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MALLORN

No 8



The magazine of the Tolkien Society

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The obituary on page 40 is reproduced from "The Times", with their kind permission.

ART WORK

J. E. Abbott	pages 8, 26, 35, 38
A. R. Fallone	pages 9, 19, 39
A. D. L. Etkin	pages 27, 34

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Please send any letters, articles or art-work to this address.

MAKLORN 8

MALLORN

The magazine of the Tolkien Society

Editorial Comment

This is the first edition of The Mallorn to be produced under a totally new system. As Managing Editor, I have the over-all responsibility to the Society with regard to all aspects of publication. The job is that of co-ordinating article-writers, typists, artists and other contributors with the needs of the printers. For this edition and also Mallorn 9, I shall also be responsible for editing each magazine, that is, selecting which articles, artwork etc. go forward to be printed. However, next year (1975) I shall need other people to do this last job for me, since it should not be left in one pair of hands too long.

There is no strenuous work involved, merely collecting the contributions, possibly having them re-typed (depending on your time and ability) and sending them to me for printing. So, volunteers, please form an orderly queue and let me know.

The more astute of our readers will now have realised that this is no ordinary Mallorn, bashed out by a red-hot Gestetner. It is, in fact, Xeroxed, by the well-known firm of the same name. This means that line drawings can be reproduced effortlessly. It is not expensive and does, you will admit, look better. However, we cannot print blank paper. Whatever method of printing is used, we must have something to print. It is YOUR magazine, we need YOUR contributions.

Although an improvement on stencils, the Xerox process does have limitations when considering artwork. Pencilled stuff is out: unfortunately, lying in the Mallorn file at this moment is a superb pencil sketch of Bill Ferry, which cannot be reproduced yet.

If you have any drawings or diagrams to send, please can you ink them in - black preferably and although ball-point or fountain pens are acceptable, the ideal is the Rotring. John Abbot's cartoons, the crossword and Tony Pallone's Tygre have all been done this way - look at the results! When you ~~do~~ send pictures, DO NOT FOLD THEM - creases do not improve your work.

The bias of this edition is toward the scholarly/theoretical side - we have Part Two of Jim Allen's extrapolative article about The Silmarillion, and a very good piece by Peter Burley on the Dunadanic Empires. Peter has, in the past, produced some first-rate lectures to the University College London Hobbit Society on his speciality - historical, geographical and political interpretations. This new article continues his good work.

The Crossword represents a psychological warfare move by the Editorial Committee (i.e. me). The answers will be published in Mallorn 9 late this year. Thus we

keep you on tenterhooks and ensure a ready market for Mallorn 9 when it does appear.

Regarding The Silmarillion, much was said by Mr. Unwin at the A. G. M. dinner; an account of some of this is included as seen by Charles Load. However, it is certain that we should not expect publication for a minimum of three years, but very soon after that the issue of the work is reasonably definite. The problems facing Christopher Tolkien, who is consolidating his father's notes, are almost unbelievable. Notes dating back decades (literally!), bits and pieces scribbled on old newspaper crosswords, and even old envelopes all have to be examined. Verse and prose variations are also present - the early notes being verse in the High Manner. Imagine a table eight feet long stacked with bulging box-files. That is the present state of The Silmarillion. The book should be the size of one of the 3 hard-backed volumes (approx. Needless to say, we wish Christopher Tolkien well for his long task. Three years is a long time to wait on tenterhooks !

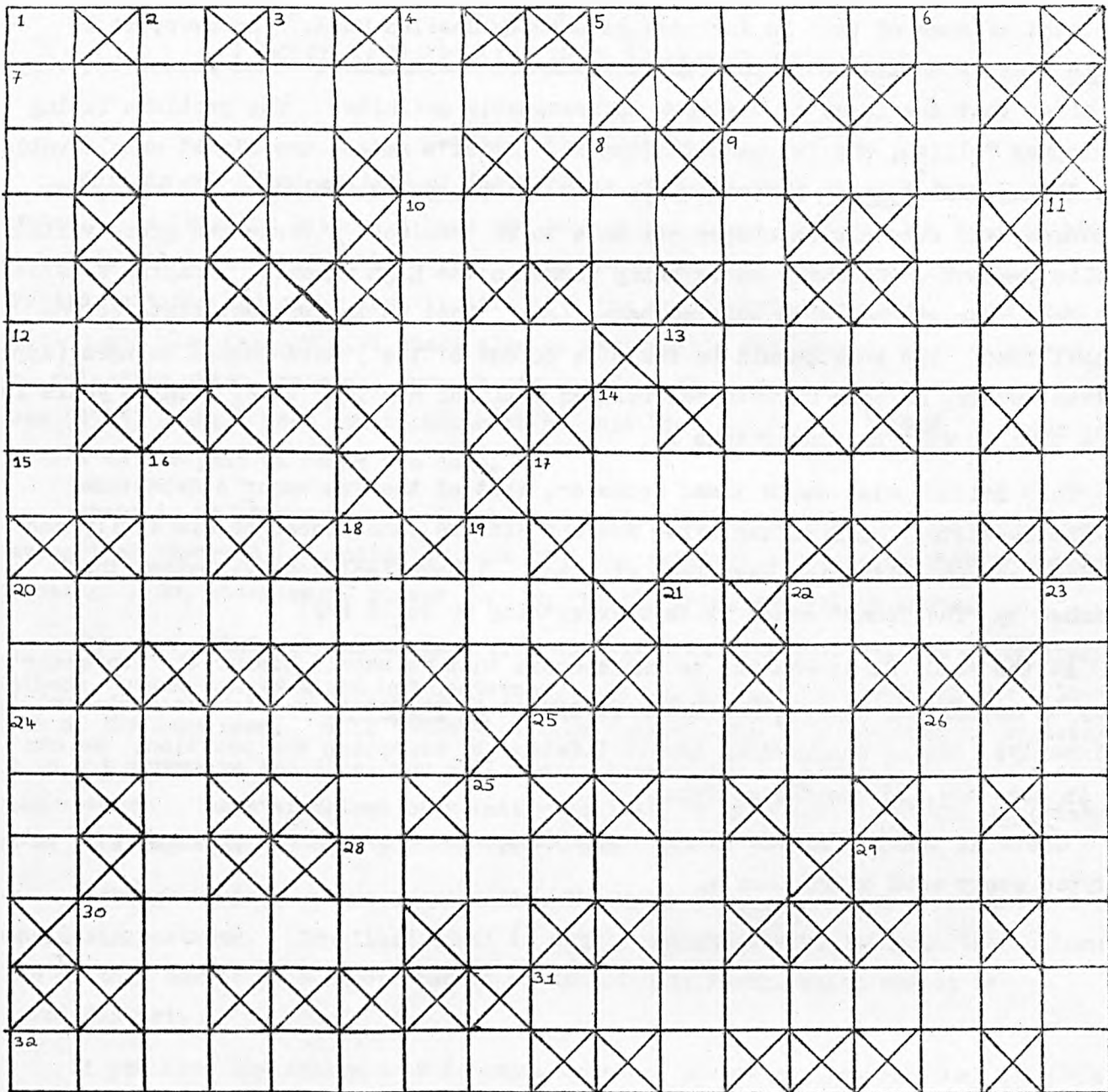
This edition also marks a sad occasion, that of the Professor's departure from Middle-earth. All we can offer are our sincere condolences to his family and friends: enough obituaries have been written. I have included, verbatim, that published by "The Times" since it says everything we could say.

At the A. G. M. it was put to the members that we should honour the Professor's memory by appointing him our Honourary President in perpetuo. This was acclaimed unanimously; having honoured us in his lifetime by accepting the position, we can now, in some way, return the gesture.

Grateful thanks are due to all contributors, and to my brother, Lester E. Simons, who typed every word of Mallorn 8.

Grand Competition

Crossword compiled by Janet F. Gibbs



RULES

1. There are one or two ambiguities in the puzzle - all variations will be accepted.
2. Rather than dismember your precious Mallorn, answers can merely be listed on a postcard.
3. The judging will be as follows :- the entry with the most correct answers wins. In the event of more than one such entry being received, they will be put in a box and one pulled out at random.
4. The lucky winner will receive a year's free membership of the Society.
5. The Editor's (i.e. my) decision is final, absolute and automatically correct.
6. Closing date for entries (U.K. & Overseas) - 1st October 1974.
7. There will be NO correspondence until the answers and the name of the winner is published in Mallorn 9.
8. Send your entries to - Mallorn (Competition) , 11, Regal Way, Harrow, Midx. HA3 0RZ

CLUES

ACROSS

5. His son became a Master of Herblore. (7)
7. One of the Seven Stones lived here. (9)
9. He wasn't often called upon to hold a Shire Muster. (5)
10. The Precious is his master. (6)
12. Descended from Thorondor, one of the mightiest of his kind. (9)
13. This land was forbidden to Men, save by leave of its inhabitants. (7)
15. Cirdan had wielded it, before it was lent. (5)
17. All I know of her is that her cats had good night eyes. (9)
20. It seems there were once willows here. (9)
22. It came as a shock to more than one great spider. (5)
24. To the East he goes not - but in the South they have a name for him. (7)
25. Home of one of the Five. (6)
28. The Cunning Kind. (7)
29. "A star ___ on the hour of our meeting." (Elvish) (4)
30. Both Smcagol and Farmer Maggot seem to have been of this kind. (5)
31. Mother of 5 Ac. (9)
32. Treebeard's girlfriend. (8)

DOWN

1. It gave light to the land of the Valar - and to the Silmarilli. (8)
2. The Great Road to the West - at least it was for the Elves of Lorien. (6)
3. & 14. Here Frodo saw more than he bargained for. (4 & 3)
4. The brown lands had once been their home. (8)
6. See 8 D.
8. & 6. These represent 3 of the families that accompanied Thorin. (3 & 3,3,4)
9. 24 Ac. among the Dwarves. (7)
11. Pippin was reckoned one, of the Halflings. (5)
14. See 3 D.
16. Co-founder of the House of Gardner. (4,6)
18. The cordial of Imladris. (7)
19. 16 D.'s brother-in-law. (3)
20. This time pays for all. (5)
21. They guard the road between West and East, but their tolls are high, we hear. (8)
22. Is LotR one ? (4)
23. He fell with Elendil. (8)
26. None of the Mearas would stand for one of these. (6)
27. Our heroes did this long and often - given the chance. (3)

Weekend in Oxford

It has been decided (over many a pint of 1420) to organise a Society visit to Oxford this year, to make a "pilgrimage" round the bits and pieces of the town which have some relevance to the Society.

DETAILS

Date Saturday, 14th September, 1974

Place Meet at the Nitre Pub, Oxford, at 2:00 p. m. (to wit closing time !)
Make your own transport arrangements.

Accommodation Bed and Breakfast. We will be collecting a list of addresses for the benefit of members interested. S. A. E. please, but not until we ask for them in the Bulletin.

Provisional list of Notable Places

Merton College

Exeter College (William Morris tapestry)

English Faculty Library (East of Tolkien)

Museum House (Original Map of Middle-earth on parchment)

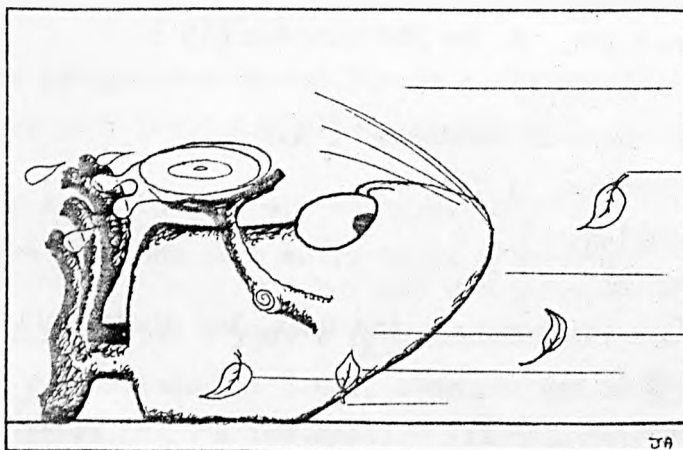
Bodleian Library ("Marnia")

St. Cross Church (Grave of C. S. Lewis)

Wolvercote Church (Grave of Tolkien)

Eagle and Child Pub (Bird and Baby)

More details will be included in the Bulletin nearer the date.



Ent-draught



The Old Secret Society ARE
From 1910 to 1915

The Silmarillion

This is the second part of the article by Jim Allan on his interpretation and extrapolation of one possible form of The Silmarillion, based on the material available in Professor Tolkien's other works.

At any rate, the story now turns to those of the Three Kindreds of the Eldar who did journey to the Undying Lands "and lived for ages, and grew fairer and wiser and more learned, and invented their magic and their cunning craft in the making of beautiful and marvellous things." (II:178/164) Most of the Eldar dwelt on the long shorelands of Valinor "Angel-land", east of the mountains, or upon Bressëa "the lonely isle" that lay not far from the shores. This region was therefore named Eldamar "Elvenhome". Their country was illuminated by the light of the Blessed Realm which originated from the Two Trees, Telperion and Laurelin. The light streamed through Calaciryra "light-cleft", the great ravine in the mountains of Valinor, and so came to Eldamar. Calaciryand(e) was "the region of Eldamar near the entrance to the ravine, where the Light was brighter and the land more beautiful." (R:62)

Minion, "great watch-tower" was the name of their city. (R:65) It stood in a sheer valley beneath the Hill of Ilmarin, its lamplit towers mirrored in the Shadowmere. (I:247/309) Beside its walls there grew a golden tree which shone (I:389/402), perhaps a sprout of Laurelin.

