

ISSUE 13

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## Editorial

13 may be unlucky for some, but it certainly doesn't seem to be for *Anor*! I have been snowed under with so much material that I hardly know what to do with it all—not that I'm complaining, you understand! So, no economics in this issue, but brace yourselves, folks, the long awaited computations of the Gross Shire Product *will* appear in *Anor 14*. Instead, an article which seems somehow appropriate just five months before the first C.T.S. wedding—"He knew all about marriage and its inevitable consequence ...!" The "Layman's Guide" has skipped a couple of books this time, but I promise, it will cover *BoLT 1 & 2* at some later stage. In the meantime I would like part IV to cover either the various biographical works, or the so-called 'Minor Works' (*Farmer Giles*, etc.), so if anyone out there would like to contribute on one or other, I would be very pleased.

Right, now on to a serious point, about which I feel rather strongly. As you will see from the report in this issue, the 'National Smials Quiz' is showing every sign of dying through lack of participation. In the course of my studies last term, I happened to visit Keele University, and there I discovered a previously unheard of (at least by the outside world) University Tolkien Society. My immediate thought was that perhaps the way forward for the quiz was to expand it outside the National Tolkien Society and the Smials thereof, and make it a 'National Tolkien Quiz', which could be entered by any group of three people who felt so inclined. This leaves me with two requests. Firstly, what do you lot out there, particularly people who have taken part in the quiz in the past, think of the idea—is this the way forward, or should the quiz become a purely social event (as suggested by Jacqui Langridge in the latest *Amon Hen*), or should it just cease to exist altogether? And secondly, if my idea is to work, I need contact with as many Tolkien groups as possible, so if you know of any, particularly University groups, near you, please give me the address—and keep your eyes open, especially in the vacations.

O.K., enough of this seriousness! Good reading, and remember the copy date—March 1st.

# *The Layman's guide to* Advanced Tolkien Studies

## Part III

### The Lays of Beleriand

*The Lays of Beleriand*, the third volume in the series "The History of Middle-earth", contains Tolkien's two major poems, "The Lay of the Children of Húrin" and "The Lay of Leithian", which he composed between 1920 and 1931, together with various shorter fragments of poems which were soon abandoned. Sadly, none of the poems are finished, although both of the longer lays were substantially revised during composition and partially rewritten, the latter some years later, after Tolkien had completed *The Lord of the Rings*. Nevertheless, the book provides a powerful testimony to Tolkien's skill as a poet, which can only be glimpsed in the short pieces, many of which are relatively light in tone, in *LoTR* and *The Adventures of Tom Bombadil*.

The first version of "The Lay of the Children of Húrin" is some 2200 lines in length, and continues as far as Túrin's sojourn in Nargothrond. Tolkien seems to have written alliterative verse almost as naturally as prose, and there is no clumsiness or artificiality such as one might expect from an amateur, despite the poem's length. It begins with a short prologue, which tells of Húrin's capture in the battle of Nínin Unothradin and his defiance of Morgoth. The first section, "Túrin's Fostering", goes on to relate how Morwin sends her youthful son to Doriath, and how he is raised there. The parting of Mother and Child is a particularly moving passage, while the description of Túrin's character (lines 339-551, which are followed closely in the *Unfinished Tales* version of the story) is also memorable.

It is, however, in the second section, "Beleg", that Tolkien's verse really comes into its own. The plot here is much the same as in *The Silmarillion* and *Unfinished Tales*; having killed Orgof (later Saeros), Túrin joins a band of outlaws, of which Beleg also becomes a member. The band is then betrayed, and Túrin captured; Beleg rescues him, with the aid of Flinding (later Gwindor), an elf who has escaped from enslavement to Morgoth, but in the darkness and confusion, Túrin kills his rescuer. The haunting descriptions of Taur-na-Fuin provide a fitting backcloth to the tragedy, which is more fully and effectively treated than in any of the prose accounts; the slow, painful process of Túrin's rescue culminates in the brief, dramatic scene of Beleg's death. The section concludes with a furious storm which prevents the orcs from finding Túrin while the fugitive is overcome by the horror of his own act:

"a burden bore he            than their bonds heavier  
in despair fettered        with spirit empty  
in mourning hopeless      he remained behind" (l. 1336-8)

In the third section, Túrin and Flinding come to Nargothrond (a major development from the account in *BoLT 2*). The beautiful picture of lake Ivrin, where Túrin finally recovers from his despair, is unparalleled, and contrasts effectively with the superb pathos of Túrin's vision of Beleg's ghost. The scenes in Nargothrond likewise receive a much fuller treatment than in the prose versions, and the fatal triangular relationship between

Flinding, Túrin and Finduilas is particularly sensitively treated. The fact that the poem ends abruptly at this point is perhaps one of the most tragic consequences of Tolkien's unfortunate propensity to start a new project before completing the previous one.

As I have already said, Tolkien's verse seems almost as free from artificiality as his prose, and is characterised by its sparing use of simile and metaphor. When imagery is used, however, it is generally highly effective; I quote a passage from section II, describing the Orc-band:

"... stiffly raised  
their spears and sword sprang up thickly  
as the wild wheatfields of the wargod's realm  
with points that palely pricked the twilight." (l. 1004-7)

The second version of the lay is a well-considered refinement of the first; the revised prologue is particularly effective. Morgoth's enticements have been made more subtle, and Húrin thus becomes a more heroic and tragic figure. The revised version ends at the beginning of the Orgof episode, but has already been sufficiently expanded to number 817 lines (almost twice the length of the equivalent section of the first version!)

Since this review is threatening to become almost as long as "The Lay of Leithian", I shall pass over the fragments which make up chapter II, and go straight on to the afore-mentioned work. Suffice it to say here that the chapter is entitled "Poems Early Abandoned", and contains two alliterative fragments, "The Flight of the Noldoli from Valinor" (146 lines) and the "Lay of Eärendel" (38 lines), together with the "Lay of the Fall of Gondolin", which is little more than a collection of notes.

"The Lay of Leithian" consists of fourteen cantos in rhyming octosyllabic couplets, a form which Tolkien clearly found less manageable than the alliterative verse of the earlier poem. The preface to the volume quotes a critic whose "strictures on the diction of the Lay included archaisms so archaic that they needed annotation, distorted order, use of emphatic 'doth' and 'did' where there is no emphasis, and language sometimes flat and conventional (in contrast to passages of 'gorgeous description')". While these criticisms are undoubtedly justified (my own favourite example is employment of the peculiar form 'quook'—apparently an archaic past tense of 'quake'!—to rhyme with 'shook' in line 3583), the effects are largely corrected in the later version of the poem, as far as it goes, and the original is extremely powerful despite its flaws. Part of this power derives from the delicate evocations of the peace and beauty of Doriath before Beren's coming (especially the first and third cantos) and the interweaving of his history with the larger tragedy of the Noldor, which gradually unfolds through cantos III, VI, VIII, XI, and XII, as the poet harks back to the departure of the elves to Valinor, their joy there, the flight of the Noldor, the Battle of Sudden Flame and Fingolfin's doomed combat with Morgoth. A wistful atmosphere of sorrow and loss thus pervades the whole poem, and imparts a peculiar beauty to the defiant heroism of Beren and Lúthien.

