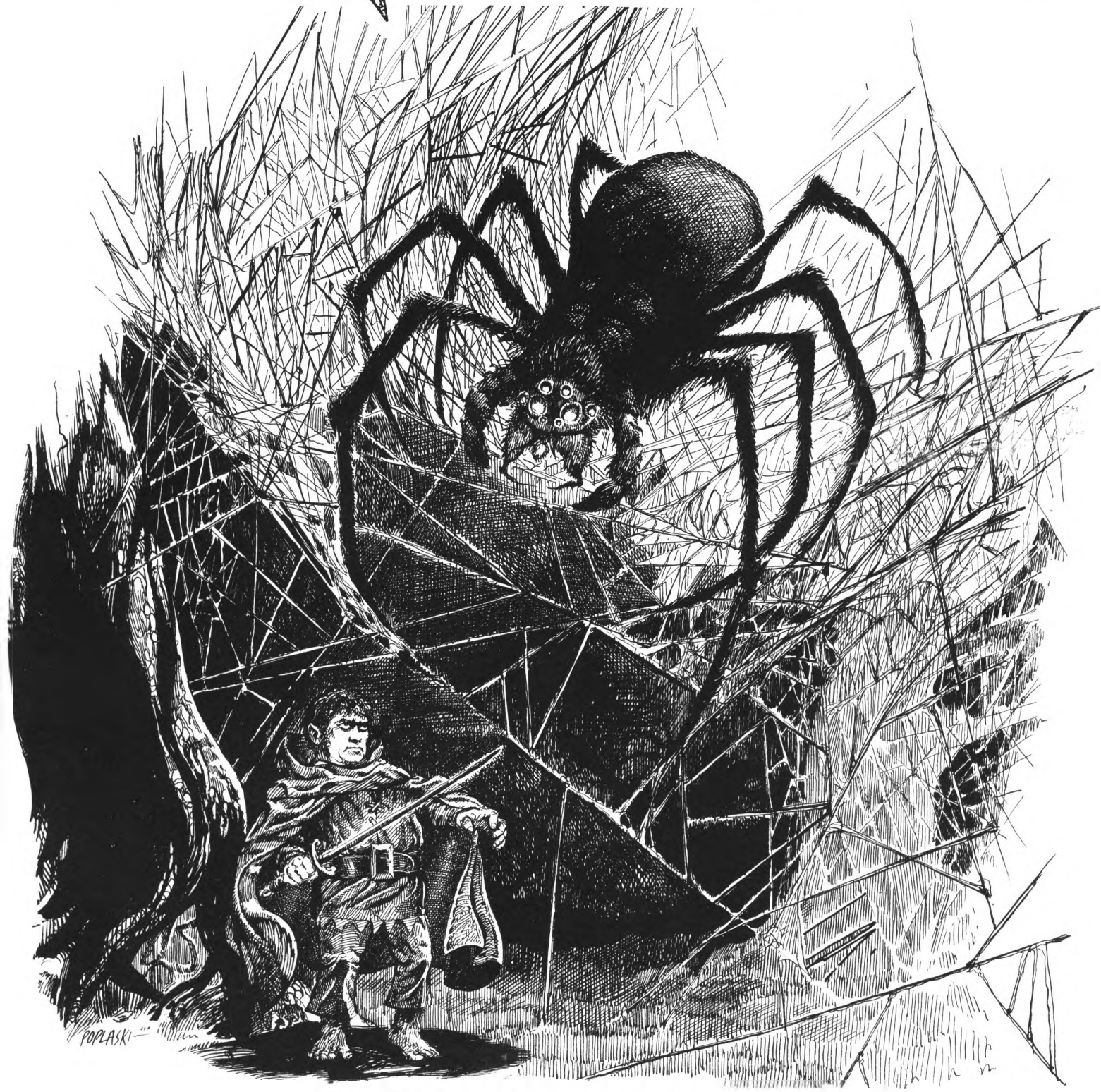


ORCRIST no. 4 TOLKIEN JOURNAL no. 13



"TOLKIEN and SPIDERS", ... and other articles.

ORCRIST

A Journal of Fantasy in the Arts
The Bulletin of the
University of Wisconsin
J.R.R. Tolkien Society

Number 4 (1969-1970)

Also TOLKIEN JOURNAL Volume 4, Number 3, Whole Number 13

Editor: Richard C. West
Art Editor: Ivor A. Rogers
Artists: Carol Galaty, p. 8
Laura Haglund, pp. 5, 7, 10, 13, 14, 16, 19, 24
Peter Poplaski, pp. 1, 12, 14, 20
Ivor A. Rogers, p. 11
Deborah Webster, Sr., pp. 5, 7, 19
Lettering: Peter Poplaski

Quotations from The Lord of the Rings 1965 by J.R.R. Tolkien and used by permission of the American publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Single copies of Orcrest available from Richard West (614 Langdon Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703) for one dollar each. All back issues in print. Subscriptions not solicited, but any interested party may leave his address on file with us and will be sent each new issue with a bill whenever one appears. Third and fourth issues also available by subscription through the Tolkien Society of America (Ed Meskys, Belknap College, Center Harbor, New Hampshire 03226) at two dollars per year (four issues of Tolkien Journal). Write the TSA for details on other membership benefits. Letters of comment on Orcrest or prospective contributions (we look for scholarly or critical articles that are thoughtful and well-written, for worthwhile jeux d'esprit, and for good illustrations) should be sent to the editor, Richard West.

DEDICATION

In Memoriam: Francis Christensen
he was gold that did not rust

1970 by the University of Wisconsin J.R.R. Tolkien Society. All rights reserved. It is our policy that the individual authors retain full control of their respective contributions.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	Editor	p. 2
TOLKIEN AND SPIDERS	Robert Mesibov	3
ERRATA TO <u>ORCRIST</u> NO. 3	Editor	5
PROGRESS REPORT ON THE VARIORUM TOLKIEN	Richard C. West	6
A DOSE OF DOUBLE DACTYLS	Diverse Hands	8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	Lloyd Alexander Bonniejean Christensen	10
POWER IN <u>THE LORD OF THE RINGS</u>	Alexis Levitin	11
REPORT FROM THE WEST: EXPLOITATION OF <u>THE HOBBIT</u>	Bonniejean Christensen	15
AN ACE MYSTERY: DID TOLKIEN WRITE HIS OWN RETRACTION?	Bonniejean Christensen	16
THE INSURRECTION OF THE TOOLIES FROM TWEED	Joe Snow	17
MEDIEVAL GRAFFITI	Anonymous	18
A PROPOSAL FOR A DOCTORAL DISSERTATION	Deborah Webster Rogers	21

INTRODUCTION

If you didn't find our last issue attractive and worthwhile, it certainly wasn't for lack of talent. Our third issue represented a triple effort on the part of the U.W. Tolkien Society (editing), the Mythopoeic Society (illustrations), and the Tolkien Society of America (printing). Also, the notices on the final page of the issue were added somewhere in its odyssey from New Hampshire to California to New York. We regret that this cross-country collaboration, while it produced a very fine issue, delayed the appearance of Orcrest #3 for some six months after it left Madison in late June, 1969 (the printer must take a good deal of the blame for this). We trust that Orcrest #4 is also good, but, since we have laid out the entire issue ourselves and so eliminated all that traveling, and since we have taken our business to another printer, we hope that this will be published with more dispatch.


