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**MALLORN 7**



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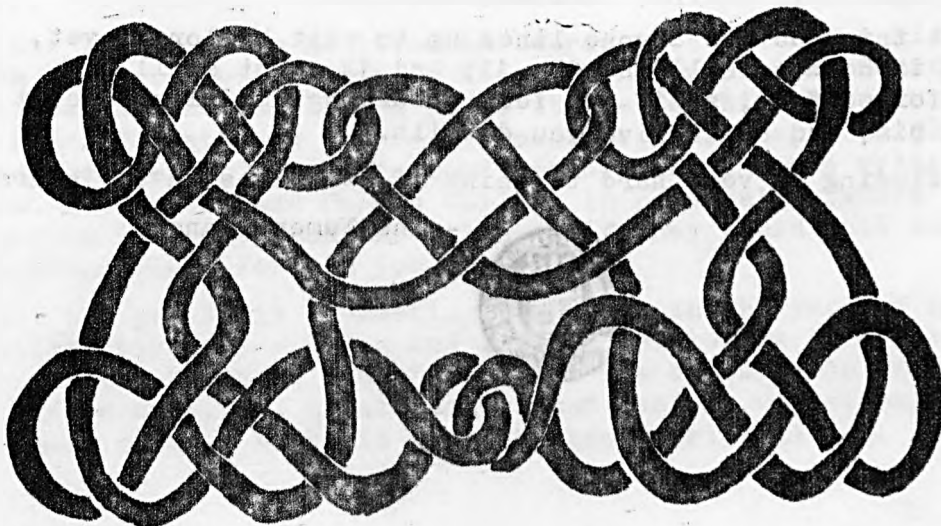
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THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY

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WELL - ER - UM - AHEN !

Editorial.

It is by now traditional for editors of Mallorn to start their editorials by apologising for the lateness of their particular issue. We do not want to break with this tradition : Profuse apologies therefore.

After complaining loud and long about lack of contributions from Tolkien Society members, we eventually found ourselves with a surplus of material, and so inevitably not all that we received has been included in this issue. That which has been left out has been forwarded to the Editor-in-Chief, Jon Simons, For use in future Mallorns

Everything in this issue is written or drawn by Tolkien Society members. This fact springs from us being relatively new on the fantasy fan field, so we don't know any sources outside the Society. We hope you are all inspired by your own work to keep on writing and/or drawing.

While choosing which pieces to include, we tried to envisage a ballanced Mallorn, and several articles were left out because they were too similar to something already in this issue, or in the previous one. This raises the question: How much can be written about Tolkien and his works before there are no new ideas left? However, we are sure that the Tolkien Society has not yet reached the bottom of the barrel.

In Mallorn 6, Jon Harvey made many changes to the format of Mallorn and we have retained many of these, for example, the A4 size and the positioning of "Letters to the Editor" at the back. However the spacing of the lines has become closer again (that was an accident when we started typing -- but you could call it economics.) and we have included some short reviews; while agreeing with Jon Harvey that longer "in depth" ones are better, we think Mallorns should have some reviews and short ones were all that was available.

Looking back, we think we're glad that we have edited this thing, although this is not the impression you would have gained had you heard the assorted curses that were uttered, when having carefully applied correcting fluid to the stencil, we succeeded in typing the same mistake over it. It is therefore, with a sigh of relief that we hand over to our Editor-in-Chief who will personally edit Mallorn 8. Please send contributions to him at: 11, Regal Way, Harrow, Middlesex. HA3 ORZ.

We don't think he has anyone lined up to edit Mallorn 9 yet, and even if he has, Mallorns 10, 11, and 12 must still be looking for editors, so if you feel a burning ambition to edit write to him, and he'll give you details.

We are finding it very hard to think of ourselves in the plural.

- The Numenoreans.





## NIMARIE.

On the evening of September 1st, 1973, many of us happily raised our glasses to "The Professor" in the "Green Man". Some who were there reported that he was last heard of, hale and hearty, going about Oxford, and apparently good to last many years yet. And then the very next morning, we heard the news that he had slipped away to the Grey Havens...

John Ronald Reul Tolkien was born in Bloemfontein in 1892, but was brought to England when about four years old. One can imagine the impact, even at that early age, of the rustic beauty of England after the aridity of South Africa, as I knew it myself after only a few year's absence - the smallness and greenness, the protected safety and the sense of the ancestral past. Two things I think his imagination carried back from South Africa for his story - the mountains and the spiders.

After his childhood in Warwickshire, where Sarehole Hall still stands as the model of the Old Mill at Hobbiton, he was, like most of his generation, inevitably caught up in the 1914 war, and served in the Lancashire Fusiliers - one of the regiments that suffered most severely of all. In 1918 he was invalided out, and returned to Oxford, where he had begun studying at Exeter College in 1915. And here I have a strange feeling that I may have met him and never known it. There were very few men in Oxford when I went up in the autumn of 1918 - just a few foreign students, and a handful of men, like Tolkien, invalided out of the forces. It is known that Tolkien at this time studied under Professor Joseph Wright, the great authority on early English. Wright was a distinguished philologist, but, as Guy Boas has put on record, he had no idea of his early English texts as literature, and regarded "Beowulf" as nothing but a mine for diphthongs. As one of Wright's students, I was sometimes invited to his tea-parties by his beautiful grave Quaker wife. Here a shy and self-conscious handful of young women students were introduced to an equal number of equally shy young men. Not, usually, a wild success. But what more likely than that one of those rather withdrawn and shattered young men, lately invalided out of, say, the Lancashire Fusiliers, with a name nobody could remember, might have been "the man himself?"

Most of us know the story since then; the academic career, and the literary flowering. Whatever anyone says I continue to be convinced that the great story was written for his own children and grew as the children grew - from the playful, almost whimsy approach of the beginning of "The Hobbit" to the grave dignity of the end of "The Return of the King". This explains, I think, much that is in the story, and much that is absent from it.

In his latter years he lived in Bournemouth and after his wife's death, he returned to Oxford. Those who have visited Bournemouth will realise what a fitting place it was for him, between the pines, the haunted heath and the sea. Snowdon's photograph has placed him for us, for ever, at the foot of one of Bournemouth's great brown pines. But Oxford and Merton College in particular (where the gigantic gargoyles lean out from the walls as if they would fall on you) was altogether right for him too.

I had the privilege of meeting him once, in the year of his eightieth birthday - Allen and Unwin's invited me to a little sherry party where he was present. It was a memorable occasion, and his personality, quiet, mature and genial, was strongly impressed on me. What did we talk about? Trivialities - how can you

tap the fount of wisdom at a sherry party? At least I told him about the Society, and he consented to be its Honorary President, and promised to help if ever he could.

Among the Society's treasures is a letter I received from him, thanking the society for the gift we sent him on his eightieth birthday - a decorative tobacco jar, containing the nearest we could get to the true "Longbottom Leaf". He hardly ever answered letters, so I felt that I, and the Society were greatly privileged.

And so we come to the radiant September day when I went to Oxford to pay the last honours to him. One of the colleges, I couldn't say which one, I noticed had its flag at half-mast - I assumed it was for him. The service was right away from the Oxford atmosphere - a new church in a new suburb, using what is practically a new ritual, the "English" mass of the Roman Church. The family was there - a hobbitish gathering of the clans - children, grandchildren, great-grand children. A phalanx of black-gowned professors, a dignitary of the Church with a crimson sash, and two sandalled untoured monks. I am sure I saw Donald Swann there. So they carried out all that was mortal of John Ronald Reul Tolkien - "DOCTOR FABULARIUS" - away to some distant place of burial.

And I walked in Christchurch Meadows afterwards, and into the quad of Merton, where the stony eyes of the gargoyles will remember that they saw him.

So may he reach the Western Isles - "under a swift sunrise".

-by Belladonna Took. (Mrs.V.Chapman)

News of Professor Tolkien's death arrived after we had cut the stencils of this Mallorn. We have therefore had to squeeze Belladonna's article in as pages 2a and 2b. We have decided to leave the rest of the issue unaltered.

-the Numenoreans.

# THE GEOLOGY OF MIDDLE-EARTH

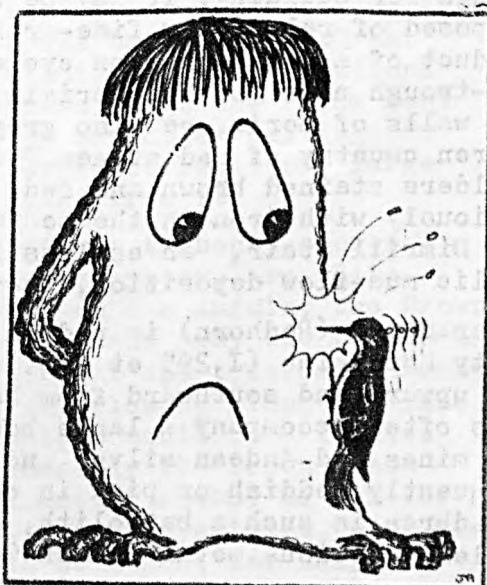
BY PAT MC INTOSH

The geology of Middle-Earth, like our own, is in the uncharted and haunting world, is logical, consistent, and only partly described. In this rather incomplete study I have made two basic assumptions. One is that the topographical descriptions are accurate indications of the terrain; in fact, this and the use of words like "world" and "down" are a large part of the evidence. The other is that rock types and their properties are the same as those we know here, with the one exception of mithril-ore. This seems reasonable enough, since change in these properties would require change in the weathering cycle to account for it, with consequences clear back to the basic physical laws of the universe. As a corollary to this, I have assumed a geological history for Middle-Earth. This is open to argument on several counts, but is not strictly crucial to the study.

The descriptions given cover three main regions. It is a little like constructing a landscape from someone else's field notes, except that most of the notes are concerned with more important matters. We begin with the Shire.

The Shire is a clay vale between chalk downs, east and west. The scenery, with its small fields and settlements, trees and coppices and many small streams resembles that of the Weald or the Oxford Clay districts; there are few large rivers but some marshy places (such as the Marish itself) and brick and wood are preferred for building in most areas. The rock succession is probably one of clays and soft sandstones, with occasional bands of harder sandstone and limestone forming ridges. To the west are the White Downs, to the east, the Barrow Downs. The treeless hilltop in the Old Forest (I, 124) may well be an outlier of the chalk-- that is, a relic of the days when the chalk extended over the Shire. Below the Barrow-Downs there is a spring-line (I, 133) and the outcrop of more durable stone, perhaps resembling the Greensand of the Weald of which Tom Bombadil's house is built. The path leading to the house is chalky.

Beyond Bombadil's house the downs form a north-south ridge, diminishing northward into a wide pale land; eastward they rise "ridge behind ridge into the morning", treeless, without surface drainage, covered in short springy turf (I, 146-7). This is typical chalk down scenery. The westward faces of the hills are steeper, which suggests an eastward inclination (dip) of the layer of chalk; it must therefore lie over the clay-and-sandstone vale of the Shire. If the White and Far Downs are also chalk, (as seems likely) they are probably the



other end of an arch whose centre has been eroded away to leave the older rocks of the Shire exposed beneath.

