AN OR

ISSUE 12

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Mike Percival, Editor of the Magazine you are now reading, sales Manager of the Cambridge Tolkien Society, and general external contact for the Minas Tirith Smial has moved house. His address (and also that of Maggie Thomson) is now:-

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Mike can also be contacted:-

i) Via his pigeon hole in Jesus College

ii) In the Department of Earth Sciences, room M10 (or via pigeon hole), or on University extension 3474

iii) On the University computer, userid MJLP

POSITION VACANT

As some of you are no doubt aware, the A.G.M. of the Cambridge Tolkien Society was held in March, and at it the new Chairman (Ian Alexander), Treasurer (Graham Taylor) and Officer Without Portfolio (Chris Bull) were elected. However, no-one stood for the post of Secretary, so following the departure of the last secretary, Adam Atkinson, this position is now vacant. The duties of the secretary are to take minutes at committee meetings, to help deliver missives and *Anor*, to act as a contact for University members who want to find out about the society, and to generally take an active part in the running of the society. These duties are hardly time consuming (or at least, Adam never seemed to let them take up too much of his time!), so if you are interested in taking on the post, or would like more information, please contact Ian Alexander at Churchill College.

REMEMBER
Your Society Needs You

The Cambridge Tolkien Society can only go on providing an active service to Cambridge (and other) Tolkien Fans if someone is prepared to make a small effort to run it.

THAT SOMEONE IS YOU

Contents

Editorial

Welcome to *Anor 12*. As you will see this issue has, to a certain extent, fulfilled my ambition of being a 'bumper Oxonmoot/Societies Fair edition', principally due to the large volume of comments—keep them rolling in—with luck, I may have to expand to 24 pages for the next issue if enough people write to me. However, there is still plenty of scope for improvement. I am beginning to get the feeling that this magazine has got rather stuck with a small number of regular contributors (although it is nice to welcome a contribution from Julian Bradfield for the first time since *Anor 2*!). A bit more variety of view would be nice, even if it is only on the comments page—but that requires you to put pen to paper—please! Even more disappointing is the lack of Artwork. I complained in the last editorial that *Anor 11* had even less artwork than ever before, but I think this issue is even worse. (Thank you, though, to Susan Foord for her contributions, without which there would be none at all!). PLEASE, send me something, 'cos otherwise I might *have* to draw something myself!

Depending on whether you are reading this in Cambridge, the Other Place, or else-where, let me take this opportunity to wish you a successful term/ happy Oxonmoot/ happy Christmas (delete as applicable), and to remind you that the copy date for *Anor 12A* is December 1st.

<div align="right">Mike Percival</div>

The Layman's Guide to
Advanced Tolkien Studies

UNFINISHED TALES
of Númenor and Middle-earth

Introduction

Unfinished Tales, published in 1980, was the first of the now numerous volumes of Tolkien's writings to appear as a collection of incomplete narratives, a form which in my opinion does great justice to Tolkien's genius as a storyteller, as well as providing wonderful opportunities for those of us interested in the literary history of his works. This collection spans fifty years from 1917 to 1967 in its composition.

In presentation it is divided into four parts, the first three corresponding to writings relating to each of the first three ages of Middle-earth, and the fourth consisting of three essays drawing together information on respectively the Drúedain, the Istari and the Palantíri. Those notes of a primarily bibliographical nature have been separated in the introduction, which makes them easy to skip at the first time of reading.

Although the individual tales in *UT* are independent and can be read in any order, those of the first age are much easier to read with a background knowledge of *The Silmarillion*, and those of the third improve with knowledge of *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Hobbit*. Thus I would not recommend *UT* as a first reader in Tolkien Studies, or even in Advanced Tolkien Studies.

The First Age

The two tales in this part tell of Tuor son of Huor and Túrin son of Húrin, brother of Huor, of the house of Dor-lómin, the greatest of the three houses of the Edain. Both tales were written before 1920, though the versions in *UT* are later revisions. 'Of Tuor and his coming to Gondolin' is merely the first part of what, if completed, would have been the 'Lay of Tuor and the Fall of Gondolin'. The 'Narn I Hîn Húrin' (Tale of the Children of Húrin) is longer, though by no means complete.

'Of Tuor and his Coming to Gondolin' contains impressive descriptive passages, notably of the coast of Beleriand along which Tuor travels, and of the gates of Gondolin. Unfortunately there is no map of Beleriand (like the one in *The Silmarillion*) in the book on which to follow his journey, though such lack may be felt less by non-geographers! [you could always use the map in *The Silmarillion*, presuming you have a copy handy—ed.] Most memorable in this tale is the description of the meeting of Tuor with the Vala Ulmo, Lord of the Waters, beneath Vinyamar, and for this passage alone its publication would be merited.

'Narn I Hîn Húrin' is in my opinion far superior to the version of this story in *The Silmarillion*, as a result of its expansion from the bare bones given there. This is perhaps the most beautiful and moving of all Tolkien's writings, in which nothing is spared in developing the characters in detail—allowing us to identify with them in a way which is difficult with many of his truly 'heroic' characters. Unfortunately the middle section consists only of disjointed notes which are set, with a commentary, in an appendix. Here knowledge of the version in *The Silmarillion* is vital, since it is frequently referred to. The story tells of how the family of Húrin was split when he was captured during and held after the Nirnaeth Arnoediad (Battle of Unnumbered Tears). Túrin was fostered in Doriath, but after reaching manhood he left in pride and misunderstanding after an accidental killing. After wandering for a while, he took up with outlaws for a time, before travelling to Nargothrond, where he became the famed 'Black Sword of Nargothrond'. After the fall of Nargothrond his mother Morwen and sister Nienor searched for Túrin in the ruins, but he had already left and joined the woodmen of Brethil. Glaurung, who had taken up residence in Nargothrond, killed Morwen and placed Nienor under a spell of forgetfulness. Túrin found Nienor (whom he had not seen since childhood) and she (under the spell of Glaurung) could not even remember who she was. After some time they married. Glaurung, enraged by the defence of Brethil against the orcs, moved to attack, but was finally defeated by Túrin. Glaurung's death broke the spell on Nienor, who coming on the scene found Túrin, apparently dead. She killed herself by leaping into the gorge of the Teiglin, and Túrin, on his recovery and realising all that had happened, took his own life with Gurthang, the original Black Sword.

The Second Age

This part of the book begins with the 'Description of the Island of Númenor', which includes the only existing map of that isle. There is no story, merely description, and thus this section is probably of interest to addicts only ... 'give me Tolkien, give me more Tolkien'.