Most of our artists this issue are locals who should not remain unknown for very long. We thank them for their efforts to suit their illustrations to the mood or matter of the accompanying article, and we hope you will agree they are quite talented. We are pleased to be able to offer another chapter from the M.A. thesis by Alexis Levitin; the proposal for the dissertation by Mrs. Deborah Rogers is a good paper in its own right; the two pieces by Mrs. Bonniejean Christensen are brief but informative; and the article by biochemist Robert Mesibov should both show Tolkien's use of spider imagery and give spiders a better press. For your amusement, we offer our dactylic verses (in which we "maken game of earnest") and the poem-scholarly-pastiche by Joe Snow. Mrs. Paulette Carroll's spoof of the Free University course in "Tolkien and Modern Fantasy" which I conducted in spring of 1968 will be enjoyed most by the stalwart souls who attended that class, but we hope that others may appreciate the joke, too. We are experimenting this time with a letter column, meant to deal with scholarly and critical issues more than with an exchange of pleasantries.

We are sorry that we will be unable in the immediate future to offer Anita Schimp's study on the Lillith myth, for she is now in the process of revising it. But we found that we had too much material to fit in this issue, anyway: lack of space has forced us to postpone some articles, a series of book reviews, and the latest supplement to my Tolkien bibliography. These will go into Orcrest #5, which we plan to issue in January, 1971. This will feature some illustrations but will not be photo-offset, as it will not be combined with Tolkien Journal (the issue you are now holding is our last such collaborative effort for the foreseeable future). We will accept orders for it now.

We hope to publish, sometime next year, a special issue of Orcrest devoted to C. S. Lewis, and are now searching for worthy entries. Let us also mention that Jan Howard Finder (23951 Lake Shore Blvd., Apt. 204-B, Euclid, Ohio 44123) is organizing a second Conference on Middle-earth for April 2-4, 1971, and is looking for people and papers. We refer anyone interested to the C. S. Lewis Society (Henry Noel, 349 W. 85th St., New York, N.Y. 10024); membership is seven dollars a year. You may order from Glen Goodknight (6117 Woodward Ave., Apt. K, Maywood, California 90270) copies of the proceedings of the 1969 Narnia Conference (\$1.50) and the 1970 Mythcon (\$2.50).

In the scant space remaining to me, I would like to extend our special thanks to Mrs. Mary Chwaszczewski, the indefatigable typist who has lightened the burden of preparing this issue and earned for herself the Speedy Gonzales Order of Merit.

R.C.W.
October, 1970



Tolkien and SPIDERS

by Bob Mesibov

Professor Tolkien dislikes spiders. When asked by Richard Lupoff whether Shelob derives from the "apts" of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tolkien replied,

I did read many of Edgar Rice Burroughs' earlier works, but I developed a dislike for his Tarzan even greater than my distaste for spiders. Spiders I had met long before Burroughs began to write, and I do not think he is in any way responsible for Shelob.¹

Readers of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* have already found evidence aplenty for Tolkien's arachnophobia, and should hardly be surprised by this admission. Spiders are easily the least-loved animals of Middle Earth. Consider the elves of Mirkwood, who

were reasonably well-behaved even to their worst enemies, when they captured them. The giant spiders were the only living things that they had no mercy upon.²

The arch-arachnid Shelob even makes an orc uncomfortable. When Gorbag complains of life in Lugbûrz, Shagrat retorts, "You should try being up here [Cirith Ungol] with Shelob for company."³ And with what curious lust Bilbo dispatches the spiders of Mirkwood!

His little sword was something new in the way of stings for them. How it darted to and fro! It shone with delight as he stabbed at them.⁴

It would, of course, be foolish to claim that the unpopularity of Shelob and her children is merely a reflection of Tolkien's prejudice against spiders. In the story as told, they deserve all the antipathy they inspire. Shelob, for instance, fairly radiates evil. In Torech Ungol, Sam and Frodo find an

opening in the rock far wider than any they had yet passed; and out of it came a reek so foul, and a sense of lurking malice so intense, that Frodo reeled.⁵

Less sensitive visitors to her Lair get the same general impression from her eyes:

Monstrous and abominable eyes they were, bestial and yet filled with purpose and with hideous delight, gloating over their prey trapped beyond all hope of escape.⁶

She is, to put it mildly, self-centered. Her guiding ambition is

death for all others, mind and body, and for herself a glut of life, alone, swollen till the mountains [can] no longer hold her up and the darkness [can] not contain her.⁷

In her purity of purpose and consummate malice she is Sauron's peer:

So they both lived, delighting in their own devices, and feared no assault, nor wrath, nor any end of their wickedness.⁸

The spiders of Mirkwood are somewhat less malevolent. Their motive in capturing the dwarves, as the following exchange demonstrates, is hunger:

"It was a sharp struggle, but worth it," said one. "What nasty thick skins they have to be sure, but I'll wager there is good juice inside." "Aye, they'll make fine eating, when they've hung a bit," said another.⁹

Their willingness to eat sentient creatures is not to their credit, of course. They are, like their mother, uncompromisingly bad. Something of their creator's taste is revealed in this aspect of their characters.

The feelings about spiders inspired by the characterizations of Shelob and the Mirkwood colony are reinforced by Tolkien's effective use of spider imagery. There is, for example, the character-typing of individuals as spiders, by which neither the referents nor their representations rise in our esteem. Gollum suffers worst in this regard. "Look at him! Like a nasty crawling spider on a wall,"¹⁰ says Sam as Gollum descends a cliff in the Eryn Muil. The climb ends with Gollum falling, and "as he did so, he curled his legs and arms up around him, like a spider whose descending thread is snapped."¹¹ Shagrat describes Gollum to Gorbag as a "...little thin black fellow; like a spider himself, or perhaps more like a starved frog."¹² And at one point, before reaching Cirith Ungol with the hobbits,

a green glint flickered under Gollum's heavy lids. Almost spider-like he looked now, crouched back on his bent limbs, with his protruding eyes.¹³

Gollum isn't alone in having spiderish qualities attributed to him. Denethor "sat in a grey gloom, like an old patient spider"¹⁴ when Pippin approached him to learn the duties of his service. Speaking of his imprisonment by Saruman, Gandalf tells of being "...caught like a fly in a spider's treacherous web! Yet even the most subtle spiders may leave a weak thread."¹⁵ Sauron abandons "his webs of fear and treachery"¹⁶ when Frodo claims the Ring at Orodruin. The Mouth of Sauron makes a pointed reference to Gandalf, Aragorn, and the other captains when, at the Black Gate, he warns of doom "...to him who sets his foolish webs before the feet of Sauron the Great."¹⁷ Even Galadriel is typed as a spider, when Wormtongue charges that "...webs of deceit were ever woven in Dwimordene."¹⁸

Spiders are associated with unpleasantness in

other contexts as well. Frodo slices at a ghostly wrist while trapped in the crypt of a barrow-wight, and as he leaves he thinks he sees "a severed hand wriggling still, like a wounded spider."¹⁹ In a poem in The Adventures of Tom Bombadil, the horrid Mewlips are reached by passing "through the spider-shadows..."²⁰ And spiders add to the flavor of slow decay in "The Sea Bell," another poem in that collection:

For a year and a day there must I stay:
beetles were tapping in the rotten trees,
spiders were weaving, in the mould heaving
puffballs loomed about my knees.²¹

Tolkien's giant spiders and spider imagery are successful; their effect on his readers is strong and unambiguous. Why? Why is Tolkien's distaste for spiders so readily communicated? Why are we so willing to put spiders down? Let's consider three possibilities.