The Barrow-downs are apparently bounded east or northeast by a fault: the land falls away at the edge of the downs (I,157) and the landscape of Bree suggests its rocks are older. Building-stone is plentiful; Bree hill itself is brown (I, 193) and is probably a reddish or brown sandstone. Eastwards, the marshy area of Midgewater could be an igneous intrusion like the Cornish granites (igneous rocks do not always form hills; it depends on the relative hardness of the surrounding rocks) or perhaps an area of very old crystalline rocks, like those of the Northwest Highlands. Whatever it is, it must be impermeable to water. Eastwards again, Weathertop and the Weatherhills are of a light-coloured stone (I,199) on which grows grass rather than heather (I,212). This is generally a sign of calcium in the soil since heather will not grow on limy soil; the Weather hills are probably an outcrop of sandy sedimentary rocks with a proportion of calcium carbonate; calcareous sandstones, which are often light in colour.

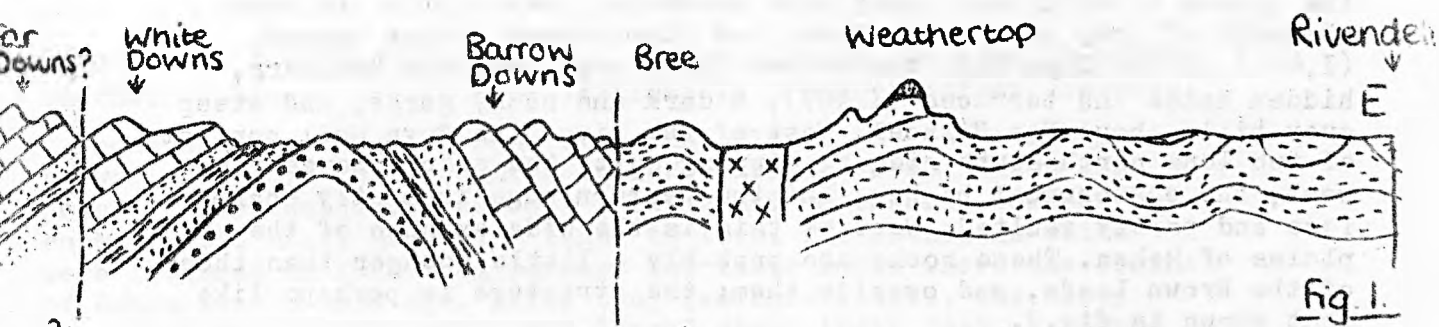
East of the Weathertop range there are few notes. The scenery remains much the same as far as the Hoarwell or Mitheithel; beyond there we find darker rock, massive enough for building (I,213,216), with trees growing. Between Mitheithel and Bruinen there is a region of hills with woods and heather-covered slopes, bilbery, brush, and hazel thickets (I,220-1), and the Road runs down to the Fords of Bruinen in a cutting with steep moist walls of red stone (I,225). The rocks are probably mixed sandstones and other sedimentary types, perhaps of the same age as those around Bree. The Rivendell valley is steep-walled and stony (I,252,294) but the rock type is not described. A tentative explanation of the structure of the region is shown in Fig.1. Weathertop is capped by a harder, more resistant rock that protects it from weathering, and the Midgewater marshes are interpreted as an igneous intrusion, probably granite. The section is probably grossly over-simplified, but without extensive field work, the simplest explanation is the best.

The Misty Mountains can probably be taken as a unit, although the notes we have are scattered and refer mainly to the part south of the Moria region. Hollin is a region of grey stone (I,295), some massive enough for building. It may be what is called greywacke, that is rock composed of relatively fine-grained unsorted sediments, a typical product of a rapid erosion cycle with dumping of the sediments in a sea-trough near to their origin; it can build up to great thicknesses. The walls of Moria are also grey but the Moria-gate region is "a barren country of red stones" (I,313) and the Sirannon runs through boulders stained brown and red. This is a different part of the sequence obviously with iron in the sediments. On the east side of the Mountains the Dimrill Stair, "an endless ladder of short falls (I,347) suggests cyclic mud-flow deposition, another product of a rapid erosion cycle.

Caradhras (Redhorn) is red in colour and the highest peak of the Misty Mountains (I,295 et seq.) According to Gimli lodes of mithril run upward and southward from Redhorn (I,331). Mineral veins such as this often accompany a large body (batholith) of granite: the Cornish tin mines and Andean silver and gold mines are examples. Granite is frequently reddish or pink in colour. It does seem likely that Caradhras is such a batholith, and if so there are undoubtedly veins of less precious metals which Gimli did not mention.

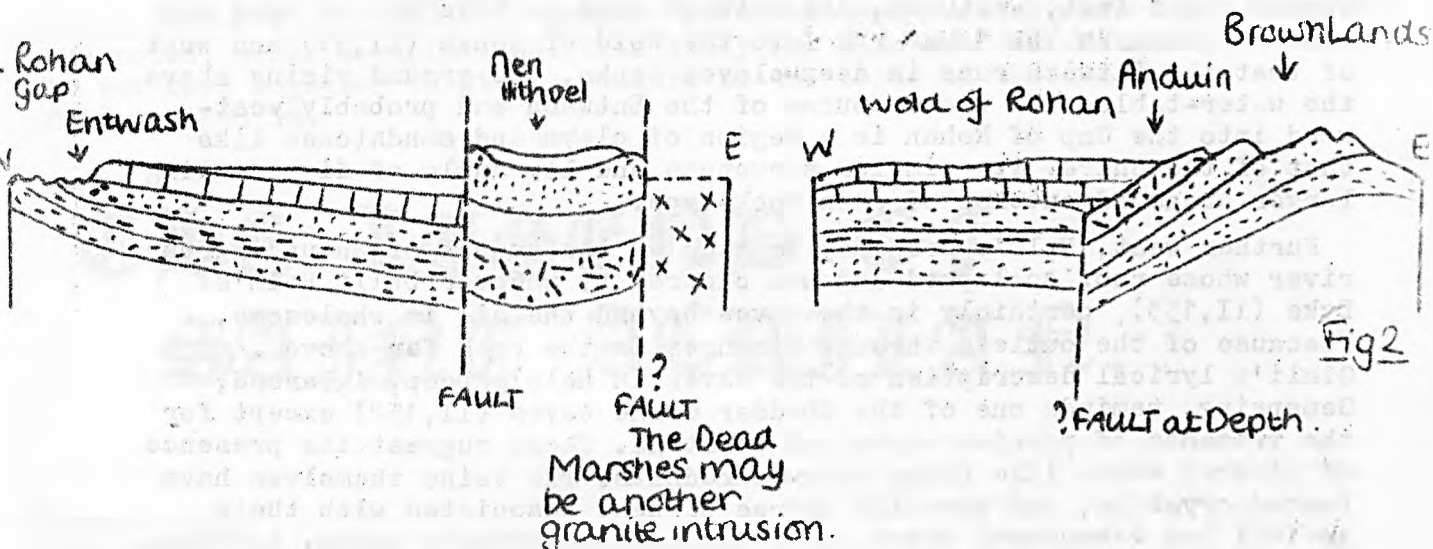
The Misty Mountains are the highest, and therefore probably the youngest mountains of Middle-Earth. They appear to be composed, like the Alps in this Age, of great thicknesses of sedimentary rock, laid





This section moved  
 upwards and the  
 chalk appears twice

This part moved upwards.  
 If there ever was any Chalk  
 it was long since eroded away.



down in an ancient sea between Eriador and Rhovanion. These two landmasses, moving together in the long slow process of continental drift, squeezed the younger sedimentary rocks between them. Great complex fold structures developed, with sliding of whole sections over each other; since there was nowhere else to go the rocks went upwards. Under the pressures developed, by a complex melting process the rocks turned to granite and formed at least one large batholith, with lodes of precious ore running from it.

There is no surface rock in Iothlorien, there the only stones mentioned, in the road and at the hythe on the river, are white. The next notes are for points further south on the Anduin; the Brown Lands are along formless slopes stretching up and away toward the sky and here the land west of Anduin is green, flat and treeless, marshy in places (I, 396). The River here is plainly flowing along the line of contact between two rock types; the contact could be a faulted one but there is no indication of this. Possibly the Brown Lands are a region of sandstones and other sedimentary rocks, of similar age to the Bree hill-Weather-top sequence, dipping westward, with the much younger sedimentary rocks of the Wold of Rohan, including clays where the marshy places occur, lying west of the river and lapping like the sea which deposited them over the older sediments. (See Fig. 2.)

Further south, north of Eryn Muil, the banks rise and grow stony,

the ground is hilly and rocky with crumbling grey cliffs and rock-chimneys of grey weathered stone, and fir-crowned ridges beyond, (I,401). In the Eryn Muil themselves there are limestone boulders, hidden holes and terraces (I,407), a dark and rocky gorge, and steep grey hills about Nan Hithoel. West of the river the Eryn Muil consist of two long north-south ridges, dipping east; the scarp slopes face west, the easternmost higher, and the western edge is partly scarp face and partly faulted. West of this is the wide expanse of the plains of Rohan. These rocks are probably a little younger than those of the Brown Lands, and overlie them; the structure is perhaps like that shown in fig.2.

The plains of Rohan are wide, rolling grass-lands lying between the ridge of the Misty Mountains and the older structures just described. They are not quite flat, but tilt gently eastward; away from the Eryn Muil they rise to "A line of low hump-backed downs" with harder ground and shorter grass (II,29). This land between the Eryn Muil and the downs is a region of clays and young sediments like those of East Anglia, with little exposure; the downs themselves are undoubtedly chalk; and beyond their feet, westward, the Entwash runs in thickets of reed and rush. Northwards the downs run into the Wold of Rohan (II,31) and west of that the Entwash runs in deep-cloven banks, the ground rising above the water-table. The whole course of the Entwash and probably westward into the Gap of Rohan is a region of clays and sandstones like that of the Shire, its simpler structure and low angle of dip creating larger areas of outcrop of each rock-type.

Further west, Helm's Deep may be seen as the tunnel of an underground river whose roof collapsed and was cleared by whoever built Helm's Dyke (II,133), certainly in the caves beyond the air is wholesome, "because of the outlets through fissures in the rock far above". Gimli's lyrical description of the caves in Helm's Deep, Aglarond, Gemspring, reminds one of the Cheddar Gorge caves (II,152) except for the presence of precious ores and crystals. These suggest the presence of mineral veins like those below Caradhras. The veins themselves have formed crystals, and the mild degree of heat associated with their arrival has encouraged crystals to grow in the country rocks, softened them, turned them into pieces of marble.

We have no notes, or not enough, for the White Mountains and the land of Gondor. The White Mountains may be a continuation south and east of the structure of the Misty Mountains, so that the knot south of Edoras is a point of structural weakness like the Anatolian Knot; however, they could equally well be much older. The mountains around



Mordor were deliberately built as a fence around the land of Sauron so their geology, and that of Ithilien is probably rather confused.