This is followed by the story of 'Aldarion and Erendis: The Mariner's Wife', a story from Númenor in its prime, when relations with the Eldar were still good. It tells of Aldarion, the king's heir and a great sailor and shipbuilder, who went on many long voyages, and Erendis his lover and wife, who was a great lover of trees. Eventually they were estranged by this difference. Like the earlier stories, this tale ends in disjointed notes.

Like the 'Description ...', 'The Line of Elros' consists of hard facts (and dates) about the rulers of Númenor—again for addicts (and quiz question setters!) only.

'The History of Galadriel and Celeborn' is the least continuous narrative in *UT*; as a result it appears as passages linked by a commentary, together with five appendices relating to particular details, as well as the numerous footnotes common to all the Tales. It does, however, give some indications of Galadriel's history, but not a definitive version. It is intriguing all the same, particularly to those who are interested in the literary history of Middle-earth.

The Third Age

The tales in this part tend to tie up some of the 'loose ends' of *LotR* (in the vein of the 'Tale of Aragorn and Arwen'). The first is 'The Disaster of the Gladden Fields' which tells of the fall of Isildur and the loss of the One Ring into the Anduin. 'Cirion and Eorl and the Friendship of Gondor and Rohan' is the longest tale in this part and takes the form of four short tales which together cover the origin of the Éothéod from Northmen akin to the Dúnedain, who settled in the Vale of the Anduin during the war against the Wainriders.

The first alliance of Gondor and the ancestors of the Rohirrim, under Calimehtar and Marhwini respectively, occurred at this time. However in the days of Eärnil II (last but one of the kings of Gondor) the Éothéod moved to the north of Mirkwood. It was over five centuries later when Cirion the Steward, aware of the massing of Gondor's enemies, sent messengers to Eorl, who rode south with all force. Eorl arrived (surprise, surprise) in the nick of time, and the battle was won. Eorl was given in reward the land which was later to be named Rohan, and swore a great Oath of Friendship with Cirion on the Hill of Awe (Amon Anwar) at the centre of the southern kingdom.

'The Quest of Erebor' and the main narrative in 'The Hunt for the Ring' are both in the form of the words of Gandalf to the hobbits after the War of the Ring, and explain a little more about how Bilbo came to find the Ring and how the Black Riders tried to regain it. If not quite 'hobbit talk'—a feature Tolkien felt to be lacking in the tales of the earlier ages—these are in style similar to *The Lord of the Rings*. 'The Hunt for the Ring' contains a number of fragments concerning Gollum and Saruman and their searches for the Ring.

'The Battle of the Fords of Isen' fills in an off-stage detail in *LotR* and tells of the defence of the Fords against Saruman's forces by Théodred and Erkenbrand, with the aid of Elfhelm and his riders, in two battles which took place at the time of the overthrow of Isengard by the Ents.

Section Four

As already noted this section consists of three short essays. 'The Drúedain' tells a little of the long history of the 'wild men' of Ghân-buri-Ghân, and includes a couple of tales about them, told by the folk of Haleth and thus dating from the first age. In 'The Istari' not all is explained, but anyone who has wondered about the origin of Gandalf and his relationship to Saruman and Radagast will read this avidly. 'The Palantíri' expands on Gandalf's talk to Peregrin during their ride from Dol Baran to Minas Tirith (*The Two Towers*, II)

The book is completed by a comprehensive Index which is very useful, but is not, on the other hand, required to enjoy the book.

Conclusion

In conclusion I want to restate the fact that the various tales are independent, so don't be afraid to plunge in at whatever point takes your fancy. I'm sure that you will be entertained and gain further appreciation of Tolkien's genius.

<div align="right">Duncan McLaren</div>

If you feel inspired by this series, and feel you would like to read any of the books surveyed, but don't posses a copy of your own and would like to try a sample before boosting the coffers of Christopher Tolkien and Allen & Unwin further (as if they need it), please don't hesitate to ask either me or any committee member, who will be delighted to help you track down a copy to borrow.

<div align="right">Mike Percival</div>

Review

J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Shaping of Middle-earth*, ed. Christopher Tolkien.
London: George Allen & Unwin, 1986. 380pp. £14.95

The Shaping of Middle-earth is the fourth volume in the series *The History of Middle-earth*, and is so called because, to quote the blurb, "in [the writings] is seen a great advance in the chronological and geographical structure of the legends of Middle-earth and Valinor". The book brings us to the 1930s, when the mythology had reached a form fairly close to that published in *The Silmarillion*, which in some ways makes it harder to keep track of than the *Lost Tales*, as it is no longer so different as not to be confusing.

Part I comprises three fragments. The first is the beginning of a new version of *The Fall of Gondolin* (*BoLT2*); the second is a description of the coming of the Noldoli to Middle-earth, moving slightly towards the later story; and the third is a few lines of notes on events from the death of the Trees to the flight of the Noldoli—it is an advance on the story of *Lost Tales*, but has some curiosities. Incidentally, in this fragment, Christopher Tolkien cannot explain the sentence "The threats of Fëanor to march to Cú nan Eilch"—I suggest (tentatively) that Cú nan Eilch is 'the Arch of Swans', i.e. the entrance to Swanhaven.

Part II, 'The Earliest "Silmarillion"', is the 'Sketch of the Mythology' that Tolkien wrote in 1926–30 to give the background to the Lays. This text is the direct ancestor of the succeeding forms, and much of the story of *The Silmarillion* and even some of the sentences can be seen. It would be superfluous to give much detail; as in the previous volumes, Christopher Tolkien's commentary is very thorough, so that one almost wonders whether there is anything more to be said! A few examples of features that emerge in the 'Sketch' (which is extremely compressed) are: the first two kindreds of the Elves (now called, confusingly enough, the Qendi and the Noldoli) were ferried to Valinor together, and the third kindred (now called the Teleri or Solosimpi) grow to love the Sea during their wait for Ulmo to return for them; Morgoth's quarrel with Ungoliant; the Siege of Angband; the raid of the Sons of Fëanor on the Havens of Sirion. Of particular interest in this book is the development of the Eärendel story; this is not simple, and I do not feel I can summarize it; but in the 'Sketch', Eärendel still comes too late to Kôr, and so does not achieve anything by his voyage, for the Host of the West has already left, thanks to Ulmo's bidding. Bound in with this is the increase in importance of the Silmarils; in the 'Sketch', the Silmaril of Beren and Lúthien is drowned in the raids on the havens of Sirion; one Silmaril is stolen by Maglor and goes with him into the earth; and it is the remaining Silmaril that is given to Eärendel.

