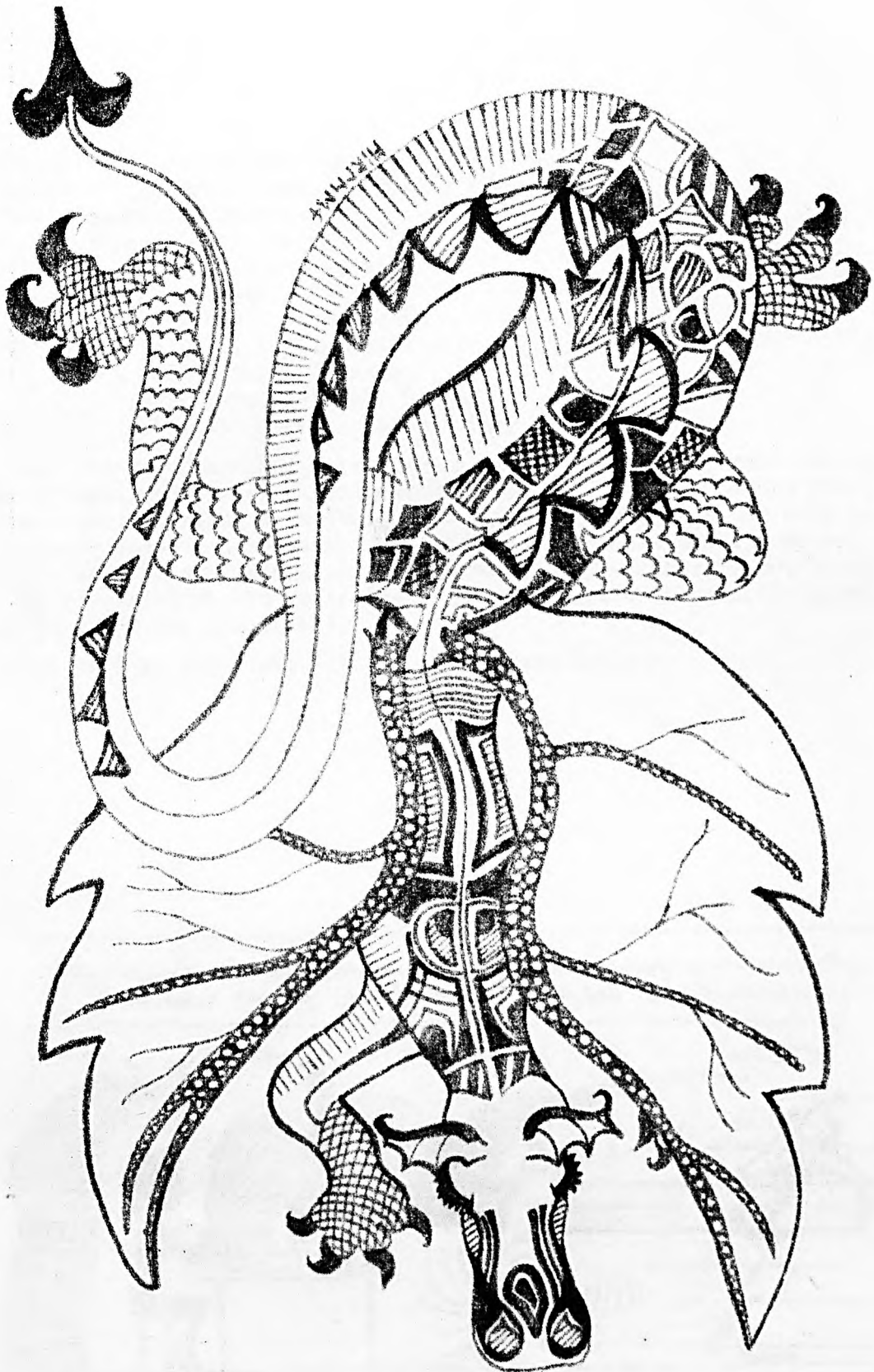


MALLORN

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MALLORN

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Credits

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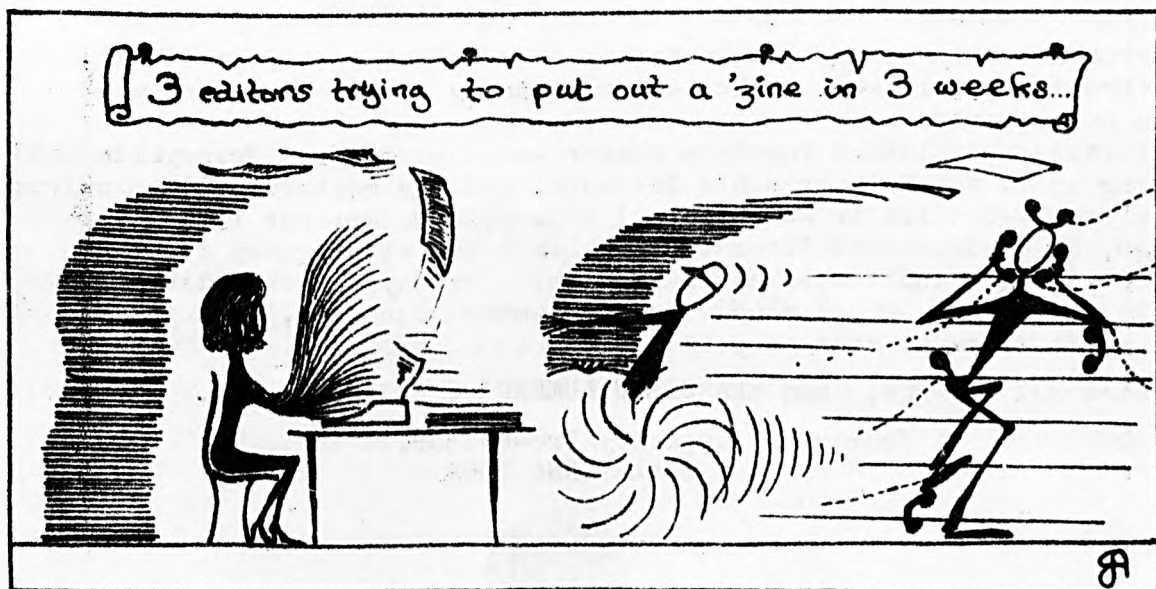
All letters of comment, articles, artwork etc for Mallorn 6 should be sent to the TS Chairman: Keith Bridges, 31 Great Dell, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

All inquiries regarding distribution of mailings should also be sent to Keith.

Tolkien Society Membership is £1 per year, 75p for smial members, and should be sent to the Treasurer: A H Mercer, 21 Trenethick Parc, Helsdon, Cornwall.

Any inquiries should go to the Secretary: Mrs V Chapman, 21 Harrington House, Stanhope St, London NW1.

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PRO-EDITORIAL FROM THE PRO-EDITOR.

Greetings to all our good readers! Atlast, at long last, MALLORN 5 springs into life--- did I hear someone say 'And about time too...'?

Apologies, and an appeal to your patience, good Hobbit-folk and all the rest of you. It should have been out by.... well, never mind. Our Joint-Editors, the Laurelindorinan Smial, having got out MALLORNS 2,3 and 4 in excellent style, suffered the common fate of their age, and were swept asunder by the fortunes of studentdom. Steve Thomson struggled on as best he could, but eventually dropped into my lap what I was tempted to compare to a stillborn baby---- but having summoned help, Hartley Patterson, John Martin and the Fairy-Midwife of Overburrows Flet took energetic measures, applied the kiss-of-life, oxygen and infusions of Athelas, and behold, here is the infant, alive and I hope kicking in all directions. If it isn't quite so large and bouncing as some, that must be the excuse. We have done our best.

And now, an appeal from the heart--- WE WANT AN EDITOR. Any offers? Any volunteers? Unpaid, save with the gratitude of all Tolkienists--- no inducements to offer---but oh, how we do need one--- or more. If perhaps it is a thing no one will take on entirely, perhaps some of you would consider editing MALLORN for one number, or for alternate numbers? I leave it with you--- let us hear from you.

We have now had the A.G.M., and the report of it is in the Bulletin, ANDURIL O. We also have a Constitution, and anyone who wants a copy can obtain it by writing to the Chairman (Keith Bridges, Beorn.) And anyone who objects to any part of it must now wait till next year and come to the 1973 A.G.M.--- which we are planning to hold in LIVERPOOL, under the auspices of the Merseyside Tolkien Society. We hope to make this something of a CON, with a number of attractions, so make a provisional note of this. It will be about the end of February 1973. All details will be in ANDURIL.

The Professor's Birthday was a noteworthy occasion, and though mentioned in ANDURIL deserves a place here. The Society sent him a telegram of congratulation, and also a handsome china tobacco jar, designed in green with white huntsmen chasing white harts in a forest, and an appropriate message--- the contents of the jar, while not really the genuine Longbottom Leaf, were the best Latakia Mixture. Miss Joy Hill, the Press Officer for Allen & Unwin, rang me up on the very eveing of the birthday to tell me of the Professor's great pleasure, and later I received the following:

6th February 1972.

Dear Mrs. Chapman,

May I thank you and the Tolkien Society for your good wishes and kind gift on my 80th birthday. I appreciated your generosity very much indeed. Best wishes,

Yours sincerely, J.R.R.TOLKIEN.

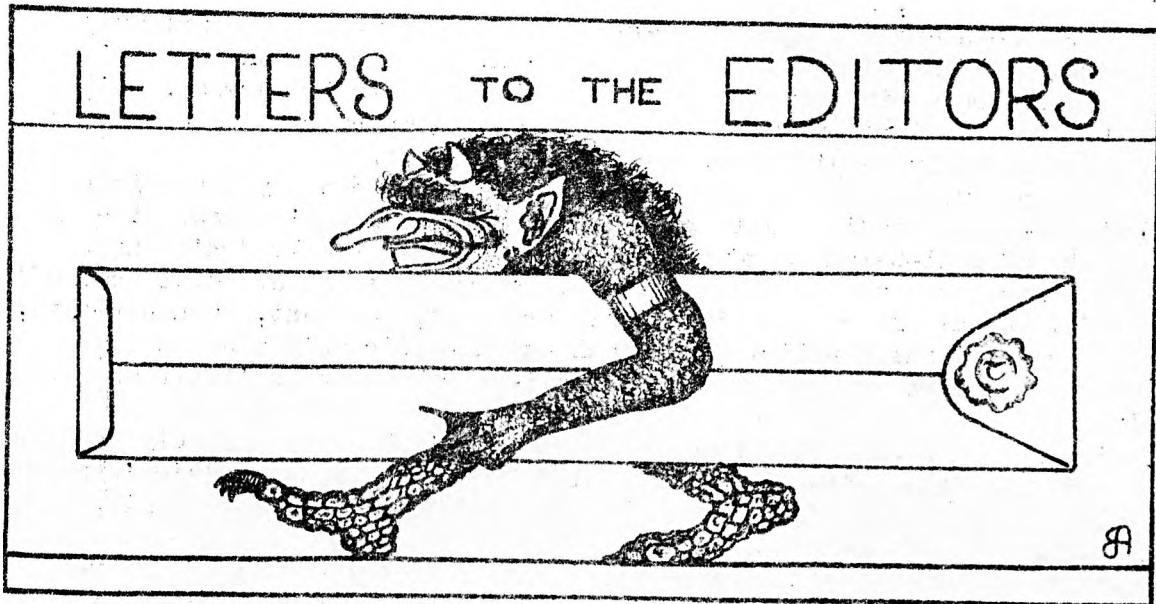
Considering how very rarely the Professor ever writes to anyone at all, we are greatly privileged. The letter is in my possession, and may be seen on request.