The Eldar developed a writing system, with characters called tengwar. They "had been developed by the Noldor, the kindred of the Eldar most skilled in such matters." (III:395/493) It is not certain whether these Noldor are one of the original Three Kindreds, probably the Deep-elves, or whether they are a later grouping. "The oldest Eldarin letters" were "the Tengwar of Runic" and "were not used in Middle-earth. The later letters, the Tengwar of Fëanor, were largely a new invention, though they owed something to the letters of Runic." They were "devised for writing with brush or pen." (III:395/493) The first tongue to be recorded in writing was Quenya or High-elven, one of the languages of Eldamar. (III:405/508)

"Fëanor was the greatest of the Eldar in arts and lore." (III:313/388) Gandalf dreams of using the palantír to "perceive the unimaginable hand and mind of Fëanor at work." (II:204/260) Among other wonders Fëanor devised a crystal substance which he alone could make, and to which he gave the name Silima. (R:65) Of it he made the Three Jewels, the Silmarilli "Silima-flames" and filled them with the radiance of the Two Trees. "The jewels were coveted by Morgoth the Enemy, who stole them and, after destroying the Trees, took them to Middle-earth, and guarded them in his great fortress of Thangorodrim. (III:313f/388) The element odrim in this name means "mountain people" and probably refers to the Orcs.

Now Fëanor was also the "proudest and most selfwilled" of the Eldar. (III:313/388) "Against the will of the Valar Fëanor forsook the Blessed Realm and went in exile to Middle-earth, leading with him a great part of his people; for in his pride he proposed to recover the Jewels from Morgoth by force." (III:314/388) In order to prevent the revolting Eldar from returning "Varda lifted up her hands, in obedience to the decree of Manwë, and summoned up the dark shadows which engulfed the shores and the mountains and last of all the fana (figure) of Varda, with her hands turned eastwards in rejection, standing white upon Ciolasse." (R:60) Why the Valar did not act openly against Morgoth, and why they tried to prevent Fëanor and the Noldor from so doing is another subject for speculation.

Upon their return to Middle-earth the Exiles found others of their kin: the Sindar or Grey-elves. These were "those Eldar who, coming to the shores of Middle-earth, had not passed over the Sea but had lingered on the coasts in the country of Beleriand. There Thingol Greycloak of Doriath was their king." Doriath appears to mean simply "The Lands". "In the long twilight their tongue had changed with the changefulness of mortal lands and had become far estranged from the Speech of the Eldar from beyond the Sea." (III:406/506) They had invented an angular form of writing called cirth "long used only for inscribing names and brief memorials upon wood and stone. To that origin they owe their angular shapes, very similar to the runes of our own time." (III:395/493) Unlike the Tengwar of the Noldor there was no systematic relation between the shapes of the characters and their values. (III:401/501)

One can imagine the joy with which the Sindar received the High Elves of the West as allies against their enemies, "for those who have dwelt in the Blessed Realm live at once in both worlds, and against both the Seen and Unseen they have great power." (I:235/294)

In Beleriand the High Elves found King Thingol dwelling in a "hidden Kingdom" in the forest of Meldoreth. (I:206/260) Other Sindar dwelt in "the hidden city of Gondolin" ruled by King Turgon. (III:314/388) Gondolin appears to mean "stone hills" and Turgon "lord-(of)-stone" which suggests that this city may have been dug into the living rock.

To the east of Beleriand were the Dwarf "cities of Morrod and Telegost in the Blue Mountains." (III:352/438)

Another Elvish city was Margothon, whose king was "Finrod Felagund, Friend-of-Men". (III:363/453) His sister was "Galadriel, greatest of Elven women" ... "and one of the princes and queens who had led the revolting Noldor to exile in Middle-earth." (R:60) At least, Galadriel was the Sindarin form of her Quenya name, Altariel. (R:58) "For the Exiles, dwelling among the more numerous Grey-elves, had adopted the Sindarin for daily use;" and hence their names mostly appear in Sindarin form. Finrod and Galadriel were "of the royal house of Finarphir"; (III:406)

and Galadriel's golden hair shows her to have been of the House of Finrod. It is not clear whether the two are synonymous. Nor is it clear whether Finrod was one of the Exiles, or a Sindarin prince who had remained in Middle-earth when his sister had departed over the sea, and was still there when she returned. If the former is true, it would appear that Margothon was a fortress built, or at least occupied, mainly by the High Elves after their return. Finrod may have succeeded Eñanor as lord over the Exiles, since the former disappears from the story, probably slain in one of the early conflicts with the forces of Morgoth.

Galadriel took as husband "Celeborn, kinsman of Thingol, one of the Sindar." (III:363/452; R:60) She is said to have passed over the mountains "ere the fall of Margothon or Gondolin." (I:372/462), but which mountains are referred to is not clear.

The conflict with Morgoth was not the sole concern to the Elves, who seem to have had some periods of breathing space. It was probably in one of these that "the Cirth, partly under the influence of the Tengwar of the Noldor, were rearranged and further developed. Their richest and most ordered form was known as the Alphabet of Daeron, since in Elvish tradition it was said to have been devised by Daeron, the minstrel and lore-master to King Thingol of Doriath." (III:397/493)

In a letter dated January 30, 1930, Tolkien's friend C. S. Lewis wrote that Tolkien was "the author of the voluminous unpublished metrical romances and of the maps, companions to them, showing the mountains of Dread and Margothon the city of Orcs." (*12) If Lewis is not in error here, it would appear that Margothon was captured, or at least occupied after its fall, by Orcs. To its fall Tolkien refers twice. (I:330/412; 372/462) This may have been the first calamity in what became the general pattern of "the hopeless war of the Eldar and the Edain against Thangorodrim, in which they were at last utterly defeated." Those whom the Eldar called Atani or Edain, "Fathers of Men", were essentially three peoples of Men who, coming first to the West of Middle-earth into Elerian and to the shores of the Great Sea, became the allies of the Eldar against the Enemy." (I:206/260; III:314/388; 406/506) They were known as the Three Houses of the Elf-friends, and those noted had names of Sindarin form. (III:406/507)

First there is Húrin of whom we know nothing save his name. (I:284/355) Hador the Goldenhaired, the Elf-friend, was the founder of the Third House of the Edain. (II:287/364; III:314/389) Túrin was later remembered in "the Númenorean tale of Túrin and Mim the Dwarf" of which the poem "The Hoard" "seems to contain echoes." (T.B.:8; 53ff)

Of Beren there is much more information. In one of the battles against Morgoth, perhaps indeed during the fall of Margothon, Barahir of the First House of the Edain was slain; but Beren his son escaped through great peril, fighting an

evil thing in spider-form, a child of Ungoliant, in the Mountains of Terror in Doriath. (II:322/422; III:314/388) It may have been at this time that "Finrod Felagund, Friend-of-Men, once king of Nargothrond ... gave his life to save Beren." (III:363/453)

Once over the Mountains, Beren came into Thingol's hidden kingdom in the forest of Meldoreth. Lost, he wandered among the leaves walking alone and in sorrow by the enchanted river Esgalduin. Then, in a glade beside the river, lit only by the moonlight, Beren beheld the form of a beautiful maiden singing and dancing upon the greensward, amid the hemlocks to the music of an unseen pipe. It is said that this maiden "was the fairest ... that has ever been among all the children of this world. As the stars above the mists of the Northern lands was her loveliness, and her face was a shining light." His weary feet healed by enchantment, Beren hastened forth. But the maiden fled away lightly leaving him to roam ever listening throughout the now silent forest.

Often as he continued his search, did he think to hear the sound of feet, or of music welling underground, yet never did he find her. Fall passed, and then winter, and still he continued searching. Once he saw her dancing on a hill-top far away, her mantle glinting in the moon and a mist of silver at her feet.

But then winter passed she came again and her song released the sudden spring. Beren saw her, the elven flowers springing about her feet, and was a second time healed of his weariness and sought to join her in her dance. Again she fled but he followed swiftly. "Tinúviel, Tinúviel!" he called, for that is the Elvish for "nightingale". She halted and stood listening for a moment, as and she did so his voice laid a spell on her. Beren came to her and her doom fell upon her. That immortal maiden of elvish wisdom wrapped her hair and her arms about him and Beren saw the trembling starlight of the skies mirrored in her eyes. (I:203-6/258-61; II:332/422)

Now Beren was only a mortal man, but Tinúviel was Lúthien the daughter of King Thingol himself and "her mother was Melian of the people of the Valar." (it is not clear from this whether Melian was actually one of the Valar herself, or whether the "people of the Valar" refers to the Exiles, to some group among them, or to yet another race.) One can imagine the shock and horror with which Thingol and his kin learned of this love which had come into being. Thingol did agree to give his daughter to Beren, but only in exchange for the recovery of one of the Silmarils, an apparently impossible task since not all the power of the High Elves and Sindar combined had come near to accomplishing it.

Many sorrows befell Beren and Lúthien, and they were parted long. Yet, in the end, fantastically, Tinúviel rescued Beren from the dungeons of Sauron, a servant of Morgoth, and together they passed through great dangers, and cast down even the Great Enemy from his throne, and took from his iron crown one of the three Silmarils

to be the bride-price. And Beren also, either then or at another time, recovered at great peril the ring which Felagund of Morthond gave to Barahir Beren's father. (I:206/261; III:314/389; 322/400; 363/453)

For the present one can but speculate on how Beren could have achieved such a deed, or in what manner he lost a hand, or at least the use of it, and was from that known as "Beren One-hand". (III:229/281)

So Beren won his bride and was for a time happy. "Yet at the last Beren was slain by the Wolf that came from the gates of Angband, and died in the arms of Tinúviel. But she chose mortality, and to die from the world, so that she might follow him. ... So it is that Lúthien Tinúviel alone of the Elf-kindred [of the First Age] died and left the world, and they ... lost her whom they most loved. ... and it is sung that they met again beyond the Sundering Seas, and after a brief time walking alive once more in the green woods, together they passed, long ago, beyond the confines of this world." (I:206/261)

I confess to finding this last rather obscure. That Lúthien would have to die a mortal death to partake of the future life of resurrected mortals appears to be part of it, but these last lines also suggest some immediate resurrection.

"Of Beren and Lúthien was born Dior Thingol's heir." Dior's title suggests that Thingol himself soon fell victim to the continuing war and was succeeded by his grandson.

Now for another mortal hero, Tuor. "Tuor was the son of Huor of the House of Hador, the Third House of the Edain, and the most renowned in the wars with Morgoth. Like Beren he married an Elven wife, "Idril Celebrindal ... the daughter of Turgon, king of the hidden city of Gondolin." But apparently, unlike Lúthien, she did not take upon her mortality. "Eärendil the Mariner was their son." (III:314/389)

"Eärendil ... was born in Gondolin before its fall," (I:256/319) Swords were made in Gondolin for the wars with the Orcs, and two in particular were remembered. "The first is Orcrist, 'the Goblin-cleaver' in the ancient tongue of Gondolin; it was a famous blade" which killed hundreds of Orcs "in its time when the fair elves of Gondolin hunted them in the hills or did battle before their walls." The Orcs "called it simply Biter." The other sword was Glamdring, "Foe-hammer", that the king of Gondolin wore. The Orcs "called it Beater, and hated it worse than Biter if possible." But despite these weapons and the valiant defence made by its inhabitants, in the end "dragons and [Orcs] destroyed that city." (H:62/61f; 75/72)

But Eärendil at least survived its fall. He was "wedded to Elwing the White the daughter of Dior who had in her keeping the silmaril. (I:206/261; III:314/388f) Eärendil means "Sea-friend" or "Sea-lover" and Eärendil sought to sail to the Blessed Realm and obtain help there from the Valar against Morgoth.

In a place called Arvernien he built a swan-prowed boat of timber felled in Nimbethil; a boat with silver sails and silver lanterns. Fully armed in the

richest gear and wearing an emerald upon his breast, Eärendil set out on his quest. From the ice channels of the North to the hot wastes of the South he journeyed bewildered and confused, in search of the correct route. At last, over starless waters, he came to Night of Naught, the barrier of shadow laid down by Varda. But there angry winds lashed him, and drove him blindly back east to the shores from which he had first departed.

Then there came to him his wife Elwing, bearing with her the Silmaril, shining more bright than a diamond. She bound it upon him, crowning him with living light. Then, dauntless, with the Silmaril on his brow, he turned about and again set sail. Night fell, and there arose a wind from Tarmenel which bore him before its blast back again to the Shadows. But now, with the power of the Silmaril, he passed through Ethernight and out of the mists of the world.

And so he heard the roaring of surf rolling pebbles of gold and bright jewels on a pearl beach; and he saw with his own eyes the Mountain rise before him, and below it the land of Eldamar, from whence came the Exiles so long before. There he beached his ship in the white havens and entered at last the city of Tirion. Great was the welcome they gave him there, and much did he learn from Elvish sages. They clothed him in white and sent seven lights before him through the Calaciryand, the light-cleft, which led into the yet hidden interior. Eärendil followed and so came in the end to the timeless halls of Ilmarin where Manwe ruled. There, speaking as ambassador for both Elves and Men he obtained the help by which Morgoth was overthrown.

Eärendil was not permitted to return to mortal lands. Instead, they built a new ship for him of mithril and of elven-glass without oar or sail. But upon its silver mast was set the Silmaril by Varda herself. For him she made immortal wings and laid on him the destiny of sailing the shoreless skies as the Morning and Evening Star, most beloved of Elves, the Flammarifer of Westermesse. From the lofty hills of Evereven his wings bore him and his ship up from beyond the Mountain Wall before the Sun. Over Middle-earth he passed as a sign of hope to the dwellers there oppressed by the Great Enemy or his servants. This was his fate, till moon should fade, to be ever more a herald of hope. (I:246-9/308-11; 380/472; 314/389)

And thus, at Eärendil's request, the Valar came in their power to Middle-earth. Among them was Oromë the Great. (III:113/138) Then, "the First Age ended with the Great Battle in which the Host of Valinor broke Thangorodrim and over-threw Morgoth. (III:363/452) In this battle "Beleriand was for the most part drowned and broken;" (III:406/507) "and the ancient [Dwarf] cities of Nogrod and Belegost in the Blue Mountains were ruined." (III:352/439) "The Elves deemed that evil was ended for ever, and it was not so." (I:256/319)

Then the Valar gave permission for the Exiles to return again over the Sea, if they wished, except for Galadriel, "the last survivor of the princes and queens who

had led the revolting Noldor to exile in Middle-earth. ... A ban was set upon her return. ... She replied proudly that she had no wish to do so." (R:60)

"The sons of Eärendil were Elros and Elrond, the Peredhil or Half-elven. In them alone the line of the heroic chieftains of the Edain in the First Age was preserved. ... At the end of the First Age the Valar gave to the Half-elven an irrevocable choice to which kindred they would belong. Elrond chose to be of Elven-kind, and became a master of wisdom. To him therefore was granted the same grace as to those of the High Elves that still lingered in Middle-earth; that when weary at last of the mortal lands they could take ship from the Grey Havens and pass into the Uttermost West. ... But to the children of Elrond a choice was also appointed; to pass with him from the circles of the world; or if they remained to become mortal and die in Middle-earth.