Finally, an eschatology appears, advanced from that of the *Lost Tales*. It is said that Morgoth will return through the Door of Night, the Last Battle will be fought, and the spirit of Túrin (surviving in some unknown manner) shall slay Morgoth (and how does one slay a Vala?); the Silmarils will be recovered, and broken to rekindle the Trees, the Mountains of Valinor will be levelled, and there will be a wholesale resurrection and rejuvenation. I fervently hope that we find out what the later versions of the Second Prophecy of Mandos were!

Part III is the *Quenta Noldorinwa*; this was written in 1930 in a finished style, much expanded from the 'Sketch'. The first third does not make major changes to the 'Sketch',

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other than the introduction of what became the *Valaquenta*, though many minor details are introduced. The first big change is astronomical/cosmological: the Sun and the Moon, instead of passing out through the Door of Night to return to the East, go underneath the Earth, as they do in *The Silmarillion*. In the cosmology of the time, the Walls of the World are altogether stronger than in *Lost Tales*; now they bound the World completely, and were pierced only for the expulsion of Morgoth.

After the rescue of Maidros by Finweg (as the later Fingon was then called—the changes in names and relationships of the Noldorin princes are more than a little confusing!), the *Quenta* expands considerably in content as well as style, introducing the later story of the Dwarves; of Men (though the Houses and history of men have still many permutations to undergo before reaching the published version); much of the story of the Fifth Battle, including the impetuous assault by Flinding (later Gwindor). Then the *Quenta* follows the 'Sketch' more closely again, until the story of Eärendel, where very major changes towards *The Silmarillion* occur: it is now that Eärendel becomes the all-important Ambassador, who comes before the Valar and moves them to action, and is accompanied by Elwing, who now has the Silmaril of Beren and Lúthien. It is notable that Eärendel is separated from Elwing when he is set to sail the skies, and they remain apart until the end of the world, a tragedy that did not survive into *The Silmarillion*.

In the second typescript of the *Quenta* (it would be too easy if there were just one!), the story of Maidros, Maglor and the Silmarils appears in its final form, as in *The Silmarillion*.

Finally in Part III, there is a translation by Ælfwine/Eriol of the first couple of pages of the *Quenta* into Old English, and a poem, 'The Horns of Ylmir', in which Tuor tells of his meeting with Ulmo (Ylmir).

Part IV is 'The First "Silmarillion" Map', which was written on a sheet of examination paper. The map is reproduced in a colour plate, and there is a detailed commentary pointing out the changes to the geography of Middle-earth indicated by the map.

Part V, 'The Ambarkanta', gives the cosmology of the World as Tolkien saw it a few years after writing the *Quenta*. The cosmology is more elegant and appealing than in the *Lost Tales*—the World is globed amid the Void (*Kúma*), bounded by the Walls of the World (*Ilurambar*), which now enclose the World rather than surrounding it like a fence; the *Vai* and *Vaitya* of *Lost Tales* coalesce into all-enfolding *Vaiya*; there are two airs: *Vista*, the lower air in which the clouds and birds are, and *Ilmen*, the upper air (interestingly, it is said that the air in Valinor is *Ilmen*, wherefore mortal birds do not fly into Valinor—what about the other animal (and indeed Elvish) life in Valinor?).`

In addition to the *Ambarkanta* proper (supposedly written by Rúmil), there are five diagrams and maps illustrating the cosmology.

Part VI is 'The Earliest Annals of Valinor'. The *Annals of Valinor* went through three versions—this is the first, and (I quote) "it was followed later in the 1930s by a second version, and then, after the completion of *The Lord of the Rings* and very probably in 1951–2, by a third, entitled the *Annals of Aman*, which though still a part of the continuous evolution of these *Annals* is a major new work, and which contains some of the finest prose in all the Matter of the Elder Days"—a typical tantalizing hint of what is to come (we hope)!

The *Annals* are the first published chronology of the time before the Sun, and so are of considerable interest. The whole time from the creation of the World to the rising of the Sun was three thousand 'Valian Years', which is thirty thousand of our years. An 'age'

is one hundred Valian years, so Melko was imprisoned for nine (later seven, later three) thousand years in Mandos.

The *Annals* do give the impression that things happened rather more slowly than is credible—Tolkien must have felt this as well, for as first written, the events from the death of the Trees to the rising of the Sun spanned nine Valian years (ninety years), but the dates were altered so as to make them span less than two Valian years; this assisted poor Maidros, who according to the first set of dates spent some twenty years hanging from Thangorodrim!

There is an appendix giving some Old English versions of the *Annals*.

The last part of this book is 'The Earliest Annals of Beleriand'; these, companion to the *Annals of Valinor*, are a chronology of the First Age of the Sun; points of interest are the appearance of Húrin's time in Gondolin, and the way in which the First Age was greatly lengthened from the first version of these *Annals* to *The Silmarillion*.

In conclusion, I find this book more interesting (and considerably easier to read—the two may not be unconnected!) than *The Lays of Beleriand*, but it is still really only for 'enthusiasts', and for those as interested in the 'meta-history' of Middle-earth as in the sub-created history.

Finally, I quote the last paragraph of the Preface: "The fifth volume will contain my father's unfinished 'time-travel' story, *The Lost Road*, together with the earliest forms of the legend of Númenor, which were closely related to it; the *Lhammas* or Account of Tongues, *Etymologies*; and all the writings concerned with the First Age up to the time when *The Lord of the Rings* was published"; and ask, what colour will the next volume be?

Julian Bradfield
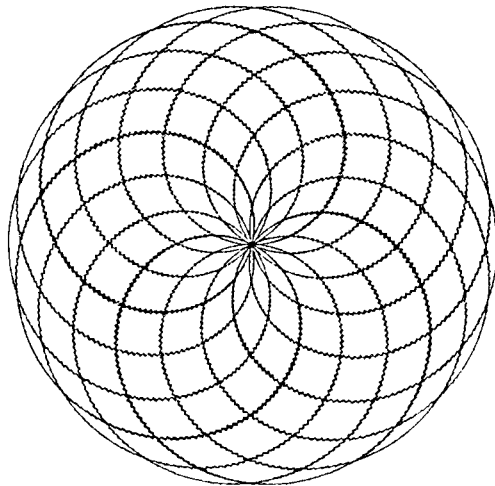
"...I almost felt I liked the place."

