broadsheet' asking what to do at smial meetings. I suggest a pet project of mine. 'Go ye minstrels, follow the footsteps of Donald Swan and compose music to the poems of Middle Earth!' I have been working on the music to 'Over the Misty Mountains Cold' in the Hobbit. My fellow smial members think it's pretty good, but I'm not yet satisfied with it." - Good work, Mithrandir. We should like to have your efforts some time, also perhaps the script of your local play, 'The Hobbit'.

DAVE WELDRAKE, of 9 South View Terrace, Hill Head, Halifax Road, Dewsbury, Yorks., writes: "If I were to suggest somewhere as part of MiddleEarth I'd say that the Yorkshire Wolds were the remains of the Shire - and very much flourishing they are too." (Regarding Dwarves, he thinks there are no Dwarves left in our islands for the following dramatic reason:) "The only dwarvish race to dwell in our isles was wiped out years ago. They were the Picts, that courageous people who so harried the Romans, but in the end a Scottish king did what the Romans could not do and destroyed them all. He wanted the secret of Heather Ale, an ancient brew perhaps even older than Middle Earth. Only the Picts knew the secret so the king waged war on them.

"After the battle, the last two Picts, father and son, were brought before him. 'Tell me' said the king 'the secret of Heather Ale and I will set you free. If not I will cast you over the cliffs.' The boy shuddered at the thought but before he could speak his father motioned the king aside and said in a low whisper, 'Sire, I would gladly reveal the secret, however, I fear that my son would kill me if I did, for he is a rash impetuous youth and cares little for his father... But if you were to throw him over the cliff, it would then be safe for me to tell you the secret of Heather Ale...'

"The king needed no further prompting and the youth was unceremoniously thrown over the cliff-top and onto the rocks below. 'Now' said the king 'reveal the secret at once!'

"'Never!' said the little man, and a smile crossed his lips. 'My son would have done so, had you given him the chance, for he was young and the world still had much to offer him, but I am old and neither torture nor reward means anything to me any more. Do as you will but the secret lives and dies with me.' Then the king realised he had been outwitted, and that, though he had won the battle, he was not the victor. In reality the victory belonged to the little old man, the last of the Picts. 'Let him go!' said the king sadly to his troops, and the old man ran off and disappeared into the hills, never to be seen again, and with him went the secret of Heather Ale.

"So this is the story of the last of the dwarvish race in Britain. Perhaps a few individuals survived, or perhaps there were other dwarvish tribes who came to our shores after this time but I think not, but then that gives you all the more reason to speak of them in your magazine. They were a noble race and their part in our culture and that of Middle Earth should not be forgotten lest we provoke the anger of their kin overseas, for dwarvish wrath will not be stilled.

Thank you for the fine story, Dave. I hope we haven't quite lost the dwarves, though. Some of the Cornish miners are very like them, and I have met some small-claim gold prospectors in South Africa (living in neat beehive huts intricately covered with) who were very dwarvish; and there are the Kobbolds,

Knockers, ect., ect., and as to the German Kellergeist, he sounds like the offspring of a Dwarf and a Wood-elf! But that raises the question of female Dwarves —

PHILIP HOWARD, of 22 Eyton Road, Dawley, Telford, Salop, writes: "No doubt there were notable Dwarf-women, but it would be difficult to get to know them - for one thing, you would never know if the dwarf was a woman. We are told that the two sexes were so alike that the 'eyes and ears of other peoples cannot tell them apart.' This is all very well - but what about the beards? Do Dwarf-women have beards as well?

Yes, as I read it, the Dwarf-women did have beards. Unattractive, but there's no accounting for Dwarves! They don't seem to have been a very sexy lot, do they? But I suppose male Dwarves found them congenial. I wonder what Dan, the mother of Fili and Kili looked like?