Activities are planned for this summer --- a party from Merseyside will be coming up to see Tutankhamen's Treasure, and any members will be welcome to join them---details in ANDURIL; I hope also to arrange periodical meetings, of a social and literary kind, in a pub within easy reach of Euston Station; And a special invitation: If anyone would like a visit to the LONDON ZOO BY NIGHT on Wednesday June 7th, will they please write to me as soon as possible?

That's all for now, and ELA SILEN LUMENN' OMENTIELMO.....

Your very temporary Pro-Editor,
BELLADONNA TOOK





The above illustration does not depict any of the contributors to this column. Nor does it represent an emissary of the GPO. Though I have wondered at times about the scratches on the front door.... The editorial 'I' in this case belongs to Hartley Patterson, who henceforth appears in (()).

BOB BORSLEY (Porth-y-Cwm, Cae Rhys, Cricieth, N Wales)

Congratulations to everyone involved in Mallorn 4. It gets better all the time. Bryan Talbot's artwork I thought was very nice, I look forward to seeing more of it.

Turning briefly to earlier Mallorns, I agree strongly with David Pearson's criticisms of Phil Spencer's remarks in Mallorn 2 on analysis. I just don't think Phil's point that analysis of Tolkien is likely to reveal faults and read too much into trivialities is born out by practice. His remarks related to my article in Mallorn 1 on the languages of Middle-earth. A study of these languages reveals, I think, not faults but an immense and fascinating attention to detail. It was this point I tried to bring out in the article. Furthermore it is clear that the languages were anything but a triviality to Tolkien's mind. In the foreward to LotR he talks of going on, after completing the Hobbit, to 'complete and set in order the mythology and legends of the Elder Days'. He writes that he had 'little hope that other people would be interested in this work...since it was primarily linguistic in inspiration and was begun in order to provide the necessary background of history for Elvish tongues.'

Finally a rather nice quotation from a Wintu (Californian) Indian which is extremely reminiscent of many of Treebeard's remarks:-

The white people never cared for land or deer or bear....We shake down acorns and pine-nuts. We don't chop down the trees. We only use dead wood. But the white people plough up the ground, pull up the trees, kill everything. The tree says, "Don't. I am sore. Don't hurt me." But they chop it down and cut it up. The spirit of the land hates them.... The Indians never hurt anything, but the white people destroy all. They blast rocks and scatter them on the ground. The rock says "Don't! You are hurting me." But the white people pay no attention. When the Indians use rocks, they take little round ones for their cooking....How can the spirit of the earth like the white man? Everywhere the white man has touched it, it is sore.

(cited in Theodore Roszak, 'The Making of a Counter-Culture' P.245)

Perhaps the spirit of the earth is going to get it's own back before too long.

((Your quote reminds me of a novel I recently read about the Saxon settlement of Britain (Men went to Cattrath/John James/Tandem 30p), where the Britons express much the same sentiments. The Saxons are destroying their forests and planting the hated wheat, rather than the oats which grow on uplands. The book is based on a contemporary poem - I recommend it, as well as well as James' other novels.

WILL HAVEN (23 Teck St, Liverpool L7 8RR)

Lud-in-the-Mist sounds remarkably like an updated (ie charmless) version of Dunsany's "King of Elfland's Daughter", though perhaps the way it's written could be its redeeming feature, as the reviewer seems to suggest. But I don't think I'd buy it, simply because I couldn't help comparing it with the wonderful gentleness of Dunsany's book, to LitM's detriment.

Oops! Disagree with Rosie in the first sentence: how could you possibly compare the single-minded sadistically warped heroes of Moorcock's books with the wonderful variety of well-balanced gentle folk in Tolkien I really don't know. Admittedly the Elric books are his best (but only because of the dreadful ending of the "Runestaff"), but his heroes are invariably arrogant, ignorant, pawns-of-fate, torn by their own emotional conflicts, who lash out unpredictably and cruelly throughout his books, such as any hero of any half-hour Western ont'telly might.

Dreadful.

Oh, I disagree with Malcolm Edwards in Belladonna's Postbag. Surely when he says "nowhere else...(than LotR) is black so black" etc he forgets Tolkien's most important saying of all, that a story must be true unto itself - surely this cannot be if all is polarised into good and evil.

Perhaps it is because I could never bring myself to believe in objective (much less absolute) good/bad, and probably it was not the author's intention (Catholicism et al) but I have always regarded LotR as a story translated directly out of the 'Red Book', this, and a few Gondorian sources being all there was available at the time. Well then, its fairly obvious that these sources are somewhat biased (its like making a film of WWII using only Hollywood clippings as a source) - and that in fact, at the time, (though it probably didn't occur to the Hobbits) all that was going on was a simple struggle for power in Middle-earth. Doubtless, if Sauron had won two thousand years later when only a few scraps of his sources were available, and the author was of Mordorian stock, a good case could have been made for Sauron - his lands taken from him by grasping Numenorian; his heroism in going to the Black Isle of the Evil Sorcerors', his miraculous escaped; the way Saruman, true representative of the One, helped him win through, etc.

It seems obvious to me that, since LotR is based as a hobbit work, these biased factors give it more realism, for this is how it would appear to these rustic folk: yet there is no reason for us, as 'independent observers' to believe Sauron was evil (unless of course you take the point that Denethor and Gandalf were evil too, in which case, in their context, the arguement becomes meaningless).

Of course, if it helps you, if you want to be partisan, then there is no reason why you should not be (just don't expect everyone else to be, too). For me, that would ruin the book. Perhaps the true measure of the worth of LotR is that it is open to such a variety of interpretations.

The Rohan article was the most interesting for me. I don't see this bit about, on a battlefield, the first wave penetrating in wedges. Surely this would mean large gaps for the second wave to come through. Doesn't this strike you as a trifle dangerous? A well-trained enemy would simply overwhelm the first wave by placing soft troops in their path and then dashing out between the wedge gaps, holding up the second wave (possibly with their own cavalry) whilst outflanking the first wave and quickly destroying it.

((Sure, but such tactics as you say require training, which the enemies of Rohan do not seem to have had. The implication in LotR is that Sauron's forces had such numerical superiority that they were bound to win - so serious tactical planning was unnecessary))

ROGER JOHNSON (15 Berwick Ave, Chelmsford, Essex)

....Till recently I'd thought that JRRT himself (in his appendices) and the admirable Lin Carter (whose "Tolkien: a look behind the Lord of the Rings" should be enforced reading for all TSA members) had covered the ground almost entirely and that valid comment henceforth could only be covered in letter-length articles, or actual letters as per Belladonna's Postbag or Archie Mercer's excellent Middle Earthworm. Then the articles started appearing in Maliorn, and they've continued, and they're improving. Bob Borsley and Dave Welldrake's monographs in 4 are just this sort of informative and, if I may call it so, validly speculative article. I'm much more interested in Gollum's antecedents in literature or in what he had for dinner on such and such a date than in whether he represents the sublimation of a repressed sexual fantasy on JRRT's part. Keep it up!

((Don't agree with you over the Lin Carter book. It gives the impression of having been written on a rainy afternoon with no reference books handy - he wastes several chapters summarising the plot of LotR and makes several important errors therein. His pieces in antecedents and sources are so sketchy and incomplete as to be laughable. Almost any TSA member could have done better))

I must echo Rosie Cotton's comments on the Elric/Stormbringer saga. Moorcock in this vein is magnificent; his sheer power as a storyteller & a creator of mood and character is staggering. May I put in a word for REHoward's Conan saga? Sheer rip-roaring, uninhibited healthy action, with a masterly command of macabre mood if necessary. And before someone sneers 'Pulp!' I'd remind you that JRRT has read and enjoyed much of the Conan saga. ((There seems to be some disagreement over Moorcock. Have you read any of his Jerry Cornelius stories?))

Alan Garner, despite JDCollins' censure seems to me again to be a masterly storyteller with a bright and powerful imagination - on occasion dark and powerful. The earlier books are way above the general run of fantasy -- perhaps the strong Tolkienesque influence in Weirdstone and Gomrath appeals to me here, but this is no mere imitation. The mere fact of Garner's elves, dwarfs, etc being placed so directly in contact with 20th century England calls for a different treatment, a challenge to which Garner rises admirably. His elves, by the bye, seem to me to be just what Tolkien's elves would have become after prolonged exposure to human pollution of their natural environment.

ARFallone is right, though: The Owl Service is Garner's chief work. To me it seems simply one of the best books I've read in the last few years. The action and the characterisation are inextricably intertwined; neither is a mere peg for the other.....

((I understand Garner's next book will not have any explicit mythological connections, but will continue his exploration of the basis behind myths))

I'm convinced, by the way, that the 'old tune' to which Sam sang his song of the Stone Troll was one of the English tunes to "Old Daddy Fox". The tune that Cyril Tawney and the Young Tradition use suits admirably....

Daddy Fox went out on a chilly night
He prayed to the moon for to give him light
For he'd many a long mile to go that night
Before he came to his den - o
Den-o, den-o
He'd many a long mile to go that night
Before he came to his den-o.

If you compare the above stanza with Sam's song you'll find that the scansion, rhyme-scheme, etc is almost exactly the same.....