The first is that no one likes a predator, and spiders are notoriously predatory. Worse yet, they prefer living food. Thus Bilbo is attacked by a spider which tries "to poison him to keep him quiet, as small spiders do to flies."²² Sam abandons Frodo and becomes Ringbearer because he doesn't realize, as Shagrat does, that Shelob "...doesn't eat dead meat, nor suck cold blood."²³ Tolkien's spiders, and the spiders of our nightmares, hold commissions in that army of monsters bent on gobbling up the unwary. The danger in Torech Ungol and the webby darkness of Mirkwood is the danger of being eaten. But no one expects to be eaten by a real spider. And perhaps the most neutral reference to spiders in Tolkien's work takes their predatory nature for granted. I refer to the treetop lookout in Mirkwood, where Bilbo "found spiders all right. But they were only small ones of ordinary size, and they were after the butterflies."²⁴

A second reason for disliking spiders is their sinister armament, the poison and the cunning snares with which they capture their prey. Even the giant spiders of Middle Earth are skilled at spinning. In their eagerness to trap Bilbo, the spiders of Mirkwood close off his retreat with a web, "but luckily not a proper web, only great strands of double thick spider rope run hastily backwards and forwards from trunk to trunk."²⁵ By implication, they're usually better weavers. Shelob's art is on view at Torech Ungol, where "across the width and height of the tunnel a vast web was spun, orderly as the web of some huge spider."²⁶ It should be noted that Sam was unimpressed by the display.

Sam laughed grimly. "Cobwebs!" he said. "Is that all?"²⁷

Black spinning talents are suggested in epithets and metaphors in Tolkien's works as well, as noted in the discussion of character-typing above, and in the following couplet from "The Lay of Aotrou and Itroun":

A witch there was, who webs could weave
To snare the heart and wits to reave.²⁸

Yet Tolkien frequently refers to webs as things of beauty. On Frodo's first visit to Rivendell "the woven nets of gossamer twinkled on every bush,"²⁹ and on his return there there was "a frost in the night, and the cobwebs were like white nets."³⁰ Leaving Crick-hollow the hobbits "saw the Hedge looming suddenly ahead. It was tall and netted over with silver cobwebs."³¹ And from Bombadil's window could be seen "a clipped hedge silver-netted."³²

A third common complaint about spiders is that they are creepy and on this point Tolkien's feelings are apparently unimixed. In Shelob, Sam sees "the most loathly, most horrible and ever beheld, horrible beyond the horror of any thing else."³³ The maleficence is compounded by the fact that "an evil thing in spider-form."³⁴ What is that thing?

...behind her short stalk-like neck was her huge swollen body, a vast bloated bag, swaying and sagging between her legs.³⁵

There is an interesting factual error in this description, if Shelob indeed exhibits "spider-form." Spiders have no necks. The head and leg-bearing portion of a spider's body are constructed in one piece, with no visible evidence of separation. To the rear of this section (the cephalothorax) is attached the often-bulbous structure containing stomach, silk glands, reproductive organs, etc. (the abdomen). The bulk of a spider's body hangs behind, not between, its legs.

Tolkien also speaks of Shelob's "two great clusters of many-windowed eyes"³⁶ with their "thousand facets."³⁷ Spiders do not have multi-faceted eyes. Their eyes are simple, usually unclustered, and never more than eight in number. Tolkien seems to be describing, not the form of a spider, but the form of an insect, which would exhibit both the complex eye structure and the segmentation of the body he specifies. In support of this idea, Bilbo is said to be "standing...in the middle of the hunting and spinning insects"³⁸ while beginning another taunt in the battle with the Mirkwood spiders.

Why does Tolkien apparently confuse spiders with insects? One might argue, of course, that he doesn't, that he introduces the error deliberately to avoid contributing too obviously to the already bad press about spiders. This is a weak apology. One could as well claim that Sauron isn't depicted as being particularly reptilian because snakes inspire enough fear already, or that the language of Mordor is only slightly Slavic because Tolkien finds anti-Russian prejudice rampant in the West. Tolkien himself suggests a better reason:

I was eager to study Nature [as a child], actually more eager than I was to read most fairy-stories; but I did not want to be quibbled into Science and cheated out of Faërie by people who seemed to assume that by some kind of original sin I should prefer fairy-tales, but according to some kind of new religion I ought to be induced to like science...there is a part of man which is not "Nature," and which therefore is not obliged to study it, and is, in fact, wholly unsatisfied by it.³⁹

Did Tolkien leave off his education in natural history before the lesson on spiders? A third, and much simpler explanation for his erroneous description of the form of spiders is that he is that sort of arachnophobe who cannot tolerate the sight of a spider. Being afraid of their appearance, he has never looked at spiders closely. In agreement with this suggestion is the fact of his accuracy in describing spider behavior (poisoning to paralyze, folding limbs while falling). In all of this Tolkien is in sympathy with the arachnophobic majority of his readers, who can readily recite the sinister aspects of a spider's activities, but who are at a loss to draw one. (How many legs does a spider have?)

It's a curious truth that the spiders and spider metaphors that add so much to the richness of Tolkien's writings rely for their effect on a prejudice that is in no small measure dependent on authors like Tolkien for its perpetuation. I only hope a similarly self-sustaining cycle is operative for the godly virtues Tolkien also champions.

NOTES

1R. A. Lupoff, Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure (Ace: New York, 1968), pp. 276-277.

2J. R. R. Tolkien, The Hobbit (Ballantine: New York, 1966) (cited below as H), p. 166.

3J. R. R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings, Part Two: The Two Towers (Ballantine: New York, 1965) (cited below as LoTR II), p. 441.

4H, p. 160.

- 5 LoTR II, p. 416.
 6 LoTR II, p. 419.
 7 LoTR II, p. 423.
 8 LoTR II, p. 424.
 9 H, p. 155.
 10 LoTR II, p. 278.
 11 LoTR II, pp. 279-280.
 12 LoTR II, p. 442.
 13 LoTR II, p. 411.
 14 J. R. R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings, Part Three: The Return of the King (Ballantine: New York, 1965) (cited below as LoTR III), p. 95.
 15 J. R. R. Tolkien, The Lord of the Rings, Part One: The Fellowship of the Ring (Ballantine: New York, 1965) (cited below as LoTR I), p. 342.
 16 LoTR III, p. 275.
 17 LoTR III, p. 203.
 18 LoTR II, p. 150.
 19 LoTR I, p. 197.
 20 J. R. R. Tolkien, The Adventures of Tom Bombadil, reprinted in The Tolkien Reader (Ballantine: New York, 1966) (cited below as ATB), p. 46.
 21 ATB, p. 59.
 22 H, p. 154.
 23 LoTR II, p. 444.
 24 H, p. 147.
 25 H, p. 158.
 26 LoTR II, p. 420.
 27 LoTR II, p. 420.
 28 "The Lay of Aotrou and Itroun," Welsh Review IV (December, 1945), p. 254.
 29 LoTR I, p. 315.
 30 LoTR III, p. 327.
 31 LoTR I, p. 155.
 32 LoTR I, p. 179.
 33 LoTR II, p. 425.
 34 LoTR II, p. 422.
 35 LoTR II, p. 425.
 36 LoTR II, p. 419.
 37 LoTR II, p. 419.
 38 H, p. 158.
 39 J. R. R. Tolkien, On Fairy Stories, in The Tolkien Reader (Ballantine: New York, 1966), p. 78.