There are three main groups of rocks. Oldest are those of the Brown lands-Emyn Muil and Bree Hill-Weathertop group; these had probably been subjected to some folding and weathering before the rocks of the Misty Mountains began to form. The mountains which were levelled to form them perhaps had their roots where the Plains of Rohan lie in this age. After long geological ages, the Misty Mountains were built, and a sea lapped about their feet, eastward and westward, in which the chalk of the Wold and the Downs formed. After the land rose or the sea fell, more earth movements occurred in which the fault east of the Barrow-Downs and Possibly the Emyn Muil fault, among others, became as they were when the hobbits found them. Grass grew, beasts ran, men and hobbits came into the world.

As I said at the beginning, the geology of Middle-Earth is not quite complete. The main structures are here; there are other hints and notes, other descriptions. This study may give an idea of how to put them together to give a picture of the bones of the country Frodo walked in.

# THE LEGEND OF SAINT ACRILIA.

Young ascetic  
Peripatetic  
Enthusiastic  
Hair-shirt drastic ---  
Nylon plastic.

Rite ecstatic --  
Silk dalmatic....  
Too much static !

Scintillation --  
Admiration !  
Levitation --  
Acclamation !  
Aerostation ---  
Jubilation !  
Percipitation....  
Consternation....

Canonisation.

by Belladonna.

# REVIEWS

GOLD THE MAN by Joseph Green.  
published by Pan at 30p.  
Reviewed by Belladonna.

I hardly ever read Science Fiction- it isn't really "My scene". But this was sent me to review. It reached me on a morning when I was lying in bed with 'flu, and the cover showed an anatomised brain in throbbing psychedelic colours, with little people running about inside it - just the way my head was feeling at that moment. I closed my eyes...

Later I went back to the book and was surprised to find myself gripped by it against my will- it is such an imaginative exercise in "Just supposing"...What would happenif...

What would happen if a three-hundred foot giant from another solar system landed upon "our" moon-base and some terribly clever scientists constructed a control-cell inside that giant's brain, where one terribly clever scientist (who was a super-brain) and another, (who was -guess!- a woman) could take up quarters indefinitely and control the giant, returning him, eventually to his planet....

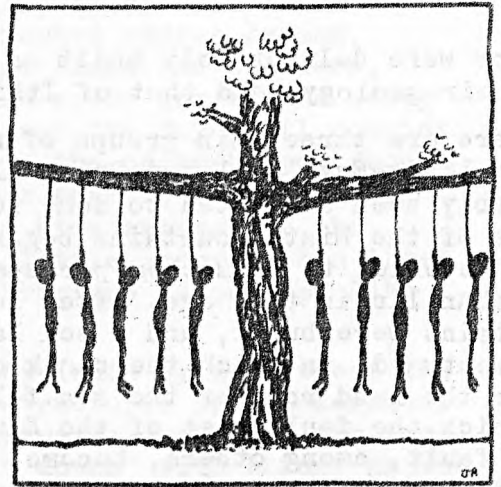
And so on. The possibilities are explored with a lively curiosity which ranges all the way from the genes of our principal character to the conscious intelligences embodied in cosmic clouds which are bombarding the giant's home sun and forcing his people to contemplate taking over the earth. The author is interested in everything, including, it would seem the destination of every drop of blood or other bodily fluid. He describes everything, including a great deal of sex in quite clinical and antiseptic detail - I suppose we have to get used to this. The frequent flash-backs to Gold's previous sexual adventures (in detail) seem to me, however, unnecessary and rather in the nature of "padding"; however, highly spiced padding. The story could carry itself without them, though it would be shorter.

We are given a good cliff-hanging climax -I just had to know how the baby would get born in such very peculiar circumstances! -- and a reasonable "catastrophe"- the intelligences in the cosmic clouds are amenable to reason after all. But no hope is held out for the miserable degenerate earthlings (known as the technots- the have-nots of the technical age)described in the earlier chapters. I fear the author forgot them.

Good of its kind, as far as I can judge its kind - but a long way from Tolkien.

STAG-BOY by William Rayner.  
Published by Collins.  
Reviewed by Susan Adler.

I read this book almost by accident - It had an interesting cover so I picked it up and took it home. While I was reading it, I was so deeply immersed that I didn't hear when people talked to me - something that hasn't happened to me for a long time, and although it only took me two hours to read it, at the end of it, I felt that I didn't want to read anything else for a while, so that I could



The Fenny family tree



retain its memory a little longer.

It appears from the cover notes that William Rayner has written several adult novels, but that this is his first book for young people. The hero of the book is fifteen-year-old Jim, who is small, dark, intense, imaginative and asthmatic - the proto-type for many children's book heroes, perhaps because the type of child who reads a lot of books isn't likely to be very athletic, and is likely to be imaginative. And, sure enough, here comes the rival, seventeen year old Edward, tall, fair, physically fit and confident.

Edward is courting Mary, who was Jim's childhood companion, before his father's death drove Jim and his mother away from Exmoor to the smog of Wolverhampton. Jim has now returned to Exmoor for a holiday, and finds himself competing with Edward. It should also be mentioned that Jim is interested in the barrows and microliths of the area and is "filled...with enthusiasm for these ancient tribesmen, his distant ancestors, men with the same blood as had come down to him, men who had built and worked and hunted and fought across the wilderness of the moor and worshipped their gods in the stone circle." When he finds an ancient helmet with stag's antlers and places it on his head, Things Start Happening.

The book is only 160 pages short, and in this time it is impossible for Rayner to fully develop his characters, so all three remain "types" with the possible exception of Mary, whose struggle between the wish to be a social success and go and Live in London, (with glorious vistas of New York on the Horizon) and the ties she has with the countryside (which is mirrored in her struggle to choose between Edward and Jim) struck answering chords in me. However even this aspect is by no means fully developed-I believe it is only mentioned twice.

Another interesting aspect is Rayner's rejection of money as a value; Jim has to be careful of his clothes while Edward treats his casually. But then Edward's clothes "had cost only money in a house where there was plenty of money. They hadn't meant Edward's mother setting off in the dark on winter's mornings to swab down bar room floors..." Jim looks with contempt upon Mary's father who has converted good barley land into a more profitable caravan site. And he hates him for keeping battery hens. He is described as a "money-grabbing rogue who was afraid incase his profitable campers from Wolverhampton should be put out. A man who settled rows of caravans and tents on good barley land. A man who tormented animals as a trade. A man who would shut away any breathing soul into a battery cage for profit. The sort of man who, because his imagination was withered at the root would snugly lay waste the earth and debase its creatures, robbing them of the nobility that nature had planted in them all, either because he failed to see it, or because he set it at no account when set against profit." and later "To deny nature - that was the worst sin, the sin against life, the sin against the Old Ones, the unforgivable sin". Finally we learn that all he can do with his profit is buy the "wrong things", so in a sense the book is a plea for a return to nature.

Although the two boys are opposite types, I have already mentioned that Mary is torn between them. Yet it is she who, in the end, resolves the problem of the book in a gentle feminine way. Perhaps Rayner is saying that women, although less intense than men finally possess some important quality that men do not. I don't know whether this is the case, its just a tentative suggestion.

One final point; this is intended to be a children's book, as is clear from its "semi-developed psychological" characters, which are not quite Tolkien's "types". Yet I think it should be very enjoyable to adults in a similar way to Alan Garner's "Weirdstone of Brisingamen" and "Moon of Gomrath". I am sure there are many aspects of it children would not understand, for instance there are distinct sexual undertones to it, but would I, at the age of, say 13 (I assume this is the age group it's aimed at) have noticed them?

Perhaps in this review I have dwelt too long upon the undevelopedness of the characters which inevitably springs from its being written for children - I hope this does not deter you from reading it. It is certainly a very happy relief from the turgid Moorcock I've been wading through recently.

THE TOMBS OF ATUAN by Ursula Le Guin.

published by Gollancz. £1.25.

Reviewed by Jessica Kemball-Cook (Luthien Tinuviel)

One of the most important fantasy publications this year, 'The Tombs of Atuan' is a sequel to 'The Wizard of Earthsea', which was the best children's fantasy since Alan Garner's books, and even more original. The first book told how Sparrowhawk learned how to master his magic powers at a school for wizards, but could not control his human weakness, and in that tale we travelled over the whole archipelago of the Fantasy world of Earthsea, a world of hundreds of little islands.

As 'The Wizard of Earthsea' is a book about the balance of external and internal forces, so is this one, but in contrast 'The Tombs of Atuan' is more inward looking in its handling of one of Le Guin's basic motifs, the conflict of Light and Dark. This conflict has its battle ground in Middle-earth as well - I shall remind you, from many possible quotations of Haldir's words in Lorien; "Whereas light perceives the very heart of darkness, its own secret has not been discovered, not yet." In the "Tombs" there is far more concentration on the self-imprisonment of the main character, the girl, Tenar, which is mirrored by the claustrophobic horror of the Tombs of which she is the guardian.

At the age of six, Tenar is taken from her family, and doomed to be chief priestess of the dark tombs and the terrifying labyrinth beneath, and to serve the nameless gods. This part is very reminiscent of Lovecraft's weird city and his Old Ones, and almost as frightening. Tenar's life is narrow, caged, and everything is prescribed by ancient ritual until she meets Ged-Sparrowhawk, The Wizard of Earthsea. Readers of the earlier book will remember the two old people Ged found stranded on an island, and the half-circle of the broken ring they gave him. This was one half of the Ring of Erreth-Akbe, which holds a mighty Rune of Rower, and to make use of the Rune, Ged seeks the other half of the Ring in the Tombs. Tenar finds him wandering and, by right should doom him to death for desecrating the shrine of the gods. Ged makes her see she has a choice.

The master touch of Le Guin is ever-present: descriptions of weird riter and sacred dancing; the intolerance of the other priestesses; the dark oppressive labyrinth which Tenar learns to follow by touch alone. There's a message too - about the weight of freedom: "It is not easy, it is not a gift given, but a choice made, and the choice may be a hard one. The road goes upward towards the light; but the laden traveller may never reach the end of it."

The final volume in the Earthsea trilogy "The Farthest Shore" has now been published by Gollancz at £1.60. In it Ged travels to the Land of the dead, and we hear more about Le Guin's dragons dancing on the goldenwind....

THE STUFF OF FANTASY - FROM AN UNLIKELY SOURCE.  
CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES by Sabine Baring-Gould.  
Reviewed by Belladonna.

This book, unfortunately, you will not be able to get in paper-back nor, I fear, anywhere but by lucky chance in second hand bookshops or libraries. It was published in 1877 and has not, as far as I know, been reprinted. Sabine Baring-Gould was a country clergyman in Cornwall, and wrote hymns, notably 'Onward Christian Soldiers' - also some lively romances in the Lorna Doone tradition - but he was also an early folklorist, and as such is still held in honour by the Folklore Society. Some of his conclusions are, of course, rather naive to modern ears, and much of his archaeology is out of date, but he may, on the other hand, have had source material no longer available to us. In this book we find such old favourite myths as Pope Joan, the Wandering Jew, Prester John, the Pied Piper, and Bishop Hatto, all traced down to their earliest mention - as well as the fable about Cornishmen/Englishmen having tails. Also, as a caution to the "Nothing but..." school of folklorists and ingenious tongue-in-cheek argument to prove that Napoleon never existed, being simply a solar myth, as shown by all the typical signs.