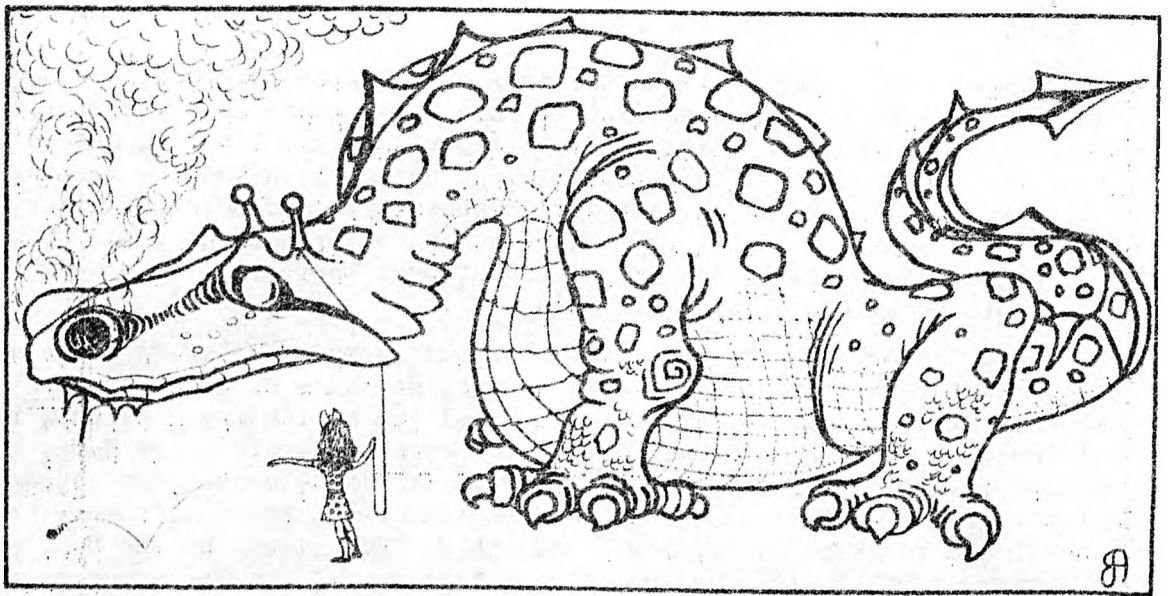
TONY FALLONE (7 Broxburn Rd, Broadway Estate, Warminster, Wilts)
Arthur Cruttenden: I agree about the printing of my Dead King, some of the more delicate details, especially around the hand holding the sword, were dark and blurred. I always did like his thumb and that faded into nothing! As to his inspiration it was more to do with the corpses in the Barrow where Frodo fought the Wight; although they seem to be described as untouched by corruption, I felt that the worm should have had full play, to be more realistic. Tolkien seems reluctant to allow such grimness to appear in his pages. It appears that I have turned a few stomachs with this aggressive old stiff (Su, Helen, Belladonna etc) and for that I am sorry, but give him a chance, he grows on one...

((I think Belladonna said it was nice and unpleasant, but wondered if it gave quite the right impression of the contents of the magazine!))

Articles: Dave Welldrake on Fairies - very good indeed...Bob Borsley - brilliant! I spent almost an hour engrossed in this article, and afterwards I felt that I had actually learnt something from it. Peter Burley was also good but short, but of course there was not much to go on in LotR about Rohan. All these analytical articles are a symptom of our universal desire for more from Tolkien, a hunger for detail, even richer and deeper than in LotR, new tales to make Middle Earth more real, give it solid foundations.

Reviews: If it could be managed I think this number of reviews each issue should be maintained.

((I believe Anduril, the TS News Bulletin edited by John Martin, will also be doing reviews. I'm not sure at present how the two will be divided - perhaps the longer and more Tolkien-orientated reviews will go into Mallorn.)



"Fetch it, boy."

JOHN ABBOTT (Rowans, 18 Eden Avenue, Dewsbury Rd, Wakefield, Yorks WF2 9DJ)
 The illustrations were pleasant, tho' rather few in number. Roger Nixon's warrior (p 27) seems to have found his sea-legs judging by the fish-scales on them!

((The illos this issue are mostly by John himself, who responded nobly to my plea for artwork. Mallorn will probably be turning to outside sources soon, if the members themselves can't produce enough.))

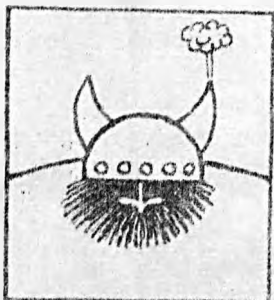
/Poems/ are largely beyond me I'm afraid. In fact, I am still finding out about words. My present favourite ten would be:- pavilion, quince, crystal, falcon, leaf, turquoise, sky, alembic, rowan, glow. To these perhaps add:- astrolabe, enchantment. And Orion. So what? you say. Indeed, so what?. It's just that these words appeal because of their sounds (as well as their associations). Anyway, who's writing this letter? One wonders what others might choose (say from LotR).

JAMES EAD (29 Uttoxeter Rd, Little Stoke, Stone, Staffs)

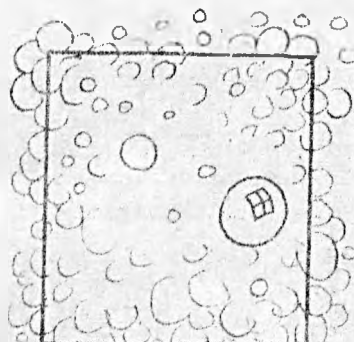
Lave Weldrake was interesting, though no doubt some of my piskie friends down thar in Cornwall would not be too pleased to find themselves associated with the commoner pixie. In fact not all "piskies" are small and "gossamer-winged", some are of normal human stature and in days gone by practised the art of "baby-snatching" and replacing them with their own kin. Still the less said about that the better!

((For more details see Poul Anderson's novel 'The Broken Sword', which I believe is at last back in print in paperback. I have a cartoon version of this drawn as a serial in Trumpet by George Barr that is quite superb. The hero of the story is one of these changelings, or rather the reverse - a human child brought up by elves.))

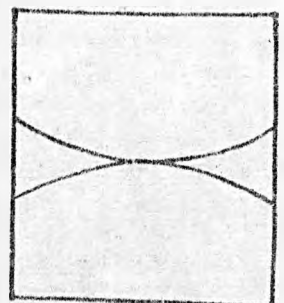
In answer to a request by John Abbott here is a short biography of Professor Tolkien taken from some notes made after the talk the 'Star Brows' had with his son Father C.J.R.Tolkien.



Boromir blowing his horn.



The Scouring of the Shire



Troll sitting on a rock.

Professor Tolkien was born in South Africa, the younger of two sons. His father was working as a bank official for Lloyds when he died of typhoid fever. This was before Tolkien was four.

Mrs Tolkien returned with her two sons to England and lived in a poor part of Birmingham. She died while her sons were still at school of starvation and diabetes because she couldn't afford medical assistance. Tolkien attended St Philips Grammar School in Birmingham from which he was expelled at the age of 12 or 13...He then attended another school in Birmingham from which he went to Oxford. He became Professor of Anglo-Saxon Studies there and later of Philology studying Germanic languages.

Professor Tolkien wrote stories for his children. This was one of their favorite entertainments. "The Hobbit" was reserved for a Christmas Treat and was written mainly for his eldest children. Other stories not recorded were of Tom Bombadil who later appeared in LotR, and who actually existed in the form of a dutch doll who wore the same bizarre clothing as mentioned in the text. Another story which the children enjoyed was the tale of the little lead dog which was lost when the Tolkien family were on holiday in Filey in Yorkshire. The story told of how the dog was found by a seagull who took him to the moon, where several exciting adventures befell him.

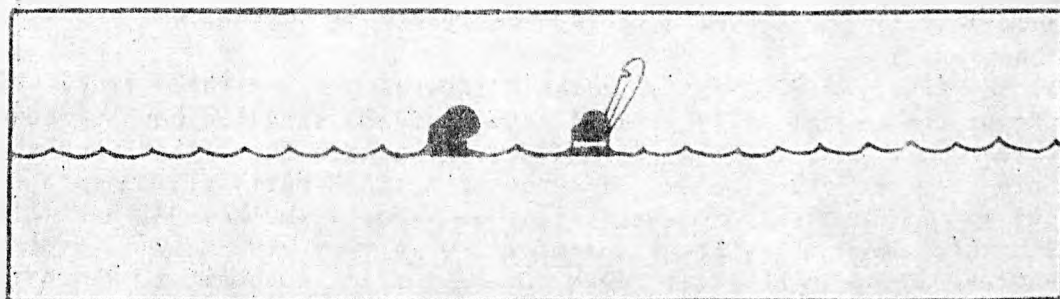
Farmer Giles of Ham was told to them when they returned from a picnic, as they were forced to take shelter under a bridge, where Chrysophylax was supposed to live. Both Ham and Hobbiton have actual geographical locations, somewhere in Oxfordshire.

Professor Tolkien inherited from his mother his great love of the country and Nature and from her he learnt much. The Professor knows the "language" of trees as the wind sighs through their branches and the noises they make when moved by wind. From this came the language of the Ents.

In his earliest years, he was influenced by George McDonald and Andrew Lang - "On Fairy Stories" was later written as an Andrew Lang Lecture delivered by the Professor.

I hope all that I have written above echoes Fr. Tolkien's words.

((There are certainly some bits I was not aware of myself. To bring this up to date, as most of you will know Professor Tolkien's wife died last year, and we understand from Allen & Unwin that he is travelling around the country visiting his children. Following his retirement he moved from Oxford to a secret residence on the South Coast.))



The Fallohide brothers, Marcho and Blanco, crossing the Baranduin in T.A. 1601.

HAL BROOME (2002 Adeline St, Hattiesburg, Miss 39401)

Dave Weldrake's article was especially good, he seems very learned in lore, and has a way with telling Whuppity Stories. If reaction is favourable towards the music of mine, perhaps more of it could be arranged to other poems.

In the book review ((see later)) I forgot to mention that the hardback is available in a limited edition from Donald M Grant, Publishers, West Kingston, Rhode Island USA. It is also coming out from them in four separate paperbacks at 75c. All have excellent Jeff Jones illos.

CATHERINE MCEVOY (Box 268, East Lansing, Michigan 48823)

I would be interested in exchanging tunes with people who have written them, by way of cassette tapes if possible. I have several tunes of my own, and the Michigan State University Tolkien Fellowship has some interesting ones as well. Is the second tune from Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on Greensleeves used in England for A Elbereth Gilthoniel? It seems to have sprung up simultaneously in several places here.

((Er...excuse me while I hum it over...yes, it does fit doesn't it. On the record though it isn't sung but spoken by JRRT, and I would imagine that's what he intended.

Exchanging tapes was originally proposed by Hal Broome I think. If anyone is interested perhaps they could let me (Hartley Patterson) know and I'll try and get something going.))

DAVE WELDRAKE (9 South View Terrace, Hill Head, Halifax Rd, Dewsbury, Yorks)

I like Tony Fallone's poem. It reminds me rather of some of Thomas Hardy's poems in subject and mood through and of the few poems I've read by Walter de la Mere.

I'm not so sure that the Elric Sagas are the best of Moorcock's work. 'Stormbringer' is certainly the best of his fantasy works which I've read. The review gives no idea of the power of the ending.