ERRATA TO ORCRIST NO. 3

- p. 2, col. 1, l. 5: "January, 1970" should read "Spring-Summer, 1969"
 p. 2, col. 1, l. 15: delete "plus twenty-five cents postage"
 p. 8, col. 2, last line: "page 22" should read "page 23"
 p. 10, col. 2, 1st paragraph, l. 17: add a comma so that it reads "Swift),"
 p. 10, col. 2, last paragraph, l. 2: change the period to a comma: "romance,"
 p. 10, col. 2, last line: "page 14" should read "page 15"
 p. 11, col. 2, l. 3: "rejection" should read "rejecting"
 p. 15, col. 1, center: "page 9" should read "page 10"
 p. 17, col. 1, 2nd paragraph, l. 11: add "it" so that the reading is "Apparently he would not have made it"
 p. 18, col. 1, 1st paragraph, l. 17: the second pair of quotation marks for "calling" were omitted, and "Middle Earth" should be "Middle-earth"
 p. 23, col. 1, center: "page 7" should read "page 8"
 p. 24, col. 1, 1st item, l. 4: "Colision" should read "Collision"
 p. 24, col. 2, 7th item, last line: "Ballentine" should read "Ballantine"
 p. 24, col. 2, 8th item, l. 3: "authors" should read "author"



PROGRESS REPORT ON THE VARIORUM TOLKIEN
Richard C. West

William Ready is the Agnew of Tolkien criticism, but there is one thing for which we can thank him: while he was connected with the Library of Marquette University in Milwaukee, he arranged for the purchase of many of Tolkien's papers for the Memorial Archives there. That was in the days before the epidemic of hobbitmania, and it is said that Prof. Tolkien simply stuffed what literary remains he could find into a box and shipped it off, and then bought a house with his payment. Marquette must also be satisfied with its bargain, for the Archives now house manuscripts, typescripts, and galley proofs for The Hobbit, The Lord of the Rings, Farmer Giles of Ham, an unpublished short story called "Mr. Bliss" (a delightful little piece), and a few letters written by Tolkien while he was arranging for the sale of this other material. Included are writings in Tolkien's own hand, many passages canceled or revised in the printed versions, and a number of never-published illustrations made by Tolkien himself. To a scholar, it is as rich a find as the discovery of a vein of mithril.

Since coming to Wisconsin, I have spent many fruitful hours examining the Tolkien Papers in Marquette's cool subterranean vault, thanks to the warm hospitality of Fr. Raphael N. Hamilton, S.J., the tall, spare, gentlemanly historian who is the present archivist. Within about the last year I have been joined in this study by a group of other Tolkien enthusiasts, and we have begun a variorum edition of Tolkien. A variorum is an edition containing different versions of a certain text, and sometimes the editors also furnish scholarly and critical notes and commentaries. We are doing both, though the notes will be kept to a minimum.

Banks Mebane long ago provided an excellent "Prolegomenon to a Variorum Tolkien"¹ in which he detailed changes from the first edition of Lord of the Rings made by Tolkien for the Ballantine edition. But our project is even more ambitious than Mr. Mebane envisaged, for there are more than the two versions of the text of LOTR that he considered. For our edition, we are comparing a holograph text (i.e., a manuscript in Tolkien's own hand), two typescripts, two galley proofs, the first and second editions by Houghton Mifflin, and the second edition as it initially appeared in Ballantine paperback. Our method has been to accept the Ballantine edition as our basic text (for, though the second Houghton Mifflin edition is really Tolkien's final say on the matter and therefore more authoritative, the Ballantine version is the one most people are likely to own) and note all variants from that.

Now, these papers do not represent the complete evolution of the Ring story, for there are certainly some links missing. The holograph, though written (and much scratched over) on the backs of examination papers and other scraps, is much too coherent to be Tolkien's first draft. There are enough differences between the first and the second typescripts to suggest that there may have been a version between them (and the second typing seems not to have been done by Tolkien personally). We do not have the page proofs, and changes were certainly made by Tolkien between the second galley we have and the first printing. But we do have enough to see the story taking shape. There are two basic recensions (the first represented by the holograph and the first typescript, the second by the later texts), and both have undergone much revision at every stage. For Tolkien is indeed a perfectionist and is constantly polishing his work. In this respect, he might be called the Flaubert of fantasy.

Carleton W. Carroll, William F. Orr, and I have done the bulk of this study so far, but occasionally Ivor and Deborah Rogers have come from Green Bay to assist us in finding all added sentences and altered

punctuation, and once James Robinson drove with us from Madison to Milwaukee to help collate the different versions. We plan to append a variorum Hobbit to our variorum Lord of the Rings, and here Mrs. Bonnie Jean Christensen of Northern Illinois University will be of invaluable help, since she has already examined these manuscripts in connection with her research for her dissertation. And she, like Jared Lobdell, is interested in helping to edit the rest of the Ring cycle as well, though neither has yet been able to accompany the fellowship to Marquette for this purpose. I am supposed to serve as the coordinator for all of the efforts of our group, but thus far I have done little in that capacity beyond listening to suggestions advanced by my associates as to how to proceed, wishing I had thought of that, and approving.

Earlier this year we approached Houghton Mifflin with word of our project, and in March we received as much encouragement from them as we could have expected. Naturally they cannot approve such a venture without the consent of Mr. Tolkien and his British publishers, or without seeing a sample of what we have in mind. But they were interested in seeing such a sample; and to accomplish this we had hoped to finish editing the Prologue and perhaps obtain permission to print it here, until it became obvious that the text of the Prologue with its variants would by itself be enough to fill an issue of Orcrist, and that it would be senseless to delay this issue further while we negotiated for printing rights.

However, we really are progressing with our work: in fact, as I write this in September, 1970, we hope to finish editing the Prologue any month now. Alas, there are a legion of variants in this section, and all of us have many other duties and cannot often get together in Milwaukee to edit a variorum.

But perhaps you are wondering what value we find in a study demanding so much careful labor and patience?

First of all, it is possible to watch the story growing as Tolkien adds, rejects, and revises. We find that he was telling no more than the truth in admitting that he initially had no idea who Strider was when he came climbing secretly into Bree: indeed, he at first thought the name was "Trotter," so let us be grateful that he changed his mind. We can watch as a romance between Aragorn and Eowyn is excised, and the character of Arwen is written into the narrative. We can see Elvish names of constellations replacing a description of a moonlit night, as Tolkien improves both his natural descriptions and the mythic ambience of Middle-earth. We can read the original titles for the six Books, moving from "The First Journey" to "The Journey of the Nine Companions" to "The Treason of Isengard" to "The Journey of the Ring-bearers" to "The War of the Ring" to "The End of the Third Age," noting how these underline such basic themes in LOTR as the quest and the passing of an era. All this we can learn, and much more. True, we witness some of the things Tolkien cancelled for good reason, but if we pick them out of the scrap heap it is only to show how wise the author was to throw them there. And sometimes we happen upon something worthwhile, like those chapter titles.²

Or we may discover how an error came about. In the holograph we learn that the rare modern Hobbits are "shy of the 'the Big Folk'," and that this dittography has been mechanically repeated in both of the printer's galleys and in all published editions of LOTR. You will find it on the first page of the Prologue in any edition you may have.