"Elros chose to be of Man-kind and remain with the Edain; but a great life-span was granted to him many times that of lesser men.

"As a reward for their sufferings in the cause against Morgoth, the Guardians of the World, granted to the Edain" (III:314f/389f), "To the Elf-friends that they also, as the Eldar, might pass west over Sea. But since the Undying Realm was forbidden to them, a great isle was set apart for them, most westerly of all mortal lands," (III:406/507) "removed from the dangers of Middle-earth." (III:315/390)

In the first year of the Second Age the Grey Havens were founded. (III:364/453) "There dwelt Círdan the Shipwright." (III:319/396) "Then most of the Noldor returned into theinto the Far West and dwelt in Eressëa within sight of Valinor; and many of the Sindar went over Sea also." Also in the first year Lindon was founded, a kingdom in the remnant of Beleriand. For "in the beginning of this age many of the High Elves still remained. Most of these dwelt in Lindon west of the Ered Luin [Blue Mountains]. ... In Lindon north of the Lune dwelt Gil-galad, last heir of the kings of the Noldor in Exile. He was acknowledged as High King of the Elves of the West. In Lindon south of the Lune dwelt for a time Celeborn, kinsman of Thingol," and his wife Galadriel. (III:363f/452f)

"most of the Elf-friends" (III:406/507) ... "set sail over the Sea, and guided by the Star of Eärendil came to the great Isle of Elessa, westernmost of all Mortal lands" (III:315/390) in the year S.A. 32 (III:364/453) "There they founded the realm of" (III:315/390) "Númenor (Westernesse). ... There they became great and powerful, mariners of renown and lords of many ships. They were fair of face and tall, and the span of their lives was thrice that of the Men of Middle-earth. These were the Númenoreans, the Kings of Men, whom the Elves called Dúnedain". (III:406/507)

* * * * *

So, there is what we know of The Silmarillion "set out fair and square with no contradictions." One can hope that more will be revealed in the near future. One can, perhaps, also speculate on why it is taking so long.

According to Dick Plotz, "One of the snags delaying publication is that the stories are written in a Quasi-biblical style. Professor Tolkien considers it his best, but his publishers disagree. Another problem is that of finding a story line to connect all the parts. At the moment (1967) Professor Tolkien is considering making use of Bilbo again. In the period between The Hobbits sic and The Lord of the Rings, Bilbo was in Rivendell among all the Elves and Elven records and perhaps The Silmarillion will appear as his research in Rivendell." (*4) You may recall that annexed to the journal in which Bilbo recorded his journey and the beginning of Frodo's adventures were "three large volumes, bound in red leather" which made up his "Translations from the Elvish" and were "almost entirely concerned with the Elder Days." (I:27f/37f)

Also, Tolkien has never been noted for speed in publication. His translations of Pearl and Sir Gawain and the Green Knight were reportedly finished years ago except for the introduction, but have yet to see print. In one of his letters C. S. Lewis calls Tolkien "that great but dilatory and unmethodical man" (*13), and in another declares, "You have no idea with what laborious midwifery we got Lord of the Rings out of him." (*14) And Tolkien himself had admitted, "I love it (revision). I am a natural niggler, fascinated by detail." (*15)

Another reason for the delay could be hinted at in Tolkien's words, "they keep on expecting a 'Great Book' of me. 'Great Book', is what they say and expect, and it alarms me." (*15) One can see how Tolkien might indeed feel afraid that those whose expectations have been raised by LoTR might be disappointed by a work that is not at least as powerful. Also, most critics find the weakest parts of LoTR to be those in which the Hobbits do not appear, or play unimportant parts. At least in 1966 Tolkien said of The Silmarillion, "It has no hobbits." (*16)

Then of course there is the necessity of bringing the prequel into full accord with LoTR. This may not be an easy task. I have read somewhere I cannot now trace that originally no Ents appeared in The Silmarillion. Tom Bombadil may also present problems. And it could be that the original poems and stories which make up The Silmarillion are not entirely consistent with one another.

I wonder also if, in the writing of LoTR Tolkien may not have stolen from the plots and incidents in The Silmarillion, and now must revise the former to reduce the number of parallels between the two works.

Hopefully, in time, The Silmarillion will appear, and then we can all start speculating on The Akallabeth, (that is, The Downfall of Númenor). (*17) Of it Professor Clyde Kilby has said, "The middle story, that is, of the Second Age of

1. ...-earth, is at present only one long and exciting story. That is, it is not
2. ... the length of the Rings or of the Silmarillion. ... how much more any is written
3. ... "non." (*7) There is also a third work, A Leaf from his life, described
4. ... long narrative poem set in Valinor." (*10)

and that, for the moment, is that.

NOTES

1. Henry Resnik, "An Interview with Tolkien" Niekas 18 (June-Aug., 1967)
2. J. R. R. Tolkien, "Tolkien on Tolkien" Diplomat Vol. XVII, 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 (Nov. 1967) p. 115
5. ... referring to Tolkien's works I have used the following abbreviations:
6. ... for The Hobbit, I, II and III for the three volumes of LotR, ... for The
7. ... Adventures of Tom Bombadil and R for The Road Goes Ever On. ... references
8. ... to the most recent hardcover editions, but for II and the three volumes of
9. ... I have also given references to the Pallantine paperback editions, except
10. ... where the reference is to information not found in that version.
6. ... 58-68
7. "Last Meetings with Tolkien" Niekas 19 (1968) p. 39
8. ... Foster, A Guide to Middle-earth (The Mirage Press, Baltimore, 1967)
9. Richard Plotz, (in answer to a letter) Tolkien Journal Vol. III No. 2, ... (late 1967) p. 20
10. Snorri Strulinson, The Prose Edda, trans. Jean I. Young (University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1966) p. 41
11. The Elder Edda, A Selection, trans. Paul B. Taylor and W. H. Auden (Random House, N.Y., 1970) p. 146
12. C. S. Kilby, "Tolkien Lewis and Williams" Mythcon I Proceedings, ed. Glen GoodKnight (The Mythopoeic Society, Los Angeles, 1971) p. 3
13. Letters of C. S. Lewis, ed. W. H. Lewis (Geoffrey Bles, London, 1966) p. 222
14. Niekas 15 (March, 1966) p. 49
15. Daphne Castell, "The Realms of Tolkien" New Worlds Vol. 50, No. 168 (Nov. 1966) p. 146
16. "Don's Tales Start U. S. Campus Craze" London Times (Sat. 12 Feb. 1966) p. 6
17. First edition of III:313
18. E.R. Meškys, "News of J. R. R. Tolkien" The Green Dragon 3 (Oct. 1967) p. 2 reprinted in Niekas 19 (1968) p. 32



This is an un-edited eye-witness account of the pleasant times after the A.G.M. and Dinner, as seen by Chas. E. Noad. It rambles somewhat, but so did the evening, which was spent chatting with our guests, in a very friendly, informal and convivial manner.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY

Ivanhoe Hotel, Feb. 16th, 1974

In a conversation with Pauline Baynes, she said that I had been right about her picture of Gollum in her Map of Middle-earth: she had since re-read "The Lord of the Rings".

Mr. Rayner Unwin, head of George Allen and Unwin Ltd., addressed the meeting as follows:

He was somewhat amazed to find that his relationship with Professor Tolkien's works extended back for nearly forty years. He had brought with him a number of copies of parts of letters from Tolkien, and transcripts of tape-recorded interviews with him, which he would use to counteract his own pedestrian prose. Firstly, he said a few words about Tolkien himself, who had now "departed for the Grey Havens". He said that if he described Tolkien as having silvery hair, and being of middle height, and so on, that would not really tell us much. Tolkien lived very simply, his furniture was unmemorable, and his rooms never seemed very tidy. It never occurred to him to change his way of life when he eventually became well-known, not even when people trampled on his rose garden in order to take photographs of him at breakfast through his front window.

He read out part of a self-descriptive letter of Tolkien's, beginning, "I am a hobbit in all but size ... "

Mr. Unwin then moved on to the story of the publication of "The Hobbit". The unsung hero of this episode was one Susan Dagnall who, when she was a student of Tolkien's at Oxford, had read "The Hobbit" in manuscript. After Oxford, she joined Allen and Unwin in their children's books section; she recommended that they publish the story, Tolkien then looking around for a publisher for it. When they received the typescript, Sir Stanley Unwin, the head of the firm, gave it to his son Rayner to test read. It was his belief that children were the best judges of children's books. Rayner had been asked to test read before, at a fee of a shilling per book; a shilling was more than what he got for pocket-money in those days. He had now seen, to his dismay, that his handwritten report had lately been reprinted, with all his spelling mistakes, which were not very good even for a child of his age. Not that Tolkien himself always spelt correctly: in his books he spelt "dwarfs" and suchlike in his own manner. There was the story of the schoolboy who had spelt "dwarves" in the way that Tolkien does in "The Hobbit", and was marked down for it by his teacher;

however, when he showed the book to his teacher, he was marked up again. On being told about this, Tolkien said that that had been "very big" on the part of the teacher. He then went on to say something about one of his own teachers, with his two teaching rules ((I forget what they were.)), and the subsequent necessity of very great care on the part of the pupils. This mode of spelling of Tolkien's had, Mr. Unwin continued, led to a certain difference of opinion when "The Hobbit" was published as a paperback by Puffin Books. Their proofreader, a very conscientious man, "corrected" all of Tolkien's spellings. When Tolkien objected, the proofreader cited the Oxford English Dictionary in support. Tolkien responded, "I wrote the Oxford English Dictionary!" "The Hobbit" was not reprinted by Puffin. As it was, Mr. Unwin felt that the shilling he had been paid must have been the best invested shilling ever made in publishing.

Rayner Unwin first met Tolkien as an undergraduate at Oxford sometime during the war. He found Tolkien to be a model of courtesy and kindness. Tolkien gave him chunks of manuscript to read; he found that they were sections of a much larger story; he would come in in the middle of the action, and leave off before it had ended. He thought that it seemed quite good at any rate, and made the right sort of noises when he returned the manuscripts to Tolkien.

Tolkien was a brilliant talker, but it was very difficult trying to keep up with him, especially as he had the habit of laughing at his own punch-lines, preventing them from being said; all you could do was to keep smiling, and look as if you understood.

Initially, Allen & Unwin turned down "Lord of the Rings". It was sent to an outside reader, a man who had himself written some quite good children's books; he, however, couldn't make out what it was meant to be. It wasn't exactly fiction; it was hardly a children's book. He described it as "too Celtic"; the book was rejected and Tolkien put it away in his bottom drawer. When Rayner Unwin rejoined Allen & Unwin after his naval service, he decided to look into the matter of Tolkien's new book for himself. He decided that it was very good, but was, however, very long. He thought that it was a work of genius but that, if they published it, they would lose £1,000. Fiction books were mainly bought by circulating libraries, whose upper price-limit was £1 per book. One volume of "The Lord of the Rings" would cost a guinea. Rayner wrote of this to Sir Stanley Unwin, who was then in Japan. He got a very good letter from Sir Stanley, who said, "If you feel sure that it is a work of genius, then spend £1000 on it." As an economic safeguard, it was decided to split it into three separate volumes, to be published one after the other. It was never a trilogy, but rather one long story which happened to be printed in three books. Tolkien wrote it in six books originally. New names had to be found for the three books: "The Fellowship of the Ring" and "The Return of the King" came easily enough, but the second volume, consisting of the completely unrelated Books III and IV posed a problem; one which was neatly resolved in "The Two Towers".

Because it was felt that sales of serial books declined as they were successively published, 3,500 of Vol. I, 3,250 of Vol. II, and 3,000 only of Vol. III were initially printed. Houghton Mifflin in America were brought in to help sell some of these copies in that country. "The Lord of the Rings" was not intended to have a sequel; Tolkien felt that no real story ever has an ending. Mr. Unwin said that we knew the rest of its publishing history ourselves. He went on to say that there should be some further publication of Tolkien's works in the near future: near the end of the year, we should see "Bilbo's Last Lay", a poem written by Bilbo in old age, which was indeed premonitory of Tolkien's own death. Pauline Baynes would do the illustrations. Spring of next year will herald Tolkien's own translations of "The Pearl", "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight", and "Sir Orfeo", all in one volume. ((Some remarks were made at this point about how and when Tolkien did the translation of "The Pearl" (during the War?), but I can't remember them exactly.)) Mr. Unwin thought that they were the best ever translations of these works; even their original metres had been preserved. To follow these mediaeval translations, which were left nearly ready for publication, there would sometime be ((I'm not sure when he said)) a volume of mediaeval imitations that would include such things as "The Homecoming of Beornthoth Beornhelm's Son."

Mr. Unwin then came to "The Silmarillion" which we had all been waiting to hear about. The day before, in fact, he and Mr. Olney ((of Houghton Mifflin)) had gone up to see "The Silmarillion". It is in the hands of Tolkien's literary executor, his son Professor Christopher Tolkien of Oxford University, where he teaches Anglo-Saxon. His house was full of socks, umbrellas, pipes, and box files. He had also set up his garage as a study. The manuscripts of "The Silmarillion" are all there in box-files; together in a row, they are about as long as this table ((i.e. about 8 ft.))