But there are other Moorcock books which in my opinion at least are as good as Stormbringer. One is 'Final Programme' which chronicles the history of Jerry Cornelius - a 'swinger' if I ever saw one. Also very good is 'Behold the Man', which takes the hackneyed SF theme of someone going back in time to visit Jesus of Nazareth and turns it into a powerful psychological story.

((Moorcock now dislikes 'Behold the Man' - it lacks humour he says. He also considers anyone who raves over Elric as probably pretty sick in the head. I agree with you though Dave, his SF is generally better than his S&S))

Bob Borsley's article: I know nothing about Anglo-Saxon but for once it's not going to stop me commenting. First I must say that I found it interesting and well written and that any comments I make don't imply the contrary....

1. Shadowfax is certainly not like Odin's Sleipnir. Maybe both were 'the fastest horse in the world' but Sleipnir had eight legs. There are other places Bob could have looked - fairy horses are pretty fast too. Michael Scot, a Scottish wizard, astrologer and alchemist once needed to make a journey to Rome so he borrowed a fairy horse. While he was there he visited the Pope who was astounded to note that the Scot had travelled so quickly that the snow on his ear had not yet melted.

2. I wish I could have found some of those quotes he uses when talking of the passing of time for elves. It's strange that both of us should pick on the same idea and try to show that it comes from different sources. It just proves how ridiculous this critic business is.

3. About the 'fairy story hero'. Auden's remarks are generally true. Often it's the youngest son or the maltreated stepdaughter who wins the day but sometimes the fairy story hero wins through skill and courage as did fair Janet when she rescued Tam Lin from the elven Queen. I agree that the Hobbits fit Auden's definition but someone who fits it even better is Manuel, the hero of Cabell's 'Figures of Earth'. Manuel may be an idiot or a very very wise man. I suspect the former but whatever happens he still comes out on top so you begin to wonder.

((A number of Cabell's novels are now in paperback, forming part of the twenty volume 'History of Manuel' tracing the adventures of his descendants. There is, by the way, a James Branch Cabell Society who have their own magazine 'Kalki'. James Blish is the British representative.))

4. While we're on the subject of heroes which class of hero is Gollum? I reckon this is a valid question since in the end it is he who destroys the Ring yet he hardly fits into either category ie fairy tale or epic hero.

((I would have said Gollum fits into a fairly standard category. He's the good villain, the baddie who always wishes he wasn't. There's a good example in 'The Worm Ourobours' but I can't recall his name at the moment...))

Many thanks to those who wrote in, even if there wasn't room for you here. Please note the address for LoCs on this issue which appears elsewhere.

FLAWS IN THE TAPESTRY OF "THE LORD OF THE RINGS"

By John B. Abbott

These notes were originally intended to form the basis of a more detailed and closely knit article for "Woman's Own". Time, as ever, has been the enemy and the essay is incomplete. If you find these notes suggestive, rather than definitive, your rude forefathers were probably ruder than most people's.

The Background

Any researcher examining the hyperfine structure of "The Rings" is indebted to the pioneering efforts of Mr. B. Parsley: his colossal output of writings on the works of Tolkien staggered even his own generation of diligent scholars. Dr. Parsley's "Mallorn" articles were avidly collected even in his own lifetime, being used as door-stops, patio seats and ships' ballast. Professor Parsley once watched thousands of his volumes being stowed in the hold of a ship at the Grey Havens dock, Fleetwood, and asked the ancient mariner supervising operations if the crew would be reading these works during the voyage. The explanation (uttered through a mouthful of albatross feathers) was "Ballast".

A thousand page volume of Sir Robert Parsley's papers was published by Daffyd & Charlie (Newton Abbot) in 1970. Each copy was bound in an entire calf-skin and complete with castors.

Other References

Sir Robert's definitive work, "Tolkien: the Influence of Just About Everything on The Lord of the Rings", has served as a major source for this article. Other references, except the ones I have extensively plagiarised, are listed at the end. All references to Professor Tolkien's work are to the unauthorised, illustrated (luminous) and mindless versions churned out by Zaparelli and Bilco, (Medicine Bend and New York), 1966 - 1971.

Poetic License

One must surely allow a fair measure of poetic/author's license in a work as imaginative as LOTR. Few would object to Professor Tolkien assuring the development of forge-bellows and water-mills in such early times, for example (I. 11). One can even overlook the use of mothballs (I.40) in Middle-earth --- J.R.R.T. does not specifically mention naphthalene or p - dichlorobenzene and we may assume the use of pomanders or something like that. But the ~~internal~~ internal combustion engine? Hoom, hmm! Come now, that is another matter! "Aragorn and Legolas went now with Eomer in the van" (I.135). A clear statement of apparent fact. Yet the idea of two men and an elf bumping along in an ancient (e.g.) Bedford is surely stretching the readers' credulity too far.

There are other possible examples one could choose, but perhaps one is enough. Anyway, who cares?

Apparent Anomalies

The next question we must ask ourselves is: "Are there errors in the text of LOTR?" (There will now be a short intermission to permit medical assistance to those readers who have fainted.)

Practically all the original printing errors have been corrected in the second (1966) edition. However, they're still omitting the full-stop from the end of the first line (I. 376)....

A question of chronology now arises. It is recorded (III. 318, 378) that in Fourth Age 120, King Elessar died, and in the same year Legolas sailed over Sea---- "with him, it is said, went Gimli the Dwarf". However, the life-years of Gimli are given elsewhere (III. 361) as Third Age 2879 - 3121, implying that Gimli's life on Middle-earth ended in F.A. 100; i.e. 20 years before the

Death of Elessor.... What are we to make of this? Another printing error?

In passing, we may also ask who is "oldest", Bombadil (I.279) or Treebeard (II.102,164)? The written evidence appears conflicting.

Questions Left Unanswered

Many such questions will arise in the reader's mind. It could not be otherwise with a work of this scale. For example, two of the Fire Wizards are not named. What happened to them? Did they pass over Sea with Gandalf and Company? Did they go later? Did they go earlier? Did they miss the bus? And what became of Radagast?

Summary - And The Scope For Future Research

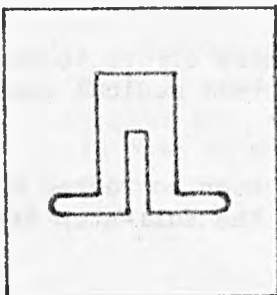
To sum up, the above quibbles are not worth bothering about, and LOTR is damn near perfect.

Far more serious is the question: "What happened to the real One Ring?" We are told (I.255, III.364) that Sauron FORGED the Great Ring in secret. The ring which was brought to the Fire in Mount Doom was a reasonably good imitation - its dissolution brought down Sauron's empire and much else; but THIS WAS NOT THE TRUE ONE RING. Somewhere, the Ruling Ring must still exist, untouched by time. Who would be its Master now?

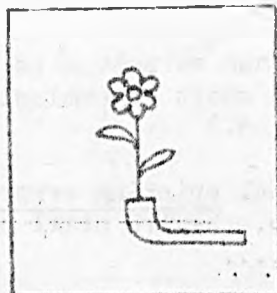
In a further article I will explain why I believe the One Ring will be found close to the right bank of the River Thames, immediately above Pangbourne. Meanwhile, we should all go on looking for it. If you find it, (it is but a trifle I fancy), you will write and tell me about it, won't you? I'm sure you will.

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Halfling.



Pipeweed.



H I S Q U E S T

by VERA CHAPMAN.

PART I.

The picture of Sir John de Creke, printed in black on white linen, hangs on my wall. It is the impression of the church brass over his tomb, and bears his name, and the date. His armour and accoutrements are those of the 12th Century; on the three visible joints of his armour are three grotesque heads, of devils or Saracens?— and at

his feet is his dog, a strange creature, with haunches and paws like a lion, and an almost human face, with squinting, blank, black eyes. On his shield is his own device, of three lozenges enclosing wavy lines for the water of the 'creek' from which he took his name.

One night I woke in brilliant moonlight, and in its glare I saw him move. He took solid form, stepped down from his picture, and spoke to me.

'I must go,' he said. 'It is full moon, and I must be off on my quest. My horse is below.' And sure enough, as I looked out of my window, there was a noble white destrier, harnessed and caparisoned, stamping with its hooves in the moonlit road. I turned back to the gleaming figure in my room. I noticed differences--- his shield no longer carried his own device, but a red cross like a Crusader's; on his helmet was a fine plume; and the three heads were gone from the joints of his armour, leaving plain rosettes in their place.

'Where are you going?' I said.

'I do not know, yet. But I must follow my Quest, wherever it leads me.'

'And what is your Quest?'

'I seek my Lady, the most beautiful in all the world.'

'Who is your lady, most noble knight?'

'She is Rosamunda, the Rose of the World. There is none more beautiful. Come, I must not delay.'

'May I go with you?' I said.

'Come, and welcome.'

'But how shall I come?' I cried, 'And in what guise? I cannot be either your Squire or your Damosel. Suppose I come as your little dog?'

'Yes,' he said, 'you shall be Blanche the faithful brachet, who lies at my feet.'

I agreed heartily. 'That way I can see all, hear all, and--- well, say almost nothing, except with very good reason.'

So suddenly I found myself in the shape of that same strange little dog, with the enormous paws and the black squinting eyes. There I was, out in the moonlight, while Sir John mounted his horse with a flash of silver armour, and we set out.

I was very glad of those enormous paws, since by their help I was enabled to keep up with the great horse without much difficulty. We turned out of the very ordinary road where I live, and round another corner into a park I had never seen before, and then along a narrow white road between trees, away and away into country that was quite strange to me. Not a wind stirred in the tall black pines, and the moon shone steadily. Mile after mile we went, and the day came, and we travelled through wild heath country without a sign of men; somewhere we rested, and somewhere we ate, but I remember nothing of it.

But towards sundown the scenery became rocky and wild, and we drew towards the foot of a mountain. There, in the fold of the craggy foothills, with the setting sun behind us, we came upon a little chapel, and a hut beside it, near a spring of clear water; a hermitage, it would seem. One bell hung above the chapel door; and sounded clear and cold in the stillness. A tall old man in a white robe came out to meet us, and Sir John dismounted.

'I must go in here alone,' he said. 'Not even a little dog may come with me, so you, my faithful brachet, must keep company with my horse.' And he went inside, and the chapel door was shut.

hundreds of people falling over each other, starting things cooking and forgetting them, letting the roasts burn and the pots boil dry-- how anything ever got to the table I couldn't think, for they ate more than they cooked, and wasted more than they ate. I hate to see waste and grieved to see them spoiling the good stuff. I heard one young cook say to another as he passed me, 'What'll we do when there's no more in the larder?' and the other just said, 'Don't be so silly,' and threw a bowlful of cream over him.