The poem is almost twice as long as "The Lay of the Children of Húrin", and the 'plot' cannot be adequately summarised here. Its outlines are in fact almost identical to the *Silmarillion* version, parts of which are closely based on the poem. Perhaps, however, I may be forgiven for mentioning a few of my own favourite passages. The beginning of the second canto, which describes Barahir's betrayal by Gorlim and how Beren comes too late to the scene of slaughter is extremely moving, particularly the macabre picture, reminiscent of the more gruesome English ballads, which concludes the passage:

“The raven and the carrion-crow  
sat in the alders all a-row;  
one croaked “Ha! Beren comes too late”,  
and answered all “Too late! Too Late!” (l. 283-6)

By contrast, the third canto, in which Beren comes to Doriath and sees Lúthien dancing, has the same haunting beauty as the picture of Lake Ivrin in “The Lay of the Children of Húrin”, while Beren’s wonderment at this vision is eloquently expressed in the couplet:

“And now his heart was healed and slain  
with a new life and with new pain” (l. 556)

The description of the passing seasons (lines 653-90) is also an example of Tolkien’s verse at its best. Again, the encounter between Felagund and Thû (Sauron) in canto VII is another memorable passage, while cantos X and XI are arguably the best part of the poem. They relate:

“now Lúthien and Beren strayed  
by the banks of Sirion. Many a glade  
they filled with joy, and there their feet  
passed by lightly, and days were sweet.  
Though winter hunted through the wood,  
Still flowers lingered where she stood.” (l. 2858-2863)

The lovers dispute whether or not Lúthien should return to Doriath, and Beren finally leaves her sleeping on its borders. His song of farewell on the edge of Dor-na-Faughlith (part of which is quoted in *The Silmarillion*) is, in my opinion, one of the most moving of all Tolkien’s writings.

The lay is accompanied by a commentary by C. S. Lewis, which not only contains much perceptive and constructive criticism (many of his suggestions were later taken up by Tolkien), but is also very amusing for anyone who has ever used a literary commentary, since it purports to record the opinions of the imaginary scholars Peabody, Pumpnickel, Schuffer and Schick on the various (equally fictitious) manuscripts of the work.

The second version of the lay is undoubtedly a great improvement on the first. While the better parts are retained almost intact, much is substantially altered. The story of Gorlin, in particular, is greatly expanded and improved. This version breaks off at the account of Thingol’s enchantment (the beginning of the third canto of the earlier poem), although short sections of some of the later cantos were also revised.

The poems are accompanied throughout by detailed notes by Christopher Tolkien on the development of the stories. While these are often very interesting to the ‘enthusiast’, it is probably best to read the poems complete first, since the commentary does tend to interrupt the flow of the narrative. It is also quite possible to appreciate the poems without reading the notes at all!

In conclusion, no one who enjoys reading poetry should be put off by the book’s reputation (I personally found the *Lays* very readable!); on the other hand, those who are not of a ‘poetical’ turn of mind may find it rather dry, particularly as it adds little to the accounts in *BoLT* and *The Silmarillion* from a narrative point of view.

Finally, a warning. I would not advise anyone to read the *Lays* directly after *BoLT 2* (as I did), since such a foolhardy course may result in a severe overdose of Turambar in *Thatwhich*!

Monica Gale

# National Smials Quiz

On Saturday 15th November the Fifth National Smial's Quiz took place in the party room at Jesus College. There were gathered three teams of three people each, and, owing to a breakdown in communications (i.e. the missive didn't mention the date!), one audience. These were arranged in a loose semi-circle around the question masters, Duncan McLaren and Julian Bradfield. At the centre of the circle was a low table with many learned tomes (the reference copies), and on another table a slide projector.

The three teams came from Minas Tirith (the home side), Minas Anor (otherwise known as the more established members of Minas Tirith), and Carchoth Amarth ("The Red Folk of Doom"—no prizes for guessing who thought up that one!). Unfortunately, all three teams came from Cambridge, although this was supposed to be a National Quiz. They were competing for (as well as honour, glory, etc.) the Rivendell Smial Trophy, and a bottle of wine (and because it was fun!). There were *supposed* to have been buzzers for the teams to use, but somehow or other they had become inoperational during transit, and not one solitary buzz could be obtained, despite the purchase of a new battery and much tinkering about [haven't I heard that story somewhere before?—ed.], so the teams had to practise elementary aerobics raising their arms as fast as possible when they wanted to answer a question.

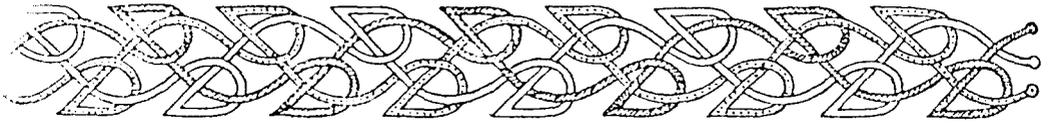
The questions were on all aspects of the life and works of J. R. R. Tolkien, from "Kortirion amid the trees" to the illustrations of "The Mewlips", from the names of the Inklings to the Geography of Númenor, from the skin of the Girabbit to Father Christmas's Secretary. Some of the questions were quotations (some even in elvish), and others were on special topics (e.g. 'The Adventures of Tom Bombadil' except for "The Adventures of Tom Bombadil", 'The Istari', or 'Genealogy of the houses of Men in the First and Second Ages of the Sun'). There was also a slide show (hence the projector), in which one had to name the wood shown in the picture, or give the year in which North Polar Bear broke the North Pole. Especially enjoyable was the machine's habit of hurling unwanted slides across the floor of the room!

After some initial perturbations, the scores soon settled down into a definite hierarchy of team strengths, the final result being:

|     |                 |     |
|-----|-----------------|-----|
| 1st | Carchoth Amarth | 740 |
| 2nd | Minas Anor      | 600 |
| 3rd | Minas Tirith    | 400 |
| 4th | Audience        | 10  |

The day ended with all the paraphernalia being packed away, and somebody deciding that the report should be written by someone not concerned with either the running of the quiz or competing in it, which didn't leave a great deal of choice. The meeting then adjourned until later in the evening in the Ancient Druids.

William Hurwood  
The Audience



## *A Traveller's Tale*

There is a lonely inn under a dark hill, and the wind whistles through the bare branches of ancient trees on nights of winter. In such a place, a man might dream strange dreams and a traveller hear strange tales.

There was a man, grey-haired, bearded. A shifting light shone in his eyes. Round his shoulders, a dark cloak clung like ancient sorrow. To a low wooden table he went, and sat there among strangers. He looked into their eyes, each in turn, and silence fell at his gaze. At length he spoke. "I will tell a tale, if there are those who wish to hear." And so he began:

"There was a prince who lived in a far land. His wealth was very great, yet ever he desired more. His treasuries were filled with gems and gold from far lands. Ancient swords hung in his armouries; weapons which heroes had once worn. He drank from cups of silver and gold and was clothed in the finest silk. Deep in the heart of his wondrous palace was his chamber, and it was adorned with the greatest treasures.

"The floor was polished marble, inset with a tracery of gold. On his ceiling were diamonds and rubies that shone like stars in the night. From the walls there hung pictures of mighty deeds, yet the prince valued them only for their price. Books he had also, yet never a word did he read of them, though scholars would have given away half the world for but a glance at their pages. On his wall there hung a sword, with which his ancestors had carved for themselves an empire, yet never had this prince wielded it against man or monster, valuing it only for the gems which adorned it and the gold on its scabbard. Items of sorcery there were too, vile and unlawful, which a righteous man would have destroyed. But to the prince they were beautiful for he saw only their price and rarity and cared nothing about their black evil. Many other things of beauty lay thereabouts; rings and necklaces, coins of many realms and on them the faces of mighty kings, and in the centre of the chamber, the prince's great carven bed on whose silken sheets lords and ladies had long lain.

"And the prince deemed, that of this mighty hoard, each item he knew, and how it had come to him, and that if the least thing should be lost or stolen, he would know at once. Outside, in his wide realm, unjust and evil men ruled the land in his stead, while he brooded on his mighty treasure.