Mr. Unwin described the state of the book as "inchoate", but far from completely disorganised. It is all there, and is being assembled and collated by Christopher Tolkien. When all that has been done, the "literary" version of the book should be capable of being put into a volume the size of just one of those of "The Lord of the Rings". "The Silmarillion" forms a homogeneous whole, though. Christopher Tolkien is drawing a map in his garage of the country to the west of the Ered Luin, where most of the book's action takes place. You must have a map to set everything, just as Tolkien himself did in "The Lord of the Rings". Tolkien kept on making changes to "The Silmarillion" over the years. The High Elves become increasingly "dornish" in character in the later revisions. Mr. Unwin felt that Tolkien's creative powers in his seventies were not so great as those in his sixties, those in his sixties not so great as those in his fifties, and so on. Since Tolkien's last revisions of "The Silmarillion" were not complete, the "last-but-one" version will most likely be published. Maybe, when it is finished, "The Lord of the Rings" will have to be

revised yet again, in the light of the contents! Conceivably, there might one day be a variorum "Silmarillion", but that must lie far in the future. Certainly, with all the work that needs to be done on it, it will not be quickly published. Mr. Unwin thanked the Tolkien Society for inviting him, and sat down to applause. ((In the early part of his talk, he mentioned the fact that Tolkien always liked to work in the converted garage of whatever house he was living in, even when it had a proper study.))

Next to speak was Mr. Austin Olney of Houghton Mifflin, Tolkien's American publishers. He said that though they liked to publish good books, they had to publish books that would sell. It was this tension that affected their selection of "The Lord of the Rings" in the first place. He read out the final sections of the reports of their own reader, (who was then, and is now, a grey-haired young lady ((?)).) of "The Lord of the Rings" when they were considering publishing it, and her general opinion was that, though the book might not sell well, it was magnificent and should be published. The gaps between the publication of the separate volumes were reminiscent of the old movie serials where Pearl White was left tied to the railway line in the path of the oncoming express train at the end of the episode!

Sheets for 1500 copies of the first volume were imported to the U. S. A.. At first, the book did not sell too well, confirming their worst fears; they lost some, though not too much, money on it. And then, about fifteen years afterwards, there was the "explosion", and "The Lord of the Rings" became the best-selling book of that type, in paperback, ever. Then there was the matter of the controversy with Ace Books ((hisses and boos from the audience)): Mr. Olney thought it very gratifying that it was purely in the face of moral pressure that Ace Books were made to retreat step by step on this matter. Mr. Olney sat down to applause.

In an informal talk afterwards, Mr. Unwin made a number of points, as follows:

Sauron is indeed a Vala, a fallen angel, subordinate to Morgoth; his name changes during the course of the story.

He had read some parts of "The Silmarillion", but not all of it.

"The Silmarillion" would be published first outside Britain "over my dead body."

The trouble with saying anything about the cosmogony of Middle-earth was that Tolkien couldn't make up his mind about it, especially regarding whether it was round or flat. He changed it quite recently, but this would have meant rewriting much of the book, a quite impossible task.

In its later revisions, "The Silmarillion" became overlaid with a great deal of theological material, wherein Tolkien expressed his views on a number of matters, e.g. divorce, thus getting away from the story.

The Creation story is beautifully written.

The manuscript of "Mr. Bliss" was mentioned; it has coloured illustrations by Tolkien.

The first edition of "The Lord of the Rings" could still be legally printed in

America; it was the changes to the text of this edition that were now copyright.

The current paperback edition of "The Lord of the Rings" could not be made any larger, that is, with the appendices, simply because of the physical limitations of the machinery involved. The complete three-volume paperback edition would have the same format and size of the current paperback "Hobbit", or would be the next size up.

"The Silmarillion" covered not just the First Age of Middle-earth, but the Second Age as well.

"The Silmarillion" was written in a very "high" style, of which "The Tale of Aragorn and Arwen" is an example. There is no comic relief in the form of hobbits; nor are there any ents, or Tom Bombadil.

The endpaper map of Middle-earth was redrawn by Christopher Tolkien from his father's original map since, even by then, Tolkien's hand had become rather shaky.

There might be a Tolkien Calendar for the year when "The Silmarillion" is published, as Tolkien did paint some pictures for that work.

As it is now February, they will be pulping those 1974 Tolkien Calendars they have left; but we could have them if we liked!

He recalled that he had had a headache at the end of a day spent with Professor Tolkien, simply from the effort of trying to keep up with what he said!

Tolkien felt rather guilty about selling the manuscript of "The Lord of the Rings" to Marquette; he kept the manuscript hidden away for a time.

One time, Tolkien was given an honour of some sort by his college at Oxford, so he thought he would "honour the honour" by giving the manuscript of "The Hobbit" to the college library. He meant to give them a parcel he had with HOBBIT marked on it which, he thought, contained the manuscript. However, upon opening it, at the last moment, he found that it was something else entirely! The cocktail party for the occasion had to go on as planned, but the college people were very upset at losing such a valuable manuscript.

Tolkien would write things on the edges of crosswords. It was from some scraps of newspaper that the heraldic devices on the 1974 Tolkien Calendar were taken. However, some others cannot be reproduced because the newsprint would show through from the other side.

Some parts of the manuscript of "The Silmarillion" were yellowing with age.

Some parts of the story of "The Silmarillion" are told in great detail, others are given very quickly.

A biography of Tolkien, for which Rayner Unwin was lengthily interviewed, is to be broadcast in twelve half-hourly parts, repeated three times, between six and half-past eight on Friday mornings on Radio Oxford.

Allen and Unwin did not publish Kocher's book, though they were offered it, since they felt that to do so would be to give their imprimatur. Kocher's book was the "best of a bad lot".

Mr. Unwin was sceptical about "The Silmarillion" having being previously offered to Allen and Unwin, after "The Hobbit", although he couldn't be certain as they kept

no note of rejected books. He felt sure that it was "The Lord of the Rings" that had been rejected. After that, Tolkien had tried Collins, but they wanted some changes made that Tolkien refused to carry out; after that, he put the manuscript away.

The picture shown in a photograph in the book, C. S. Lewis: Images of his World", by C. S. Milby and Douglas Gilbert is not by Tolkien, Mr. Unwin thinks, as Tolkien never did portraits. ((This drawing looks very much like Gandalf.))

Miss Joy Hill ("Call me Joy") recalled that when she once visited Tolkien with a lot of presents from admirers dangling by straps from her arms, he said, "You look like a Christmas tree" when she took off her outer cloak. The number of letters to him had fallen off in recent years, she said. She found that, in winter, people tended to write him very sad and despondent letters.

In a subsequent talk, Mr. Unwin made some further points:

In the Japanese edition of "The Hobbit", the orcs were drawn to resemble caucasians. "The Silmarillion" was a very much overwritten manuscript. If Tolkien had gone on revising the book, it would never have been finished.

There were references to what he intended for the contents of "The Silmarillion" in letters written by Tolkien in the Great War, which should prove useful during the present editing of the book; some other letters were far from useful, though.

The letters he wrote in his twenties were in beautiful handwriting, although Christopher Tolkien's was even better. Tolkien's handwriting declined over the years, and was almost illegible when it had been written at speed.

Tolkien wrote a lot of "The Silmarillion" in verse initially, in order to clear things in his mind, but it was all later changed to prose.

In collating "The Silmarillion", a check had to be kept on the time-scale, so that people could be born at the proper time after they had been sired!

A lot of names had been changed in the manuscript, and, sometimes, entirely new names were introduced, which confused things further.

Christopher Tolkien was by far the best qualified person to do the job. Only someone who had "lived" with it for years could hope to edit it for publication.

There are a great many other small bits and pieces by Tolkien, but many of them, e.g. "Goblin Feet", are not very good.

Mr. Unwin agreed that in a hundred years' time, Tolkien's laundry bills would sell for vast sums at Christies'.

A great deal of what is written about Tolkien in popular articles is very misleading. Tolkien was a brilliant conversationalist, but he had the confusing habit of sometimes talking about himself in the third person.

The report concerning "The New Shadow", a sequel to "The Lord of the Rings", may well be based on a misunderstanding of something that Tolkien said.

The "Fragment of the 'Book of Mazarbul' (which Gimli finds in Moria)", shown at the Earls Court World Book Fair, was one of three, on which Tolkien had written a

scholarly treatise; and perhaps the unpublished "The Fall of Arthur", a pseudo-Malory piece, might be included in a book of mediaeval imitations, as a follow up to the volume of mediaeval translations; but not for some time. It was best that Christopher Tolkien be allowed to concentrate on "The Silmarillion"; he already had his professorial duties to do.

One time, Tolkien took out a postcard, bought in Germany perhaps, maybe when he was in his twenties, that had on it a picture of an old man with a long white beard, wearing a tall hat. Tolkien said: "That's Gandalf!" and immediately put it back in the box-file he had taken it from. It must still be in there somewhere, waiting to be found!

Even Allen and Unwin no longer have a copy of the first edition of "The Hobbit".

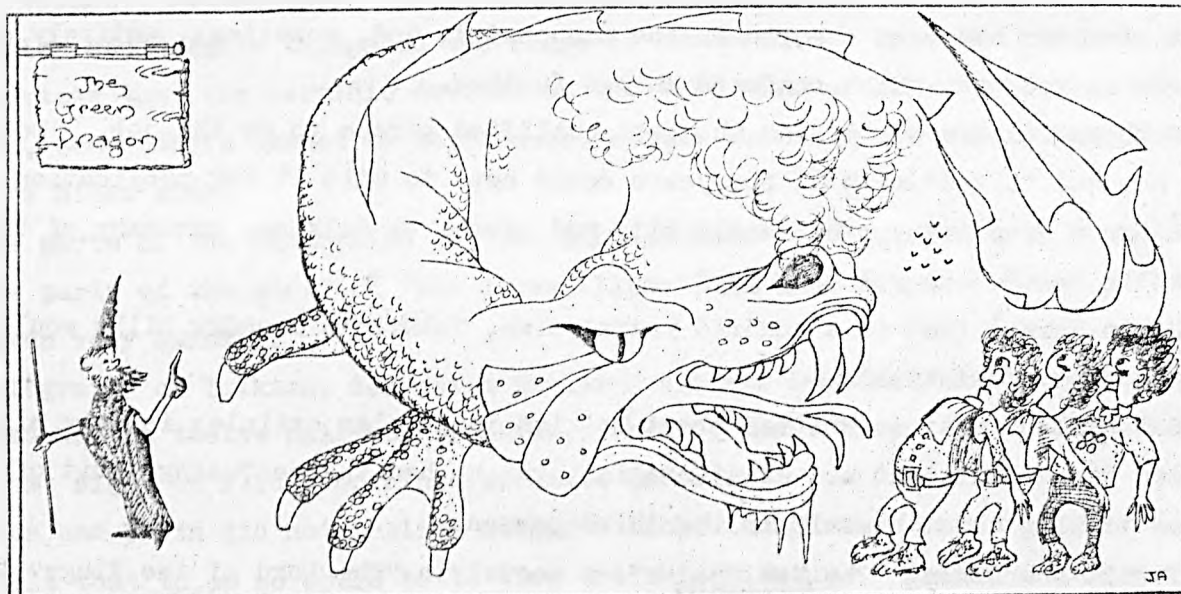
The legalities pertaining to Tolkien's copyright, as laid down in his will, would probably take about three years to sort out, which time will be needed anyway to edit "The Silmarillion".

Allen and Unwin will not be bringing out Houghton Mifflin's "deluxe" version of "The Hobbit". Mr. Olney now having left, Mr. Unwin said that he wouldn't do it the way they had done it anyway.

On leaving, Mr. Olney said that the "Hough-" in Houghton Mifflin rhymed with "hoe", the gardening implement.

Mr. Unwin estimated that "The Silmarillion" would cost about £4 in present-day money when it was published.

---- Charles E. Noad ----



"Trust, boy, trust."

About the Purple Book

In the 123456th year of the XIIIth Age, known as the Age of Misfortune, Ar-G'wan, Duke of Marchmello, ordered his stables and his library cleaned out. Those Marchmellos (1) under sentence of imprisonment for life were assigned to the stables instead, and those condemned to be executed were given the choice of being hanged or dusting the books in the library, which had not been cleaned for fifty years.

All those hanging except one An-M'et-K'in, an avid scholar and sorceress, who had killed a fellow scholar in a dispute over the proper rendering into Mushmouth (2) of the ancient tongue both had specialised in, Hammerikan (5) or Hingulish (4).

Although suffering from greylung, caused by breathing the dust from so many books, An-M'et-K'in whooped (5) with joy on discovering behind the Collected Speeches of the Thanos of Marchmello, which had never been checked out in the history of Marchmello, a large purple-bound book, which the scholar-sorceress recognised as being a hitherto unknown volume in Hammerikan (6).

Ar-G'wan, who was kindhearted au fond, commuted An-M'et-K'in's sentence, on condition that she translate the purple book (7) and refrain from slaying scholars.

An-M'et-K'in fell into a fit of recidivism, when she slaughtered several critics who had claimed her poem, "On First Looking into Chap's Aroma", stank. Ar-G'wan ruled that she should rather be commended for ridding the world of so many critics, and An-M'et-K'in was allowed to continue her work.

The completed translation was published, at the translator's expense, in 1234567, and sold thirty copies over a period of fifteen years (8). Fifty years later, when it was discovered that there were only a hundred copies of the first edition in existence, The Mythbegotten, as An-M'et-K'in called her translation of The Purple Book, became a collector's item and was widely sought after, but, as far as this writer can determine, unread beyond the first page.

Thanks to the miracle of modern printing, The Mythbegotten has been re-issued in a cheap edition, so that it may now be unread beyond the first page by the masses (9)

Fetta Teagle.

-
- (1) Inhabitants of Marchmello, known as Mushmelons in the Common Squeak.
 - (2) Principal language of Marchmello.
 - (3) According to An-M'et-K'in (see Selected Works from the Hammerikan, Vol. III Appendix F, section 16a, pages 19 through 26)
 - (4) According to the deceased.
 - (5) or wheezed.
 - (6) or Hingulish.
 - (7) Imaginatively dubbed The Purple Book.
 - (8) It was required reading for Hammerikan 101.
 - (9) That's you, so get going.

Peewee, the Wulf.

Long ago, the Scandalnavians were as hrough a bunch of hrough necks as ever pillaged a village. And no wonder. They were forced by Weird (a female form of Fate) to speak Anglo-Saxon, and spend their time, when not fighting or getting drunk, making up complicated words for easy ones, such as "whale-trail" for "sea".

They came in two social classes: everybody named Earl fought and caroused, and everybody named Carl did all the work.