But chiefly the book is a collection of irresistible 'Serendipity.' Is not this the stuff of fantasy, the following description of the Kingdom of Prester John:

"Our land is the home of elephants, dromedaries, camels, crocodiles, meta-collinarum, cametennus, tensevetes, wild asses, white and red lions, white bears, white merles, crickets, griffins, tigers, lamias, hyenas, wild horses, wild oxen and wild men, men with horns, one-eyed men with eyes before and behind, centaurs, fauns, satyrs, pygmies, forty-ell high giants, Cyclopes, and similar women; it is the home too of the phoenix, and of nearly all living animals. We have some people subject to us who feed on the flesh of men and of prematurely born animals, and who never fear death.... At the foot of Mount Olympus bubbles up a spring which changes its flavour hour by hour, night and day, and the spring is scarcely three days' journey from Paradise, out of which Adam was driven. If anyone has tasted thrice from the fountain, from that day he will feel no fatigue but will as long as he lives be a man of thirty years.... In our territory is a certain waterless sea, consisting of tumbling billows of sand never at rest... Three days' journey from this sea are mountains from which rolls down a stony, waterless river, which opens into the sandy sea. As soon as the stream reaches the sea, its stones vanish in it and are never seen again. As long as the river is in motion, it cannot be crossed; only four days a week is it possible to traverse it.... Near the wilderness trickles between barren mountains a subterranean rill, which can only by chance be reached, for only occasionally the earth gapes, and he who would descend must do it with precipitation ere the earth closes again. All that is gathered under the ground there is gem and precious stone...."

And so on - a treasure of fantasy. Enough to show you what a strange old jewel-box I have stumbled upon.

NOTES TO PART ONE OF THE STORY OF THE SILMARILLION  
By Jim Allan.

- \*1 Henry Resnik, "An Interview with Tolkien" Niekas 18 (late Spring 1967) p.42
- \*2 J.R.R.Tolkien, "Tolkien on Tolkien" Diplomat Vol.XVIII, No.197 (Oct.1966)p.11
- \*3 Henry Resnik, op. cit., p.41
- \*4 Richard Plotz, "J.R.R.Tolkien " Seventeen Vol.26. No.1 (Jan.1967)p.118
- \*5 In referring to Tolkien's works I have used the following abbreviations: H for The Hobbit, I,II and III for the three volumes of TLotR, T.B. for The Adventures of Tom Bombadil And R for The Road goes ever On.  
Page references are to the most recent hardcover editions but for H and the three volumes of LotR I have also given references to the Ballantine paperback editions (the second number), except when the reference is to information not found in this version.
- \*6 R:58-68
- \*7 "Many Meetings with Tolkien" Niekas 19 (1968) p.39
- \*8 Robert Foster, A Guide to Middle-earth (The Mirage Press, Baltimore,1971) p.165
- \*9 Richard Plotz, (in answer to a letter) Tolkien Journal Vol III No.2, whole No.8 (late 1967) p.20
- \*10 Snorri Sturlinson, The Prose Edda, trans. Jean I. Young (University of California Press, Berkely and Los Angeles 1966) p.41
- \*11 The Elder Edda, A Selection, trans. Paul B. Taylor and W.H. Auden (Random House, New York, 1970) p.146

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((The article that was to have appeared here has been held over for a later Mallorn as it requires photographs to do it full justice, and this cannot properly be done by duplicating. -HHP))



THE STORY OF "THE SILMARILLION" by JIM ALLAN.

PART ONE.

Through the publication of The Hobbit, The Lord of the Rings, The Adventures of Tom Bombadil, and The Road Goes Ever On much of the private mythology of J.R.R. Tolkien has been given to the public. But as much or more still remains hidden, locked in unpublished manuscripts, or only within Tolkien's mind.

For example, in 1966 Tolkien was asked about Man ever reaching the potential he displayed at the end of LOtR. Tolkien replied, "I did write a continuation story, taking place about one hundred years after the end of The Lord of the Rings. Of course he'll go bad because he's sick of peace. Well, I haven't finished writing it because I didn't want to go on with it; it's called 'The New Shadow'. The people cannot bear peace for one hundred years. After a hundred years of peace and prosperity people would all be going into every kind of madness." (#1)

But if Tolkien has given up on a sequel, it is well known that he has for many years been working on a prequel, an account of what happened in the early days long before the Third Age world of LOtR which will recount the events behind certain of the sketchy notes in the appendices of LOtR and scattered through the main work. What is not so well known is that this work dates back before LOtR was ever thought of. Tolkien has written, "The mythology (and associated languages) first began to take shape during the 1914-18 war. The Fall of Gandolin (sic) (and the birth of Earendil) was written in the hospital and on leave after surviving the Battle of the Somme in 1916. The kernel of the mythology, the matter of Luthien and Deren (sic) arise from a small woodland glade filled with "hemlocks" (or other white embellifers) near Rood on the Holderness peninsular - to which I occasionally went when free from regimental duties while in the Humber Garrison in 1913." (#2)

One can trace it back even further, for Tolkien has also said, "The real seed was starting when I was quite a child by inventing languages, largely to try and capture the ethetic mode of the languages I was learning, and I eventually made the discovery that language can't exist in a void and if you invent a language yourself you can't cut it in half. It had to come alive -- so really the languages came first and the country after." (#3)

Or, as Dick Plotz, founder of the Tolkien Society of America has put it, "While evolving his languages, Professor Tolkien began to create mythology and cultures and history and people to go with them. Then he invented a place for the people to live and struggle, a place he called Middle-earth." (#4)

Some of this invented mythology was used to provide background in The Hobbit, in which there were already some references to the older matter: Elrond, Gondolin, the High-elves, and the orcs." (I:5/viii) (#5) In the same place Tolkien says that though he started work on LOtR soon after finishing The Hobbit and before its publication, he did not continue at it long, but returned to his older myths. "I wished first to complete and set in order the mythology and legends of the Elder Days, which had then been taking shape for some years. I desired to do this for my own satisfaction, and I had little hope that other people would be interested in this work, especially since it was primarily linguistic in inspiration and was begun in order to provide the necessary background of 'History' for Elvish tongues.

"When those whose advice and opinion I sought corrected 'little hope' to 'no hope', I went back to the sequel", that is LOtR. Tolkien supplements this elsewhere by the statement "when I offered it to the publishers first and they turned it down they were too high and mighty. But now LOtR has been a success they want it, and of course now it has to be made to fit."

So, since 1954, Tolkien has been off and on, polishing up these early tales and "making them fit". And certainly for almost as long his readers have been waiting to get the chance to read this work, to at last know the tales of the Elder Days. A few hints appeared in The Adventures of Tom Bombadil; the revised edition of LoTR contains a new section on Feanor at the beginning of appendix A; and a multitude of intriguing glimpses are supplied by the notes on Elvish texts in The Road Goes Ever On.(\*6) However this is hardly satisfactory.

To satisfy my own curiosity as much as possible, I several years ago began collecting in one place as much data on the Elder Days as I could find in Tolkien's books and elsewhere. On each rereading of the books some new incident or previously unnoticed connection would come to my attention. The result is a reasonably coherent narrative, though not an unbroken one. From it, and from various fragments from other sources, I present the following tentative summary of The Silmarillion.

Dick Plotz states, "The Silmarillion, Professor Tolkien said, is a collection of epic poems and stories covering the origins and early history of many of the people and events presented in LoTR. There are stories of the beginnings of the Valar, the angelic powers: Middle-earth is a monotheistic world, with a God called The One, Eru in Elvish. His sons are the angelic powers who are the guardians of the world. Eru keeps a watchful eye over them, but they actually fulfill the same purpose as the Greek and Norse gods." (\*4) Professor Clyde S. Kilby, who in 1966, had the opportunity to read the work as it then existed, has said, "The whole story will, Prof. Tolkien thinks, be about as long as the RING when it is published. In 1964 he told me, by way of a very quick - a sort of one sentence summary - that it was about the Creation and Fall. That covers quite a bit of territory. ...There is in it a beautiful - a truly beautiful - creation story, and then there is a rebel among the sort of angelic host. If this sounds very prosaic, I can tell you that the story as a whole is comparable in details and power to the RING." (\*7)

The name of this "evil Valar", this "prime Enemy", (III:426) is Melchar. (\*8) The name resembles Melqart, the god of the ancient city of Tyre, whose name seems to mean "King of the City". In Phoenician mythology he was the son of Ba'al Hadad, the supreme god of the pantheon whom the Greeks identified with their Zeus. Melqart they called Heracles but could not have felt the identification to be too close as they usually went out of their way to distinguish the "Tyrian Heracles" from their own native one. This does not appear to be very sinister.

However, like his father Hadad, Melqart was often given the title Ba'al, a common Canaanite and Hebrew word meaning "lord" or "master". And this Tyrian Ba'al appears in the Bible almost continuously from I Kings 16 when his worship is introduced in Samaria by King Ahab after his marriage to the Phoenician Princess Jezebel, to II Kings 11 when this Ba'al's Judean temple is finally destroyed by the young king Johoiada. This is the Ba'al whose worship is so strongly opposed by the prophet Elijah, and whose cult was so strongly advanced by Queen Jezebel, who is presented in the sources as a fountain of unending wickedness.

The Valar, Tolkien's angels, may owe their name to the Finnish word "valari", "Shining ones". The Valar were spiritual entities who could assume various shapes. After their demiurgic labours, they came and dwelt in Arda, "The Realm". They did so because of their love and desire for the Children of God (Erusen), for whom they were to prepare the "realm". The future forms of Elves and Men had been revealed to them though they had no part in their design or making, and the precise time of their appearance was not known. ...The Valar assumed these forms. ...Fana is an Elvish element with the primary meaning "veil".... In Quenya, however, the simple word fana acquired a special sense.

Owing to the close association of the High-Elves with the Valar, it was applied to the "veils" or "raiment" in which the Valar presented themselves to physical eyes. They were bodies in which they were self-incarnated. ...In these forms they later presented themselves to the Elves, and appeared as persons of majestic (but not gigantic) stature, vested in robes expressing their individual natures and functions. The high-Elves said that these forms were always in some degree radiant, as if suffused with a light from within." (R:66)

The Lord of the Valar was named Manwe in Quenya, and also known as the Elder King. (R:61) His name is vaguely reminiscent of Manawydan, A celtic god connected with the sea, and called Manannan in Irish tales. Manwe's wife was called Varda "the Exalted" in Quenya and Elbereth "Star-queen" in Sindarin. She was also called Elentari, "Star-queen" and Tintalle "Star-kindler" in Quenya, the latter title also appearing in Sindarin as the epithet Gilthoniel. A final Sindarin name

was Fanuilos "bright (angelic) figure ever white (as snow)" and is rendered as "Snow-white" in the song of Gildor and his companions. Varda was credited with sowing the stars in the Sunless year, apparently referring to a time in the creation of the universe before the sun existed. (I:28f/117; R:59, 61f, 66.) "She was often thought of or depicted, as standing on a great height looking towards Middle-earth, with eyes that penetrated the Shadows, and listening to the cries for aid of the Elves (and Men) in peril or grief." (R:65).