"One day, the prince sat counting his coins of gold when suddenly it came to him that one thing only he lacked, and he said out loud, "I have no woman for myself!" Then suddenly he was aware of a presence behind him, and turning he beheld a woman fairer than any he had ever seen. She was tall and dark of hair, clad all in white. In her eyes, there shone an immortal light, for she was one of the elven folk. Then an unbreakable desire came over the prince to possess her, and make her his utterly. He flung himself at her, but his arms caught hold of naught, and when he turned, he found her standing

behind him. "What trickery is this?" he cried, "Did you not come at my call, elf-woman, and will you not be mine?" Then the elf-maid looked at him sternly and said "I am of immortal kind, petty prince. Why should I wed with such as you?"

"Then the prince showed her all his wealth and his mighty treasures, but these moved her not, and she said "Such baubles and trinkets mean nothing to me, little lord. Do you seek to buy an elf-princess with glass beads and metal counters?" Then the wrath of the prince was aroused, and he said to her "Why have you come then? Do you seek to taunt me, sorceress? But I will possess you. Do you not know that I am mighty among the princes of the earth?"

"At this, the elf-woman smiled and said to the prince "Very well, lord, I see that you are not easily to be defied. Come now, let us play a little game, such as children might do. I shall hide myself, here in your chamber, somewhere amongst your many possessions. Until cock-crow you shall seek for me, and if you find me, I am yours until your death. However, beware mortal, if I remain hidden till dawn, a curse shall fall on you. All your possessions will be taken from you, and on your throne, the sons of slaves shall sit. You yourself shall become outcast and be struck dumb forever."

"Then the prince became afraid, and almost did he dismiss her and her offer, but his desire to possess her now was too great and he said "And how may I know that you will not cheat me? You may become but a grain of dust that I should never find 'though I search forever. I will not be ensnared by you, witch!" But she replied "Fear not, mortal, I give my word that if you seek in the right place, you will certainly find me, and you know that the immortal folk do not lie."

"Then the prince smiled in his turn, for he deemed that he knew each item in his hoard, and nothing might hide there that he should not find. "So be it!" he said, and at that, the elf-woman vanished. At once, the prince began to search for her. Amongst his coins he looked, but on them he saw only the faces of ancient kings and princes, all long turned to dust, 'though he ever sought for the woman he desired. On the tapestries and paintings which hung from his walls he gazed long, but saw there only the faces of heroes and princesses of long ago. His mighty sword he unsheathed, and studied it long, but no sign of her might he see on it. Amongst his jewels he searched, but found naught new, nor on his carved bed did he see any sign of her. In his books he looked, which had lain unopened so long, but naught did he find there save dust. At length, even in his instruments of sorcery did he look, although he knew that no immortal could endure such a hiding place. Then, at last, he despaired, and flung himself on his sheets and wept.

"The cock crowed, and he felt a stirring within his breast. Beside him stood the elf-woman, but she was changed, for all her clothes and her black hair were covered in hoarfrost and she clung to the post of his bed as if she were faint, and at this he marvelled. "What trickery is this?" he cried, "Amongst all I own I have searched and you were not there. You have played me false, foul witch!"

"Then, at length, the elf-woman spoke, and her voice was weak like one who has endured great trial, and she said "You looked everywhere, petty prince, save in your heart, and there have I lain this last night, in its cold emptiness. All my strength did I put forth that I might endure that dread void, and almost was it more than I could bear to stay there 'till dawn. Then I should have been yours as I swore. And had you but felt the faintest feeling of love for me, you would have found me there and gladly would I have wed you. But your only desire was to possess me, like another coin or ring for your hoard, and now you shall loose all. My curse I lay upon you until your death release you." And the prince fell to his marble floor."

Utterly silent was the inn. Even the wind in the trees seemed stilled. At length one of the men said "What became of the prince afterwards?" The old man sighed and said "The curse came upon him and he was cast out into the wild. Long he wandered the land, bound to tell all he met of his terrible fate as a warning to them." Then the speaker laughed and said "Old man, your beer has addled your brain! How could a man struck dumb possibly tell his story to anyone?" At that, everyone laughed heartily, and good naturedly, at the aged storyteller's blunder. But the old man gazed sadly at his companions. Then, at last, he threw back his head and laughed too, but his laughter was mirthless, and silent.

Colin Rosenthal

# MIDDLE EARTH REVISITED



# Love, Marriage, and Child-bearing in the Life and Work of J. R. R. Tolkien

"The dislocation of sex instinct is one of the chief symptoms of the fall"  
(*Letters*, No. 43, p. 48)

"I meant right away to deal with the question of Elvish child-bearing ... to  
... which I have given much thought." (*Letters*, No. 353, p. 431)

I have long thought that *The Lay of Aotrou and Itroun* contained some autobiographical relevance to Tolkien's own marriage, and a reading between the lines of some Letters and the Biography confirmed this. To avoid giving offence, I am imagining a hypothetical couple in real life for most of this essay, and apart from that I comment on Tolkien's published work, the main pieces being *Aotrou and Itroun*, *Aldarion and Erendis*, and the story of Nienor.

Beginning with our hypothetical couple who got married in the second decade of the 20th century, the husband a committed Roman Catholic, the wife an unwilling convert, we are still in the period when large families of children were typical, though somewhat smaller in the middle and upper classes. As the infant mortality rate substantially decreased, family limitation became more desirable and birth control was no longer a taboo subject.

At the beginning of the 20th century, the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches both condemned artificial birth control. In 1921 Marie Stopes opened Britain's first birth control clinic, in 1930 the Ministry of Health made birth control advice available at welfare clinics, and the Anglican bishops' conference gave its permission for Anglicans to use artificial methods. It is clear from letters received by Marie Stopes that the Roman Catholic Church was steadfastly opposed to her campaign.

At this time (1915-1930) there was very little difference between the size of the working class Roman Catholic family, and the working class family in general. Both would have had many children—or many births at least, the infant mortality rate still being high. The scientific basis of the 'safe period'—discovery of the timing of ovulation—lay undiscovered until 1929-30, and though its existence was suspected, birth control campaigners did not know when it occurred (there are actually two 'safe periods' and one fertile period in a monthly cycle of twenty-eight days).

Our hypothetical newly-weds, therefore, would have witnessed at church every Sunday, large families of children born with ages close together. Of course they embarked on marriage with the desire for children, but did not know how to make pregnancy more likely nor when to abstain. Nor did they realise the physical burden which pregnancy and childbirth lay on the wife, and the need for a larger house. All this, when pregnancy seemed such an arbitrary matter, and the 'safe period' doctrine had not been promulgated by the Church (possibly not until 1951).

The choice before our couple who have had their first two or three children is therefore to abstain from married love completely; to use birth control and confess it to their priest; to use it secretly without confession; to lapse in their religion. For what actually happened

in the case of the couple we are concerned with, you may read the chapter on 'Northmoor Road' in the Biography, and look up John Carey's review in *The Listener* (May 12 1977), where he included some anecdotal information from Carpenter.

Tolkien's letter to his son Michael contains essential information about his attitude to sex and reproduction (my essay is mainly concerned with reproductive sex, not sexuality as such). It is surprising, and welcome, to find him so frank and broadminded, though he cannot have imagined these views being published. Despite being himself a devoted husband, he is prepared to admit that men, on the whole, are not monogamous, and it is the Christian religion which must keep them faithful, through "great mortification". As regarded child-bearing, Tolkien insists that young women are more practical than young men; as future mothers, they seek a father for their future children, and should not be asked to wait for marriage when their child-bearing years are so precious.