After supper I walked out in the garden, where dusk had fallen, and the wide lawns were softly lit with strings of glimmering coloured lanterns. The revelling went on in wilder confusion. But there was a darker part of the garden, behind the palace, where the people seemd to want to stop me going. None the less, I slipped quietly away from them and went through the dark shrubberies. And there I heard what seemed to be a faint sad music coming up from the ground--- but as I came nearer, and heard it more plainly, it was the sighing and weeping of forsaken lovers and disappointed pleasure seekers.

There was a high terrace along one side of the building, overlooking the gaily lit gardens below, and here I lurked in the shadows, and saw two ladies come by. They were older, much older than the revelling girls and boys below--- their hair was white and elegantly dressed, and they walked stiffly, arm in arm, looking down on the dancers.

'Dis-gusting!' said one of them. 'All that, going on down there. Thank goodness we're not like that.' But all the while her two hands were caressing her friend's hand, and cunningly drawing off her rings; and her friend, whose arm was round her waist, held a little sharp pen-knife, and was feeling for a joint in the other's corset where she could drive it in.

I could stand no more of them, and passed along round the next corner; there was a lighted window, and in it there sat two staid elderly men, in black coats, before a table covered with papers. The noise of the revellers came up to them, and distracted one of them from the figures he was adding. He looked up with annoyance.

'There ought to be a Law Against It,' he said, 'All that going on down there. Ought to be a Law Against It. More law and order, that's what this country needs.--- Mind you, no law against what we do here.' And somehow I knew, without having to see, that the papers on the table were full of extortion, and unjust profits, and plans to make green valleys into deserts, and to sell men the means to murder each other.

'Oh, come now!' laughed the other man. 'No law against us, of course. But them-- why, the more they go mad for pleasure, the more profit we make. On with the merry game, and let them Do As They Please as long as they pay us. Let them ruin themselves--- if there's any vice they haven't tried, teach it to them-- invent new vices if you can-- it all comes back to us in money. No law but Do As You Please!'

So I left them and went back to the kitchen, where I slept on a soft cushion-- though I had to bare my teeth and scare off plenty of others who thought they had a right to take it from me.

But before it was light, Sir John woke me. 'Come,' he said, 'I think we had better get out of here. They are charming people, but all the same.... And some of the sweet ladies are too friendly by far. I can't be discourteous to them, but I don't want to forget Rosamunda, and if I stayed here, I'm afraid that I should.'

None opposed us, for they all seemed, at last, to have fallen into drunken sleep, and no watch was kept; none were awake but a few thieves of money or love who crept about here and there. So we slipped out and away from the white walls of the domain of Sans-Loy, and picked up the trail of the carven roses, as the great morning star began to shine in the cold heavens.

My master had laid aside his armour, and it hung behind his saddle, but as the light grew, he said thoughtfully,

'I think we may meet with Sans-Loy again, so I will put on my breastplate.' So he did, and I helped him to lace it up; but he said, 'Do not lace it too strait, in spite of all-- there's reason and measure in all things.'

After a long time he came out alone, and he laid his hand on my head.

'Good Blanche,' he said, 'you have waited patiently. I have had word from my Lady, and a sign, and gifts too. Look, here is her sign,' and he showed me by the roadside the device of a rose carved in the stone, with an arrow pointing. 'Where we see this sign, we must go. And these are her gifts--- a ring, a rose, and her picture.' And he put the ring on his finger, the portrait about his neck, and the rose in the plume of his helmet. Then suddenly he lifted me in his arms and pointed.

'Look easiward,' he said, and there, over the shoulder of the hill, I looked, and saw the last rays of the setting sun light up a mountain peak very far off, and upon the peak stood a castle of amazing beauty, gleaming white and rosy in the western light. And as we looked, a flash like a diamond, or like lightning, came from one of its remote windows, and smote our eyes with its brilliance.

'That is the castle where my Lady dwells,' he said. 'She signals to me. Let us go.'

So we journeyed far into the night, and next day we went on through twisting mountain passes, always following the carved stone roses, and so another day passed. And as it drew towards sunset the grass grew greener, and the trees were laden with heavy-scented blossom, and all was soft and glowing. And then we saw before us a shining white palace.

We approached it, and the owner came out to meet us, a handsome knight with straight fair hair to his shoulders, and a silken tunic of rich colours over which a golden chain was hung. He greeted Sir John courteously.

'Welcome, worthy Knight, and your little dog too. Come in, come in. I am called the Chevalier Sans-Loy, and this is the Palacce Delightful.'

Then he led us inside the walls, and I saw that all around us were green lawns and groves of trees, where handsome young people, both he and she, dressed in the gayest fancy, were eating, drinking and courting.

'This is the happiest place on earth,' said our host, 'for we have only one law, and that is: Do as you please.'

He led us through the merry throng, where everyone, it seemed, was doing as he pleased. Some were painting and carving, though it seemed to me (as a mere little dog) that the things they painted and carved were very strange, and mostly not finished, for nobody did anything he did not please, and they seldom pleased to finish a thing they were tired of. Some were dancing and singing--- there again, dances and songs seemed more than a little strange, and the biggest crowd was round a man who was just taking off all his clothes and yelling about being free. And all were pursuing love in every kind of way, and snatching each other's lovers, and laughing and weeping.

'I'm all in favour of gaiety and fun,' said Sir John, 'and nobody could call em ea Puritan--- but this is ridiculous.'

'You see,' said our host, 'we follow the philosophy of the immortal Rabelais, who said, 'Do as you please.' "

'Your pardon,' said Sir John, smiling rather timidly, 'but I lived a little nearer the time of Rabelais than you, and what I think that great and misunderstood man said was, 'Fay ce que voudras,' which I would render as 'Do what you wish to do.' There is a difference, you will agree.'

He pondered a little, and then went on,

'And I believe Messire Rabelais added another clause-- I think he said, 'And love God.' "

'Ho, as to love!' laughed our host. 'But of course, love. Yes indeed, we worship love here. We live for nothing else but love. Love is the law, we say, love under will.'

'Yes,' said Sir John, and I could see that he was troubled, 'but love is an easy word to say. Love for whom, and whose will?'

At this point some of the gentle and pleasant-faced servants came for me, the little dog, and led me away to supper in the kitchen. And there I had a most magnificent supper, but I think that most of it was stolen. For the kitchen was a chaotic place-- there were

PART 2.

So we went on into another morning, through pleasant cultivated country; and towards noon we came to a grey wall covered with creeping plants, and a wide doorway--- here was a place like an ancient college of learning, all gables and diamond-paned windows. A handsome elderly man came out to meet us, with smooth white hair and a small beard, and a long straight gown of dark velvet.

'Come in, good Sir John,' he said smiling. 'Welcome to the College of Rational Enlightenment. My name is Sans-Foy. You must come and share my table, and see my museum.'

He led us into his museum, and at first I thought this surely must be a good place, for it had a noble vaulted roof and a tall central window, and a sweet warm smell of incense pervaded it. It looked like a church, but it also looked like a mosque, or a synagogue, or a Hindu stupa, or a Greek temple, or a great many other things. All around were displayed, in glass cases and in lighted pictures, all the objects belonging to all the religions of mankind. There were crucifixes and Buddhas, voodoo bundles and Bibles, Torahs in their embroidered cases, chasubles and copes and surplices, smooth marbles

of Venus and Apollo, rough country Pans with horns and hoofs, and the Goat of Mendes also; Isis and cat-headed Sekhmet, and the gross hippopotamus goddess, Tibetan prayer-wheels, and Gautama under his tree of meditation, rosaries and witches' garters and everything from every kind of faith that mankind ever thought of. And I could hear, sometimes the thin unearthly warbling of a Gregorian chant, sometimes the clean downright line of an Anglican hymn, or the brass and drums of the Salvation Army, or the 'Shema' of Israel, or the muezzin calling from his minaret; or the shrill yelling of the priests of Cybele in their frenzy, or the throbbing of the Obeah drums in the jungle. Our host shrugged his shoulders and smiled at them all.

'You see,' he said, 'I have studied this question of religion very deeply. I have carefully considered them all--- and of course I find that they are basically all the same, and there is nothing in any one of them. They are all just notions that the mind of man has dreamed up for a number of very understandable reasons---- You do agree with me, don't you?'

'Since you ask me,' said Sir John, 'and with all courtesy, and in all frankness---- no.'

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NEXT ISSUE: Sir John meets the third of the trio, Sans-Joy.