The huntsman of the Valar was called Oromë in Quenya, Araw in Sindarin, and Bema by men. He "alone of the Valar came often to Middle-earth in the Elder days"; and he was credited with introducing the ancestor of the mearas, the long-lived, enormously swift and powerful, extremely intelligent royal horses of Rohan, from beyond the Sea. The "King of Araw" may be so named either because he also brought them over, or because he was accustomed to



hunt them (III:319/395, 346/431). This Araw who comes from the West, Annun in Sindarin, is obviously connected with the ancient British deity Arawn, Head of Annwn who appears as a huntsman following a pack of white red-eared hounds, and in The Mabinogion is credited with bestowing on mankind the race of pigs.

In Valinor was the Mountain Wall, the Pelori. The highest of the Pelori, and so of all the mountains then on earth, was Taniquetil "high white peak", also called Ciolsosse, "ever-snow-white". "Upon its summit were the domed halls of Manwe and Varda." The land of the Valar was illuminated by the light of two trees, Telperion the White, eldest of trees, and Laurelin the Golden. They stood on a mound near which was Valimar or Valmar, "Angel-home", the city of the Valar. (III:250/308f, 314/388; R:61f.)

Let us now pass from the Valar dwelling in the Undying Lands and turn to the Mortal world of Middle-earth. This of course is simply Earth as we know it, though apparently in those days there was some kind of solid connection between it and the Undying Lands in what is now the Mid-Atlantic. The name "Middle-earth" suggests the concept found in most cultures that their land or the group of lands of which they have knowledge are in the centre of creation, with the other more fantastic realms of gods, demons, marvelous lands of men, the sky, the Underworld, and the encircling sea round about. In Old English Middle-earth is distinguished from Heaven, Hell, and Faerie. In the Norse Eddas the corresponding Midgard (Middle-yard) is surrounded by Niflheim (Mist-home) to the north, firey Muspell in the South and Jötunheim (giant-home) to the north and east. Above somewhere is Asgard where the gods dwell and Alfheim (Elvenhome), while below are the subterranean lands of the Dark elves - corresponding to Tolkien's Orcs -, and Niflhel (Mist-hell), the land of the dead. There is also Vanaheim, perhaps thought to be in the far west.

In Tolkien's Middle-earth several sentient races came into being. The Elves are called the "Elder Kindred" (III:249/308), "Elder Race" (III:84/101), "Elder People" (II:288/365), and "Firstborn" (I:235/294, 257/320, II:45/55) and would therefore seem to be the first created. Through the woods they "roamed while men till slept" (II:45/55). A memory of their creation may be hidden in the comparison of Merry and Pippin in Fangorn to "elf-children in the deeps of time peering out of the Wild Wood in wonder at their first Dawn." (II:62/78)

"The Elves far back in the Elder Days became divided into two main branches: the West Elves (the Eldar) and the East Elves." (III:405/505) "Elves has been used to translate both Quendi, "the speakers", the High-elfen name of all their kind, and Eldar, the name of the three kindreds that sought the Undying Realm." Eldar would seem to mean "people of the Stars". (III:415/519)

As for men, "Men were created 'somewhere near Lake Baikal'" (\*9) Other than that, we know nothing.

The Dwarves are said to be a "race apart". "Of their strange beginnings and why they are both like and unlike Elves and Men, the Silmarillion tells, but of this tale the lesser Elves of Middle-earth had no knowledge, while the tales of later Men are confused with memories of other races" (III:410/512). These "tales of later men" may refer to the account in the Eddas in which the gods created the Universe out of the flesh of Ymir, the dead frost-giant. Gaggots bred in his decaying flesh and "by the decree of the gods they acquired human understanding and the appearance of men, although they lived in the earth and in rocks." (\*10)

Tolkien's Dwarves called themselves Khazad, a name which had remained



"since Aule gave it to them at their making in the deeps of time." The Dwarves of LotR were "descendants of the Naugrim (Dwarf-folk) of the Elder Days, in whose hearts still burns the ancient fire of Aule the Smith, and the embers smoulder of their long grudge against the Elves." (III:415/518f) Aule the Smith is most plausibly considered a Vala, but of course it is not impossible that he was an Elf, a Man, or even one of the first Dwarves.

"Durin is the name that the Dwarves used for the eldest of the Seven Fathers of their race, and the ancestor of all the kings of the Long-beards." (III:352/438) "the eldest race of Dwarves." (H.63/62) "He slept alone, until in the deeps of time and the awakening of that people he came to Azanulbizar." (III:352/438), that is, Dimril Dale. In Gimli's song Durin awoke alone in an age before the moon was marred by the dark patches now spotting it. He walked alone giving names to all he saw, as does the first man in many a folk tale. At last he arrived at Dimril Dale and looked in Kheled-zaram, the Mirror Mere, where he saw appear about his head in the reflection the stars of the Great Dipper in the appearance of a crown, a sign it seems, of his future kingship. Accepting the sign, Durin made his home there "in the caves above Kheledzaram... in the east of the Misty Mountains... where afterwards were the Mines of Moria renowned in song.

"There he lived so long that he was known far and wide as Durin the Deathless. Yet in the end he died before the Elder Days had passed, and his tomb was in Khazad-dum (Moria); but his line never failed." (I:329f/411f; III:352/438, 439f) And ever after those who looked in the Mirror Mere saw no image of themselves, but only reflections of the surrounding mountains and, even in daylight, the stars. (I:348/434) Compare this with the verse from the Eddas:

Motsognir was their night ruler,  
Greatest of dwarves, and Durin after him:  
The dwarves did as Durin directed,

\*Many man-forms made from the earth. (\*11)  
This is followed by a list of names from which Tolkien has borrowed most of the dwarf names found in LotR. Durin itself means "sleepy" in Old Norse.

"The most ancient people surviving in the Third Age were the Onodrim or Enyd. Ent was the form of their name in the language of Rohan." (III:408/510) It is not clear whether Tolkien means that the Ent race is even older than the Elvish race, or only that by the Third Age there were Ents still living who were older than any Elf still dwelling in Middle-earth. The Ents "were known to the Eldar in ancient days, and to the Eldar indeed the Ents ascribed not their own language, but the desire for speech," (III:408/510) As Treebeard says, "It was the elves that cured us of dumbness long ago." (II:76/95). Of their earlier creation, we know nothing, save that Treebeard claims they were "made of the bones of the earth." (II:89/113)

"The Ents and Entwives ...walked together and they housed together. ...The Ents loved the great trees, and the wild woods, and the slopes of the high hills; and they drank of the mountain-streams, and ate only such food as the trees let fall in the path; and they learned of the Elves and spoke with the trees. But the Entwives gave their minds to the lesser trees, and to the meads in sunshine beyond the feet of the forests; and they saw the sloe... and the wild apple and the cherry ...and the green herbs... and the seeding grasses. They did not desire to speak with these things, but they wished them to hear and obey what was said to them. The Entwives ordered them to grow according to their wishes; and bear leaf and fruit to their liking... So the Entwives made gardens to live in. But

(the Ents) went on wandering, and (they) only came to the gardens now and again."(II:79/99)

The role of the Eldar in bestowing speech on the Ents seems typical of their activity in the Elder Days. "they always wished to talk to everything, the old Elves did.... Elves began it, waking trees up, and learning their tree-talk."(II:71/90) The talking birds who appear still in the Third Age may also be the results of such Eldarin experimenting, for to a being who can induce sentience and speech in plants the achievement of it in animals would be but little mastery. Tom Bombadil, or Iarwain Ben-adar, "oldest and fatherless"(I:278/347) claims to have been around before even the first drop of water, not to speak of the first tree.(I:142/182) Yet Gandalf gives the title of "the oldest of all living things"(II:142/209) to Treebeard the Ent. Perhaps the Iarwain, though existing previously as some sort of spirit of nature, was only given a full living existence by the Eldar following the creation of Ents. Or his incarnation in a living form may be the result of the Valar or of his own will.

The three Kindreds of the Eldar were "the Light-elves and the Deep-elves and the Sea-elves."(H:178/164). The Eldar were tall, fair of skin and grey-eyed, though their locks were dark, save in the golden house of Finrod; and their voices had more melodies than any mortal voice that is now heard."(III:416/519) It would seem that the greater part of the Eldar settled in Beleriand, an area of land which was beyond the Blue Mountains and which later sank into the sea. They called it, or at least that part where they dwelt, Elvenhome.(I:204/258; T.B.:14). Of its geography we have only names: Tasarinan/Nan-tasarion "vale of willows", Ossiriand where flowed the seven rivers of Ossir, the high-land of Dorthonion /Orod-na-Thon, and the forest of Neldoreth/Taur-na-Neldor through which ran the enchanted river Esgalduin.(I:206/260; II:72/90; III:434)

The glories of the Elvish culture of the Elder days, and of the ending of those glories, are told in the first stanza of the poem "The Hoard":

When the moon was new and the sun young  
of silver and gold the gods sung:  
in the green grass they silver spilled,  
and the white water they with gold filled.  
Ere the pit was dug or Hell yawned,  
ere dwarf was bred or dragon spawned,  
there were Elves of Old, and strong spells  
under green hills in hollow dells  
they sang as they wrought many fair things,  
and the bright crowns of the Elf-kings.  
But their doom fell, and their song waned,  
by iron hewn and by steel chained.  
Greed that sang not, nor with mouth smiled,  
in dark holes their wealth piled,  
graven silver and carven gold:  
over Elvenhome the shadow rolled. (T.B:53)

The villain of the piece is Melchar, now known as the Great Enemy (I:206/260), The Dark Power of the North (III:406/507), and in Sindarin as Morgoth which contains the element mor meaning "black" and so might mean "Black Power". His iron crown (I:206/260) connects him with the "iron" mentioned in the above poem, as does Angband, the name of the place in the North where he dwelt, which contains the Elvish word ang "iron".(I:206/260) Morgoth's realm was a land of unnatural bitter cold, some of which still lingered in the Third Age a little more than a hundred leagues north of the Shire.(III:321/399)

So "the Great Darkness came, and (the Eldar) passed away over the Sea, or fled into far valleys, and hid themselves, and made songs of days that would never come again"(II:71/90) "Then when the Darkness came in the North, the Entwives crossed the Great River, and made new gardens, and tilled new fields, and (the Ents) saw them more seldom."(II:79/99)