We may now move to *Aotrou and Itroun*, and ask why he chose that particular story to tell, and whether it had any autobiographical significance. In my article on the source of the poem, I prove that Tolkien altered the traditional plot, and I am indebted to Rhona Beare for pointing out that the Breton ballad is a variant of the "Clerk Colvill" ballad-cluster (*Child's Ballads*, no. 42), nearly all of which describe a fatal relationship between a mortal man and an elf woman—the theme which was Tolkien's obsession, as Shippey points out in *The Road to Middle-earth* (chapter 8). Shippey identifies the elf maiden (autobiographically) with Tolkien's make-believe world.

Tolkien would also have been attracted to the ballad-cluster because it contained a scene of woodland encounter, which entered his mythology after the woodland days on leave he spent with his wife in 1917. It has been frequently pointed out (e.g. Iwan Rhys Morus, *Mallorn 20*; Helms, *Tolkien and the Silmarils*) that woodland encounters occur in *LotR*, *The Silmarillion*, and in several minor works. Moreover, in *Songs for the Philologists*, a collection compiled when Tolkien was at Leeds, we may find "Ides Ælfsyene", and original poem in Anglo-Saxon and the hypothetical ancestor of a medieval ballad; "Ofer Widne Garseg", a sailors' song about a mermaid; and "Olafur Liljuros" taken from a Scandinavian song book, which is an 'Olaf' ballad cognate with "Clerk Colvill" and "Aotrou Nann hag ar Corrigan" (i.e. the Breton original which was Tolkien's immediate source). Thus we have evidence of Tolkien's interest in the ballad-cluster before 1925. Shippey says that another important influence on the poem was Wimberly's *Folklore in the English and Scottish Ballads*, which was published in 1928. Carpenter says that the earliest manuscript dates from September 1930, and we shall not know any more about the various versions until a decision about posthumous publication is taken.

In the Breton ballad, the lord rides to the forest after his wife has had twins, encounters a corrigan (fairy), refuses to lie with her, is cursed, and returns to die. This is kept secret from his wife, who finds out when she goes to church for the traditional blessing after childbirth, and promptly dies as well.

Most analogues of the story have the forest visit just before or after the lord's wedding, and don't bring children into the story. But Tolkien goes back in time for at least 10 months. The lord and his wife have been married for several years and are *childless*. The lord rides into the forest to seek an aged witch, who gives him a magic potion, and says that she will take her fee when it is earned. The lord holds a feast and gives his wife the potion in her wine; and twin children are conceived and born. *Now* he rides to the forest and encounters a beautiful corrigan. He refuses her love because he is married. She curses him, and he realises on the way home that the witch and the fairy are the same.

The rest of the story follows the original plot, apart from the moral. In the ballad,

standing' between them, the two meet suddenly while riding in the forest, and immediately Aldarion decides to propose marriage. This marriage is again delayed while he goes voyaging.

In real life Tolkien and Edith were reunited, married three years later, and separated only a few months after that when Tolkien went to France as a soldier. Further separations followed as he was posted around the country after his return. When beginning his academic career there were several house-moves to cope with, and the birth of two children three years apart. Both Edith and the dark-haired, grey-eyed Erendis experienced a similar frustration on having to wait so long before starting their families, well understood by Tolkien as we see from his letter to Michael.

As Morus and Agøy point out, the main parallels to Aldarion's sea-faring passion are Tolkien's academic life and his male friendships, in which Edith did not share, and his Roman Catholic faith. If we had more information about the dating of various manuscripts, we might be able to find out whether Tolkien decided to write a narrative about marital discord set in Middle-earth, and then cast about for an appropriate but camouflaged situation, or whether he was engaged in drawing up the Line of Elros, devised the role of Aldarion as a sea-farer to Middle-earth, and then pondered "I wonder how Aldarion's wife liked his constant voyaging?" The story then took off—and became, it would appear, another minor obsession. It is probable that he was unwilling to finish and publish it because he guessed that some autobiographical relevance would be placed on it.

By 1965, the date of the latest typescript, whatever problems there had been were resolved. The final rift which took place after Erendis bore her daughter, was not as extreme after Edith bore *her* daughter, but Tolkien was able to extrapolate from his experience what might have been, and write those cutting scenes between Aldarion and Erendis at their last meeting, when it only needed a little softening to bring about reunion and further children. But Aldarion delivers that dismissive thrust, not even spoken to Erendis but to her daughter in her hearing:

"you are the daughter of the King's heir; and (so far as I can now see) you shall be his heir in your turn."

So far we have discussed marriages which went wrong, not extra-marital relationships, and it is interesting that Tolkien never depicted a consummated, adulterous sexual relationship in his Middle-earth works. There were probably such relationships among the men and women of Middle-earth, because they were sinful human beings, but he didn't chose to write about them, though he brings out the evil of lust in the character of Maeglin, who betrayed Gondolin. It will be most interesting to read his Arthurian poem, if it is ever published, for according to Carpenter, Tolkien portrays Guinevere as a temptress, which is not traditional.

There is one consummated, immoral relationship in the Middle-earth saga, and as it resulted in pregnancy it is relevant to our theme. However, Túrin and Níniel believe that they are united in legal marriage, and are ignorant of the relationship; thus they are not punished for their incest, but are the victims of a tragic chain of circumstances in part the result of Claurung's malice, and in part of their own dominant characters. This has been well delineated by Shippey and Helms, and also by Harvey (*The Song of Middle-earth*) in his chapter on 'The Tragic Hero', where he reminds us (the other two forget) that Tolkien himself cited Oedipus as a parallel in his *Letters*. For Oedipus, like Túrin, claimed to have mastered his fate and to have nothing further to fear; his wife also committed suicide when she knew the truth.

Attempting now to find something new to say, I have looked at the development of the Túrin saga, and tried to tease out any autobiographical relevance. It would seem that the main reason it entered *The Book of Lost Tales*, would be Tolkien's typically thrifty re-use of a story he had retold in the style of William Morris in autumn 1914. He had first discovered *The Kalevala* in 1911, but had not met Morris's writings until he went to Oxford. With both sets of writing he felt at home. And as he first read the English *Kalevala* soon after Edith had left Birmingham for Cheltenham, he could well have identified with Kullervo, whose upbringing goes awry because he is treated like an orphan, and when he meets his real parents again it is too late.

Much of the perverseness of Kullervo went into the character of Túrin, which also, it seems to me, has something of Tolkien when in the pessimistic moods Carpenter described, and of course both Túrin and Tolkien were separated from their mothers when young. In the early versions Túrin saw Nienor as a baby, but that too was changed. I don't see Nienor as an Edith-figure, but she is quite a strong character. In the earliest version (*The Book of Lost Tales*) Tolkien contrived a happy ending after death, when Turambar and Nienóre, after being denied entry to the halls of Fui, are deified as Valar, live happily as brother and sister, and Turambar will get his revenge on the day of judgement. In the "Sketch of the Mythology" and the "Quenta" (both published in *The Shaping of Middle-earth*), the last judgement is still part of the story, and Túrin will slay Morgoth, having become a god. The last judgement was of course completely removed from the final version of *The Silmarillion*, and also from the *Narn*.

As for Níniel's unborn child, the words "And Níniel conceived" were added in pencil on the version printed in *The Book of Lost Tales*, and so Glaurung does not taunt her with her pregnancy. It is part of the story in the "Quenta", but only brought in when she recovers her memory, so again is not part of Glaurung's taunt. And we all know how Glaurung uses her pregnancy to shame her in the final version of the legend. (There was no unborn child in the Kullervo legend—his sister killed herself two days after he seduced her—but children do result from Oedipus's incest, and one may compare Sieglinde's reaction in *Die Walküre*. Learning that she is pregnant by her brother, she decides to choose life instead of death.)