A great king of Denmark, or Great Dane, was Shill, who passed out so many gold rings that he was known as "The Lord of the Rings". (1)

Descended from Shill were his descendents (2), known as the Shillings. A splendid Shilling was Hroughguy, who built a famous hall (3), called Hrotgut Hall after the quality of the home-brewed mead served there.

Even though Hrotgut Hall was also known as Stag Hall, Queen Wilthou sat beside Hroughguy while he passed out gold bracelets and rings to the Earls, who passed out from the home brew.

All the noise from Hrotgut Hall annoyed a noisome monster called Grandad, who slunk and slavered along through the fog like Mr. Hyde through Hyde Park. When he got to Hrotgut Hall, Grandad leaped in among the slumbering warriors, tore chunks out of this one and that and crammed the bloody flesh into his mouth. Let's face it, Grandad was a slob.

The other warriors had either passed out completely or thought they were just having D. T.'s. But on the next morning it was discovered that a lot of the happy carousers were dead, and in the most disgusting way.

Nevertheless, the Danish warriors, known thereafter as the Danish Patsies, continued to swill themselves into a stupor, and sure enough, a few nights later, Grandad came back and turned another bunch of them into the mess on the barroom floor.

"Grandad's too hrough!" cried Hroughguy. And from then on, Hrotgut Hall shut down at 6 p.m., and pity the poor Viking who got thirsty after sundown.

News of this terrible state of affairs reached the land of the Goats. King Hygienelac heard it, and all his Earls. What a howl went up, as they realised they might someday be caught in Denmark after six o'clock.

"Never fear! Peewee is here!"

What a comforting thought. Peewee the Wulf, greatest of the Goats! It was he who would destroy the monster Grandad, and re-open Hrotgut Hall as an all-nite meadery.

(1) Now a famous novel by J. R. R. Tolkien.

(2) That's logical.

(3) That is, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl, Carl and Carl built the hall. Hroughguy just stood by

Peewee and fifteen stalwart young Goats hauled their ship into the water, rowed and sailed across the whale-trail (4) and landed on the Fords of Denmark.

"Hoozat?" cried the coast-guard. And when he saw Peewee, that giant among warriors, he jumped backwards and peered around a rock.

"I am Peewee, the Wulf, son of Eggthrow!" boasted Peewee to the coast-guard. "And you guys hurry up", he ordered the Goatish warriors, "It's a quarter to six now."

At that, the Goats stampeded up the trail and into Hrotgut Hall, and just in time, too, as the bar was about to close.

"Hail, Hroughguy!" hailed Peewee. "I am Peewee, the Wulf, son of Eggthrow, come here to rid Hrotgut of Grandad!"

Then spoke an Earl called Unfit.

"Aren't you the Peewee that was outswum by Breakfast?"

"I outswum the Markspitz of Spitzmark before Breakfast", announced Peewee coldly. "And I outswum Breakfast too." And, wow, did that shut Unfit up.

That night Peewee stayed in Hrotgut Hall, and the fifteen Goats, to a man, volunteered to stay with him and keep the home-brew company.

After they were well soused and drowsy, Grandad popped in, popped a Goat into his mouth and reached for another before he had even stopped chewing the first one. I'm telling you, that Grandad was a slob.

Unfortunately for Grandad, the Goat he reached for was Peewee. A smashing, crashing evening followed, ending with the departure of Grandad less one arm, which Peewee hung from the rafters.

"Whoopee! Peewee!" Boy, did the Danes and the Goats celebrate Peewee's victory over Grandad! Everybody tried to drink Hrotgut dry, and the benches were loaded with sprawling, dawling warriors. Eventually, they all fell asleep.

Only a mother could love Grandad, and Grandad had a mother. That night, Grandad's mother, Grandadsmother, dropped by and did some devouring of her own.

Next morning, Hroughguy looked at Peewee and said:

"Thanks for getting Grandad, but what monster have you slain for us lately?"

"Have my sword, Grunting, Peewee," said Unfit generously.

"All right, already," said Peewee, "so where does this Grandadsmother hang out?"

Nasty, ugly and altogether like an oil-slick was the tarn (5) where the monsters had their lair. Peewee plunged right into the tarn, Grunting in his teeth, and Grandadsmother grabbed him and pulled him down to her cave. It would have been all

up with Peewee, except that was the air in the lair.

Grunting bent like warm taffy on Grandadsmother's horny hide. In fact, she was getting the best of the battle, when Peewee just happened to see an unbeatable sword that just happened to be hanging right over his hand in the monster's cave.

Even so, it wouldn't have done you or me any good (assuming that we hadn't already drowned on the way down to the cave, or choked on the oil slick or been torn up by Grandadsmother), because it was a giant sword, and it took a Peewee to swing it.

Having used the giant sword to dispose of Grandadsmother, Peewee chopped the head off Grandad's body, that he found lying about in the cavern. Then the giant sword melted like a hot popsicle. But Peewee didn't need it anymore, anyway.

In the words of the Angry-Sexy epic:

"He leoft it deod
And wid its heed
He cam galumfing baek."

Since there were no more monsters to slay, Hroughguy told Peewee thank you and goodbye, and the Goats sailed home.

Back in Goatland, Hygienelac was still King, but later he got killed by the Frizzies.

Eventually, Peewee got to be King, and even a very old King, despite the best efforts of his enemies, the Sweets.

Three hundred years before (6) some rich warriors called the Jukes had filled a cave with a hoard of gold, silver, jewels and fancy weapons. Then they died, most likely from inbreeding. (7)

A nasty fierce dragon, or worm, got wind of the hoard, swept down on the few miserable left-over Jukes and broiled them. Then he took over cave and hoard.

"Bloated,
He gloated,
Nasty
Hoard-hoarder."

One night (8) a slave crept into the cave and swiped a goblet while the dragon slept. Slave took goblet to master and bought freedom with it.

Well, when the dragon woke up, you wouldn't believe he'd notice that one little goblet was gone, would you? (9)

(6) Look sharp there. The way this story jumps around, you blink and you miss your turn off.

(7) Ask your mother about the Hallikaks and the Jukes.

(8) 500 years later.

(9) Sure, you would, especially if you've read The Hobbit

Sniff, sniff, sniff! "Where is that goblet? One of my favouritas, too. Used to drink out of it every day. It's gone. Gone, gone, gone. And somebody's going to pay! No, make that EVERYBODY'S going to pay!"

Up rose the dragon! No living thing escaped the fire he poured along the Goatish shore. If somebody didn't stop him, the whole Goat population would be broiled.

"This is a job for Peewee!" cried Peewee. And the Earls too. They sure didn't want the job.

Peewee took thirteen lucky Earls and set out for the dragon's cave.

Ooooh. All the gold and silver and stuff inside! Too bad there was a dragon lurking about ready to roast you if you so much as thought about touching it.

Peewee stood awhile in uffish thought, Uffishly, he thought about Old King Hressle, about Hairball and Hathsin and about how he himself had hugged Ugh the Sweet to death. Ugh!

Finally, Peewee grasped his metal shield, and dared the dragon to come out. At this point, all the Earls except young Wigstand found they had urgent business behind some trees. (10)

Flaming flame, here came the worm. Wigstand, who was nothing if not brave, ran after Peewee and caught up with him. Wigstand's wooden shield burned away, and he crouched behind Peewee's metal one.

Peewee struck the dragon with his sword, Nagging. But Nagging didn't help. It cracked.

When battling a flying, firebreathing, fifty-foot worm, one would do well to fight dirty. So Wigstand, who was nothing if not intelligent, too, started stabbing below the belt. Peewee, seeing that this bothered the dragon, drew his dagger and joined in.

Well, dragon died and Peewee died and Wigstand got to be King and threw out the Earls who had hid behind the trees.

And the Goats built a barrow for Peewee on the Headland of Horseneck. There they heaped the dragon hoard, and on top of everything, they built a beacon, as a symbol of Peewee, who had been a regular beacon for the Goats. I mean, when he got lit, he got lit.

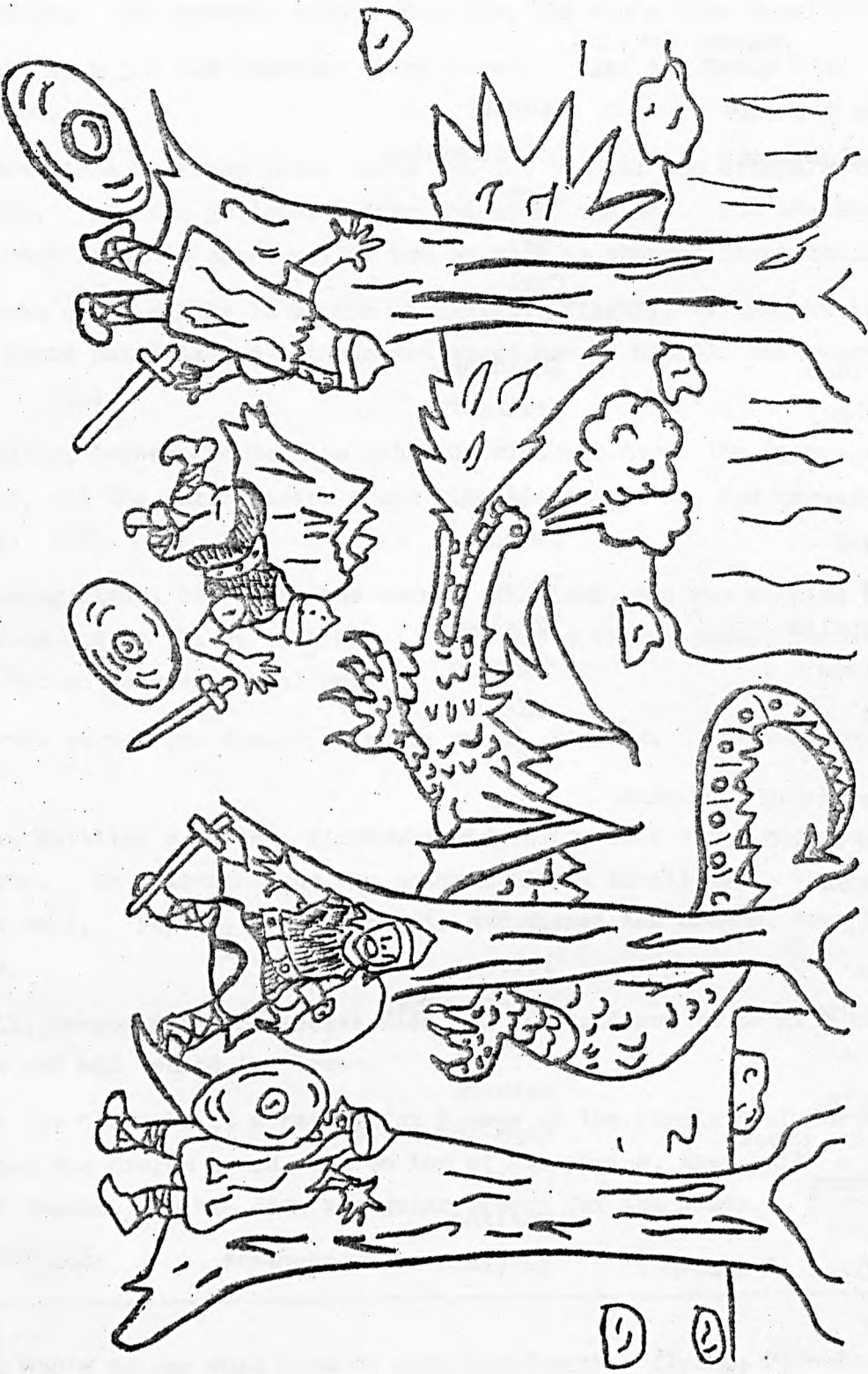
(10) And who's to say what he'd do when faced with a flying, fire-breathing, fifty foot worm ?

Double Index: But who were they really?
And where they really were.

Peewee the Wulf

Peewee the Wulf	Beowulf
Scandalnavians	Scandinavians
Weird	Wyrd
Earl	Earl
Carl	Carl
Shill	Shild
Shillings	Shildings
Hroughguy	Hrothgar
Hrotgut Hall	Heorot Hall
Wiltthou	Welthou
Grandad	Grendel
Goats	Geats
Hygienelac	Hygelac
Eggthrow	Ecgtheow
Unfit	Unferth
Breakfast	Breca
Markspitz of Spitzmark	?
sword Grunting	sword Hrunting
Frizzies	Frisians
Sweets	Swedes
Jukes	Jutes
King Hressle	King Hrethel
Hairball	Herbald
Hathsin	Hathcyn
Ugh the Sweet	Hugh the Swede
Wigstand	Wiglaf
Nagging	Nagling
Headland of Horseneck	Headland of Hrossenese

Power the Muf



...urgent business behind some
trees...