"The Orcs were first bred by the Dark Power of the North in the Elder Days."(III:409/511) "It is a mark of evil things that came in the Great Darkness that they cannot abide the Sun" (II:76f/96), and so it is that Orcs "don't like the Sun: it makes their legs wobble and their heads giddy." (H:100/95) They "are cruel, wicked and bad-hearted. They make no beautiful things, but they make many clever ones. They can tunnel and mine as well as any but the most skillful dwarves, when they take the trouble, though they are usually untidy and dirty. ...They hate everybody and everything, and particularly the orderly and prosperous."(H:73/70)"They had no language of their own, but took what they could of other tongues and perverted it to their own liking; yet they made only brutal jargons, scarcely sufficient even for their own needs, unless it were for curses and abuse. And these creatures, being filled with malice, hating even their own kind, quickly developed as many barbarous dialects as there were groups or settlements of their race, so that their Orkish speech was of little use to them in intercourse between different tribes."(III:409/511)

"Trolls are...counterfeits, made by the Enemy in the Great Darkness, in mockery of Ents as Orcs were of Elves. Ents are stronger than trolls" (II:89/113) "In their beginning far back in the twilight of the Elder Days, these were creatures of dull and lumpish nature and had no more language than beasts."(III:410/511) "Trolls... must be underground before dawn, or they go back to the stuff of the mountains they are made of, and never move again."(H:51/52)

Another horror created or used by Morgoth were Balrogs, apparently some sort of fire spirit.(I:344/438;II:105/134f;III:353/439) Finally there were evil things in spider shape, the children of Ungoliant. (II:332/422)

Of the horrors inflicted on Elves and Men in those days we can but guess. Nor is it clear why all did not attempt to flee over the Sea. The Realm was supposedly prepared for the, yet Men were forbidden to ever seek to come there, but must remain mortal. "The Valar were not permitted to take from them the Gift of Men."(III 315/390) Nor is it ever clearly stated that the East-elves were allowed this journey, which may thus have been limited to the Eldar alone. The reasons for this ban remain as yet unrevealed.

TO BE CONTINUED IN HALLORN 8

## LEGOLAS ON ANDUIN

Silent rocks the elven-ship  
Built to bear me home.  
Her sails are white, her flanks are grey,  
Her silver bows are wet with spray,  
About her feet a foam.

Of fair lebethrin is she built,  
And carved of many trees,  
And wrought with cunning in her bows  
To pass the sundering seas.

With heavy load her holds are stowed,  
Her cables coiled in trim;  
She rocks and waits her elven-lord  
To board at evendim.

But I before I board will go  
Through and beyond the trees,  
Once more to roam Lebennin's fields  
Where golden gleaming lillies yield  
Before the gilded breeze,

Once more to walk Ithilien's woods  
Under the evening skies,  
To wander in the timeworn halls,  
To hear the night birds' quiet calls,  
In lands where leaf forever falls  
And stars forever rise.

For though the stars of elvenhome  
Are fairer yet than these,  
Yet in the cool of evendim  
They bloom in different trees.

Though bright and fair its meadows be,  
Though fragrantly they blow,  
Yet different lilies gleam and glance  
And other grasses shivering dance  
Beneath the afterglow.

And though its music timeless falls  
In drops of singing light,  
I would remember if I may  
The merry birds that mock the day  
And those that now on every spray  
Bring honour to the night.

Once more I walk beneath the trees  
In this dim land of men;  
And then, Farewell, Pelargir strands,  
Lebennin's fields, Ithilien's lands.  
On Anduin's flood my carved stands.  
I will not come again.

-Pat McIntosh.

# VULDATHOON

BY GORDON LARKIN

The skies above and about Vuldathoon were red as blood. Even the stones and bricks of which the castle is hewn, are streaked and smeared with crimson. The rocks upon which it stands and the seas that surround it; all are scarlet and flaming. No longer does the sun shine golden in an ocean of blue, nor shall it do so until the people of Vuldathoon reach upwards with their hearts. When they have built towers so tall that they might lean from the topmost windows and wipe the stains from the skies then, mayhap, Vuldathoon will shine again and the people sing.

The story of Vuldathoon is thus:

A narrow isthmus lay, like a pointing finger, gesturing into the sea of Perlume and upon a rocky platform at its tip there rose a glorious castle. In the sunlight its domes and towers shone as with an aura of holiness and its spires sang glad songs with the gulls of Perlume. At night, the castle's form was painted in moonlight and its long reflection lay, in ripple, out across the sea to the horizon. The shores were golden as the sun and the sands soft as a breeze; the skies above Perlume were jewelled with the whitest gulls and never came the greyness of a shadow there.

It was a place of tranquility. It was an edifice of great beauty. It was Vuldathoon.

The people of Vuldathoon were greatly pleased with their lot and were dutiful in their thanks and worship of Guinla.

Guinla, too, was greatly pleased, for it is rare that a god's creation is as he plans.

But doubt and uncertainty came to Vuldathoon one morning, carried by the tides of Perlume.

It was dawn.

The sun smiled a welcome on the rim of the misty seas that idly licked the castle's toes. Seagulls floated in wide circles on the thin but crisp morning air and there were no sounds but the gentle music of the waves and a soft, resonant hum that told of the castle sleeping.

At the very tip of the isthmus, in a shallow bay where the water kissed the sands, there bobbed the black shape that caused grief to Vuldathoon.

Early risers who saw the shape, intrigued, sped down to the shore line to investigate - a little fear in each of their hearts.

It took three to drag the sodden lump from the water and it left an ugly scar in the golden sand. They heaved it over and discovered it to be the body of a man, but a man unlike any they had known before. His skin was tinted pale green and his hair, though all clotted with weeds, was long and mauve. At first they were all afraid, each too unsure of himself to suggest anything... but the body itself solved their doubts.

It moved.

Slowly, a dripping, weed-hung arm raised itself from the tattered mass; a dull eye opened and a weak voice whispered,

"Help me."

And the people of Vuldathoon, being a goodly folk, unselfish and just, forgot their fears and carried him back to their castle.





The stranger had been close to Death's yawning mouth but Valdathor pulled him back to life. They fed him with food and wine from their own tables and clothed him with robes from their closets. He grew strong quickly and was soon able to offer his thanks but he was downhearted because he could not express the depths of his gratitude.

"It is our joy," the people said. "To see you now, in life when once so close to death, is a great pleasure for us. Your thanks are unnecessary."

The man bowed humbly.

He told them that his name was Ystil and that he had been shipwrecked after sailing for many years from his native land, far, far beyond Perlune.

"All my companions, my friends," he said, more to himself. "All must have perished in the storm. I have nothing - nothing to repay your kindness. I am sorry."

Now, Despair and Sorrow were unwelcome in Vuldathoom, so an old man of the castle suggested to Ystil, "Stranger, you are from distant lands, unheard of here. Mayhap you can tell us tales thereof for we of Vuldathoom rarely see strangers and are ignorant of the ways of the world."

And Ystil smiled, for here was something that he could give to the kind folk of Vuldathoom. Knowledge.

For many weeks he told them tales and many they were. A mariner, he had seen many lands and his stories were rich in wonder. He told them of different people, of different climes, of different seas and different skies.

And he told them of different gods.

As the months fell away Ystil began to yearn for his own shores and his own kind. Each day he would stand on the spot where he was washed ashore and greet the sunrise, staring with wide and tearful eyes out to the flat horizon and his thoughts would go out to those he had loved.

One morning, as Ystil wept upon the shore, he was observed from a high and shining balcony in the white castle. Two priests of Guinala, those who led the worshippings, watched him with troubled hearts.

Without turning his head from the figure at the water's edge, one said,

"The time has come Culmon. It must be solved. The fear which is upon us all must be faced."

The other nodded, "You speak the truth, Jarith. The people's hearts have been heavy these past months and their consciences troubled. These tales the mariner has told, of other gods ...! " Culmon shuddered and turned to the other with wide eyes. "There are OTHER gods, Jarith!"

Jarith nodded and gripped the medallion of his office muttering a prayer to Guinala.

After a long silence Jarith said, "The stranger has indeed spoken of other gods; of Kunigor and Hivarna, or Dallian, Nimuran and Diyha and others. Guinala knows all and sees all, He will doubt our faith now that we have learned of other gods. He might even desert us now that we need him so."

He looked again at the figure of Ystil who was now returning to the castle, his head hung low.

"We must prove our faith. We must show Guinala that He is the only god, that there are none greater than He."

"But how, Jarith?" said Culmon. "New and bigger temples? Longer prayers? How?"

"Such as you suggest are not strong enough indications of our faith. Guinala will not easily be convinced. We must make an emphatic gesture so that there can be no doubt at all in his mind. We must make Him an offering. We must give Him a life."

Culmon nodded slowly, his eyes fixed on Ystil as he climbed the white steps from the shore to the castle. And as he watched he suddenly felt the claws of anger sinking into his chest. This man, this alien, whom they had plucked from the very jaws of death and cared for, had turned their own god, Guinala against them that now they had to prove their faith.

Almost to himself, Culmon muttered, "He must be punished. The source of our troubles will also be our salvation." And Jarith agreed and so did the entire priesthood who, too, had been beset with grave doubts.

And Ystil, the pale green mariner who had not chosen to be cast up on the sands of Vuldathoom, was sacrificed with much pomp and ceremony.

The people prayed hard that day as they watched the mariner's crimson blood stain the altar stones and run in scarlet streams down marble gulleys.

"There is only one god," they prayed, "Accept this gift as a mark of our faith, Guinala, who is OUR god."

So Ystil perished and with his life departed his sorrow.

When Guinala, who is one god and all gods, realised what had happened in Vuldathoom he wept as only a god may weep. And he raged for the people of Vuldathoom had shown how shallow their faith truly was and hypocrisy can kill a god.