It must be clear by now that critics who attacked Tolkien because he didn't deal explicitly with sex in the modern manner did not appreciate, as Shippey says, the generation to which he belonged. He knew all about marriage and its inevitable consequence, children. Tolkien was particularly irritated by Edwin Muir's accusations, and if Muir had known Tolkien's other work he might have revised his opinion. A modern writer who provides a complete contrast with Tolkien's attitude to marriage in his fictions is David Lodge, also a Catholic, whose novels *The British Museum is Falling Down* and *How far can you go?* portray Catholic marriages in crisis because the husband and wife are forbidden to use artificial contraception. In Lodge we find not only some explicit sexual details which Tolkien would never have employed, but also direct criticism of the Roman Catholic Church, especially the papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. Yet for all the freedom which Lodge employs, I find there is still considerable erotic power in Tolkien's euphemistic language; "And Níniel took him with joy", for example, or "Too long and often of late is my bed cold."

Jessica Yates

## Appendix

Some highly speculative observations on child-bearing and the reproductive cycle among the races of Middle-earth, in the light of modern knowledge, as Tolkien has left us few hints about this.

**Men.** In his commentary on Auden's review (*Letters*, no. 183) Tolkien wrote "I have not made any of the peoples on the 'right' side, Hobbits, Rohirrim, Men of Dale or Gondor, and better than men have been or are, or can be." Men therefore had the same reproductive cycle as mankind in real life. They may have discovered those methods of birth control which were known in antiquity (i.e. barrier methods), but this would be regarded by Tolkien as an aspect of sin. Cf. Faramir "Kings ... counted old names ... dearer than the names of sons. Childless lords sat in aged halls ..." (*TT*, p. 286). Middle-earth was also affected by waves of over-population, e.g. the Wainriders, the "Wild men from the North-east", and over-crowding in the original home of the Rohirrim.

**Hobbits.** I suggest that in this aspect life was a little more pleasant for hobbits than for men. Commentators on the population of the Shire, particularly Crawford and Stenström, have pointed out the low birth-rate and absence of the misery of a high infant mortality rate. Stenström gives the mean number of children per marriage as 3.3; McLaren says it is 2.59, and I don't know enough about statistics to check these figures! briefly, I agree with Crawford the "the lack of property was a function of fertility", and that the hobbits had less sex drive than humankind. Puberty came later and marriage usually took place after coming-of-age. Stenström suggests that periodical abstinence was used to space families, and I would add that since the 'safe-period' had become R.C. doctrine by the 1950s, before *LotR* was published (if not before it was written), the hobbits would have known about it, and if by their nature their women-folk had regular periods and could predict their fertile time by observing the moon's cycle, given their lower sex drive they would have enjoyed more pleasure and less frustration than most R.C. couples in the real world. The exceptions to small families are those dynastic families where the head of the house is permitted by hobbit society to beget a large number of children: The Old Took (12 children), Gorbodoc (7) and of course Sam with 13 [but see comment page!—ed.]. It must be noted that in all cases the children's mother was tough enough to stand up to the ordeal, and Mistress Rose lived another 40 years after bearing her last child. (Apparently she journeyed to Gondor during or just after that pregnancy!)

**Dwarves,** as we are told, increased very slowly. By their nature, perhaps, the women had irregular periods, and living underground they could not chart their cycles by the moon, so they could not predict their fertile times.

**Elves,** I suggest, differed from other human-like races in that, despite being able to interbreed with humans, their women-folk did not have monthly cycles. I can't imagine an immortal woman having periods if she became mature and then waited several hundred years before marrying! Arwen was over 2500 years old when she married. The conception of elf-children, I suggest, was by the joint will-power of the couple. I had formulated a theory that in order to conceive a child by a man, the elf woman had to become mortal and begin the monthly cycle—which would have worked for Lúthien and Arwen, but not for Idril, as she remains an elf, and has a child by Tuor, who remains a man until he sails to Valinor. Some elven, and all elf-human couples, exhibit great mutual love and the need for closeness, but several Elven couples seem to bear long separations without suffering. Celeborn, for instance, doesn't go over the sea with Galadriel, though will eventually go. And Elrond endures Celebrian's departure, though I suppose that as a Ringbearer it was

his duty to stay until Sauron was overthrown, and although he was sure of seeing his wife again, he suspected that he would have to part with Arwen forever. Orcs. Unless they reproduce in a non-human fashion e.g. by laying eggs or spawn, orc women would be kept in breeding camps, capable of bearing several children at once—all births would be multiple ones. Orcs would grow fast, have a harsh upbringing, and join the army at puberty, so there would be little chance of questioning their way of life.

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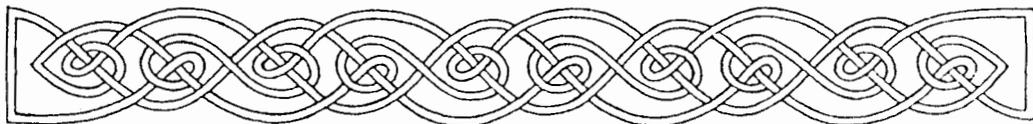
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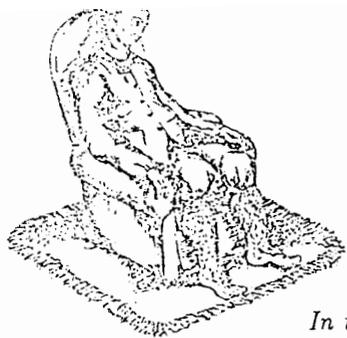
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(Although I obtained basic knowledge about contraception from the sources above, I would have liked to scan some of the sources in Stenström's article in *Arda*, and maybe a reader with access to an academic library will be able to follow up some of his references.)