Or we may settle some vexed point. We now have overwhelming textual evidence establishing that Tolkien prefers to capitalize the first element of the compound words he hyphenates, but not the second. It would take too much space to give the evidence for this here, and

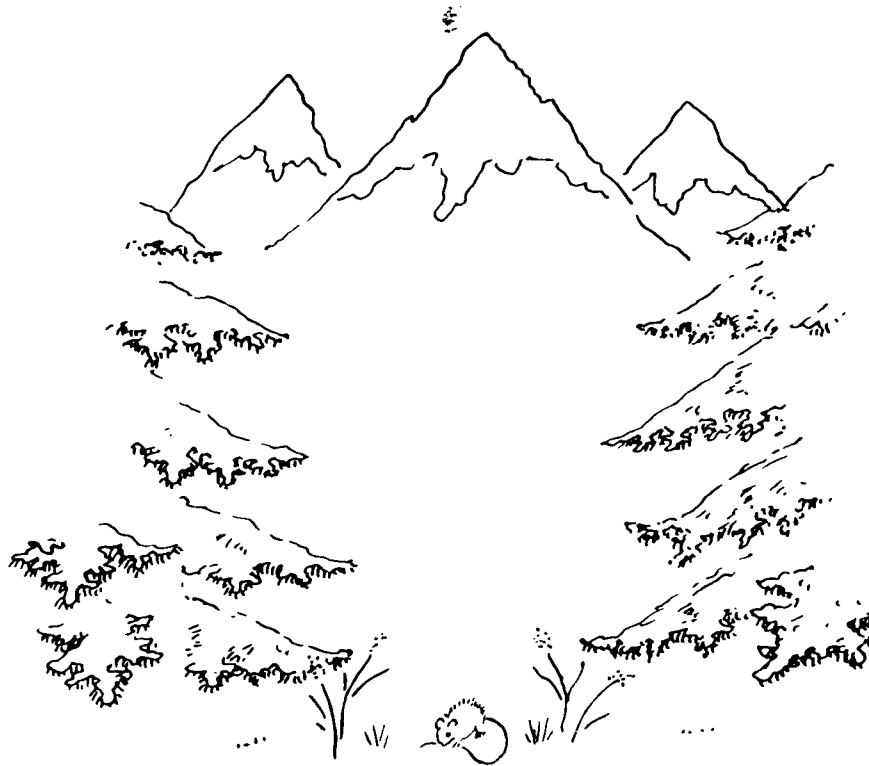
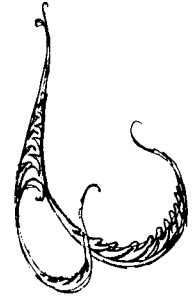
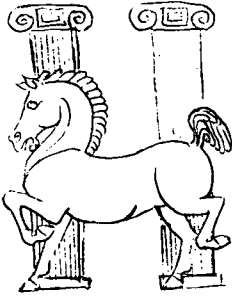
I hate to sound dogmatic, but we have seen so many instances of this that there can be no doubt on the matter. Hence, any time in the future "Middle-earth" is spelled any way but that (and who among us has not in confusion sometimes written "Middle-Earth" or "Middle Earth"?), it can safely be deemed non-standard.

But most of all, in examining the stages undergone by this narrative from its inception to its final form, we are privileged to witness the creation of an artistic masterpiece, and may learn something of the imaginative processes that produce this. Once our variorum edition of Tolkien is ready, anyone can share in this discovery without repeating our long labor.

NOTES

¹Entmoot No. 3 (February, 1966), pp. 17-21; reprinted in *The Best of Entmoot* (March, 1970), pp. 35-38. The first-mentioned issue has long been out of print, but the latter may still be available for one dollar from Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, California 94930.

²As Tolkien wrote to an American student: "Of course, the present division into Volumes, mere practical necessity of publication, is a falsification. As is shown by the unsatisfactory titles of the last two Volumes. The work is in no legitimate literary sense a 'trilogy.' It is a three-decker novel. The only units of any structural significance are the 'books.' These originally had each its title. Personally I should have preferred that this arrangement should have been preserved, with the volumes designated merely by numbers. But I can see the objections to this from a publishing point of view..." ³See Caroline Whitman Everett, "The Imaginative Fiction of J. R. R. Tolkien," M. A. thesis, Florida State University, 1957, p. 87.



nascetur



A
Dose
of

Double Dactyls

by
Diverse
Hands



A double dactyl, for those unfamiliar with this genre, is a form of light verse. It is made up of two stanzas of four lines each, with a single rhyme linking the last words of each stanza. The length of each line is two metrical feet (dimeter), and the basic meter is dactylic, except for the fourth and eighth lines, which are epitrites. It customarily begins with non-sense words (like "Higgledy, Piggledy"), followed by one name making up the second line; and there should be somewhere in the poem a single word that is a perfect double dactyl.

This delightful verse form was introduced to the world by Esquire magazine, and to us by Mrs. Deborah Rogers in a poem published in Orcrist #2. That effort inspired a flurry of double dactyl composing on the part of members of the U. W. Tolkien Society, and such of our verses as seemed both most meritorious and most free from in-jokes are here foisted on our unwary audience. Caveat lector: we have not always kowtowed to the strict rules stipulated above; and we have sometimes indulged our deep affection for puns.

Those responsible for these verses are identified below by their initials. RB = Royce Buehler. CWC = Carleton W. Carroll. PC = Paulette Carroll. DD = Duane Dobry. WFO = William F. Orr. RCW = Richard C. West.

Squirrelly, furrily,
Doubledactylically,
We shall write verses to
Keep us amused.

May its creators for-
Give our brave efforts if
They find their verse-form is
Being abused.

DD

Higgledy Piggledy
Tolkien Society
Join at your risk but your
Chances are slim

Higgledy, Piggledy,
J. R. R. Tolkien fans,
Let's all pretend that we're
Hobbits and elves,

Apologetically
We must confess to you
We are not limited
Only to him!

PC

Imaginatively,
Super-creatively,
Making a Middle-earth
Here, for ourselves.

CWC

Higgledy, Piggledy,
Richard the Editor
And James B. Robinson,
Editor, too:

Higgledy, Piggledy,
Richard the President
Sought reflection to
Lead our small band.

Self-sacrificingly
Orcrist have brought to us,
First Number One, then the
New Number Two.

CWC

Unhesitatingly
We all did vote for him,
And a new Orcrist is
Now on the stand.

CWC

For Gordon on his 30th Birthday

Arwen Undomiel!
Comfort our Aragorn
Puzzled to date his life
At the right stage.

To some now untrustworthy
Numerologically,
To us he's a hobbit not
Yet come of age.

RCW

Perigee Apogee
Kirk of the Enterprise
Shamefully went berserk
Cruising through space

Perigee Apogee
Spock of the Enterprise
Boldly to go where no
Man's been before,

Psychopathologists
Quickly agreed it was
Latent ear-tip envy
Lost him his face.

RB

Intergalactic'ly
Crossing his fingers in
Hope that his show would last
One season more.

WFO

Higgledy, Piggledy,
Arthur C. Clarke and his
Clever friend Stanley had
Barrels of fun

Higgledy Piggledy
Alice in Wonderland
Followed a little white
Hare; it seemed wise:

Setting their work in the
Future, years thirty-three:
See the acclaim that Two
Thousand has One!

CWC

Anthropocentrically
Poor thing, she thought that he
Was not a rabbit but
Hugh in disguise.