Comment

After my complaints about the lack of comments on *Anor 11*, I am flooded with them this time. I shall start off by giving in full this reply from **Edward Crawford** to our recent articles on the Economics of Middle-earth.

I was delighted to see some of my guesses about the Political Economy of the Shire taken up by Duncan McLaren and Ian Alexander. I do not think I would quarrel at present with what McLaren says about the structure of present giving, but I remain convinced that the hobbits' world and its motivations are more akin to our own than to that of Melanesia. Frodo and Bilbo's world was, after all, a world of money, literacy, inherited wealth and class distinctions and with a family structure that seems West European. Even if he is right I would take issue with his views on both his estimates of population size and of its density in the Shire during the Third Age. I will start by conceding that there is indeed a problem, for I too was astounded when I worked out the possible and probable size of population. It seemed much too large when other evidence was taken into consideration, such as the number of hobbits in the battle of Bywater. McLaren's estimates of a much smaller population are therefore much more believable than mine. The only question in my mind is whether the mechanisms that he posits, in order to achieve this smaller number, are also credible.

I approached this from the point of view of the discipline of economics rather than that of sociology or anthropology about which I know even less than economics. I took as my starting point the article by Evsey Domar, 'The Causes of Slavery and Serfdom—a Hypothesis' (1970). Since then of course a most interesting series of articles which test, by the use of econometric techniques, some of the behavioural assumptions that Domar suggested have also appeared in the American *Journal of Economic History*. Domar believes that population expands into unoccupied fertile land if such land is available, and that, unless there is a shortage of land, there will be no one willing to work for anyone else since any landless individuals will simply stake out a farm on the frontier. He assumes no economies of scale outside the peasant family farm. Under these circumstances the only way that a surplus can be generated for a leisured class is by compulsion, either slavery or serfdom, and thus he explains both slavery in the North American south and serfdom on the Russian steppes. In these areas there was *both* a leisured class *and* an open frontier of potentially cultivable land. Please note that a leisured class which exists on rents *does* seem to exist in the Shire while it does not, as far as I know, in Melanesia. I am not aware whether there is any significance in the fact that Melanesian agriculture is based on the hoe while that of the Shire is based on the plough. The 'Big Men' in New Guinea are not a hereditary group and their income comes largely from their own efforts on their own land, helped occasionally by friends and relatives whom they have to feast. I have not read Modjeska's article.

So, *given a leisured class in the Shire*, with an agricultural technology based on the plough rather than the hoe, I have to assume a constraint on land available for settlement. This constraint occurs because the internal area of the Shire has been fully settled and it is impossible to live safely outside the frontier. The alternative suggestion is that the Shire is not fully settled because of some kind of population control so that the family size is limited to an average of 2.59 which means stability. This evidence comes from surviving

family trees in the Red Book. In that case there would be no pressure to expand settlement outside the Shire. What mechanisms can then be suggested to explain the existence of a leisured class based on rents of inherited real property? In the absence of such a mechanism I reject this hypothesis.

What I would concede is that it may be possible that the energy demands of the Shire's inhabitants are much greater than I have thought and that therefore, a much greater proportion of the area is in coppiced woods, which provide both fuel[1] and raw material, and so such land is not available for farming. Alexander may be quite right that a tiny fraction of this wood is used for paper making[2]. The only alternative explanation for a small population is that the settlement is much sparser, because of soil types and climate, in the areas where we do not have any detailed map evidence. Much of this territory may also be elevated downland, unable to produce plentiful cereal crops, and may be lightly stocked by the sheep which provide the raw material for the plentiful and colourful hobbit clothing. Oatbarton would then be similar in its land use to the Cotswolds in the late Middle Ages. Both the fuel and the fibre producing explanations for the extensive land use patterns could be correct and so total population would be much smaller than my original estimate. What this proportion of the land would be would depend on a) the quantity of wood and wool used per hobbit each year and b) the total number of hobbits. I have made no estimates of the first to see if they are compatible with my total population numbers. *Thus, though it may appear empty, the Shire is in fact fully settled at its high level of average income.* In order to maintain this level of well being I have suggested a form of population control by means of late marriage of the poorer hobbits. Certainly there would have to be some form of control and I would accept any reasonable alternative mechanism. Neither Alexander or McLaren suggest anything different. I also accept evidence adduced by McLaren from the hobbit trees with this addendum, that in such family trees, by analogy with my own, the births of children who die in infancy are not always fully recorded.

I do not find much difference between many of Alexander's views and my own but I would seriously query whether 90% of the hobbit heads of households were landless. Certainly that would contradict the mechanism that I hypothesise for population control for in that case 90% would not marry and the family size of the remaining 10% would be very large for population stability. Unless the hobbit sexual drive is terribly feeble this must have meant a very high bastardy rate for which there is no evidence at all. A celibacy rate of 10% to 30% at most I would imagine. I would also doubt Alexander's assertion that the vast majority of hobbits worked on the land. I would think that there were many who worked in small workshops, such as weavers and all those connected with the textile trade, ropemakers, carpenters, paper makers, glass blowers and smiths together with building workers to maintain the great investment in the fixed capital stock of dwellings and barns and so on, not to speak of the mechanics needed to maintain the waterwheels and windmills. Again in these activities there would be no economies of scale outside a family firm save sometimes two or three labourers. With reasonably high labour productivity on the land perhaps well over half the population were engaged in industrial or service trades. Finally I would be most interested to see his estimate of GSP (Gross Shire Product) though this will be crucially dependent on estimated population. I would move from estimating GSP per capita and then see how it could be multiplied up. Estimates of wood supply and consumption would also be useful if only to test my population estimates.

<div align="right">Edward Crawford</div>

[1] I have not made any quantitative estimate for fuel burning, though I have made some attempt, which has, hitherto, not been published, to reckon the possible horse power available to hobbits from wind and watermills. For this I use the analogy of the English Midlands in 1871. My estimate is as follows. Kanefsky (August 1979 *Ec. Hist. Rev.*) estimates that there were over 100,000 HP for water power available in the UK in 1870, when water power may have reached its maximum development. The area of the UK, including at that time the present Irish Republic, amounted to about 120,000 square miles. Much of this area, such as the highlands of Scotland, was capable of water power development but this had not been done for economic reasons. The area of the Shire was about 15,000 square miles. If we estimate a total installed capacity of 15,000 HP for the Shire we would be assuming a very intensive use of water power. I would use this as an upper bound. In addition there is wind power which is much less continuously available than water. The average windmill in the late nineteenth century had 10 HP installed capacity (Von Tunzelman). I would not imagine that there would be as many as one windmill every square mile. It would be more like one every five square miles or 3,000 windmills at a maximum. The 30,000 HP installed capacity would produce about a quarter of the power of similar capacity watermills, because of the variability of the wind as opposed to the stored energy in ponded water for waterwheels. This would give a total, for hobbit purposes, of 15,000 HP from water and 7,500 from wind. If so, even at my admittedly high population estimates, the hobbits were very well supplied with inanimate, but renewable energy sources, about twice that available per head to British citizens in 1870 for wind, water *and* steam. I would therefore think that their actual resources were about half that per head and were similar to Britain in 1870. If the population was lower, and the per capita power was the same, the total power available would be proportionately lower.