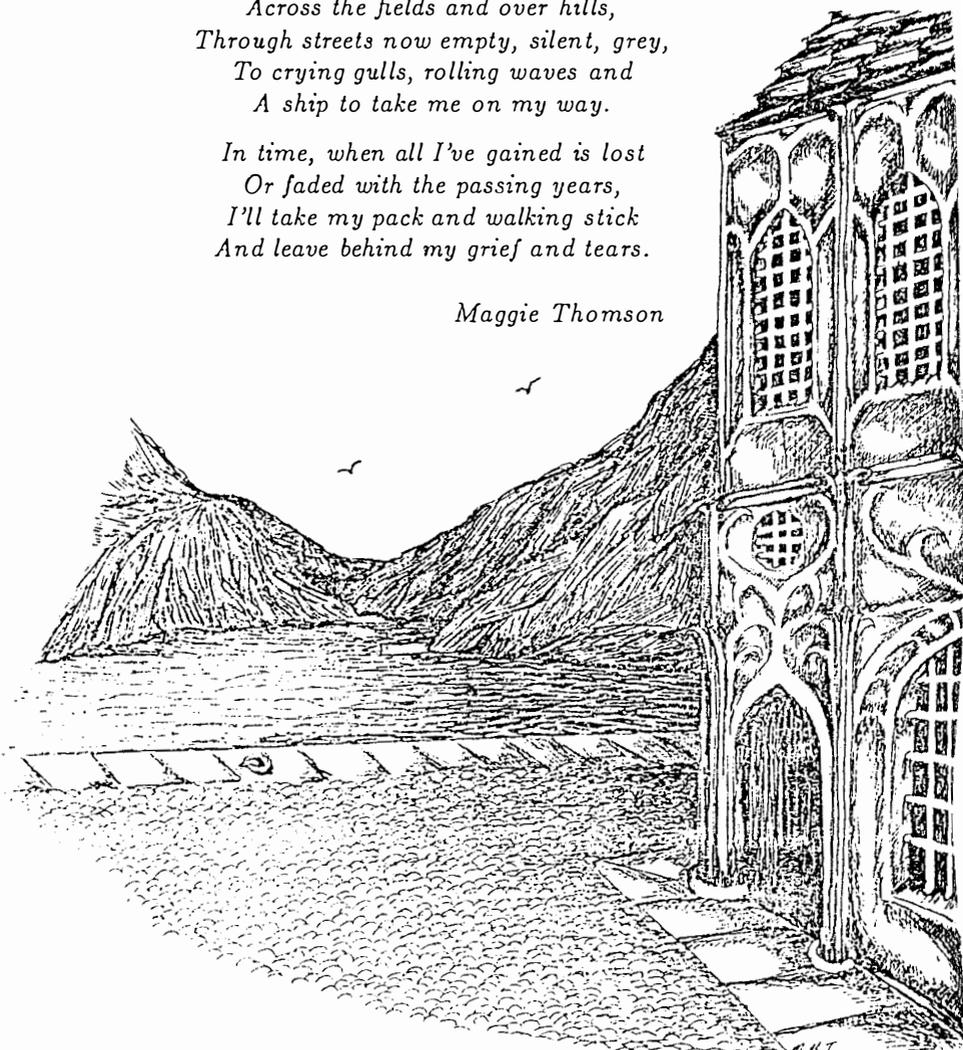
*Sam's Song*

*In time, when all my work is done,  
I'll follow him that went before  
And take the long road, seldom trod,  
To mist enshrouded hidden shores.*

*Across the fields and over hills,  
Through streets now empty, silent, grey,  
To crying gulls, rolling waves and  
A ship to take me on my way.*

*In time, when all I've gained is lost  
Or faded with the passing years,  
I'll take my pack and walking stick  
And leave behind my grief and tears.*

*Maggie Thomson*



# Comment

I'm a bit short on comment this time, since the bulk of ~~what~~ I received was on Economics, and so has been reserved for the next issue, but I ~~thought~~ I'd include first of all some more information on Hobbit populations. The most important new information comes from Gary Hunnewell, who has the advantage of having inspected the Tolkien manuscripts in the Marquette archives, where there are family trees for the Bolgers and the Boffins. "The average family size was 1.81 for 16 Bolger families and 1.93 for 14 Boffin families [c.f. about 3 for the family trees given in *The Return of the King*—ed.]. Also a small part of the Bracegirdle family tree is given: four families have an average of two children. Tolkien usually deals with male succession and females in the family (unless prominent, like Belladonna) were shown as married but having no children. So, it might be of interest to know that four offspring of the Bolger/Baggins families are mentioned in the Bolgers' tree; one offspring of the Boffin/Baggins families is mentioned in the Boffins' tree; and two offspring of the Boffin/Took families are mentioned in the Took's tree. None of these are given in *The Return of the King*."

Gary also points out that neither the families given in *The Return of the King*, or those mentioned above, are typical Hobbit families: "... three of the four families (including Sam and his descendents) are prominent. The Baggins were well to do, and the Bucklanders of the Brandy Hall and Took's were both leaders in the community as well as having wealth. The Bolgers and Boffins (by evidence of their marriages) are not the average Hobbit families either." Gary concludes "I'm not sure how this affects Mr. Crawford's measurements but I'm sure that it is something he would like to know."—I await a reply from Ted Crawford!

Also on the subject of population comes this from Susan Foord: "I Don't think any estimates of the hobbit population by other races on Middle-earth can be relied on. Firstly in *LotR* most people seem to be surprised that hobbits even exist. Secondly in *The Hobbit* we are informed that hobbits live underground and keep very much to themselves (although in *LotR* some also live with men e.g. at Bree)—this would make their numbers very difficult to ascertain and their dwellings practically uncountable (as opposed to human habitations on the surface). Thirdly, considering hobbits in battle, as a peace loving race they might well send a lesser proportion of their 'men' into any battle that involves them. Also since their battle-tactics consist mostly of hiding and hurling or catapulting rocks at the enemy (with great accuracy) there could easily be far more or less hobbits—e.g. at the battle of Bywater—than even their allies suspect. Lastly, the hobbit practise of living underground would render almost all their land available for agriculture. However, the increase in hobbits per unit area this allows is probably at least cancelled out by the extra amount that each hobbit eats! Incidentally, does anyone know if their animals had to live underground too?"

And finally, to complete this section on population, a postscript from Gary Hunnewell: "He (Ted Crawford) might like to know that Sam actually had 14 children! The fourteenth was left off due to printing considerations."

Gary Hunnewell also comments on other articles in *Anor 12*, in particular those by Julian Bradfield and Duncan McLaren. He firstly points out that the Second Prophecy of Mandos which Julian was shocked by in *The Shaping of Middle-earth* was actually published 10 years ago in a condensed form in Kilby's *Tolkien and the Silmarillion* (Harold Shaw Publishers), pages 65-66. Secondly, Gary observes an error in Duncan's article, as the First Battle of the Fords of Isen took place a week before the Ents marched on Isengard.

Next, a comment on a comment, from Ian Alexander: "Mr. Hunnewell has missed the point concerning the Very Lights. As I stated in my article, these things only helped Tolkien's imagination. Not for one moment did I suggest that actual Very Lights appeared in the Dead Marshes, *but* that the description of the lights that did occur was influenced by his knowledge of what Very Lights looked like."

And finally, a comment from Susan Foord on her own contributions to *Anor*, past, present and future: "I hope that no-one takes too seriously or is offended by anything that I write or draw for *Anor*. I only joined the Cambridge Tolkien Society because I was threatened by a fire-breathing dragon and my watch doesn't have a metal strap, not that I regret doing so. Much of the humor in *Anor* may be seen as 'blasphemous' by Tolkien fanatics but, on my part at least, it is not meant as an attack on Tolkien—rather on the fanatics and commercializers of his (and other) works, or to highlight interesting details and comparisons. However, I do sincerely admire Tolkien's books. After all neither parodies nor serious discussion of Tolkien would be possible if there were not something there worth considering. So any seeming insults are really a form of praise, and I refuse to apologize any further for my existence"

Well Said!



# Magic and Technology in a fantasy universe

## A REPLY

Mike Whitaker, in his article "Magic and Technology in a Fantasy Universe", which appeared in *Anor 11*, invited discussion of his hypothesis and, as no-one else seems to have bothered, I thought I may as well break the ice.

I begin with Mike's fourth hypothesis, which I consider absolutely wrong, and from there I hope to make some tentative progress towards a model for the causation of technological advance.

Mike states "The Romans used bronze for weapons, and the best they had in the way of armour was lamellar bronze over leather." This statement is quite false. As far as weapons are concerned, iron was almost universally used, with the exception of missile weapons—hence the use of the word 'ferrum' (=iron) in Latin texts as a frequent metonymy for 'sword'. The Greeks, too, from the ninth century B.C. onwards, also made use of iron for swords, while retaining bronze for armour. It is true that weapons are invariably bronze in Homer, but this may be attributed to conscious archaizing or may be inherent in the ancient oral tradition. The Mycenaeans, admittedly, used bronze for weapons, but even a brief acquaintance with their highly developed palace bureaucracy, monumental architecture, and exquisite art of a quality not equalled for five centuries, will leave one with the impression that they were not technologically inferior to their descendents. So why did they use bronze? The answer to me seems quite obvious if we remember that Greece is extremely impoverished as to its mineral resources; almost all metals have to be imported (or obtained by 'military' means). Copper and tin would not have been too hard to come by, since there was probably much traffic between Northern Italy and Britain in the west, supplying tin, and the great caravan routes of the east carrying copper. The very name of the island Cyprus means 'copper' in Greek. Iron would have been much harder to come by (although I believe that the Hittites used it for weapons at this period), and indeed it was used as currency in Greece until the Classical period (and beyond in Sparta). The smallest unit of ancient Greek currency was the obol, a word which literally means 'an iron spit' (like for cooking kebabs on!), six of which made up a drachma ('hand full'), and the daily wages of an average labourer was between two and three obols. A commodity that valuable was not going to be used unless absolutely necessary.