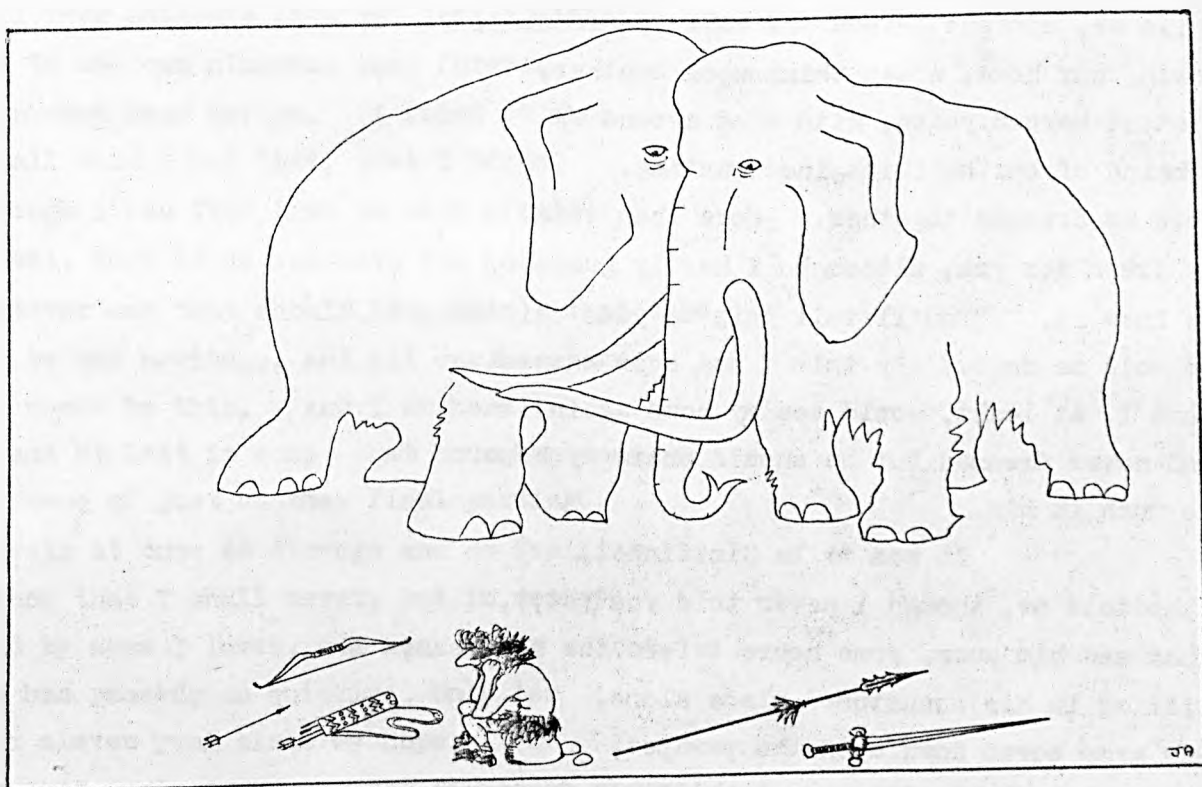
DEAR DIARY PAGE

The Annual General Meeting of the Tolkien Society will be held on
22nd February, 1975.

This information will be repeated ad nauseam in Bulletins and Mallorn 9.

As last year, we are hoping that we may be able to entertain honoured guests
at the Dinner to be held after the A. G. M.

Details of times, names and places etc. will be circulated when they have
been confirmed.



“I think he wanted us to charge him.”

What Elrond might have said to Arwen

by

Helen Smith

When I would stand together with him
Outside his chamber, far above the town
Facing overland towards the sea,
A passour in the West, the furthest edge
Of the mortal earth, where almost beyond thought
The Un-bent ocean flows into the Sky.
He would look long: but I looked more at him
Till his eyes fell slowly to the city,
Flowing away below us in the sunlight,
And stay there, on the treetops and the roofs,
Streets, towers, nestling in its beauty,
Well known to him. After a little while
He'd smile, and without turning, say most quietly,
"This is a peaceful place." The usual thing,
Lindon was home to him, as he to me,
Where wind was always beating in our hair
Down from the mountains, up from the ocean shore,
While we, content beyond the call of dreaming,
Loving our home, would think upon another,
Instant beyond years, with wind around us
Singing of our half-imagined parting.
This we dreamed together. More than this,
My dream was you, although I hardly guessed.
He knew it. "You'll tell this to your children, El."
He told me once. By this I had some earnest
That I, at least, would see my home again,
And never dreamed but he should share my hope
So much in him.

It was to be Glorfindel,
(Who told me, though I never told you yet,)
That saw him once, some hours before the daybreak,
Sitting in his accustomed place alone,
His arms bowed down upon the parapet,
His head bowed in his arms to hide his face,
Unseen, he thought, leaning upon the stone,
But 'Findle stood that night upon the watch ...
Otherwise, he never made it known

What touched his heart, or why he hid his eyes,
Who loved his country so, I cannot tell.
At least, I will not try. I do not know.
But shortly came Elendil's call: for when
Glorfindel came to Rivendell again,
My Lord came too. We turned out thoughts to war.
I had ceased to live in Lindon long before.
My Lord will never see Lindon again,
And truly, I will never see it the more,
Though I go back there in the autumn year.
I must return, but he will not be there.

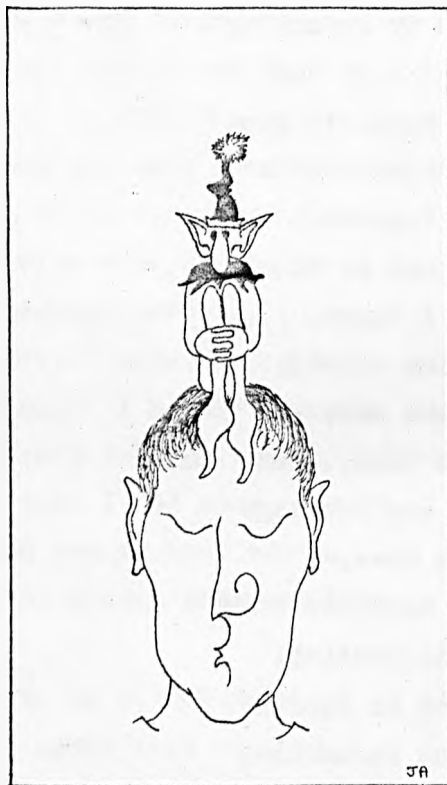
Never again. Down through the darkening years
Behind all other more important fears,
I've borne this dread that I should ever know
What "ever" really means. That I should fall,
By some mischance, or in some last disaster,
And not survive to bring my family there,
Which would have been to me as my returning
To whence I never came. I had such joy
First from the years when you began to grow
Until your mother's leaving, that I wished
Only to see our gladness last forever.
Remembered from before. I found so much
For all that I had lost, that I began,
Although I was from time to time afraid,
To feel, that if we won unto the end,
(Whatever end that should have been), that this
Must be our heritage, and all our heritage
Must needs be this. And I am here,
The end at last is won; that hour has come,
The scene of just another final parting.
It feels at once so strange and so familiar
To know that I shall never, but in memory,
Stand by some I loved, and hear their voices.
Time has passed, so quickly; only ten
Maybe eleven years since my hope
Was young again in you. Now fivescore years,
Or six at most remain on earth for you.
And yet, in you ... I do not speak of hope,

But which of us is exiled, you or I?
Of endless loss, tell me, is there no end?
Maybe even you will find an answer.
But I cannot tell.

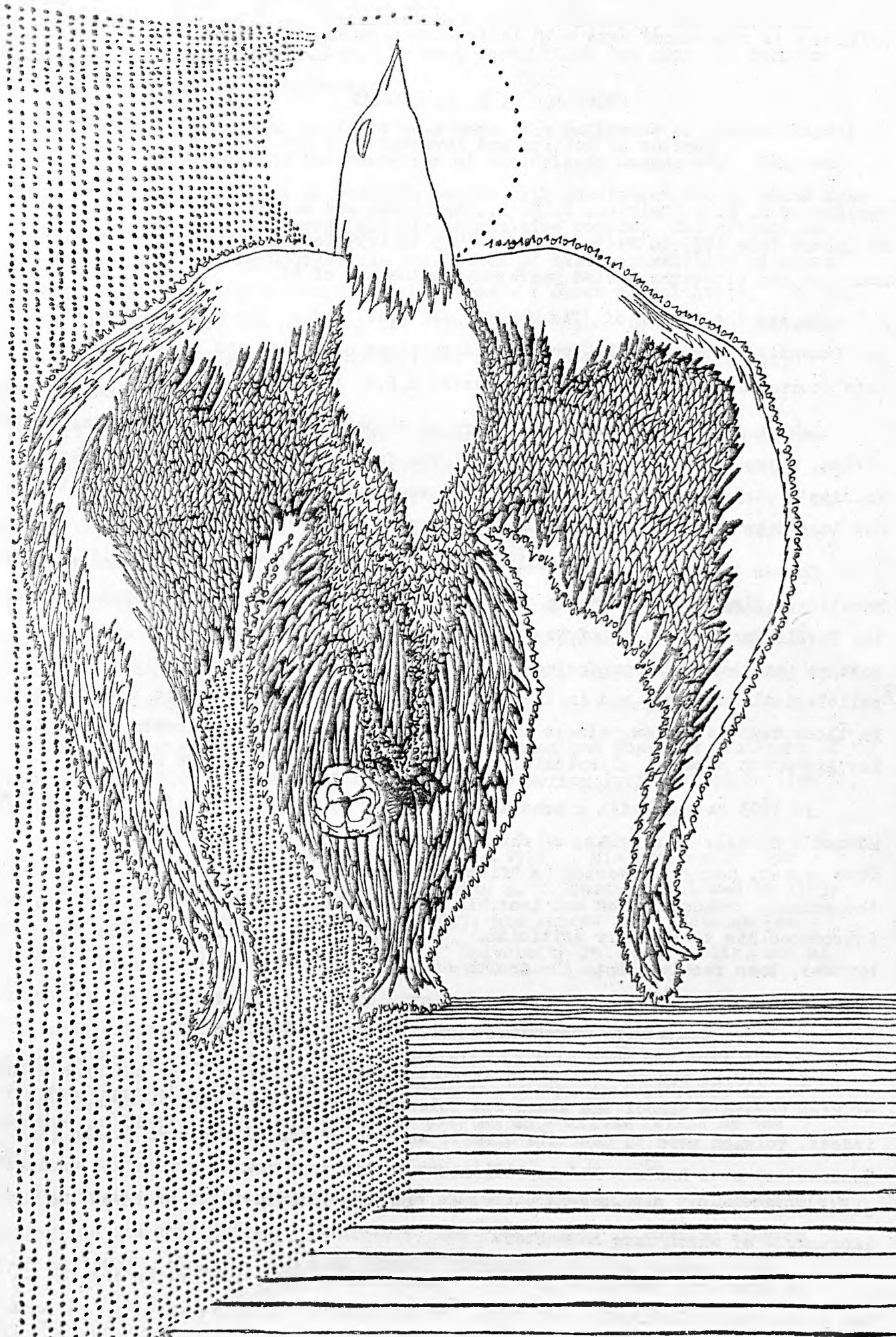
Since we must part, let us part well,
We both have chosen as we both must choose,
We both have lost that which we least would lose,
And what we most desired we both have gained.

Thus everything is said, as for me
Peace I may find at least beyond the Sea:
In Evereve, Undying, Everfair ...
Never again. My dearest loss is thee.

//*/*/*/*/*/*/*/*/*/*/*/*/*/



Elfhelm



OBITUARY

This is the full text of the obituary printed in "The Times" of the 3rd September 1973, and is reproduced here with their kind permission.

PROFESSOR J. R. R. TOLKIEN

Creator of Hobbits and inventor of a new mythology

"Professor J. R. R. Tolkien, C. B. E., Rawlinson and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford from 1925 to 1945, and from 1945 to 1959 Merton Professor of English Language and Literature, died yesterday at the age of 81.

He was the author of 'The Hobbit' and 'The Lord of the Rings', two much loved and immensely popular books, which sold millions of copies and have been translated into scores of languages. He was created C.B.E. last year.

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien was born on January 3, 1892, at Bloemfontein, South Africa, where his father died in 1896. The family returned to England, where Tolkien's early years were passed in what was then Worcestershire country, though now buried in the red brick of outer Birmingham.

He was taught by his mother, from whom he derived all his bent and early knowledge, linguistic, romantic and naturalist. To his descent through her, from the Suffields (originally of Evesham) he used to attribute that love for the Western Marches which manifested itself alike in Mercian studies (his primary philological interest) and in the elvish or "hobbity" strain in his imagination. In those days he had an "almost idolatrous" love of trees and flowers and a hunger for Arthurian romance, classical mythology, and especially George MacDonald.

In 1903 he went with a scholarship (gained by his mother's teaching) to King Edward's School, Birmingham, of which he reported much good and little evil. His form master, George Brewerton (a "fierce teacher"), introduced him to Chaucer in the correct pronunciation and lent him an Anglo-Saxon grammar; and R.W. Reynolds introduced him to literary criticism. In 1900 he had already, with his mother and brother, been received into the Church of Rome, and on his mother's death in 1904 Fr Francis Morgan, of the Birmingham Oratory, became his guardian. Of Fr Morgan Tolkien always spoke with the warmest gratitude and affection.

In 1910 he won an exhibition at Exeter College, Oxford. By the high standards of King Edward's School the award was tolerable rather than praise-worthy, and indeed, Tolkien used to describe himself as "one of the idlest boys Gilson (the Headmaster) ever had". But in "idleness" in his case meant private and unaided studies in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon and Welsh, and the first attempt at inventing a language - of which more hereafter.

He came into residence in 1911. Dr. Jackson was still Rector and the College had no resident classical tutor until the appointment of E. A. Barber. He came too

late to be of much help and Tolkien took only a 2nd in Honour Moderations, having somewhat neglected his studies in favour of "Old Norse, festivity, and classical philology." "My love for the classics," he said once, "took ten years to recover from lectures on Cicero and Demosthenes."

It was at this period that he first came under the influence of Joseph Wright; and he was now busily engaged on the invention of the "Elvish language". This was no arbitrary gibberish but a really possible tongue with consistent roots, sound laws and inflexions, into which he poured all his imaginative powers; and strange as the exercise may seem it was undoubtedly the source of that unparalleled richness and concreteness which later distinguished him from all other philologists. He had been inside language. He had not gone far with his invention before he discovered that every language presupposes a mythology; and at once began to fill in the mythology presupposed by Elvish.

In 1915 he took a First in English. Sisam and Craigie had been his tutors and Napier his professor. Immediately after Schools he entered the Lancashire Fusiliers. In 1916 he married Edith Bratt, whom he had known since boyhood. In 1918 he was back in Oxford, invalided out of the Army, and began to teach for the English School; E. V. Gordon was among his first pupils.

From 1920 to 1925 he worked at Leeds, first as Reader in English and later as Professor of English Language. George Gordon, E. V. Gordon and Lascelles Abercrombie were his colleagues, and some of his best work was done in building up a flourishing department of English Philology from small beginnings.

In 1925 he succeeded Craigie at Oxford as Rawlinson and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon, and in 1945 vacated that chair to become Merton Professor of English Language and Literature.

His Middle English Vocabulary had appeared in 1922. His edition of 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' (in collaboration with E. V. Gordon) followed in 1925; 'Beowulf'; 'The Monsters and the Critics' in 1937; his Andrew Lang Lectures (on Fairy Tales) 1939. He became an Hon. D Litt of University College, Dublin, and of Liege in 1954.