PC

Higgledy, Piggledy,
Ludovik' Zamenhof
Thought the world's languages
Caused too much strife;

Galilee, Zebedee!
Joseph of Nazareth
Thought his wife's figure de-
cidedly odd;

Esperantoically
Searched for a remedy;
Misunderstood for the
Rest of his life.

CWC

Concluded the first cause was
Parthenogenesis:
Such a thing had to be
An act of God.

RCW

Numinem Luminem
Jesus of Nazareth
Mild-mannered carpenter,
Claimed to be God.

Copracorn Capricorn
Judas Iscariot
Turned in his friend and his
Saviour as well,

Misericordia
Truly he showed when he
Fed his disciples his
Blood and his bod.

WFO

Capitalistically
Bargained with Pharisees:
"Pay me in silver and
I'll kiss and tell."

WFO

Come again, Son of Him?
Double-crossed, double-died
(Why should I Am bicker
Rhymes in this mold?)

Anticipating, we
Wait for your doubled act
Till you return to your
Number Two fold.

WFO

Higgledy, Piggledy,
Pterodac, double-dac,
We'll keep on writing till
Blue in the face!

Who would have thought that we
Had so much energy?
Even C. W.
Almost keeps pace!

CWC

Perlesvaus, Parzival!
Wolfram von Eschenbach
Superchivalrically
Courtly, but wry:

Lancaster, Westminster!
Warwickshire's Malory:
Lover of romance and
Passing good knight--

Christian adventure he
Rendered in German in
Style not middling but
Really quite high.

RCW

Fighting wars civilly
Plantagenetically
Not till imprisoned was
Tom free to write.

RCW

Camelot, Lancelot
Arthur and Guenevere
Regally married in
Their Middle Age:

A ménage à trois that's so
Courtly adulterous
Must quickly progress to a
More dreaded stage.

RCW

Carbonek, Camelot!
Lancelot and Guenevere:
The Knight serving loyally,
Purely, his Queen;

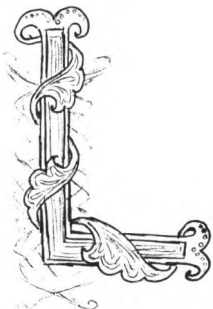
But they were latently
Heterosexual,
A circumstance checked when
Her mate intervened.

RCW

Finally, finally!
Our gentle readers have
Made it unscathed to
The end of our verse.

Let critics recall that there
Not inconceivably
Could have been more and they
Could have been worse.

DH



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Lloyd Alexander
16 January 1969

Dear Richard West:

ORCRIST NO. 11 just came, and I was delighted and altogether impressed by the whole publication. Many thanks for sending it. I've read it not only with great interest but with real enjoyment.

From my own point of view, you can imagine I was especially pleased at being included among "The Tolkienians." That, in itself, must be the greatest compliment anyone writing in the genre could hope for. The Lord of the Rings, in my opinion, is one of the greatest masterpieces of literature. The best glimpse I had of his genius was when I came on some texts that Tolkien had probably read (or something very like them) and saw how he had so superbly transmuted the material. He must be simultaneously the inspiration and the despair of anyone attempting a heroic romance.

What especially tickled me in your article was your pointing out the details of some of the episodes in The Mabinogion and showing how they came to work their way (mixed up in bits and pieces) into the five books of Prydain. (By the way, I used Lady Charlotte Guest's translation, the Everyman edition, with the footnotes which were as useful as the text itself.)

Here's an added detail that might interest you: Prince Rhun, in The Castle of Llyr, resulted from a phrase in the "Taliesin" chapter of The Mabinogion, "Now Rhun was the most graceless man in the world..." In the text, of course, he's graceless in a very brutal sense. But it started me thinking of Rhun as a feckless, goodhearted, accident-prone blunderer.

Another interesting point: you were absolutely and brilliantly on target when you saw that the personality of Efnisien was absorbed into the character of Prince Ellidyr, in The Black Cauldron; so, in exchange, I'll reveal that a good bit of the personality of King Bran went into the making of King Smoit!

I'd better stop, or this letter may go on indefinitely. Writing the Prydain chronicles has been, for me, a very personal sort of joy; over these past few years, the books have come to mean a great deal to me, and it's a pleasure to know that you've read them and enjoyed them.