To turn to armour, the 'lorica segmentata' of the first century A.D. Roman legionary was in fact quite a complex piece of iron armour, as intricate as Medieval plate and a damn sight lighter and more flexible. Chain had been known since at least the second century B.C., probably before, and its use continued unbroken until the Medieval period. The Greeks armed their hoplites originally in bronze, helmet, breast-plate, greaves, and (possibly) shields, simply because to them it was a cheaper commodity. During the fifth century, however, bronze body armour began to be replaced by linen or leather, or even, if we can trust artistic representations, a thick tunic, in whose folds weapons would become

entangled before they could cause any harm. We should not suppose that this revolution was in any way the result of a drop in technological know-how, but was the result entirely of military considerations. Just think about modern body armour—that is no indication of our technological level, being hardly different from any Dark-age warrior.

Mike also mentions that the Romans “never had stirrups”. True, but so what? They never had gunpowder either (nor the potatoe), and those people that did (have gunpowder, that is), made little military use of it. This lack made no difference to the Romans, whose battles were largely fought by infantry, cavalry having only a minor skirmishing role. If I remember rightly, the stirrup was not invented until the fifth century A.D. by nomadic Arab tribesmen—hardly at a high level of technology!! Incidentally, the Greeks never invented the wheelbarrow, but steam power was known and employed (as a novelty) in the second century B.C., and they had extremely complex navigational instruments not long afterwards.

O.K., you cry, but what has all this classics got to do with Tolkien? I apologise for my rather narrow scope, but I hope to highlight what I consider to be major factors in technological advance. We should never forget that necessity is the mother of invention; bronze weapons were fine until iron ones were encountered, and we should not have the tin can were it not for Napoleon’s military exploits. Changes in military technology are largely a response to circumstances, two in particular. Firstly, as a response to an encounter with new styles of fighting, and secondly to the materials available—we should not criticise the Romans for not using gunpowder or heavy cavalry charges any more than for not inventing chip-shops or Christmas trees. If military affairs remain pretty much constant in Middle-earth, we can assume that tactics changed little, if at all, and that the best materials and metallurgical techniques were available from the start. Not true of the real world, admittedly, but this is a fantasy world that Tolkien created [and the people of Middle-earth did have the major advantage of being taught by Aulë himself!—ed.]. Nevertheless, to be credible it must be consistent and to some extent reflect our own universe. One could ask why there is hardly any heavy machinery in Middle-earth, to which one answer is that Tolkien didn’t like it, but one could also take a social approach and say that such machinery was unnecessary! The Greeks didn’t use their steam power to fuel an industrial revolution because they had no need of heavy industry, and any work that needed to be done could be done by a ready force of slaves. [Most of the people of Middle-earth didn’t have large numbers of slaves at their disposal, though. Any thoughts?—ed.]

I admit that this article has been rather limited in its scope, and that much of my proposed system is simplistic. It was not my intention to give a complete answer to the original article, but rather to approach the questions raised from an angle which I know a bit about, and suggest some alternative causal factors for technological advances. I purposely avoided a discussion of how magic is to fit into this system, in the hope that someone else will feel sufficiently inspired to do it themselves. It is certainly an interesting, and important, issue, and one which deserves a good deal of discussion.

Stephen Linley



Uncle Mike's  
**Book Corner** Part  
Five  
by Mike Whitaker

Hi again, and once more welcome to the Book Corner. Bit of a mixture this time, since not only are you getting books with words in, but I'm going to look at some of the fantasy art books available.

The promised reviews of the now-not-so-new Sheri Tepper and of *Time of the Twins* will not appear, the former because I have given up hope of ever finishing it (consider that a review in itself), and the latter because TSR Inc. (the original publishers) and Penguin have signed some deal meaning that *DragonLance Chronicles 1* is being republished in Penguin, and TSR's stocks of the original editions are now unsellable. All very complicated, unkind to the specialist hobby shops (it being a D&D tie-in) who are losing trade to W. H. Smith's, and generally irritating. When it appears in Penguin eventually (they won't publish it until they've finished re-issuing *Chronicles 1*) you shall have a review!

But first, this issue's star attraction

*Horse Lord, Demon Lord, Dragon Lord*, Peter Morwood, Arrow, £2.95 ea., pp. 254, 303, 318.

I've passed these in Heflers many times, saying "one day I'll read them"—well, now I have, and I'm sorry I waited so long. These are not a trilogy but a series with (as yet) no defined end, although each book is reasonably self-contained and stands on its own. Don't assume because of that, they are trashy Gor/HorseClans type rubbish, because they are not. Morwood knows how to write good readable sword-and-sorcery.

The books concern Aldric, a young nobleman who is suddenly rendered home- and family-less by treachery, and is befriended by Gemmel the sorcerer, who teaches him magic and sword-play. The three books chronicle his various exploits, mainly written from his point of view. The author has created both an excellent character, and a superbly constructed world, reminiscent of Japan in its codes of honour and weaponry. Morwood also creates a truly magnificent dragon, better even than Barbara Hambly's (see last issue), and manages to work in some quotes from other fantasy books and a cameo appearance by... well, read *Dragon Lord* and find out!

Of the three books, *Demon Lord* is the weakest, having been put together from two short stories. The next, *War Lord*, is currently being written.

Take a week off sometime and read them!

Next...

*City of Sorcery*, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Arrow, £2.95, pp. 423.

This is the latest Darkover book, as promised from last issue. It is actually part of a series-within-a-series, the earlier two being *The Shattered Chain* and *Thendara House*, telling the story of Magda/Margali and Jaella. I got by without having read *The Shattered Chain*—a good job, as it's out of print—but having read *Thendara House* helped. The basic plot concerns, initially, a straight case of missing person, which rapidly evolves into a search for an ancient hidden city. Most of the book seems to be taken up with travelling through blizzards, mountains and the like, and with the interaction between the (all female) characters.

I'm not really sure what to make of it. *Thendara House* was more gripping, on the whole, but the character interaction in *City of Sorcery* is generally better. Besides, it must take a certain degree of will-power to kill off a character you've been writing about for three whole books!

Not a good introduction to Darkover—for that, try *Thendara House*.

Next, the new(ish) Terry Brooks...

*Magic Kingdom for Sale SOLD!*, Terry Brooks, Futura, £4.95, pp. 324.

Terry Brooks is the man responsible for the Shanarra series—this is, thank goodness, completely unconnected. It is, however, not much better. The basic plot is: bored widower/lawyer reads advert in respectable store's Xmas catalogue for magic kingdom for a cool million dollars and buys it. Not a lot more to say really.

It is, actually, quite good fun, but not to be considered as anything other than light reading, even when it tries to be serious (which I wish it didn't).

Worth a read, not worth the price.

And so, on to the new Anne McCaffery...

*Killashandra*, Anne McCaffery.

Here I have to confess to a slight indulgence—I collect Anne McCaffery hardbacks, so I have no idea of publisher etc. for the paperback version—suffice it to say that it has been out in paperback for a couple of months and I think it's £2.95 [Corgi, £2.95, pp. 347.—ed.]. It's also a moot point whether this is fantasy, but most people who read fantasy will probably want to know what it's like, so I make no apologies for including it!

(Get on with it, Whitaker!) O.K., *Killashandra* is the sequel to *The Crystal Singer*, once again (not surprisingly) featuring the same principal character. Better written than *The Crystal Singer*, and Killashandra's character is developed more (nice to see an Anne McCaffery heroine who's actually interesting as a character). The plot moves along nicely, even if the physics of crystal singing is (more than a bit) iffy.