Theoder

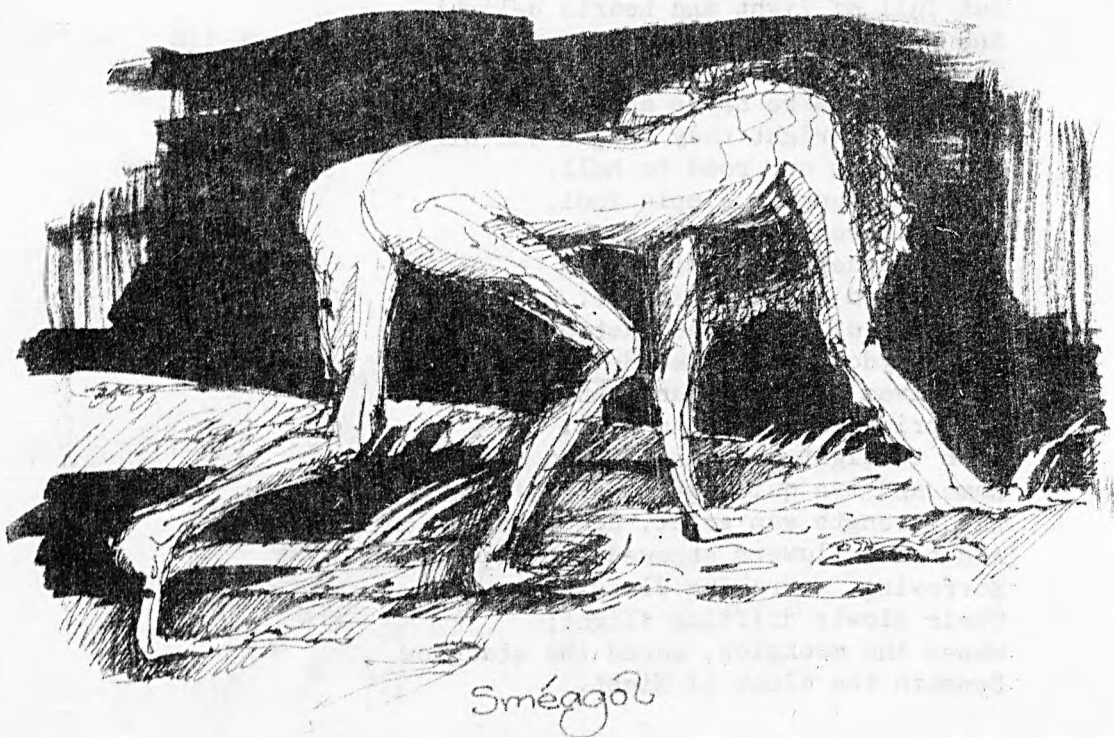


TIR NA NOGE

When lamplight dips in endless black
 And flinches from the shades of wrath
 Our spirit quails, all hoping fails
 And hidden is the homeward path
 In weirding darkness huddle we
 All higher gods forgot
 To Faerie hall we send our call
 To that which we are not
 To haven fair that's buried deep
 The hall above all halls
 Of pearl and birch, their true souls charch
 With samite at the walls
 Tir Na Noge, the land of peace,
 The longed for place of joy,
 Whence man is barred, his soul is marred,
 For swords are now his toy.
 Lumpen, brawling beasts we are,
 Rough hewn, ill planned, pain filled,
 What claim have we to kingdoms key
 Who never lived but killed?
 In Faerie land the people dwell
 Who long time fled this life,
 When evil woke in human folk
 And made us worship strife.
 Their land lies deep beneath a hill
 In some far distant wood;
 No evil stains the calm that reigns
 In that sweet home of good.
 Mortal man has not set foot
 Upon its azure floors,
 The air is clear of pride or fear,
 At peace, without mens' laws.
 They are tall, more slim than men,
 But sinewed well and strong,
 No useless wings, no dancing rings,
 Just starlight in a song.
 With hair of shadowed silver
 And eyes unblurred by tears,
 But full of light and hearts delight
 And spring time of all years.
 Their songs retell of ages past
 When elves were brave and fell;
 In armour bright they fought the night
 That blinds our road to hell.
 Man was young, a simple fool,
 Who shivered when they spoke,
 Fearing them but loving them
 When freed from evils yoke.
 The tale of years was just begun
 When feydom vanquished Hell,
 But elves decreased and man increased
 And pride increased as well.
 Then twilight came and dimmed their
 Name and man quick grasped the helm.
 His strength was great, his word was hate,
 And blood flowers strewed the realm.
 Sorrowing, sorrowing elves began
 Their slowly drifting flight;
 Waned the moonglow, waned the starglow
 Beneath the cloak of Night.

And when dim the sighing stars
 That mourn their twilight grace,
 The winds bewail their faded tale,
 'Where is the golden race?'
 But we'll not see them here again,
 They have gone, fled far away.
 We walk alone for we have grown;
 Their evening is our day.
 When once our trust was well endowed
 In those who do not lie,
 Standards true each man knew
 Beneath the honest sky.
 But now we question what we know
 And say no rules are right,
 We can't be shocked, our hearts are locked,
 Our eyes are never bright.
 Were our minds mortgaged tools
 In feif for sureness sake?
 And did the elves their shining selves
 Not use the truth they spake?
 Perhaps our doubts are valid,
 Maybe our Lords lost faith
 And made mistakes, but for our sakes.
 Their honour is our wraith.
 Like twin shoots from the earth,
 But flowering first was theirs,
 Our roots were close, thistle and rose,
 And us the ragged heirs.
 Our lords have left this world,
 Unbound their earthly ties,
 And for our shame, our bloody name
 Their nightingale now cries.

A. R. FALLONE



BELLADONNA'S POSTBAG

First of all, though rather belated, my warmest thanks to all those who sent me Christmas cards --- some with elegant Elvish inscriptions which I could never hope to equal. If I haven't thanked any of you personally, do please take this general thanks now.

WILL HAVEN writes: Re the Light of the Most Silver Dragon--- sorry to disappoint you, but he's entirely a figment of my imagination: the Most Silver Dragon, Dragas Amroth, is the supreme god and creator of Haya (pron. Hay-yah) culture, who, finding himself defied by a Council of Lesser Gods, embodied much of his power, or 'Light,' in three Stones, which he gave to the Willea (pron. VElay-yah) knowing that they would be destroyed sooner or later by the tides of human power and greed, and hoping, in this way, to diminish the Lesser Gods until he could reabsorb them, though knowing that he himself would be diminished too. For the Light, once a Stone had been destroyed, would be dissipated into the material world. Yet it was of sorcerous origin, and so all sorcery would be diminished, with him (save the material world, which gains.) But the Willea did not know this, and set about establishing an Empire, with the power of the Stones, to the greater glory of Dragas Amroth. Thus the blessing (by the Most Silver Dragon) has a twofold meaning: Firstly, if you walk in the Light of Dragas Amroth, you live in the Empire of the Willea (or later the Kenneth) and thus it expresses a wish to bring you under the Willeas' dominion; and secondly, should you be so blessed, you know the truth and the true god, or some manifestation of Him, as He wills, and gain great delight and joy from your knowledge, as all the blessings of truth and the wisdom it bestows are manifest in you. Therefore I say: May you walk forever in the Light of the Most Silver Dragon---- and so all the greatest happinesses can be yours.

((Yours is a fine piece of personal mythology--- why should not everyone have his own? It is strangely reminiscent of some of the variations of Gnosticism, yet by no means the same. Are we to understand that you believe in it? Indeed, you might do worse. But in any case, many thanks indeed for the blessing of the Most Silver Dragon--- may the same light illumine you also.))

JOHN B. ABBOTT writes: Dear Mrs. Chapman... (I can't get used to these noms-de-plume assumed by some Tolkien Society members!) Note: Noms-de-plume- Hats with feathers. ((I continue to wear a feather in my hat, and subscribe myself, yours, Belladonna Took))-

(He sends me a cutting from the 'DAILY TELEGRAPH' for 29th August 1967 regarding the 'Hippy-hobbit business', which although four years out of date, is, I think, worth quoting for its own sake --- after which we will let the question drop.

'Peter Simple II.' writes: If I were still capable of surprise, which I scarcely am, I would have been surprised to learn that Prof. Tolkien's magnificent trilogy, 'The Lord of the Rings,' is the favourite reading of hippies, beatniks, flower people and others engaged in switching on or dropping out. 'The Lord of the Rings' presents a fantasy world, to be sure, but Tolkien's fantasy and the hippies' fantasy are, I should have thought, oil and water. Tolkien's epic is about the struggle of civilised beings to fight off the encraching forces of chaos and Old Night. The heart and symbol of what they are defending is The Shire, a homely and intensely respectable place where family traditions are strong, property is valued and servants are not ashamed of their calling. The heroic Hobbits go out to do battle with the Dark Lord, not as some kind of psychedelic lark, but very reluctantly, out of the sternest sense of duty. There is no love-in at the end of the road. They buckle on their swords.--- What ever can the hippies find congenial in this? But perhaps they look at it from a different point of view. Perhaps, for them, 'The Lord of the Rings' is a great tragedy, which tells how the lovely dark forces of hippiedom were overwhelmed by bourgeois reactionaries.'

It must be said that both ARFallone and yourself come out of the recent dispute with credit. Honours even?

((J.A. continues by saying that the TS might follow the lines of the Sherlock Holmes Society. Agreed, heartily. Solar Pons fans please note, and if you haven't met Solar Pons, JØhn, contact Roger Johnson^{??}

No more in the 'Postbag' now, but do keep on writing to me - and if you're passing through London, contact me at 01.397.2588 (mystic numbers) and let me know when you can climb up to Overburrows Flet.

E.L.A.Silenn etc.....

Belladonna Took.

PS. I am much interested in what I have learnt of the 'FANGUAGE' or should it be 'FINGO'? GAFIATE is a good word. Another occurs to me, that is the verb to LETSE.....that is: 'Leave it to Someone Else'. So much of this seems to have occurred lately that I think the word is needed. But now, without any reproaches - please in future, less of LETSE and more of D.I.Y.!

((Hartley here - if you're interested you should borrow a copy of Fancyclopedia which lists all fanslang, though it is a little out of date now. Fandom is a vast subculture, I doubt if most fans realise just how large it is))



Q.



'BORED OF THE RINGS, by the HARVARD LAMPOON, reviewed by
JONATHAN BROWN.

Allegorical meanings can be read into LotR, but it is basically an engrossing and dramatic fairy tale for adults, intended seriously, and one of extraordinary scope, power and beauty. The exact opposite of the above evaluation of Prof. T's masterpiece neatly paraphrases my opinion of 'Bored of the Rings' by the Harvard Lampoon--- basically a boring and trivial farce for mentally retarded cynics, 'published solely for the purpose of making a few fast bucks,' and one of complete lack of consequence, full of High School smut and unoriginal puns. You may ask why, if I feel so strongly that this book is completely worthless, do I bother to review it. It is because I want to thwart the author's openly disclosed intention of cashing in on the success of the Tolkien Trilogy.

The book is more a comment on the worst aspects and the decaying quality of life in North America to-day, than a so-called spoof of LotR. From the invented reviews inside the cover, to the unroductory foreword which has no relation to the actual content, the book is a sham.

A few random quotes will illustrate my point. Bilbo Baggins the Hobbit becomes 'Dildo Bugger the Boggie.' These 'Boggies' live in 'the Sty,' and 'their faces have a pimply malevolence that suggest a deep-seated fondness for making obscene telephone calls.'

At the farewell party, 'Bilbo''s speech begins: 'I hope you have all stuffed yourselves until you are about to be sick!... This customary greeting was met with traditional volleys of farting and belching.' At the finish instead of vanishing, Bilbo drops his pants. 'Frits, Spam, Moxie and Pepsi' proceed th 'Whee,' where they find a gaudy plexiglas and chrome inn, whose blinking sign portrays a boar rampant, devoured by a mouth drooling. The four 'boggies' sign in as 'Alias Undercover, Ivor Gottasecret, John Doe-Smith and Ima Pseudonym.' (Groan!) Aragorn becomes Arrowshirt, Theebeard 'the Jolly Green Giant&' etc. etc. need I continue? Should you come across this book, don't buy it, or you will give the authors the last laugh..... rather deface or destroy it.

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THE LAST UNICORN, by PETER S. BEAGLE, reviewed by B. Took.

(PAN BOOKS, paperback, 40p.)

This very delightful book has already been reviewed in MALLORN i. by our late and much regretted Alex Holdschmidt. Since that review, however, Pan Books have brought out this new paperback edition from Ballantine Books U.S.A., with a beautiful cover that many may think worth the money alone. This book is a 'must' for Monocerophiles --(think that one out!) It has obvious traces of derivation from T.H. White--- in White's 'The Sword in the Stone,' Captain Cully is a mad hawk, here he appears as an almost equally mad outlaw, a kind of anti-Robin Hood--- but none the worse for the derivation. Indeed Captain Cully, with his slightly 'send-up' folk songs, is one of the book's most attractive features, and we shall all be glad to have met him. Apart from that, the book is a lovely colourful fantasy, and what more could one ask?