ROSIE TURNER (Rosie Cotton) of 6 Masefield Gardens, East Ham, London, E.6. Writes: "I wonder if anybody else who owns a paperback LotR has had the same trouble as I have! I picked up my well thumbed copy, and the middle pages promptly fell out. I stuck them back (with the aid of the sellotape) and all seemed well. I picked it up a few weeks later, and the complete cover fell off, and pages were wildly flying about the room. I've now had to put them in order, (all 1082 pages of it) stamp holes in it, and mount it in 2 'Ring Binders'! This means, of course, that I cannot possibly lend it to anybody now, and will have to buy myself a new copy (NOT in one paperback!) I think it was a rather a silly idea of Allen and Unwin's, to mount such a large story in one paperback, as it cannot possibly stand up to frequent handling (my copy was only three months old!)

Yes, I feel this must be brought to the notice of Allen & Unwins. The paperbacks of the separate parts (as published by Ballantyne, the only American edition authorised by JRRT himself) are much handier, and are really pocket size.

JAMES EAD of 29 Uttoxeter Road, Little Stoke, near Stone, Staffs, writes: "Have you heard any music by a folk group by the name of 'Magna Carter'? On their latest album called 'Seasons' is a very Tolkien influenced song called 'Ring of Stone', which appears to be the ruined tower on Weathertop. (I haven't, as I don't usually listen to pop music, but this sounds so promising that I will give it a fair hearing as soon as possible. He continues:)

"The other day, looking through an old file in which I keep bits of poetry I write, I discovered one which I had forgotten that I had written. It has no title and it seems now that a couple of the lines have come from LotR though not deliberately so.

I saw them, lying deep
Grim faces and evil,
Noble faces and sad,
Many faces proud and fair,
With weeds entwined
In their silver hair.
Deep, deep they lie,
Beneath the shadow in the sky.
Long have they lain
Since that fell day.
And a thousand leaves
Have fallen since then
In the lost land of Lorien,
That lies below the Sundering Sea.

Long have they lain, and deep
From that day, when the vigil kept
The weary men of war awake.
Spears and swords shone bright.
There were cries of battle
In the fading light.

But the passing years have flown since then
And gone are the Fair to the West at last.

EDITORIAL. Well, here it is:- MALLORN 2. We hope it was worth the wait (in gold); but we hope in future to publish at set, regular times of the year. As someone said, the strength of such a widely scattered society is in its mailings, and if these are regular it will help put the society on a even keel.

As far as new editorial policy is concerned - for this is the first issue from Laurelindorenan - there is little to say except to repeat part of what was said in the last issue :- the "aim" of the society: "To enjoy the fantasy of Middle Earth, and express it according to the individual tastes and talents of its members. We hope to have articles from as many different people as possible, on as varied subjects as possible; however, at least half of the non-society articles will be on Tolkien, we hope.

Concerning letters; in the last issue, Ro said that she would like to see 10 pages of letters in each issue. Although I think that this is a bit excessive, I do think that a very large amount of the MALLORN should be devoted to them; for how else can two members living hundreds of miles apart exchange views and ideas? Incidentally, except, of course for those letters in Belladonna's Postbag, most of the letters were written to Ro and Darroll, which they have passed on to us.

Largely as a result of exams, not as much time and trouble has been spent on this issue as I would have liked. In places the layout is very bad; perhaps if more space had been devoted to margins, and for the tops and bottoms of pages, it would have had a greater visual effect. However, next issue, we'll take more care with these things.

The contents of this issue are not well balanced: there is no article directly concerning LotR, although there are two articles on folk-lore in general.

If you have bought this issue, and have not seen Mallorn 1, you will find that the last set of blue pages contains a fair selection of the contents of MALLORN 1. This is because the first issue was underprinted, and is no longer available. This also applies to newly-joined members. Since there are plenty spare copies of this "Big" issue, they are on sale at 3s or 15np post free from the Editors.

In as many MALLORNS as possible are included a sheet of Runic characters from Kieth (Beorn) Bridges, giving approximate translations of the various Runic characters. Thank you the Carrock Press

Anyway, here it is:- MALLORN TWO.

SILVER

Birchen seneschal
In the woods of Iroquois
Silver is your skin
Silver is your sun
And silver are your tears that fall
Whenever the night does come.

Water-lily
Like a star
Floating on a sky black lake
Drifting like the morning star
Across a dark expanse
Moving slowly ever onwards
Moving to meet the dawn.