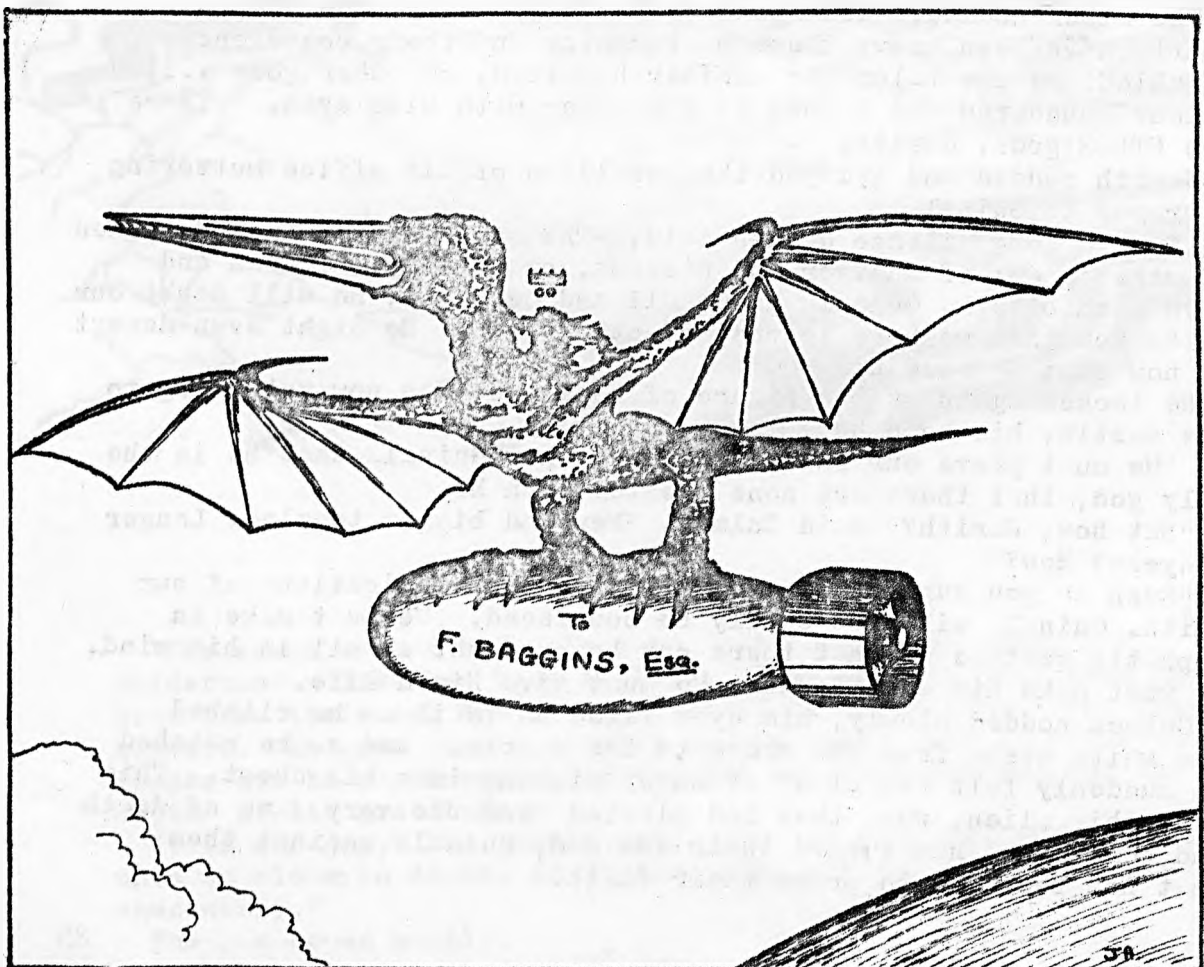
He sundered the isthmus with a might bolt and Vuldathoom became an island that drifted in the lonliest of oceans. The gulls left Perlume and the people found they no longer cared to sing or laugh. But still Guinala's wrath was unquenched.

He streaked the once white and shining walls of the castle in bloody crimson and he smeared the skies above with scarlet, crying out in a mighty thunder, "Vuldathoom must know that God is Love."

The people wept and prayed hard for mercy, but the wrath of a god is not easily stilled and He would not heed them.

So Vuldathoom was punished and their faith remains unproven, though the towers ever reach higher. Perhaps, soon, the people will be able to reach out and cleanse their skies.

Only Guinala knows.



# A VESTIGE OF THE SHIRE

JESSICA KEMBALL-COOK

Those who try to search for Tolkienian names in a gazetteer of Great Britain will have some success in the Oxford area, where Tolkien lived while writing 'Lord of the Rings', and made his walking tours like Bilbo Baggins. There is a Wootton, but no Wootton Major, north of Oxford; and Thame and nearby Worminghall are explicitly identified with Farmer Giles' Ham and his Great Hall. On the road from Wycombe to Oxford one passes signposts to Loudwater, a village on the A40 (cf. 'Loudwater, the Bruinen of Rivendell' - Fellowship of the Ring page 212), to Windrush (cf. the Rushlights of Bree) and Evenlode (cf. 'Silverlode, that Elves call Celebrant' - Fellowship of the Ring page 355) Windrush and Evenlode, besides being names of villages, are also names of rivers which rise in Gloucestershire and flow to the Thames. Further north, Wetwang and Fangfoss are both villages in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

However, the true origin of the Shire did not lie near Oxford, but in the village of Sarehole, near Birmingham, where Tolkien spent his boyhood, as described in the Philip Norman interview in the Sunday Times Colour magazine of 15/1/67; "Sarehole has long since been eaten by buildings, but it was rather beautiful then....Tolkien modelled his hobbits on the Sarehole people." (Extracts from this interview are also quoted, without acknowledgement, in Ready's 'Understanding Tolkien'- that frightful perpetration.) Here, at Sarehole, one might not just have visited a place with a Tolkienian name, one might have seen the countryside which inspired him. But now Sarehole has become so engulfed in Birmingham that it is not even marked as a suburb on the One inch Ordnance Survey map. (One can, however, locate Buckland Edge to the north west ref-SP 1489-sheet 131)

As I thought that there would be nothing left of Tolkien's Sarehole and that it would be hard to find, I let the matter rest, until one day I planned to visit Birmingham. I had forgotten about its Tolkienian connections, and was checking the opening times of the Art Gallery in the Museums and Galleries Yearbook (available in any decent public library). Suddenly I saw under the heading "Branch Museums" the Following:

SAREHOLE MILL: An 18th century water powered corn mill restored to working order and re-opened as a museum illustrating various aspects of milling and English rural pursuits.. Sarehole Mill is situated at the junction of Wake Green and Cole Bank Roads and can be reached by bus as follows: No.91 from the city centre. No.11 Outer Circle Route which stops in Cole Bank Road opposite the Mill. Open: March 25 to Nov.26. 2 to 7 o'clock. O.S.ref.SP 1079. (the Mill is actually marked on earlier O.S.editions of sheet 131 but not on more recent ones.)

At once all thought of the Art Gallery was abandoned! Not only did I have the precise location of Sarehole, I had come across a true vestige of the Shire, as those of you who have the Revised Foreward at your fingertips will have realised. There Tolkien says:

"It has been supposed by some that 'The Scouring of the Shire' reflects the situation in England at the time when I was finishing my tale. It does not... It has indeed some basis in experience,

though slender, (for the economic situation was entirely different) and much further back. The country in which I lived as a boy was being shabbily destroyed before I was ten.....Recently I saw in a paper a picture of the last decrepitude of the once thriving cornmill beside its pool that long ago seemed to me so important. I never liked the looks of the Young Miller, but his father, the Old Miller had a black beard, and he was not named Sandyman."

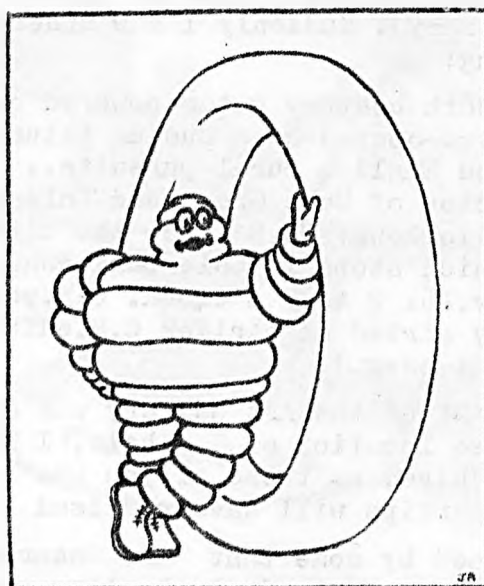
These words, written in late 1965, must refer to Sarchole Mill and as an appeal to preserve the mill was launched in October 1965 Tolkien would have seen a picture of the mill in a newspaper to publicise it.

There are not many references to the mill in 'The Lord of the Rings' most are in the last chapters (that is, after it was knocked down) For example, 'Return of the King' page 292: "Take Sandyman's mill now. Pimple knocked it down almost as soon as he came to Bag End..." and, page 296 "They saw the new mill in all its frowning and dirty ugliness..."

When I finally arrived at Sarchole Mill, I was very Impressed. The water system still works, there is a bakery and a blade grinding workshop, and the interesting museum includes bee-keeping and man-trapping among its rural pursuits. The illustrated guide has plenty of diagrams to show how the mill-wheels work, and also relates the history of the mill. (Without mention of Tolkien). The high spot of my tour of the mill was the view of the mill-pond behind. It was beautifully secluded, and reminded me unmistakably of Tom Bombadil's willowpond. No wonder Tolkien said the pool seemed so important to him!

I wrote to the Assistant Keeper, Mr. Langhorne, after my visit, and he replied very courteously to say that he knew and loved 'The Lord of the Rings', and was aware of the mill's Tolkienian connections. He wished all members of the Tolkien Society a pleasant trip around the Mill.

As I do to You!



The Lord of the Rings?



# GRAHAMEL'S SORE

PAT  
MC INTOSH

White is my horse like a hollow bone  
In a windy cleugh, like a tall cloud  
Shining in sunlight. Small his head  
And broad browed; high he bears it,  
The wind sniffing as he walks abroad.  
His nostrils neigh with a noise of trumpets,  
Pits of fire; as pools of night  
Are his large eyes, fringed with lashes  
As a lake with sedge. Small his ears  
And wide-placed, as pricked and poited  
As high Starkhorn, and hear as sharply.  
Were I in Edoras and he by Entwash,  
My horn's call would he hear clearly  
And leave his grazing; leaping he comes  
Faster than thought of maiden thinking  
Twixt two lovers, trotting to my side,  
And bows his head, his bent neck  
Is an arching curve like the moon 's crescent,  
Like maiden's breaths; his mane, flowing,  
Ripples like grass in the wind's ranges  
On the wide wold. His white tail,  
Springing high from his round haunches,  
Falls like the Snowbourne. Small his hooves  
As a maiden's hand, meet to bear him,  
Shod with silver. In his swift running  
The wind, leaping on the open wold  
Cannot catch him; we cruise the fields  
On the downs' carrack, with cunning prow  
And a fair figure-head. Before my house  
My sons frolic under his fetlocks,  
My girls bridle him; but when battle-horns  
Sound in his ears, and standards blowing  
Crack in the wind, his white hooves  
Sharp and swinging, with savage blows  
He dances death to my sword's drumming.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

JOHN ABBOTT, (Rowans, 18, Eden Ave,  
Wakefield, Yorkshire, WF2 9DJ.)  
What about Mallorn 6? For my money  
(I did pay, I tell you), it was no  
better than Mallorns 4 and 5- though  
that's pretty good. This was another  
arresting cover- "I am inspector  
Balrog of Sauron Yard Mordor Squad  
and you had better come along

quietly else I'll fump yer." Of the other drawings I particularly  
liked Jon Harvey's own, apart from the one on page 37. But who is the  
guy dressed in seaweed on page 16? Crystalman? A stone giant? Good  
heavens no, its my Uncle Arnold- the fool will get himself arrested and  
bring shame on the whole family.

Shortage of contributions- As others have indicated, by the time most  
members had learned who the editor of 16 was, it was apparently too  
late to send anything. That was so in my case, anyway.