[2] Paper could have been made from wood pulp rather than rags. My encyclopaedia tells me that this process did not take off until the first quarter of the nineteenth century and was crucially dependent on advances in chemical knowledge. Did the hobbit chemical industry produce sulphuric acid? It seems unlikely. On the other hand a wealthy, clothes wearing population might produce a sufficient supply of rags to maintain a raw material supply. Books are not frequent in the Shire, newspapers, billposters and magazines do not exist and there is no paper-using bureaucracy or indeed a bureaucracy of any kind, so that the demand for paper in early nineteenth century Britain, which stimulated the move to a pulp-using process, would not exist.

Some more comments on the Economics articles came from **Gary Hunnewell:—**

From *Unfinished Tales* ('The Quest of Erebor') we note that Thorin and Co. know of "those simpletons down in the Shire" and that they "drink out of clay, and that they cannot tell a gem from a bead of glass." Gandalf comments "you think them simple, because they are generous and do not haggle; and think them timid because you never sell them any weapons" and that they "had dealings with the Elves, and with the Dwarves, a thousand years before Smaug came to Erebor." I think it is wrong to feel that the only thing that was traded 'generously' was tobacco ... the dwarves would probably have need for dried fruits and meats also. This makes me wonder to whom they did sell their weapons: men who lived close to the Ered Luin? the Rangers? Surely Elves would have no need for them so close to the Blue Mountains and the Dwarves, I feel, would not gladly trade weapons with Elves. Still it looks as if the dwarves traded jewelry (to those hobbits that could afford it) as well as metal goods, perhaps the ore itself (surely there were smithies in the

Shire, at least for shoes for the ponies?—though I don't remember mention of shoes). The dwarves did sell coal, but one gathers only because it was one of the only marketable things in the area (who could afford golden goblets???). Thorin does not sound overly enthused when he remarks "we have had to earn our livings as best we could up and down the lands, often enough sinking as low as blacksmith-work or even coalmining."

Duncan McLaren had the advantage of a sneak preview (or should one call that a Preprint) of Edward Crawford's article above:—

I am glad to see that Crawford has accepted my population estimates, and also that he has taken up further discussion of the mechanisms which led to stability. I agree that the Shire was more akin to our own than to Melanesia. However it was in fact the case that in feudal Britain there was a leisured class, and unsettled land. This marginal land was in fact only settled as the 'Moral Economy' (described by E.P. Thompson) broke down, and stability was maintained not by coercion, but by the values of the society. It has been brought to my attention that the giving of gifts, although not on such a large scale as in the Shire, was (and is) a feature of all peasant economies. I merely used the Melanesian example as one with which I was familiar, and which has been studied in detail as a result of its only recent decline.

However I am unconvinced (to quibble with a detail) that the Shire's agriculture was based on the plough. Nowhere is this stated, and we hear more of potatoes and beer, than grain and spirits. Even if the technology existed, the lack of draught animals and the already comfortable state of living would minimise its use. I believe that the majority of hobbits worked on the land (indeed *FotR* p. 28 states "growing food and eating it occupied most of their time"), and would, where the land was most suitable, indulge in horticulture rather than agriculture.

I would also disagree with the concept of "rents of inherited real property". These did not exist until the end of feudalism in medieval Britain and the leisured class in the Shire is very similar in many respects to feudal lords who indulged in agriculture themselves and who received dues from the population to whom they owed the responsibility of protection in times of economic or military hardship. Such feudal lords also controlled and gained income from the craft industries that existed. Again I stress that the coercion of serfdom that we associate with this period would a) be seen as much less oppressing in the time itself, b) involve less oppression in periods of prolonged peace, and c) be reduced by that mechanism peculiar to the Shire, which was in part responsible for, and in part the product of the social values and stability; its peculiar giving traditions, which were formalised and included both leisured and working hobbits.

While on the subject of hobbit giving traditions, Duncan also comments on J.S. Ryan's article:—

As regards the use of the word 'mathom' for certain hobbit gifts: while its use in *LotR* does differ from earlier usage (as 'treasure with a curse on it'), to some extent, one must remain aware that the term was only applied to items that no-one wanted to throw away, which could thus easily be described as 'cursed'. It seems to me that such a 'curse' fits the Shire very well, and thus the word was chosen deliberately by Tolkien to fit the context (and to some degree in jest), rather than it being evidence of a particular theme influencing Tolkien. Indeed the giving traditions in the Shire (widely discussed in this journal) were of a different form, and included by Tolkien for a different literary motive, than those of medieval literature involving treasure hoards.

Next, some comments from **Gary Hunnewell** again, this time on Ian Alexander's 'Tolkien and the First World War':—

I think it is pretty well accepted that the lights seen in the Dead Marshes are will-o'-the-wisp, not Very lights. Gads! It scares me to think that Tolkien might have thought there was a "way a real war should be fought". Throughout Tolkien's works there are exceptions to this idea ... Túrin as an outlaw and the companions of Barahir hunting by stealth the creatures of Morgoth come to mind. One cannot forget the correct way that Eärnil fought the Witch-king, by single combat and with honour (but with little wisdom). No, I think that the idea that most men fought fairly and with honour is not a cut and dry theme in Tolkien's works.

Back to **Duncan McLaren** for some further thoughts on Magic and Technology:—

In Middle-earth there is a feel of change and progress, both in the rise and fall of realms, and technologically within them, most notably in Eregion in the second age. Admittedly even here technology is associated with the evil of Sauron, and it is my opinion that this provides an excellent literary reason for a lack of technological progress, since it is associated (as Tolkien saw in our own world) with the development and use of weapons by evil. Thus I propose a further hypothesis: it is a useful and successful literary device (in the works of Tolkien at least).