Also from Pan Books:

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES, by WILLIAM MORRIS.

As I remarked in my review of 'The Wood Beyond the World,' William Morris's pseudo-mediaeval style is a stumbling-block, though some may find it an attraction. This book begins: 'Whilom, as tells the tale, was a walled cheaping-town hight Utterhay....' Tolkien, I feel, would begin plainly, 'There was once a market-town...' Lin Carter may admire Morris's 'singing, ecstatic prose,' but it is as bogus as a stockbroker's Tudor cottage, or as the present silhouette of Windsor Castle. But like the latter, it can be intensely dramatic, and perhaps one should not begrudge the 'Society for Constructive Anachonism' their thrill. Nevertheless, Morris tells a wonderful story, and sets a scene of real enchantment. And who but William Morris, in the overclothed nineteenth century, would leave his heroine running about for days beautifully and innocently naked? One senses a certain revolt against the stuffiness of his century. A lovely book --Pan Books has also 'The Well at the World's End,' in two parts, and (as previously reviewed) 'The Wood Beyond the World.' All delightful reading, but don't get infected with his style if you want to write.

LILITH and PHANTASTES, two more Pan Books, are among the classics of fantasy literature. These are mystical adventures in the country of the mind, and nobody could say they are easy to understand--- some readers will puzzle over them and try to pin down the allegorical meanings--- others will just be content to dream along and take the adventure as it comes. But certainly more than one reading will be called for.

I have also received from Pan Books A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS, by David Lindsay, THE CREAM OF THE JEST, by James Branch Cabell, and LUD-IN-THE-MIST, by Hope Mirrilees. These I shall review in MALLORN 6.

RED SHADOWS, by R.E. HOWARD

Reviewed by Hal Broome, of the Exiled Istari.

Robert Erwin Howard is known largely today as the creator of Conan, but long before Conan entered his stories, Howard was writing of Solomon Kane, Kane makes an interesting counterpart to Conan, the two being almost opposite in character. Conan was a tall, lusty barbarian, swinging a broadsword for his own aims, partaking in the joys of mortal flesh; Kane, a sombre Puritan, ever seeking for adventure and some indefinable goal that is never found or made clear. He is vengeance incarnate, descending upon all evil-doers in his path, pursuing them even to the black heart of Africa. All the while, a loner he remains, mysteriously travelling the world of the 16th Century, at times far away from his home in Devon, England. In RED SHADOWS is found all the known Solomon Kane works, twelve stories (of which a few are incomplete) and three poems. They are mostly tales of sword-play (or rapier, as that is Solomon's chief weapon--- Solomon himself seems a personification of the rapier, tall, light and wiry).. and of horror, with mystical elements thrown in. Written in Howard's earlier years, they are not, perhaps, as well written as the Conan saga, but well above the average 'Sword-and-Sorcery' tale.

THE WHISPER OF GLOCKEN by CAROL KENDALL.

Reviewed by ROSIE TURNER.

This is one of the many children's books that have been influenced by 'The Hobbit.' It tells of a race called the minnipins, who live in the valley that separates the Frostbite, Snowdrift, Sunrise and Sunset Mountains. Glocken, the bellringer of the village of Water-Gap, sits in his bell-tower, and daydreams about the 'heroic' deeds of the five heroes of the neighbouring village of Slipper-on-the-Water.

Suddenly he notices that the river is rising, and slowly submerging the village, and he hastens to sound the alarm. The village is evacuated, and Glocken is taken (reluctantly) from his beloved bell-tower. At the last moment he snatches an heirloom, the Whisper-stone, from its niche in the wall, and climbs into a boat. The Whisper-stone is a flat stone with curious lines scratched upon it, and has been handed down from Glocken to Glocken, since the Minnipins first entered the valley.

Glocken's companions in the boat are Scrumble, a rather smelly individual, whose job was that of a 'fish-oil presser,' Silky, a rather sentimental lady; Crustabread, who always spoke with a gulp at the beginning of each sentence, and Gam Lutie, a very important villager but a shrewish, bad tempered woman, who seems (at first) to think more of saving the town's treasure, than of saving her fellow-villagers.

These four companions finally reach Slipper-on-the-Water (the only village not submerged) and meet the five 'old' heroes, Duke Walter, a rather ludicrous figure, with a Very Grand manner of speech; Muggles, an untidy, matronly kind of woman, who is fond of giving (sometimes useless) advice; Curley Green, famed for her floating pale hair; Mingy, who is never very far away from his money-box; and Gummy, who makes up poetry!

Glocken, by this time, is feeling rather disillusioned that his 'heroes' have turned out to be just ordinary (even slightly comical) people.

The five 'heroes' decide that Scrumble, Crustabread, Gam Lutie and Glocken must travel beyond the mountains, and find out what is blocking the river and causing the flood. Such a thing is, of course, entirely against Minnipin nature, and it is with some trepidation that they agree.

Once on the other side of the mountain, they meet with the 'Diggers,' a thin spidery race of creatures, who can dig at a tremendous rate, and tend to imitate whatever the Minnipins do, so that when Gam Lutie hits the digger that is carrying her, over the head, you can imagine the result!... Silky adopts a baby digger whose leg was injured by a rock, and names it the Wafer. Gam Lutie thinks, of course, that she should be the leader of the party, and nearly brings on catastrophe when they let her have her way. Throughout the story, Gam Lutie's character softens, to the extent that when her companions are ill from eating poisoned fish-cakes, it is she who saves their lives.

The companions are captured by a huge, Troll-like race, called the Hulks, and from their dungeon they can see the cause of the flood. The Hulks have built a dam across the river, and intend to turn the valley into a reservoir! Worse still, they intend to take the Minnipins with them when they leave, to be the pets of Hulk-children. The Minnipins notice the cage, and realise its purpose, and escape to the mountains, where their friends the Diggers help them to dig out a cave. Glocken suddenly notices a gleam of gold near the cave-roof, and finds it is a bell. Further digging reveals that he has found a carillon of twenty-three bells. He strikes the last bell, and the dam collapses. Glocken then realises that he has found the Whisper, the magical bell of his forefathers. In his joy, he strikes the bell again, and the mountain falls down upon them.

In Slipper-on-the-Water, the five 'old' heroes have heard the bells, and are amazed to see that the mountain has fallen. They set out to rescue them, and Muggles eventually finds them, safe and well.

Meanwhile, in Water-Gap, the Four Heroes have been presumed dead, and a Memory-Service is arranged for the next day; so when the heroes arrive at their own village, it is to hear the second-best bellringer playing the Great Memory Peal in their honour! Glocken immediately

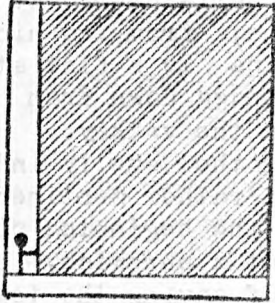
sets down his magical bells from the mountains, and plays his family's own traditional tune:-

Hear the whisper, whisper, whisper,
That lost and far-off whisper,
And remember, member, member,
The whisper of Glocken's bell.

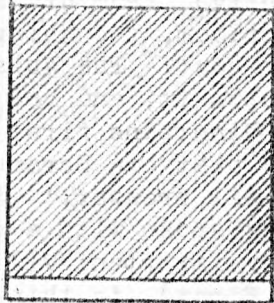
The villagers then realise that the heroes have come home again. As for the Diggers, Glocken agrees to bring the bells once a year beyond the mountains and play for them.

'The Whisper of Glocken' is published by Bodley Head at 90p.

Rosie Turner



Hobbit attacking
an oliphaunt.



Oliphaunt
retaliating.

A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA by Ursula Le Guin

This is a book for children set in a heroic fantasy world. You may recall another such, called 'The Hobbit'. This is the best since. As you see, I'm comitted, so now I have to convince you.

Earthsea is a world of islands, thousands of them, surrounded by apparently boundless ocean. It has wizards, dragons, Empires, pirates, in fact everything that a proper fantasy should have. And super maps too - never could resist maps.

Puffin 25p in UK, Ace Special in USA. A second novel set in the same world, 'The Tombs of Atuan', is now out in hardback in the USA. Mrs Le Guin has also written several SF novels, one of which 'Left Hand of Darkness' has won several awards.

I'll start you off with the first two paragraphs, how's that:

'The island of Gont, a single mountain that lifts its peak a mile above the storm-racked NNrtheast Sea, is a land famous for wizards. From the towns in its high valleys and the ports on its dark narrow bays many a Gontishman has gone forth to serve the Lords of the Archipelago in their cities as wizard or mage, or, looking for adventure, to wander working magic from isle to isle of all Earthsea.

Of these some say the greatest, and surely the greatest voyager, was the man called Sparrowhawk, who in his day became both dragonlord and Archmage. His life is told of in the Deed of Ged and in many songs, but this is a tale of the time before his fame, before the songs were made.'

- Hartley Patterson.



Shields of Middle-earth

The following notes give the references (I have chosen the most detailed) for each shield, from LotR (hardbacked 3 vols) and point out any additions I have made. I would be grateful if anyone finding references adding details which I have missed would point these out to me.

Rohan

"Helms too they chose, and round shields: their bosses were overlaid with gold and set with gems, green and red and white.....and a small shield he also took. It bore the running horse, white upon green, that was the emblem of the House of Eorl." (1)

Additions: The hunting horn to balance the shield. This is necessary because of the boss. I used this symbol because the horn goes with the Rohirrim along with the horse. Eorl had a great horn (2), the great horn of Helm struck terror into the hearts of the enemy at Helm's Deep (3) and Erkenbrand "blew a ringing blast" on a great black horn as he reached the valley's brink (4). These are only a few examples of the horns of the Rohirrim.

Mordor

"and they have round shields, yellow and black with big spikes" (5). These are the shields of the men from the South who were going to fight for Mordor. I am sure there are other references to the shields of Mordor but I cannot find them. I am pretty sure, however, that they bear the mark of the Eye, but that each different division in Mordor's ranks probably had their own variations. My illustration is the basic shield, taken from the front cover of LotR. Thus the southerners could add spikes to their shields.

Gondor

"in Gondor the seven stars were set about a white-flowered tree, over which the Kings set a winged crown." (6)

"but behind the highest throne in the midst of all a great standard was spread in the breeze, and there a white tree flowered upon a sable field beneath a shining crown and seven glittering stars." (7)

"but the royal banner had been sable, upon which was displayed a white tree in blossom beneath seven stars." (8)

The last two references speak of the banners and the standard but the shield would be emblazoned the same as these.