Bonniejean Christensen
December 3, 1968

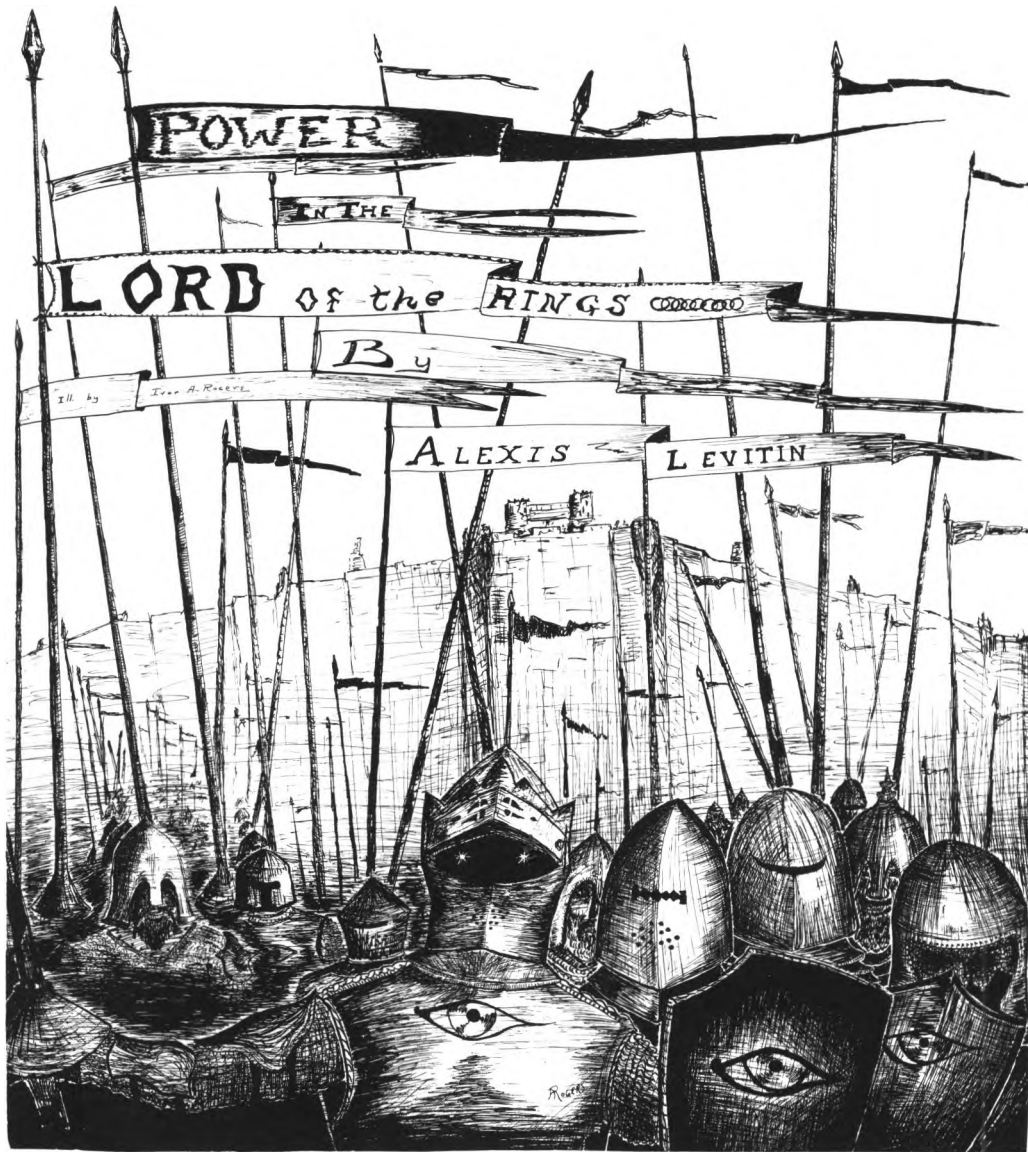
Dear Mr. West,

I'm pleased my references are of use to you. I'm afraid there's no simple answer, like a bibliography you don't know about. I just seem to have a knack for finding things when I'm interested in a subject. I have a number of items, secondary sources, which are not in Orcrest #1 or #2. I don't have the time right now to send them--because I don't have the time to sort them out and type them--but I will send you the bibliography for my dissertation when I get it typed, God willing, before Christmas. [Mrs. Christensen's checklist does not entirely overlap with mine and we agreed it should be published. It has been accepted by Bulletin of Bibliography and will appear in the near future. -- RCW]

Odd bibliographical problems plague me, as they do you, and I hope the "Supplement to the MLA Style Sheet," which my husband prepared some years ago for USC, will help you, as it does me. He eliminated Roman numerals in favor of the Arabic numbers in the earlier editions, but while he was on Sabbatical his committee reinstated them, to his chagrin. I like your method of supplying both.

The article by Karen Winter employs a valid folkloristic method of comparison, but the force of her argument is reduced by her lack of information and lack of judgment on perhaps peripheral issues, but issues that indicate a lack of maturity and depth on her part, and consequently make the reader wary of accepting her evaluation. For instance, her incredible misreading of "those monsters / Born of Cain" to indicate that the monsters are "of the same descent from Adam as Beowulf or any other human being" (p. 28), or her interpreting the marriage of Hrothgar's daughter to Ingeld as a symbolic assurance of fertility, when it actually brought destruction, seem no more than willful perversion of the material to prove a point. It is on a par with her placing the marriage at the end of Beowulf (p. 34) to force it to conform to the sequence of a marriage in Perelandra or The Return of the King. She has a mould into which she is going to contort the material, and the pity of it is, she would have a better case if she made a comparison of the actual works, showing how each conforms to or departs from the archetype. After all, the important thing is not to show that an author does use an archetype, but how he uses it.

The dreadful book by William Ready is beginning to receive notice, and some of it is not unfavorable. Do you want me to write a critical review of it? I use the word "critical" in its proper literary context, but the review would be condemnatory. JRRT had hoped the book would disappear if it were ignored, but I'm afraid it's not being ignored. [I jumped at the suggestion, and Mrs. Christensen's perceptive and trenchant review appears in this issue. -- RCW]



"Power in The Lord of the Rings"

Alexis Levitin

The Lord of the Rings focuses upon a particular episode in the eternal struggle between Good and Evil. Special emphasis is placed on the central role that Power plays in this conflict. Tolkien demonstrates that Power is the true weapon only of Evil, and that even in the hands of Good it eventually must result in corruption and suffering.

In a review comparing Tolkien's work to actual historical studies, Louis J. Halle¹ commences by saying, "The test of truth is the world as each reader understands it, and fiction may meet that test as well as history or better." He adds that "...the historian and the romancer alike are concerned with such truth as they are able to approach through the eye of the

mind." After comparing Toynbee and Tolkien, he says in discussing the theme of power: "The two prime facts of Middle-earth...are power and its consequence, suffering...In the historian's view, power is not a neutral element that can be used for good or evil. It is always evil, for it enables the wicked to dominate the world or, in the hands of the good, is inescapably corrupting."

It is apparent that Tolkien considers the influence of Power to be ultimately pernicious. He associates Power, and all its concomitants, with his wicked characters, but, for the most part, he denies them to his heroes. His attitude is illustrated by the description of the Wizards:

It was...said that they came out of the Far West and were messengers sent to contest the power of Sauron, and to unite all those who had the will to

resist him; but they were forbidden to match his power with power, or to seek to dominate Elves or Men by force or fear.²

The Wizards are endowed with great powers, but if they are to fight against Evil they must refrain from the use of force.

Tolkien unfortunately interchanges words such as Power and Force without distinction, although he does seem to distinguish between the two concepts. For the sake of clarity I will continue to capitalize the word Power, as does Tolkien, when referring to Evil Force, and will use lower type when referring to strength that is not necessarily evil.

It is clear that good people may be powerful without destroying their goodness. Gandalf, Elrond, Galadriel, Aragorn are all quite powerful, yet manage to avoid falling to evil ways. The mere possession of power, although potentially dangerous, need not lead to wickedness. It is the exertion of one's strength through Force that is corrupting. Galadriel possesses one of the three rings of power forged by the Elves themselves, ages before, under the deceitful advice of Sauron, and has the Ruling Ring come within her grasp. But she resists the temptation to use Force, recognizing that the Ruling Ring is an Evil Power that must dominate, compel, subjugate, and destroy. Frodo offers it to her and she refuses, saying:

The evil that was devised long ago works on in many ways, whether Sauron himself stands or falls. Would not that have been a noble deed to set to the credit of his Ring, if I had taken it by force or fear from my guest?³

The varying possibilities inherent in power are illustrated by the Rings. At the council where the fellowship was established, and the decision to destroy the Ring was made, Elrond says of the Three Elven Rings:

The Three were not made by Sauron, nor did he ever touch them...they were not made as weapons of war or conquest: that is not their power. Those who made them did not desire strength or domination or hoarded wealth, but understanding, making, and healing, to preserve all things unstained. These things the Elves of Middle-earth have in some measure gained...⁴

Plainly then, power for good does exist, but it is necessarily limited in scope. The power to heal and build, understand and create, is a good and marvelous power, but as such has no control over war, nor can it procure dominion over others.

When Tolkien uses the word Power he is almost always referring to the evil Force represented either by Sauron or his Ring. Force is based on fear rather than love. It is compulsive, demanding of its victims actions which they abhor, and forcing things upon them which they are too weak to resist. (It should be recalled that the powerful Wizards are sent to unite those who are willing to fight Sauron, but may not compel them to do so.) Power such as Gandalf's is personal, and vaguely spiritual. He recognizes the existence and importance of other beings. He sympathizes with them, and wants to help them in their plight. Force, such as Sauron's, is impersonal and materialistic. Sauron considers himself the living center of all existence, and the other beings with whom he must deal are only objects to him. He feels himself the real and true living Being surrounded by

things. These things he desires to rule, command, distort, destroy, in effect, treat exactly as he likes.

Sauron's Power is the greatest of its kind in Middle-earth, but it has several inherent weaknesses, one of which in particular leads to his downfall. Sauron, so mighty and so evil, cannot conceive of other beings who think differently from himself, whose attitudes toward power could be different. This lack of imagination on his part proves fatal.