His most extensive researches were in the West Midland dialect from the Anglo-Saxon period to that of the 'Ancrene Riwe'; in this work his most distinguished pupil was Professor d'Ardenne. He retired from the Merton professorship on reaching the age limit in 1959 and was later elected an emeritus fellow of the college.

During the years 1925 - 35 he was, more than any other single man, responsible for closing the old rift between "literature" and "philology" in English studies at Oxford and thus giving the existing school its characteristic temper. His

unique insight at once into the language of poetry and into the poetry of language qualified him for this task.

Thus the private language and its offshoot, the private mythology, were directly connected with some of the most highly practical results he achieved, while they continued in private to burgeon into tales and poems which seldom reached print, though they might have won him fame in almost any period but the twentieth century.

'The Hobbit' (1937) was in origin a fragment from this cycle adapted for juvenile tastes but with one all important novelty, the Hobbits themselves. It is doubtful how far he realised that these comfort-loving, unambitious, and (in aspiration) unheroic creatures embodied what he loved best in the English character and saw most endangered by the growth of "subtopia", bureaucracy, journalism, and industrialisation.

They soon demanded to be united with his heroic myth on a far deeper level than 'The Hobbit' had allowed, and by 1936 he was at work on his great romance 'The Lord of the Rings', published in three volumes (1954 and 1955) and often reprinted and translated. The ironic destiny which links the humble happiness of Hobbits to the decision of vast issues which they would gladly ignore, and which even makes civilisation itself momentarily dependent on their latent and reluctant courage, is its central theme. It has no allegory.

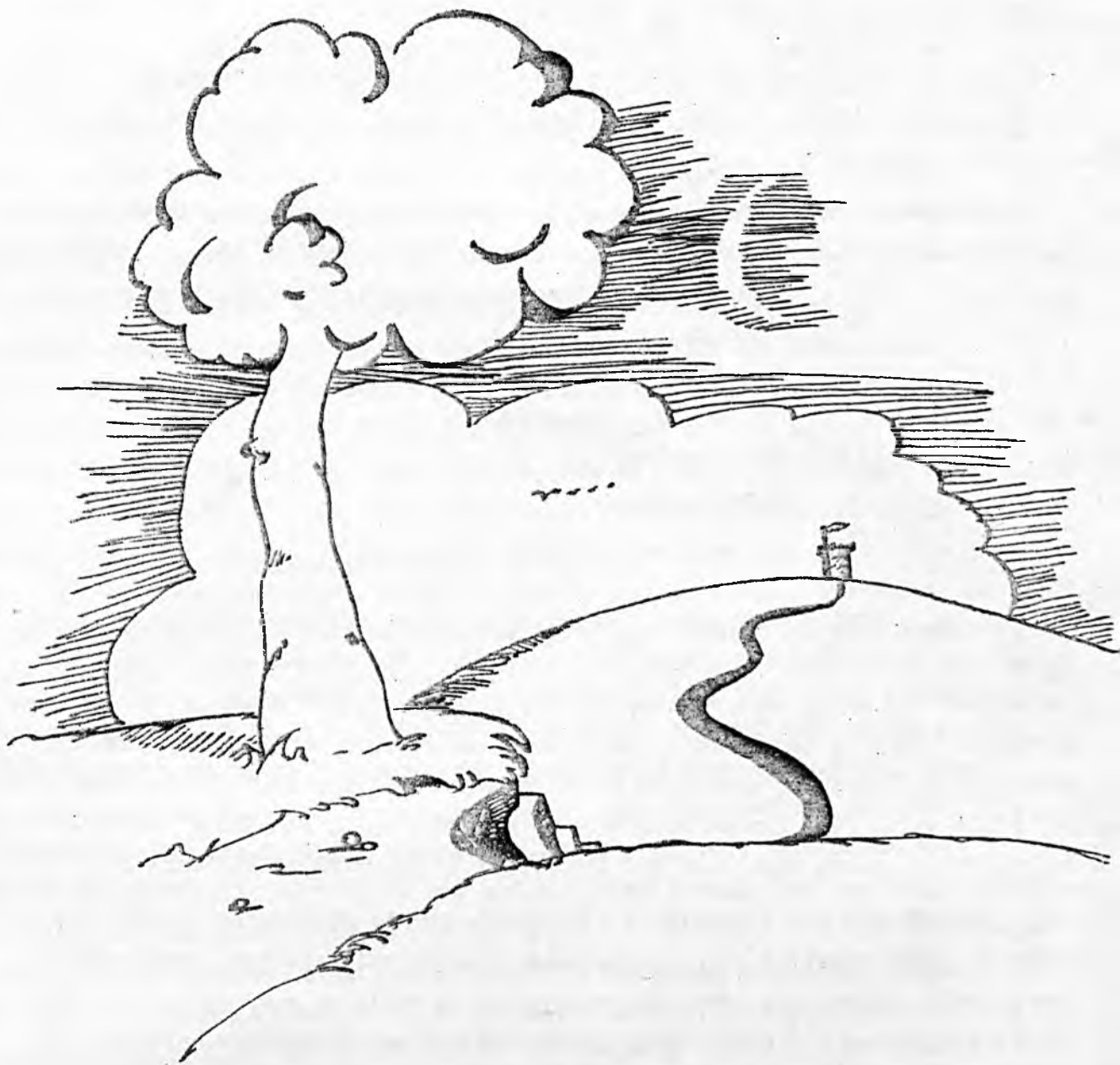
These things were not devised to reflect any particular situation in the real world. It was the other way round; real events began, horribly, to conform to the pattern he had freely invented. Hence those who heard the growing work read chapter by chapter in the months that followed the fall of France found it as relevant, as stern, and as tonic, as Churchill's promise of blood, sweat and tears. It cut right across all contemporary canons of criticism, and its success, when published, surprised and delighted the author and his friends.

Tolkien's spirited farce, 'Farmer Giles of Ham' (1954) was work of a wholly different type.

Only a tithe of the poems, translations, articles, lectures and notes in which his multifarious interest found expression ever reached the printer. His standard of self-criticism was high and the mere suggestion of publication usually set him upon a revision, in the course of which so many new ideas occurred to him that where his friends had hoped for the final text of an old work they actually got the first draft of a new one.

He was a man of "cronies" rather than of general society and was always best after midnight (he had a Johnsonian horror of going to bed) and in some small circle of intimates where the tone was at once Bohemian, literary, and Christian (for he was profoundly religious).

He has been described as "the best and worst talker in Oxford" - worst for the rapidity and indistinctness of his speech, and best for the penetration, learning, humour and "race" of what he said. C. L. Wrenn, R. B. McCallum of Pembroke, H. V. D. Lyson of Merton, C. S. Lewis of Magdalen and Charles Williams were among those who most often made his audience (and interrupters) on such occasions.



THE DUNADANIC EMPIRES IN MIDDLE EARTH

by Peter Burley

I thought this paper would be interesting to write because it cuts across our usual thinking about the historical development of Middle-earth. The conventional ("Whig" in Middle-earthly terms) view of Middle-earth's history is of long trends leading up to world wars at more or less regular intervals in which the forces of evil are defeated. The study of the Dunadanic empires does not begin or end with wars, and carries us forward to the Fourth Age.

I use the word "empires" as there were two quite distinct Dunadanic empires separated by 3,000 years. (The definition of empire I have taken when the Dúnedain were said to be ruled by a High King.)

The phases of Dunadanic history in the Westlands of Middle-earth were :-

- S.A. 600 - 1700 : Numenoreans establishing a presence.
- S.A. 1700 - 3320 : Development of Numenorean societies on Middle-earth, without a juridicial (*) basis.
- S.A. 3320 - T.A.2 : First Empire.
- T.A. 2 - 1974 : Two separate kingdoms.
- T.A. 1974 - 3019 : Gondor alone.
- T.A. 3019 - Fourth : Second Empire.

Age

(* juridicial - pertaining to the legal basis for political and administrative activity)

In S.A. 1700 a Numenorean expeditionary force defeated Sauron, thus ending the war of Sauron and the Elves (1693 - 1700). The seven years of war had devastated the whole area west of the Misty Mountain, and south of the Limlight, leaving a complete human power vacuum which could only be filled by Numenor. From 1700 - 2251 the Numenoreans steadily expanded their hold on the coast lines of Middle-earth from Lindon to Umbar, with havens being founded at suitable points, but the Grey Havens remained the chief port of entry to Middle-earth.

In 2251 the split between the Faithful and the Unfaithful became open in Numenor. (The Unfaithful wished to break the Ban which forbade them entry to the immortal lands, and hence to immortality as well; in a wider context the Unfaithful wished to reject their Elven cultural and historical heritage and the form of guardianship of the peoples of Middle-earth which it implied.) This split was reflected in Middle-earth, the political divisions reflecting themselves in geographical ones - the Faithful polarising towards the Grey Havens and the Unfaithful towards Umbar. The Numenorean colonists tended to come from divergent areas, the Faithful from Andunië in the West and the Unfaithful from other areas.

In 2280 the Unfaithful fortified Umbar and made it their chief port of entry into Middle-earth. This was a clear move to sever the now irksome connection with the Elves, but it also posed an immediate threat to the Faithful who replied, in 2350, by building and fortifying a southern haven at Pelargir. By this time

it must have been emerging that the patterns of colonisation of the two factions were different; while the Unfaithful were still holding only limited hinterlands from coastal bases, the Faithful were moving into these hinterlands - where they offered suitably defensive terrain, as around the Anduin where it passes the White Mountain - away from the sea altogether in the case of the Upper Paranduin. This placed them at a great advantage in the struggle for Middle-earth.

Though by no means a foregone conclusion, this struggle was in fact settled during Numenor's civil war (3175 - 3255). This war was between different factions of the Unfaithful, giving the Faithful a free hand for their imperialism in Middle-earth. By the end of this period the areas, later to be called the Realms in Exile, must have been fully-fledged societies on an efficient military footing. An area of around 20,000 square miles of heartland was linked by a network of roads and fortified giving defense and interior communications which enabled the Dunedain to dominate all of Middle-earth north of the Harren and West of the Anduin.

The term imperialism is used advisedly. The Faithful obviously saw their role in terms of a crusade in which it was their duty to protect the indigenous population of Middle-earth and defend both it and themselves. Their expansion was imperial because it did not allow for the existence of free societies within their orbit (e.g. Bree); it was their self-appointed historical destiny to establish hegemony on Middle-earth. Bree is a significant example because its people were organised, free, and opposed to Sauron but nonetheless, were incorporated into the empire. In the same juridical continuum (please excuse jargon) the Shire was under the rule of the kings of Arnor and forced to pay tribute and send troops to the king's armies.

So coming forward to 3319, the date of Numenor's destruction, we can assess the state of Middle-earth as follows: the (Unfaithful) Numenoreans held Umbar and its adjacent coastline to the Harren, and perhaps dominated the sea pushing the Faithful off the coasts while unable to seriously exploit this advantage because of the Faithful's ability to put superior land forces into the field operating on well protected interior lines of communication. The Faithful's heartlands were expanding from the defensible uplands adjacent to the Lower and Upper Anduin. At that date the northern area of colonisation was larger, more populous and militarily stronger. It was reinforced by the Elves of Lindon and Rivendell. For this reason Annúminas, the High King's capital was built there. The power of Arnor must have been at its greatest between 3255 and 3434 - (the later date being the departure of the army of the Last Alliance from the North) as it was able to hold the West bank of the Anduin safe for the passage of armies - hence also the hypothesised road there.

In 3320 Elendil bought the surviving Faithful from Numenor to Middle-earth and moved straight to Annúminas proclaiming himself and his heirs High Kings of the Dunedain.

(incidentally, this meant that theoretically the Numenoreans left in Umbar when Umbar was destroyed owed allegiance to Elendil - though, of course, they refused to acknowledge it). This accession gave the Númenórean societies a juridical foundation to add to their political fact.

The political structure of the First Empire was wholly monarchic; the High King's word was law, custom was constitution, and there existed neither opposition nor intermediary bodies in the constitution. The High King's seat was in Annúminas, the crown prince(s) were co-regents in Gondor in constant communication with the High King through the palantiri. This co-regency was almost certainly a measure of military expediency as there was no administrative or political need for it (as Aragorn was to show in the Second Empire). The First Empire must have been on a war footing throughout its 122 years of existence, the division between civil and martial administration must have been minimal if existing at all. Right through to Gondor in the late Third Age the only significant administrative or martial titles used are "Captain" and "Warden", both obviously military. A need for efficiency, spurred on by an omnipresent shortage of manpower kept the administration down to a minimum.

There was no concept of the independent vassal in the Númenórean societies (as there was in the societies of the Northmen), all land was owned directly by the king within his jurisdiction and the title of "lord" was only meaningful in as far as the holder fulfilled some military or administrative function related to the king's jurisdiction. In practice great offices of state and the administration of provinces tended to become hereditary within great families. This tradition can hardly have been evident in the First Empire which existed for only half a contemporary Númenórean life-span, but became more and more pronounced in the societies surviving down the Third Age within its juridical continuum.

The social structure of this empire was related totally to its racial structure on two if not three levels. This was at once its greatest strength and greatest weakness. The empire consisted of a mass of indigenous peoples with a feudal and urban elite of Dúnedain; only very small areas and a minimal percentage of the population were purely Dúnedain. All the peoples of Middle-earth within the empire's reach, who had survived the 1690's and did not worship Sauron were brought under the empire's jurisdiction. Those who did worship Sauron were exterminated in the process of Númenórean expansion; that was indeed one of the motive forces for their expansion. These peoples must have been living an impoverished and precarious existence without any societal framework. The Dúnedain offered protection, a societal framework for their existence and an assured "Faithful" place in the cosmic order of Middle-earth; in return these peoples were totally subjected to their Númenórean rulers, being denied all access to politics or administration and being consistently second-class citizens. If not immediately

subject to a Dúnadan in a feudal nexus, they were subservient to the Dúnedain in wider political, social, economic and racial relationships. There was no concept of a social contract here, merely of a cosmic destiny for the Dúnedain which involved a racial order of which they were the pre-ordained elite.