Nice cover, spoiled by an anatomically strange half-clad female which I assume is Killashandra with sun-bleached hair (from black!—I ask you).

Despite all the complaints, I enjoyed it (but then I'm a McCaffery fan).

Now, two books which may be a little hard to get...

*The Death God's Citadel*, *The Web of Wizardry*, Juanita Coulson, DelRey, £2.95 ea., pp. 381, 357.

Came across these by accident—*The Death God's Citadel* is certainly available in Heffer's, but I'm not sure about the other. They are both separate stories, but set in the

same fantasy universe. The first is a fairly standard fantasy quest, and the second an equally standard fantasy war-against-the-evil-from-the-East (why are nasty evil countries always East of the good guys?). What makes them good is the fact that the world is nicely detailed, and there is very little strain on the reader to believe things about the way the world works. Of the two, *The Web of Wizardry* is the better written, but they're both O.K.

Nothing special, but good (if a little light) reading.

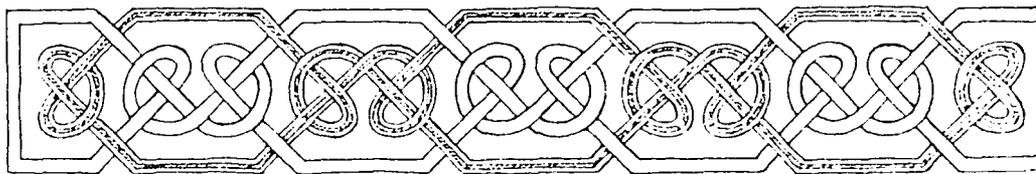
And finally, a look at fantasy art books.

There seem to be a large number of large format books on fantasy art available at the moment, and they have the annoying habit of being shrink-wrapped so you can't see inside—a bit much for £8 a throw—so here goes.

First off is the best known, Roger Dean, famous for lots of "Yes" album covers and the like. He has 2 books out, *Views* and *Magnetic Storms*. Both of these are 'typical' Roger Dean; fantasy landscapes, weird planets and the like—personally, I don't care for Roger Dean, but a lot of people do. Next, there's *In Search of Forever*, by Rodney Matthews, the man responsible for the Elric posters, etc. If you like his style, you'll love the book—again weird angular landscapes and cities, ships and heroes, all done in his style. There is also a calendar (available from Games and Puzzles on Green St.) with more of the same. Fairly new out is *Sirens*, a Chris Achilleos collection (his second, the first being *Beauty and the Beast*). He is responsible for a lot of art for Games Workshop (Fighting Fantasy books etc) so there are a fair few monsters and the like, in addition to a selection of near-naked women (he has done 'art' for *Men Only*, according to the book) and film posters—again he has a distinctive style.

Also newish out is *Lightship* by Jim Burns (artist Guest of Honour at next year's World SF Convention in Brighton—for details ask me (plug)). Burns isn't as well known as the others, but has a very personal style—this one I don't own but have actually found an unwrapped copy to look at—its good, I may buy it. Finally there are two by Boris Valejo, *Mirage* and *Enchantment*. Valejo draws mainly yer archetypal fantasy female (the one with no clothes and wings or serpent tail or something), and does it very well (not for the narrow-minded though). *Mirage* is spoilt by his wife's 'poetry', and *Enchantment* apparently consists of Boris illustrating his wife's short stories—I neither know nor wish to know what they're like!

That's all folks—if you wanna know whats in the next issue, buy it!



I have received details of two conferences which will be held in the next few months. Owing to considerations of space I haven't been able to print full details here, but anyone who is interested in either can get full details from me. Mike Percival.

## The Arda Society & Arthedain

2nd International Arda Symposium  
*The Shaping of Middle-earth*

The conference will be held in Oslo, 3rd–5th April 1987, and the central theme will be 'The Shaping of Middle-earth', primarily up to and including *The Hobbit*, which was first published 50 years ago. Contributions on this or any Tolkien related theme will be welcome, and proceedings will be conducted in English and Scandinavian languages, with interpretation as necessary. Outlines of papers should be submitted by 15th February to the symposium programmer, Johan Schimanski, Jongsstuben 17, 1300 SANDVIKA, Norway.

Registration should be received no later than March 1st, by the registrar, Kristin Thorrud, at the same address. The fee is 75 Norwegian kroner/£7.50/\$10, and should be paid by postgiro transfer (to Norwegian postgiro account number 5 19 62 17 Arthedains bibliotek, 1300 SANDVIKA) or by International Money Order.

We wish all of you welcome to Oslo!

## Mythcon XVIII

The Mythopoeic Society will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the publication of *The Hobbit* at their annual conference, 24th–27th July 1987, at Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, home of the most extensive collection of Tolkien's manuscripts in the United States, including *The Hobbit* and *Lord of the Rings* papers.

Guests of honour include John Bellairs and Christopher Tolkien, and there will be a special exhibition of drawings from *The Hobbit* and other manuscripts, including the manuscript of *Mr. Bliss*.

Papers (to be presented orally, about 30–50 minutes in length) are invited on the imaginative or scholarly work of J. R. R. Tolkien, or on the work of any of the Inklings, or on several other aspects of fantasy. The deadline for abstracts is 31st March 1987; enquiries to Mr. Richard C. West, Secretary, Papers and Panels Committee, Mythcon XVIII, 1918 Madison St., Madison, WI 53711, U. S. A.

The registration fee is \$145, rising to \$160 for registration after June 1st (space permitting), including room, eight meals, and the Sunday night banquet. Registration alone, without room or meals, is \$30 until May 31st, \$40 thereafter. Registration plus food, but without a room, is \$85. For additional information, please write to: MYTHICON XVIII, P. O. Box 537, Milwaukee, WI 53201, U. S. A.

The Cambridge Tolkien Society is a University registered society whose aim is to further interest in the life and works of J. R. R. Tolkien.

Meetings are held approximately fortnightly during full term.

Two types of Membership are available. Residents of the United Kingdom may become full members of the society on payment of £2.00 (Annual) or £4.50 (Life membership, but only covering three years' *Anors*). Those not resident in the United Kingdom may subscribe to *Anor* at a fee of £2.00 (surface) or £3.00 (air mail) per year.

For further information contact the Chairman, Ian Alexander (Churchill College), or Mike Percival at the address below. Subscriptions should be paid to the treasurer, Graham Taylor (St. John's College), or via Mike Percival.

*ANOR Issue 13*

Editor: Mike Percival

Artwork: Per Ahlberg (cover), Susan Foord, Maggie Thomson,  
Gary Hunnewell

Calligraphy: Julian Bradfield, Mike Whitaker (and an Apple Macintosh!),  
Susan Foord

Typesetting: Mike Percival

Produced by the Cambridge Tolkien Society (Minas Tirith). Typeset with the program  $\text{\TeX}$ , developed by D. E. Knuth at Stanford University, produced with Chris Thompson's DVITOPS program, running under Phoenix/MVS on the Cambridge University Computing Service IBM 3084. Printed at the Cambridge University Graduate Society office. [ $\text{\TeX}$  is a trademark of the American Mathematical Society.]

Copies of *Anor* are available from:

Mike Percival, 20 Mulberry Close, CAMBRIDGE, CB4 2AS.

The prices of *Anors* are 40p for issues 1 to 4 and 50p for issues 5 to 13. Issue 14 is due to appear in April 1987 and will cost 50p—advance orders are accepted. Postage and Packing are as follows:

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Copy for the next issue should be sent to Mike Percival at Jesus College or at the address above by 1st March 1987 (preferably a few weeks earlier). (Late submissions may be accepted—contact the editor or Committee nearer the time.) Alternatively, copy can be typed directly into the Cambridge University Computer. Details for doing this can be found in *TOLKIEN. INFO: ANOR*.

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