Dol Amroth

"And last and proudest, Imrahil, Prince of Dol Amroth, kinsman of the Lord with gilded banners bearing his token of the Ship and the Silver Swan." (9)

Addition: a silver chevronel to separate the ship and the swan.

Stewards

"They bore a white rod only as the token of their office; and their banner was white without charge." (10)

- Helen Kerley.

((Ed's note: I have added to the references the Ballantine paperback pages numbers, as this is used in the USA where the great majority of work on Tolkien has been published))

(1) TT: A&E p127 / Ballantine p161

(2) TT: p116/p148

(3) TT: p146/p185

(4) TT: p147/p186

(5) TT: p254/p321

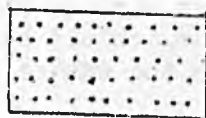
(6) ROTK: p440/

(7) ROTK: p231/p285

(8) ROTK: p333/p414

(9) ROTK: p43/p50

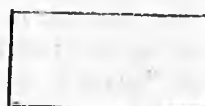
KEY TO HERALDIC COLOURS USED



Or-gold/yellow



Azure-blue



Argent-silver/white



Sable-black



Gules-red



Vert-green

THE PROFESSOR AT OXFORD.

So he'll go to Merton, where he was,
 In scholarly retirement, as is met,
 Like Bilbo in Rivendell, to sit by a pillar,
 Listening to the Elves in the common-room,
 And turning the pages of that Great Red Book.

Or sometimes, in the snug of the 'Bird and Baby',
 He'll raise his glass to Inklings and friends long gone,
 Charles Williams, Lewis, Dorothy Sayers,
 All, all now stolen away to the Grey Havens.

But if you, from your scurrying car,
 Should see him in the High or the Turl or the Broad,
 You will see only the tired old Hobbit---
 Or is it Gandalf, puffing at his pipe?
 You will not see the Fellowship marching behind him,
 Or Galadriel's pale face over his shoulder,
 Or between his upraised fingers
 The yellow glory of Lothlorien---
 Not here, but in his books where he placed them for you---
 Go home and read again.

But for him, let there be old-fashioned tranquility, By
 By the carven windows, a serene evening,
 In the Last Homely House---
 For so it may indeed,
 The Last Homely House--in all this strange new world.



V.C.

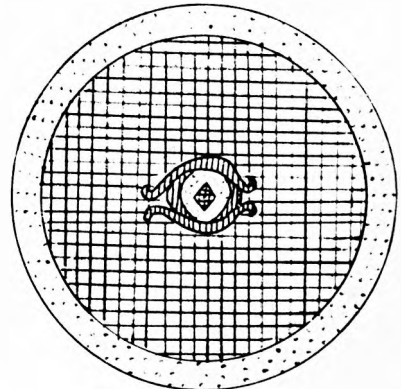
P 903 / 93

Shields of Middle Earth

ROTHA MORDOR

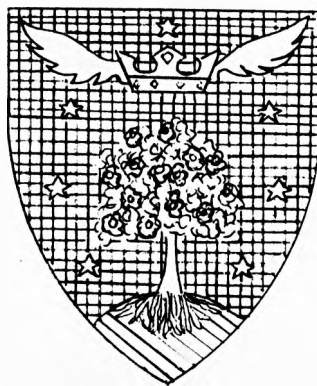


Vert; in chief a Hunting Horn argent, in base a Horse courant of the second.



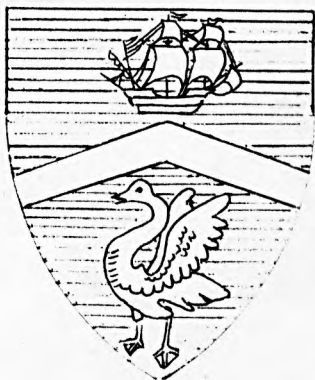
Sable; an eye gules within a bordure or

GONDOR



Sable; on a Mount vert, a Tree argent; in chief a Winged Saxon Crown; all surrounded by seven Mullets also of the second.

DOJ ANROTH STEWARDS



Azure; a Chevronel argent between a Ship in full sail of the second and a Swan with wings elevated also of the second



A shield argent

P903/93

NAZGUL

FEBRUARY, 1972.

Produced in THE SHIRE by John B. Abbott, Rowans, 18, Eden Avenue, Wakefield, Yorkshire, WF2 9DJ, for members of the Tolkien Society.

AHEH!

There is no escape. You have been trapped by NAZGUL, dreaded emissary of the evil Baron Mandrake (who terrorises Middle Earth with his revolving glass eye and boring card tricks). You may choose between (a) reading this dreadful epistle and (b) throwing it away. However, followers of (b) will be cast into the Scorpion Vat and generally duffed up.

HELLO

NAZGUL is the first bulletin from this recently acquired typewriter. The quick, brown fox jumped over the lazy dog; which was hard luck on the fox because the hound was sleeping on the edge of a duck-pond. Smart-Alec phockses seldom prosper.

Why "NAZGUL"? Why not?? I had thought of calling this SCATHA, but it's hardly likely to become another WORM! (Shades of Archie Mercer, to whom all praise).

AIMS

Mainly to increase the BULK and WEIGHT of a T.S. mailing... "N" will probably be a lightweight vehicle for TRIVIA - news, views, adverts., ditties, dirges, poems, crosswords, competitions, etc., more or less women's lib. I mean ad. lib. It'll depend on what members send in. (Anything like that last sentence ~~is~~ but one is out for a start).

J.B.A.'s aim will be to do as little as possible himself. EDITORIAL INTERJECTIONS IN DOUBLE BRACKETS WILL BE BANNED. (Unless, of course, the ed. finds it, er, ESSENTIAL to...er...).

JERT

"But where is the informed comment on LotR?" the reader of NAZGUL asks.

"Where is the cut-and-thrust of literary debate?" It's here:

Bill Ferny is

a

Churl.

INFORMATION CORNER

The unit of orcish ugliness is the GORBAG. One Gorbag is defined as that quantity of uncomeliness which, at Standard Temperature and Pressure, will stop one clock.

The Lady Galadriel is Arwen's Grandmother. (I.391). I'd never realised that.

THE WHITE KNIGHT

Would devotees of the works of C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll") please write to John Abbott (address given earlier). Anyone know if a Lewis Carroll Society exists in Britain?

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
And each damp thing that creeps and crawls
Went wobble-wobble on the walls.

(I.G.).

SNARK, anyone?

They roused him with muffins- they roused him with ice -
They roused him with mustard and cress -
~~THEY~~ They roused him with jam and judicious advice -
They set him conundrums to guess.

(The typo in line 3 above was mine, not Lewis Carroll's.).

.....

The original draft of NAZGUL 1 contained a Sowed and Saucery story, in true epic tradition; but this item has been held over 'cos it was (a) long and (b) boring. Hereafter, for those with nothing better to read, is set forth a part of the story of the Lay of Iufa. (A version with cleaned-up words was read by Bilbo in Rivendell)..."

.....

Morgoth's overthrow was absolute. He fell into some nettles.

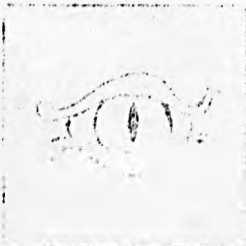
.....

The beautiful and terrible Lady Mandragora, questing endlessly through the twilight borderlands of Faerie with her faithful salamander-toad, Hubert, did not neglect to use NEUTROGENA TETRACARBONIC SODIUM for her complexion, every day. It did wonders for Hubert, too.

.....

"Ai na vedui Dunadan! Mac govannon!" (= I didn't do it! I want to see the Governor!). James Cagn*y / Humphrey B*gart / Edward G. Robinson, in the argot of Chicago.

.....



"I spy, with my little eye, something beginning with 'R'".

HMM...

Hadn't intended to exceed two sides. Where have all these words come from, then?

.....phew!.....

Old Tom Bombadil was a merry fellow;
drunk as a lord he was (he thought he was "mellow").
Black were his girdle and his breeches all of leather,
where he fell in the road. (Said Tom: "It's dirty weather").
Home again, with mud upon his suit of green and mustard
"Go jump into the lake" (to wash?) said Goldberry, disgusted.

More fact than a millipede.....

NOY, WHERE WAS I?

Oh yes. (quite seriously, this is your 'zine. ("Good," they said, "let's shut it down."). Please write and say what you want it to be / do / say.

TIME IS MESSING

Besides translating more of the lay of Iufa from the original Tyke Linear B into modern English and back again, am collaborating with Dr. Michael Delving in writing a life of Jatstoat - the audacious warrior-wizard who vanquished the Dahicks and the Severn River Authority and took the Falls of Rauros as weir-gild.

F.S. (BLACK) RIDER

To those who have managed to read this far -- well done, Sir and Madam. Further NAGUIS may issue forth occasionally from Minas Rowans, to spread dismay, daftness and derision among paid-up members of the T.S.

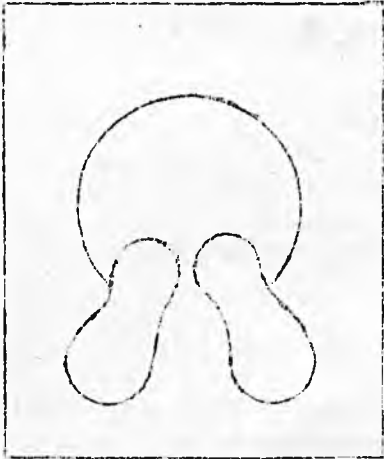
Hand up anyone who spotted the 342 deliberate mistakes in "N 1. Well done, Amanda (you quibbling brat)

Orc scrawls continue overleaf.

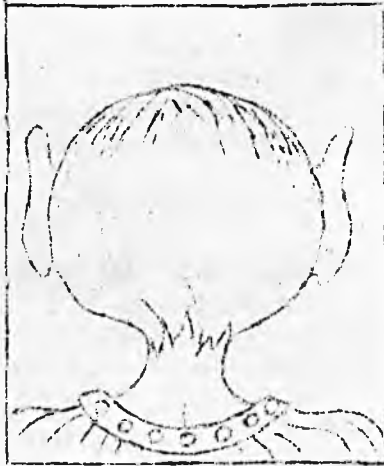
WAY THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP WENT THE WHILE OF CABANITY.

Best Wishes,

TWOOF



1. Tolkien Society member bowing reverently towards LONDON.
2. Two friendly Valar sharing the same halo.
3. Worm's-eye view of a Troll.
4. Gollum tunnelling thro' Moria. (He was fatter in those days).



"A Look Behind 'The Lord of the Rings'".



"Hobbits have a passion for mushrooms, surpassing even the greediest likings of Big People". (1.112).