The differences between the two races were clear: the Dúnedain tended towards being tall, lightly built, dark-haired and grey-eyed, while the indigenous peoples were shorter and stockier and of no fixed pigmentation. The Dúnedain, as an outward indication of their life-style, tended to dress richly and wear their hair to its natural length, the indigenous peoples by force of practicality would tend towards functional clothing and appearance. Linguistically Westron came to be completely dominant, if indigenous languages survived at all it would be as local patois. One point worthy of note: the Dúnedain do not seem to have favoured beards (unlike the Northmen who invariably grew them). The real difference, however, the one which irrevocably marked a Dúnadan as a man apart from other men, was age span. Elros lived over four hundred years as a mortal, three and a half millenia later Valandil lived for over 250 years; even assuming the kings to be of purer blood and greater longevity the average life span of the Dúnedain during the First Empire can not have been less than 150 years, and near 200 probably. In the two hundred years one Dúnadan land-lord would see four generations of his vassals live and die, the psychological impact of this phenomenon can not be exaggerated, it put the two races in different universes.

The distribution of the races would have been very uneven. In rural lowland areas the ratio of Dúnadan to ordinary men might have fallen to 1:100 or even lower, with the Dúnedain forming no more than a racially distinct aristocracy. Areas of this nature would most probably have been Rhurdaur or Pinnath Gelin. Further into the heartlands, areas such as Lossamach or the North Downs, the ratio would swing in the Dúnedain's favour, while the great cities of Middle-earth were completely Dúnadan. With only a handful of exceptions, the city-dwellers of Middle-earth were the Dúnedain who were thus a double elite; feudal and urban. In terms of socio-economic structure the outlying areas of low Dúnadan population would be organised into large estates, these estates are interesting because particularly (perhaps only) in the North as the society decayed the estate became centred around a castle from which the local population were held under subjection. The heartlands were probably organised into smaller units analagous to farms run by families, one member of each family would be expected to serve in the army. Finally, the cities where there was almost complete racial purity, provided "services", that is armaments, justice and administration, manufacture and industry, and markets.

I said there might be a third racial division; this would have been within the Dúnedain themselves, between the mass who had been colonising Middle-earth for up to a thousand years and the elite or perhaps no more than 1000 people who

arrived on Middle-earth with Elendil in 3320. This elite from Andunië would have been of possibly purer blood than the earlier colonists, and certainly closer to Elendil. It is unlikely that this division would have led to much as the members of this elite surviving the war of the Last Alliance would by and large have been wiped out at Gladden Fields (the Northern Realm being the senior one and more powerful would naturally have been more their home than the Southern Realm).

The disaster of Gladden Fields in Third Age 2, when the whole Northern army was waylaid and destroyed, swept away the First Empire as a juridicial entity - though this was not immediately realised - and its physical entity subsequently destroyed. The royal family in 3340 had consisted of Elendil and his two sons Isildur and Anarion who shared the co-regency of Gondor, Isildur's four sons and Anarion's son Meneldil. Three of Isildur's sons fought with him, the fourth (Valandil) was still a child in Arnor. With Anarion's death in 3340 and Elendil's in 3341 Isildur assumed the High Kingship and his eldest son (un-named) became crown prince. For reasons not given, all three sons returned to Arnor in F.A. 2, and Meneldil was left as co-regent of Gondor on a purely informal basis. With the deaths of Elendil and his sons, Meneldil usurped the sovereignty of Gondor to himself while Valandil was still a minor. When Valandil came of age, the situation remained unchanged.

The immediate effects of the disaster were the loss of an almost complete aristocracy, and the contraction of Arnor into its heartlands, and the loss of influence east of the Misty Mountains, and south of the Greyflood. The deeper effect was an ever-greater strain on the fabric of the state imposed by the contradiction between maintaining a Dúnadanic society and the resources available. Under this strain Annúminas was abandoned early in the Third Age, and the Realm fragmented in 861. Outlying areas in both Rhurdaur and Cardolan degenerated into Unfaithfulness. A stable solution was only reached with the complete eradication of Arnor as a physical entity in 1974 and the subsequent re-appraisal which led to the adoption of the "Outward" life-style of nomadic tribesmen while depending on a strong cultural base at Rivendell. The North returned completely to its Elven roots whence it had emerged with Elros some 5,000 years earlier.

The South was largely unaffected by the disaster, but recovery from the war - which had been largely fought in the South - was slow. Only in the 9th century did expansion begin, and imperialism only in the 10th. From 935 (capture of Umbar) to 1146 Gondor annexed virtually the whole known world except the area of Arnor, the Misty Mountains and the Anduin valley, but there was no stable basis for the empire and it suffered a period of decadence 1146 - 1304, and complete collapse 1432 - 2002. In extent it was larger than the First Empire, but its heyday was nearly as brief.

The death-blow to the empire was the civil war of 1432 - 48 known as the Kin-strife, but this dynastic title conceals a war originating in deep-seated internal conflicts. From 830 onwards, to combat Umbar, Tarannon (Falastir) founded a naval establishment which his successor Eärnil I (913 - 936) enlarged and housed in Pelargir which he had rebuilt. The navy attracted the most conservative and racially-minded of the Dúnedain, men prepared to put purity of blood before all other considerations. The strains of maintaining the empire stretched Gondor's resources of manpower up to and beyond their limits; bloated with power and wealth, Gondor was nonetheless unable to expand further and increasingly vulnerable to attack from the East. This situation represented the phase of decadence 1146 - 1304.

Romendacil II (1304 - 1366) recognised the problem and proposed a solution which, in effect, involved inviting the Northmen into the empire to share its burdens. To this end he sent his son to live in Rhovanion. This policy, and the threatened abandonment of racial purity by Valacar, who married his son (Eldacar) to a Rhovanion princess, was intolerable to the naval establishment which was by now a political force embracing all the southern provinces. By the end of Valacar's reign these provinces were in revolt, and at his death in 1432 they declared rebellion and proclaimed Eldacar's cousin Castamir king.

The provinces of Lossarnach, Lebennin and Ithilien were the battle ground for the civil war; we can therefore assume that the provinces to the south were rebel (Belfalas, Harondor and Umbar), those to the north were loyalist (Anorien and Calenardhon), and the battle ground itself divided, polarising towards the rebels in the south and the king in the north. The results of the war were the loss of the navy, of Harondor and Umbar, the loss of irreparable life and massive destruction. The empire never recovered and contraction was steady thereafter, despite frequent infusions of Northmannish blood.

At the end of the Third Age Gondor was a racially mixed state on three levels, Dúnedain, indigenous population and colonists. Just as there had been little or no mixing between populations in the Second Age, so there was not in the Third Age. The races lived in separate spheres, they may even have had separate systems of law and administration; certainly all high offices of state (outside the army) were reserved exclusively to men of Numenorean lineage. This slowly concentrating elite had gathered the reigns of power ever more firmly into his own hands. By the reign of Denethor the Last Steward there was the risk of complete inertia with stability of the Numenorean elite being the paramount consideration in all fields of activity.

It was from this base that Aragorn had to build the Second Empire; looking at his career it is difficult to imagine a man better suited to the task. Raised in the Elven culture at Rivendell he then proceeded to acquaint himself with all the other significant cultures of Middle-earth, being fully acquainted with Gondor before the War of the Ring began.

He deliberately set out to foster a policy of racial integration which would eventually dismantle the now fossilised structure of Gondor. The policy of absolute racial segregation had never been wholly adhered to, and was under attack already at the close of the Third Age when, in 2943 Thengel, king of Rohan, had married Morwen of Lossarnach. The lords of Lossarnach were probably of the great families of Gondor, on a par with the lords of Dol Amroth. (Incidentally, the alliance with Rohan, 2510 onwards, was simply a different version of the alliance a millenium earlier with Rhovanion, and it was differently structured to avoid the pitfalls of the earlier one).

Within months of his accession Aragorn had encouraged Faramir to marry Eowyn, and Eomer married Lothiriel of Dol Amroth a year later. Thus the two greatest families of Gondor were already intermarried with lesser peoples before the close of the Third Age.

The expansion of the empire, given the wholly different attitude, was by federation rather than imperialism. Incidentally, however, Gondor expanded back into land historically hers such as Ithilien and subsequently began to establish a new society in Arnor. The mistake of dividing authority between co-regents, even if there had been any, was not made and when Aragorn left for Annuminas, to found a new court and capital there, he took the palantir of Orthanc with him to ensure communication. Within the sphere of influence of the Empire free and organised societies not opposed to it were placed under no coercion to join. Indeed such societies as Bree or the Shire were not even asked to pay tribute.

The jurisdiction of this empire by the close of Third Age was Gondor as it had been in 3019, Ithilien, the area of Arnor, and Rohan. Its lines of development were to the East and South rather than along the Anduin. The area west of Isengard was probably left to Rohan and the Anduin valley to Dale - both obviously friendly powers. We could think, then, of this empire expanding into a series of federated spheres of interest linked by a common jurisdiction rather than political institutions.

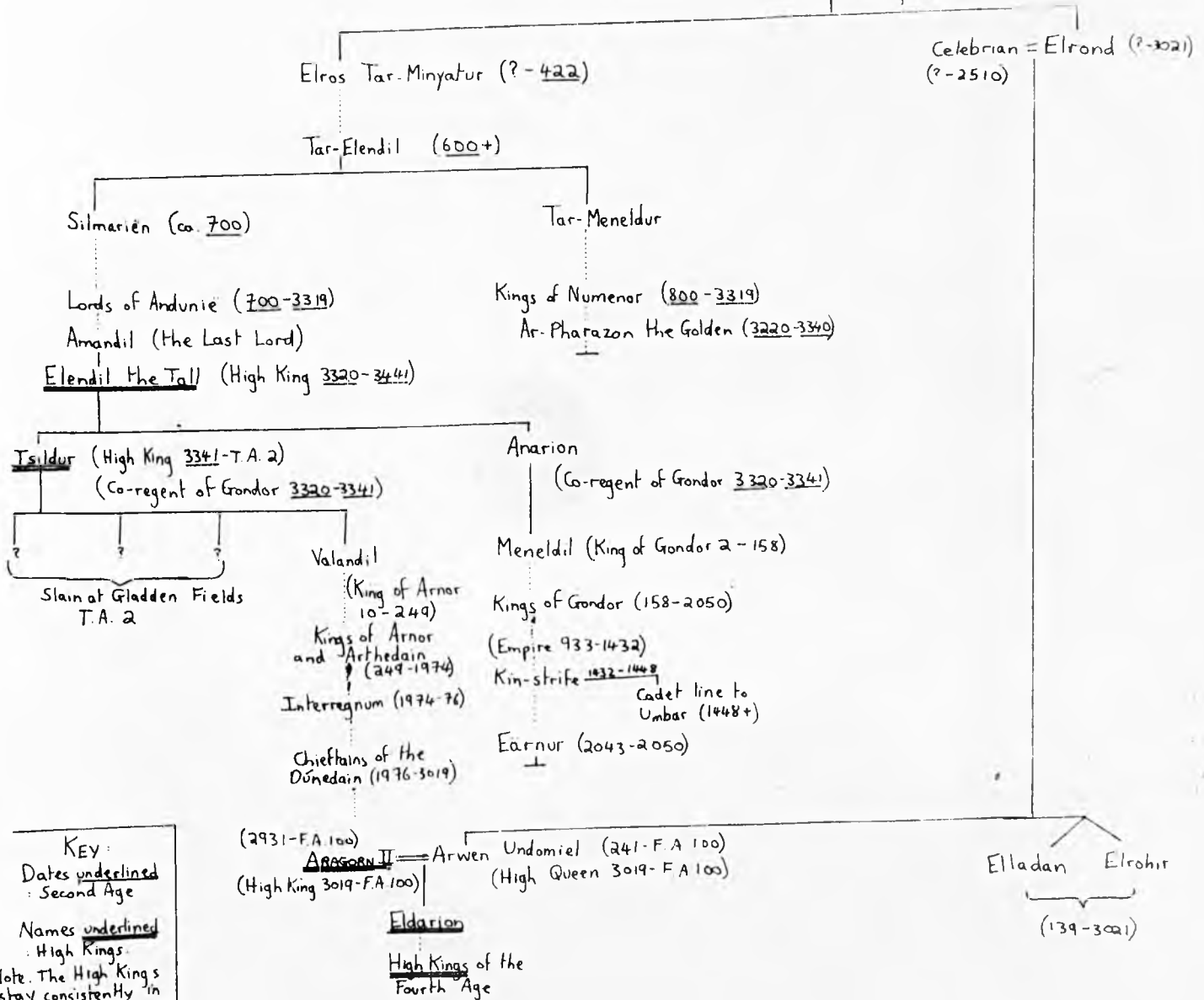
Economically its expansion was rapid, the Dwarves and Elves helping wherever they could (Ithilien, Minas Tirith, Helm's Deep, etc.). Just as the last century of the Second Age must have witnessed a breath-taking amount of activity, so must the first century of the Fourth Age. Although much of the old order based on Elendil's work would survive into the Fourth Age, as time went on its force

(particularly in the racial sphere) would weaken; change, expansion, development would have marked the reigns of Aragorn and Eldarion, and with the racial contradictions and tensions eradicated their work may have been crowned by stability greater than Elendil's.

Half-Elven Family Trees to show Political Development

MORTAL IMMORTAL

Beren = Lúthien Tinúviel
Earendil the Mariner = Elwing the Fair



KEY:
Dates underlined : Second Age
Names underlined : High Kings
 Note: The High Kings stay consistently in the senior line.

This is, I hope, the final episode in the Great Subscription Saga; our Treasurer writes :-

"As from the end of June, the method of charging subscriptions will change. The new system starts on the 30th June - any subscription received after this date will run for twelve months, at which time they will be renewable.

During the 12 months, the member will receive all publications issued by the Society.

As far as existing members are concerned, at some time in the future, you will eventually receive a publication marked 'your subscription A.G.M. expired'. When this happens, your cheque for £1.50 (or 5.00 U.S. dollars) is due; on paying your subscription, your membership is renewed for one year.

We will, of course, remind you each year when your sub. becomes due."

P.S.

Visit to Oxford - Saturday 14th September. Details will be given in the Bulletin .

A. G. M. and Dinner - Saturday 22nd February, 1975. Location to be decided.