Finally, to close this bumper comments section, two tit-bits. Firstly, from Gary, "Colin Rosenthal's verse is excellent ... it reminds me of the poem 'Gil Galum was an elven bum' ... ", and secondly, from Duncan, "at the risk of annoying Mike Whitaker, I loved *Maia* by Richard Adams and read it in three days flat!"

" ...two aged hands withering in flame"

The Miraculous Slaying of the All-Conquering Invader Tyrant from the East

In an article in issue 11 of *Anor* (pp. 12–15) the present writer drew attention both to the Tolkien-related barrow-lore from the East Midlands and from the Danelaw, as well as to the self-exile there of the Monk, once a Mercian prince, Guthalc, soon to be canonized for his courageous expulsions of devils from his immediate region. The survey suggested certain analogues to incidents in *The Lord of the Rings*, and, in particular, to the chapter 'Fog on the Barrow-Downs' in *The Fellowship of the Ring*.

Several of the literary parallels cited from the Dark Age literature of the general region are, it was claimed, of considerable help in understanding the background, tone, and sometimes unorthodox treatment by Tolkien of ancient story-motifs[1]. There is another passage in the ancient literature and lore of the Danelaw which, it may be claimed, assists us to appreciate the way in which Tolkien would have responded to his text. Interestingly, George Eliot used the same material in the Providence structure to her novel, *The Mill on the Floss* (*v. infra*).

The relevant passages, in *The Return of the King*, are
(i) the miraculous mortal wounding by no man—but rather by a warrior woman, Éowyn, and a hobbit, Merry—of the Lord of the Ringwraiths (pp. 116–117).

> A cry went up into the shuddering air, and faded to a shrill wailing, passing with the wind, a voice bodiless and thin that died, and was swallowed up, and was never heard again in that age of this world.

and (ii) the quelling of the arrogance of the Messenger, the Mouth of Sauron (pp. 166–167):

> 'there shall his lieutenant dwell ...'
> Looking in the messenger's eyes they read his thought. He was to be that lieutenant, and gather all that remained of the West under his sway; he would be their tyrant, and they his slaves.

after which he is bidden "begone" by Gandalf:

> He looked at the fell faces of the Captains and their deadly eyes, and fear overcame his wrath. He gave a great cry and turned ˙... and with his company galloped madly back.

---

[1] e.g. the type of therapeutic gift which does not have a death-dealing curse upon it, the *mathom*.

Both sequences are concerned with the silencing of the brutally inhuman agents of the Evil One, in this instance Sauron, the Dark Lord himself.

A wondrous event for a Warwickshire lass

Mary Ann Evans (i.e. the novelist 'George Eliot') was born at Arbury Farm, Chilvers Coton, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, on November 22nd, 1819. When she came in 1859 to write the novel to be called *The Mill on the Floss* she wanted it to be set on the Trent and finally chose the river port of Gainsborough[2] for her setting, 'St. Oggs' of the novel. Whether she had chosen the place to fit the legend, or *vice versa*, it is important to note that the town, by name St. Oggs, had a damned spirit haunting it:

> It is one of those old, old towns ... a town which carried the traces of its long growth and history like a millennial tree ... It is a town 'familiar with forgotten years.' [One] king's shadow ... is met by the gloomier shadow of the dreadful heathen Dane, who was stabbed in the midst of his warriors by the sword of an invisible avenger and who rises on autumn evenings like a white mist from his tumulus on the hill, and hovers ... by the riverside—the spot where he was thus miraculously slain ... (Book I, chapter 12.)

The setting of the novel—unlike George Eliot's usual 'country' of Warwickshire or Derbyshire—is a Lincolnshire tidal port of the East, one originally of Mercia, for Alfred, to be Alfred the Great, went there to court a Mercian ruler's daughter[3]. It is also the place where the Dane, King Swein, based himself in 1013, according to the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, raiding and taking hostages, until "all the [English] nation regarded him as full king". The *Chronicle* annal for 1014 opens laconically:

In this year Swein ended his days at Candlemas, on 3 February ... (C, [D, E])

This neutral account of his death is quite other than that given by the monk, Florence of Worcester (d. 1118), in his *Chronicon ex chronicis*, who challenged this kingship,

.si jure gueat rex vocari, qui fere cuncta tyrannice faciebat.

The medieval writers, generally, were especially fond of giving Swein/Swegen the name of *Tyrant*—as with Florence's adverb *tyrannice*, and the phrase *Suanus tyrannus*; or William of Malmesbury's term (ii, 179) *tyrannus atrocissimus*; and Roger of Wendover would call him *tyrannus nequissimus*, adding *evidenter apparet ipsum ... non esse dominum sed tyrannum* (i, 448). Let this tradition be compared with Tolkien's non-germanic use of 'tyrant' (*op.cit.*, p. 166), which seems echoic in its similar loathing of an imposed foreign overlord.

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[2] See George Henry Lewes in *Journal*, November 1859, in *The George Eliot Letters*, Ed. Gordon S. Haight, Vol. VII (1955), p. 388. Gainsborough is a sub-port of Grimsby and it was crucial to various Danish military incursions into central England.

[3] In 869 Alfred married Ealswith, daughter of Ethelred 'Mucill' ealdorman of the 'Gaini' and Eadburh *de regali genere Merciorum regis*. (Asser, *Life of King Alfred*, ch. 29). This 'Mucel' attested two charters in 868, alongside West Saxon dignitaries. See notes 57, 58 (pp. 240–241) of the translation (1983) of Asser by S. Keynes and M. Lapidge.

Florence on Apostasy

The issue of the historical Swegen's religion[4] is a complex one, including as it did, apostasy, and reconversion (the last, at least in Danish accounts, an act of sincerity). But Florence had no doubt of his subject's impiety and so he reports how the 'king' was punished by a strange and horrible death because of his special hatred for the martyred King, Saint Edmund, the famed victim of earlier local Danish cruelty. Swegen, hitherto the all-conquering continental monarch, had denied the saint's power and holiness, demanded heavy tribute from the renowned minster, and threatened, if it were not paid, to burn the town and its people, to destroy the minster, and to put the clergy to death by torture. Freeman paraphrases the Latin admirably:

> Swegen was on his horse, at the head of his army, seemingly on the point of beginning his march from Gainsborough to the threatened minster. He then saw, visible to his eyes only, the holy King of the East-Angles coming against him in full harness and with a spear in his hand. "Help", he cried, "fellow-soldiers, Saint Edmund is coming to slay me." The saint then ran him through with his spear, and the tyrant fell from his horse, and died the same night in terrible torments[5]. (*op.cit.*, p. 366)

Florence of Worcester and George Eliot

Although it is not customary in modern scholarship to tease out this account of King Swegen's horrible passing as a central motif in *The Mill on the Floss*,[6] it is clear that this shocking retribution for past sin is a force which is still to be felt in the town almost a thousand years later, a kind of millennial force of death. It is contrasted with the goodness of the artless Boatman, Ogg son of Beorl (I, 12), who showed pity to one who was, in all likelihood, Mary the Virgin herself. That St. Christopher-like goodness is contrasted with the King who allowed himself to become "the dreadful heathen Dane" (whose apostasy it is assumed we know of).