Tony Fallone had obviously put some thought into his review of "Voyage  
to Acturus"; but doesn't the lad dismiss the entire human race rather  
lightly? Plenty of interest, too in Jon Harvey's "Huntsmen" article.  
"Belladonna Goes to a Party" was fine. This is the sort of thing Mrs.  
Chapman writes really well. B.T., please leave Sir John up de Creke  
and produce some more of this splendid "autobiographical" material.  
So far you have only hinted at the interesting people and places you've  
visited. Is it true that you crossed the Baltic in a teapot?

Where were the LoC's on Mallorn 5, then? Losst, Gollum?

Having read Mr. S. Long's ungracious attack upon Miss Nell Karley's  
article on ~~heraldry~~ heraldry, I promptly wrote a half-page comment  
for Mallorn entitled "Yank go Home". However, after pausing for reflec-  
tion, I decided not to send it. We aren't ready yet for World War III.  
(Lapsing into editorial brackets, we'd like to remark that we thought  
San Long singularly careless not to check on who was editing the next  
Mallorn. Just think of all the vicious replies Nell could have made,  
unhampered by editorial "discretion". However she's not making use  
of this unfair advantage, except to point out that she did say her  
additions were of her own manufacture, and its quite common to give  
an heraldic tree a round to stand on.))

JIM ALLAN, (144 Mary St. Orillia, Ont., Canada, L3V 3 B4.)

Mallorn 6 was a good interesting issue, with Belladonna's account of  
the party, Jon Harvey's "The huntsmen of Fiction" and A.R. Fallone's  
review of "Voyage to Acturus" as the highlights.

It might be noted that "Perelandra" (or "Voyage to Venus" as the  
Pan book version calls it) by C.S. Lewis was in part written as an  
answer to Lindsay's book.

Mike Cruden's "Wanderer of the Wilderness" should be helpful to  
those who like to see some of the individual stories in "TLotR"  
detached and presented on their own. But it was a trifle spotty,  
especially in not even mentioning that turning point where Aragorn

for the first and only time rejecting Gandalf's advice, uses the palantir to reveal himself to Sauron, thus single handedly bringing on the assault on Minas Tirith. Also Aragorn's betrothal to Arwen did not "happen only a short time before he met Frodo and his company." Unless you consider 30 years a short time. Look at the chronology in Appendix B.

Also, the treatment of Eowyn's attachment to Aragorn was rather superficial. Aragorn never portrays for her any feeling of a romantic nature, while Eowyn's love is compounded to the largest extent of adolescent hero-worship. However, in an article in "Orcrest 4/Tolkien Journal 13" Richard West, commenting on the Tolkien manuscripts at Marquette University writes, "We can watch as a romance between Aragorn and Eowyn is excised, and the character of Arwen written into the narrative."

Archie Mercer's article on the races was rather confused. Certainly there are problems when trying to apply the terminology of evolutionary theory to races, many of which, are created. However, if you do, and using fertile intermarriage as a sign of belonging to the same species, then Men and Elves certainly do. And since Tolkien says that "Hobbits are relatives of ours: far nearer to us than Elves, or even than Dwarves," it would appear that all the Free Peoples save Ents should be entered as varieties of Homo Sapiens.

But of course, when talking about created races, such as androids, the whole category system becomes irrelevant. Also, there is the possibility of genetic engineering, which it is speculated today, could be used to produce interspecies, hybrids. (I expect that some such process may be what produced the half-orcs half-men.) With processes like this going on, the whole picture becomes a vast muddle, so that even Gandalf isn't sure whether Beorn is "a man descended from the first men who lived before Smarg or the other dragons came to this part of the world..." or whether he is "a bear descended from the great and ancient bears of the mountains that lived there before the giants came".

The suggestion that men today are of partly Orkish descent is an interesting thought.

About Lin Carter's book on "ELotR"; it can only seem "quite scholarly and well researched" to those who have little or no familiarity with the texts he is discussing. If you do know more than a little, you will find Carter infuriatingly inaccurate, incomplete, and surprisingly pretentious. Its real value may lie in pointing out what should be done in the way of writing a history of secondary world fantasy and in discussing Tolkien in relation to probable sources, and inspiring someone to do it. The problem with discussing the mythological and legendary material behind Tolkien's work is that Tolkien himself knows much more about such literature than anyone else who has tried to treat him from that angle. Only someone with a thorough background in medieval literature, Teutonic philology, European folklore, and Celtic studies could really have enough grasp of Tolkien's own imaginative background to fit Tolkien's Middle-earth into its proper perspective in relation to such sources. Otherwise, as with Carter, the scholar only sees certain similarities between a few texts and a few folklore beliefs that happen to be familiar to him, and jumps to the oddest conclusions on that basis.

This type of work may seem a perfect task for the Tolkien Society to undertake, since you people over there have easy access to place-name traditions, folklore traditions, and in particular, Celtic tradition, which is very hard to get at over on this side of the Water.

I agree completely about short book reviews. Unless the book is an especially unusual one that warrants being brought to the immediate attention of your audience, or unless it is one that is not easily

available in every book store, why bother? The reader is going to learn less from the review than from thumbing through a book rack.

BELLADONNA TOOK (Mrs. Vera Chapman, 21, Harrington Hou. Stanhope St., London NW1)

Well, well -- exit Sir John. Perhaps rather a pity, as his next adventures were going to be much better, with some fighting; and ordeals by fire, water and earth, also a chance to show that what I meant by "Sans-Joy" was not the study of comparative religion, but the shallow and prejudiced conclusions drawn therefrom by some minds. There was also "Sans-Joy" to be encountered. But let it pass. Sir John's lack of gallantry is explained by the fact that I did not want to introduce a distraction at that point and so made haste to turn my narrator into a little dog as quickly as possible. However, I did not actually write that story for Mallorn, but for a quite different audience. I only submitted it to the Mallorn because no other fiction had been submitted at all. Now then! What about it? If you think you can write a more acceptable story, lets have it! ((See "Vuldathoom" by Gordon Larkin.))

A few further points: All that about tails! I'd never heard of Cornishmen having tails, but I do know that the ENGLISH were said by the French to have tails -- all through the French wars of the Middle Ages, the French soldiers' name for the Englishmen was "Taillards". The story was that the English had cut off the tail of St. Thomas a Becket's horse, for which crime their descendants were forever condemned to be born without tails. The story may have grown out of the rather more credible one that the pious devotees of St. Thomas, pulled all the hairs out of the horse's tail for holy relics. ((John Harvey in "The Plantagenets" has another explanation of Englishmen's tails; "St. Augustine and his missionaries arrived at Cerne in Dorset, where the inhabitants (proud of their heathen sanctuary, whose tutelary figure on the neighbouring chalk down may be seen) fastened cows' tails to their garments. For this they found their fitting punishment; they and their descendants should have tails for evermore.))

Mallorn 6 in general: very good, and long awaited! Lets keep it going. Jon Harvey's article on the "Huntsmen of Fiction" is excellent, but I have a few points: I think he tends to confuse two distinct kinds of spectres-- the "Wild Hunt" in all its forms, which carries the souls of the damned, or consists itself of damned souls (don't forget the famous sea-going one, the Flying Dutchman.)-- and on the other hand, the protective guide of the dead, Hornes Psychopompos, and the Valkyries who were sent to bring the souls of the BLESSED. The Banshee is not a "Hunter" nor, strictly speaking, a "Guide of Souls", her function is to warn, and also, by her ritual keening, to ensure proper respect to the family she represents, for she is an hereditary ghost.

Particularly good artwork, though the "Ring" portrayed on pages 31 and 32 is more of a torque, or even a knot of rope, also we are told that the One Ring had no stone bezel or knob. The heading to "Hobbit Mail" on page 38 I understand is by Mervyn Peake, so those people can't be hobbits-- not too unlike them, but I'm sure hobbits don't have those long, ratlike noses. I like the illustrations to Mike Cruden's article. Also the cover design-- yes, that could be a Balrog and the two supporting trolls are most convincing!

PAT McINTOSH, (66, Highburg Rd., Glasgow G12 9EN)

I liked the article about Aragorn. (And its artwork) We need more critical essays like this. However, it is inaccurate in one or two places. The "All that is gold does not glitter" rhyme is not Gandalf's but Bilbo's, first quoted by Gandalf. He does not mention Aragorn's foreknowledge of (among other things) some doom awaiting



Gandalf in Moria, nor does he notice the importance of the meaning of Aragorn's pre-manhood name (Estel = Hope) in relation to frequent remarks like "Light stands between us and the night of Mordor, save hope only." (Galadriel - quoted from memory.) And why drag in the God-and-Jesus simile? Aragorn is a man of wisdom and power, and not of the common race of men; Gandalf is one, and ultimately the foremost, of those sent to bring about the downfall of Sauron in this shape. Neither one has god-like powers of creation, or even prophet-like powers to suspend natural laws; and medieval kings of England were believed to have magical powers of healing. It is one of the gifts that go with kingship.

I couldn't disagree more about the romance between Aragorn and Eowyn. She can't be the first girl to develop a crush on a handsome, world-worn fighting man who looks different from all the men around her; but what moves Aragorn is surely pity, as he says himself, and recognition of Eowyn's painful, tentative feelings. His heart is given already, and completely; hers is not given at all, as she finds later on the walls of Gondor. But apart from this and one or two other trivialities, I thought the essay both perceptive and informative.

Archie Mercer's list of races of Middle-earth is another useful analysis. I am puzzled by his remark that the Easterlings and Haradrim "were not strictly of Middle-earth." How do we define Middle-earth? I thought it was the whole of the lands this side of the Sundering Seas. I love Bryan Talbot's drawings.

Jon Harvey's essay on the Wild Hunt in Literature is informative, and I have extracted a list of future reading from it; but it is a bit undigested, isn't it? What about more critical evaluation of the use of the Wild Hunt, rather than a long list of who did?

And we come to the postbag. Somebody likes Moorcock's books. I did, until I recognised the same plot third time round. The blurb on his latest refers to it as a new product of "Moorcock's dream machine" which made me stand in a busy bookshop and giggle -- it's just the impression I had. The author presses some buttons, turns a handle, and out it comes, no sweat. Well, it sells. (I wonder where he got the machine..?)

Mrs. Chapman knows just where she stands with fiction writing now, doesn't she? Some of the criticism is justified, but destructive



criticism- though easier to write- reflects badly on the critic. Personally, I thought it a pity she used the dream-framework. I know it has a pedigree going back to Gilgamesh but just now it is so out of fashion as to appear dowdy. However that was offset by the technical standard of the writing, which said exactly what it intended in exactly the right words. Even allowing for typing errors this is not a virtue of all of Mallorn 6. Perhaps with a more attention-getting plot? What I do question is whether Mallorn needs a fiction spot. In a journal like this, fiction must necessarily come up for comparison with The Book, and mine, for one, couldn't stand up to that. Otherwise, it would have to be completely different, and thus outside the field of interest of the zine. Far better, surely, to send fiction to Anduril and confine Mallorn to poetry and literit. oriented Tolkien-wards.