George Eliot and J.R.R. Tolkien

Both these Warwickshire writers have chosen to present us with a myth or legend of the usurping and diabolical leader from the East, whose purpose it is to enslave all the free peoples—as Tolkien phrased it, to

> gather all that remained of the West under his sway; he would be their tyrant, and they his slaves. (*op.cit.*, p. 117)

Both fabulists have used in varying degree the legend of the avenging Saint Edmund— more literally in George Eliot's case, and, by a plot remove, through the agency of no ordinary human foe, but rather a shield-maiden and a halfling in Tolkien's tale of (divine) retribution from the least expected quarter. Both writers tell of heroic resistance to an obscene threat from the East, one from the Danes, the other from Mordor.

---

[4] See Edward A. Freeman, *The History of the Norman Conquest, its Causes and its Results*, Vol. I (3rd edition, 1877), p. 686*ff*.

[5] "*Magno cruciatus tormento, tertio monas Februarii miserabili morte vitam finivit.*"

[6] No reference to this occurs in the notes provided by Gordon S. Haight to his *World's Classics* edition (1981). Nor is it explained in the Casebook for *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner*, edited in 1977 by R.P. Draper.

Conclusion

It was not, perhaps, necessary to include George Eliot in this note on analogy, verbal echo and the paradoxes of hope, pity and the strength granted to those who heroically forget self to bear another's burdens. Yet she has made even clearer use of the Swegen story to show how God is not mocked. George Eliot chose to have the King's anguished soul ever come forth lamenting from his purgatorial barrow there, rather than allow the usual historical version whereby the body of the departed tyrant is said to have been taken to Denmark and buried at Roskild. Whereas Tolkien's Lord is transported elsewhere, "and was never heard again in that age of this world", hers remains as a warning that God is not mocked.

Yet it assists the reading and understanding of both later Warwickshire writers if we see how they have variously followed the monkish chronicler whose story of the damned and viciously cruel tyrant is symbolic of the forces that threaten the lives of the innocent and the simple in their own time. For Mercia the early Danish invasions were symbolic of merciless cruelty and injustice, yet God was not to be slighted with impunity and in both seemingly disparate stories a benign Providence is shown to operate to succour the people and strike down the eastern tyrant.

J.S. Ryan

CAPTION COMPETITION
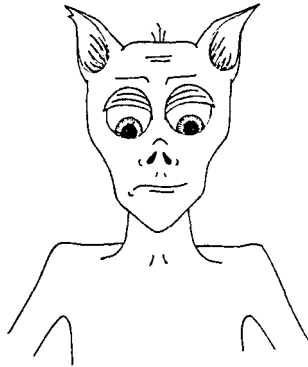
A prize (of some sort, as yet to be decided 'cos the treasurer is out of town) will be awarded to the most apt and original caption for this picture received by the editor by January 1st 1987. Of course, if no one enters by then I'll have to pocket the prize myself.

Just to get you started, here is one suggestion I have received: "nobody loves us, my precious" (dedicated to Julian!)

Welcome back—and the good news is that people are still writing fantasy. The bad news appears to be the price. There has been an annoying trend among publishers recently to dispense with the hard-back release of a book, and replace it with a large-format paperback instead. Result: paperback costing 5 quid, people think "goody it's out in paperback" and buy it. Best example recently is *WishSong of Shanarra*—it's been out in large format paperback for nearly a year, and I saw the other day that it's now out in an edition that (nearly) matches the previous two and is cheaper than the large format one. I happen to dislike this practice, although I can see that it may well rake in more money than a hardback release.

Right, having got that out of my system, you can have some book reviews. I promised you a 1000 pager last issue—well ... actually, I can't count, it's only 800 pages. But, wait for it, you can have the sequel too! I also promised you a review of the new Sheri S. Tepper—that, I'm afraid, is out of the question. No way. Definitely not. No can do. Mainly because I haven't finished it. What I have got is the new Barbara Hambley (she of the Darwath trilogy), a cursory glance at the new Robert E. Vardeman, an overview of the 'Darkover' books and, just to round things off, a look at Spellsinger 5.

Ok, beginning, in no particular order, with Ms (still not sure!) Hambley:

*Dragonsbane*, Barbara Hambley, Unicorn

I liked this. It takes your average story of heroes and dragons, takes it for a drag through sordid old reality and human nature and comes up with a pleasantly different result. The hero, as far as the 'enlightened' southerners are concerned, is a mighty lord of the north who faced a dragon in head to head combat to earn the title Dragonsbane. In fact, he wears glasses, mucks in with the local peasants whenever he gets a chance, and is nastily practical and unheroic when it comes to killing dragons—I mean its just not *done* to poison a dragon! Anyway, he is needed to do in the dragon that's threatening the south, so off, with his mistress/tame sorceress, he goes.

The dragon in this is superb—I am fed up with dragons being treated as overgrown winged lizards, and this one is different, giving a feeling of power and almost majesty. Good stuff—the ending is good too, like the Darwath books. All the sub-plots get tidily wound up, and they all live ... ah, but that's another story (I hope).

Different slant on an old theme—nice.

The *Darkover* novels, Marion Zimmer Bradley.

The Darkover series numbers a (still-growing) twenty or so books, and are a series I regret not getting into until recently. Darkover is a lost Terran colony (Terra being SFwriterese for Earth) which has over the 10,000 years since its abandonment become an excellent example of Arthur C. Clarke's third law, namely 'technology of a sufficiently high level is indistinguishable from magic'. Result, a 'fantasy' world

Mike Whitaker

Uncle Mike's Book Corner

Volume 4
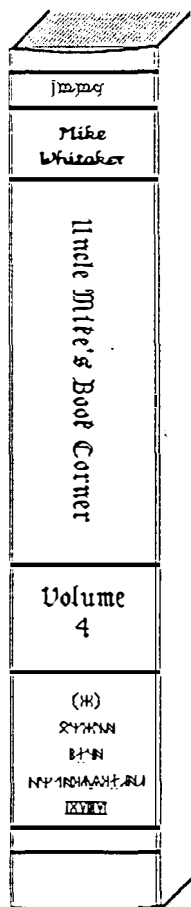
with a varying (depending on period) degree of technology thrown in. The thread which holds the series together is the planet itself, as the series ranges throughout the planet's history. Most of the books are readable on their own, but all those I've read leave you wanting to know more. Sadly, some are out of print, and Arrow Books have announced that they do not intend to reprint them. Anyone seen any going second hand anywhere? The most recent are *Sharra's Exile*, *Thendarra House*, *Hawkmistress* and (new as I write) *City of Sorcery*, which has a lot of detail about Darkover in it. Sadly, this makes me even more keen to get hold of the rest of the books.

A good series—read 'em.

The Keys to Paradise, Robert E. Vardeman.

Mr. Vardeman, assisted by Victor Milan, was responsible for that two volume fantasy romp, *The War of Powers*. I wish I could say he managed just as well on his own, but sadly it ain't so. *The Keys to Paradise* is too long (at 500+ pages) for what it is, namely a D&D-style hunt-all-the-pieces-of-the-puzzle-so-you-can-solve-it-and-discover-its-not-what-you-thought-it-was-after-all plot with a couple of interesting characters (Petia the half-cat, half-woman is a nice idea, but a bit 'cardboard'). Vardeman on his own is a sedate writer, nothing like as racy as when he wrote with t'other guy, in fact the whole thing is positively pedestrian by comparison. (How can something be both pedestrian and sedate, I hear Mr. Bradfield asking?) It's 'all right', I suppose, but falls into the category of 'good D&D scenario material', by which I mean that the characters don't influence the plot sufficiently to prevent its use by a different set of characters.

Reasonable run-of-the-mill fantasy.

And next, the latest in the continuing saga of Spellsinger ...

The Path of the Perambulator, Alan Dean Foster.

Ho hum, here we go again. More merry insanity from Mr. Foster (Mr. Dean Foster?). Our heroes (the usual crew of the previous four books) face a strange adversary, the Perambulator, a sort of intergalactic wandering Improbability generator. Yes it's funny, yes all the musical jokes are still there, but it's somehow not as good. The humour is not as good, and the author is running out of tunes for Jontom to play—I think the Pointer Sisters is scraping the barrel for a supposed heavy rock guitarist—and he's getting his facts wrong occasionally. Anyway, it's worth reading if you read the rest, but the series is starting to go downhill.

On the whole, not as good as the rest.

And, to follow, the pseudo-1000 pager:

Magician, Silverthorn, Raymond E. Feist.

Sigh—and it was SO good as just ONE book. *Magician* is an excellent piece of fantasy, featuring a war in the best fantasy tradition, sprawling across two worlds. It traces the development of Pug, the hero, from orphan to the worlds' (yes that apostrophe IS in the right place) greatest mage (with one possible exception). In a book this size there is space for a lot of character development and interaction, and, unlike Vardeman, Feist knows how to use it. Magician leaves several loose ends untied, and one, but only one, route for a sequel. And, guess what. Rather than leave us wondering, Feist let himself be talked into a (large-format paperback (grrrrr)) sequel—in fact, there's going to be ... a ... (gasp, choke) ... trilogy (arrggghh!). Book three will be called *Darkness at Sethaton*, I gather. On the whole *Silverthorn* isn't bad, but given that Feist only left himself one way to go after *Magician*, the ultimate ending is fairly obvious, although to give him credit, the route he takes to get there is well-written and full of good sub-plots.

Read *Magician* (that's an order)—*Silverthorn* I won't recommend so strongly.

And to wind up, the 'No time to review these properly' corner.

Web of Darkness, Marion Bradley.

She drops the 'Zimmer' for some books—they tend to be either brilliant (*Mists of Avalon*) or deathly slow (this). Too much deep meaningful character interaction, no plot to hang it on—don't waste your money.

The Hero and the Crown, Robin McKinley.

Prequel to *The Blue Sword*, reviewed in the first of these columns. I liked it, although I had trouble working out where the geography of the two books fitted in. Worth it if you liked the first one.

Right, that's yer lot for this ish. Next time, if they'll have me back, (please, Mr. Editor) there might just be the (now not so new) Sheri Tepper, a proper review of *City of Sorcerers* (the latest Darkover book), a trilogy (of course), if I acquire a copy before then you'll get *The Tine of the Twins* (DragonLance legends 2 book 1), and ... well, buy the next Anor and find out!

(Apologies—due to having a deadline to meet, I haven't had time to supply you with page counts, publishers and prices. Normal service will be resumed next time!)
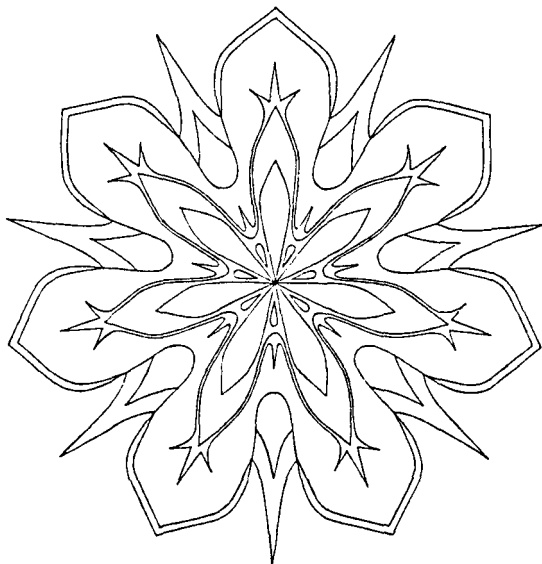
Dragon's Doom: Lament for Túrin and Nienor

Forth from cave of hoard bloodstained,
Túrin's home again to break asunder,
Faithless worm, hate driven, unrestrained,
At full moon to Teiglin's rushing thunder...
You came. Your doom awaited at the ford
By Túrin's hand and Gurthang's blade —
Bitter thorn, meteor's child, living sword,
Concealed in Cabed–en–Aras' shade.
Piercing pain, point of steel on which you break...
Writhing, bitten deep — your blood will flow.
Revenge still is yours, for now she will wake,
Remember all, and herself into chasm throw.
They both will die by their own hand,
Yet their memorial here will ever stand.

Duncan McLaren

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