In this weakness, Gandalf hopes to find the answer to their dilemma. He favors the idea of attempting to return the Ring to Orodruin and to destroy it there. This plan of marching unarmed into the heart of the enemy's stronghold with the precious Ring which he so greatly craves would seem idiotic to Sauron. Gandalf points this out at the Council of Elrond:

Well, let folly be our cloak, a veil before the eyes of the Enemy! For he is very wise, and weighs all things to a nicety in the scales of his malice. But the only measure that he knows is desire, desire for power; and so he judges all hearts. Into his heart the thought will not enter that any will refuse it, that having the Ring we may seek to destroy it. If we seek this, we shall put him out of reckoning.⁵

This weakness can be exploited because those fighting Sauron are able to guess how he looks at things. The Good can imagine what it is like to be bad, but Evil cannot imagine how it is to be good. Evil cannot imagine anyone else being different, basically, from itself. This proves its doom. Elrond, Gandalf, Galadriel, and Aragorn are able to imagine themselves as Sauron and therefore can resist the temptation to use the Ring themselves. Sauron cannot imagine that anyone who knows what the Ring can accomplish would try to destroy it, rather than use it for their own ends, and for his defeat.



Sauron's debilitating blindness is mentioned periodically as the action progresses. Viewing from a height the city of Caras Galadon, home of Galadriel, Haldir, an Elf, remarks to Frodo: "In this high place you may see the two powers that are opposed one to another; and ever they strive now in thought, but whereas the light perceives the very heart of the darkness, its own secret has not been discovered. Not yet."⁶ This concisely states the case for the moment, but provides rather precarious comfort. Haldir's words are soon reinforced by those of Galadriel herself. She tries to reassure the shaken Frodo, who has just had a vision of Sauron's sleepless Eye searching for the Ring which he bears, by saying: "I say to you, Frodo, that even as I speak to you, I perceive the Dark Lord and know his mind, or all of his mind that concerns the Elves. And he gropes ever to see me and my thought. But still the door is closed!"⁷ Although the Enemy has more Power than they, he is less of a mystery to those opposing him than they are to him.⁸

There are other elements intrinsic to Sauron's evil nature which prove of great detriment to his cause. He is filled with a lust for domination which drives him to extremes of cruelty far beyond the point of usefulness. This characteristic is known to Gandalf who, even before the adventurers set forth, tells Frodo that Sauron, having become aware of their existence as a result of Bilbo's succession to the Ring, now hates the Hobbits:

...your safety has passed. He does not need you--he has many more useful servants--but he won't forget you again. And hobbits as miserable slaves would please him far more than hobbits happy and free. There is such a thing as malice and revenge!⁹

Sauron's craving to hurt others drives him to illogical actions. When Pippin foolishly looks into the Palantir of Orthanc, the magic stone which communicates with Sauron, the Enemy has only to question him, and all may very well be lost. After Pippin's narrow escape, Gandalf explains:

If he had questioned you, then and there, almost certainly you would have told all that you know, to the ruin of us all. But he was too eager. He did not want information only: he wanted you, quickly, so that he could deal with you in the Dark Tower, slowly.¹⁰

A third weakness of Evil is its inability to command solidarity in its forces. An evil being only loves himself, and will not willingly help another for his own sake. The orcs, converted by Sauron into a thoroughly wicked race, always bicker and struggle amongst themselves. They serve Sauron, but only out of fear. In fact, they would never serve for any other reason, unless it were the enticement of great reward. Saruman, the renegade wizard, is an independent evil power who, although under Sauron's dominion, tries treacherously to gain the Ring for himself. He is first of all a traitor to the good cause which he originally served, and secondly a traitor to the Evil One who partially has enslaved him. He wants Power, incarnate in the Ring, for himself alone. The good, on the other hand, are able to unite, for they only want the end of the Ring of Power, so that all can be at peace.

Wormtongue, Saruman's cunning henchman, gradually becomes a slave to the powerful wizard, and grows to hate his master. Enveloped in hate for Gandalf as well as Saruman, he throws the Palantir of Orthanc, Saruman's greatest treasure, down at Gandalf, standing at the foot of the tower. Gandalf recovers the missile and reflects, "Strange are the turns of fortune!"



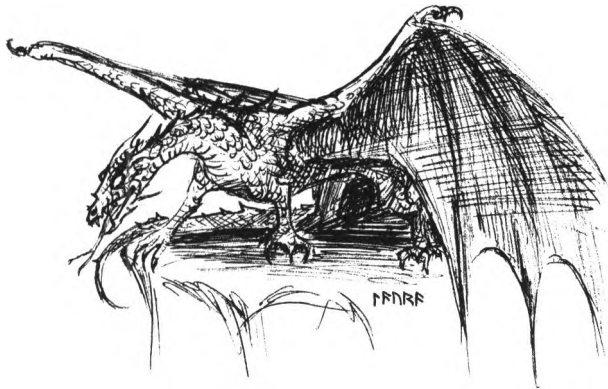
Often does hatred hurt itself! I fancy that, even if we had entered in, we could have found few treasures in Orthanc more precious than the thing which Wormtongue threw down at us."¹¹ Wormtongue and Saruman continue to torture each other until finally the oft-crushed slave revolts and kills his overbearing tormentor. Evil gnaws at itself with fatal results.

As Power's role in the eternal struggle between good and evil is of central importance in The Lord of the Rings, some additional comments upon the Ring which dominates this tale are in order.

The Ring plainly is a symbol of Power. It can provide unlimited Power to its possessor, but he is forced to lose his freedom and become a slave to that Power. Even the best intentions in the world will eventually be smothered by the Ring's insidious influence upon its user. Gandalf and Galadriel both refuse to wield the Ring, knowing that their good beginnings would be followed by evil results. Elrond explains the dangers of the Ring at the council preceding the setting forth of the fellowship:

We cannot use the Ruling Ring. That we know too well. It belongs to Sauron and was made by him alone, and is altogether evil. Its strength...is too great for anyone to wield at will, save only those who have already a great power of their own. But for them it holds an even deadlier peril. The very desire of it corrupts the heart. Consider Saruman. If any of the Wise should with this Ring overthrow the Lord of Mordor, yet another Dark Lord would appear. And that is another reason why the Ring should be destroyed: as long as it is in the world it will be a danger even to the Wise.¹²

I think it important to stress the fact that the Ring attacks its victim through Pride, the primary sin of Christian theology. Boromir and his father Denethor, both noble men, fall prey to the lure of Power, entrapped by thoughts of the grandeur of their nation and of them-



selves. When Gandalf discovers that King Denethor desires the Ring for himself, he tells the king that his son Boromir would have been unable to deliver it up to him--"He would have stretched out his hand to this thing, and taking it he would have fallen. He would have kept it for his own, and when he returned you would not have known your son."¹³ Saruman the White, at one time a good wizard, also falls to evil through desiring the Ring, which he has never even seen. In a long speech calculated to win over Gandalf to his designs, Saruman reveals how far he has been corrupted by the desire for Power:

The Elder Days are gone. The Middle Days are passing. The Younger Days are beginning. The time of the Elves is over, but our time is at hand: the world of Men, which we must rule. But we must have power, power to order all things as we will, for that good which only the Wise can see....A new Power is rising. Against it the old allies and policies will not avail us at all. There is no hope left in Elves or dying Numenor....We may join with that Power. It would be wise, Gandalf. There is hope that way. Its victory is at hand; and there will be rich reward for those that aided it. As the Power grows, its proved friends will also grow; and the Wise, such as you and I, may with patience come at last to direct its courses, to control it. We can bide our time, we can keep our thoughts in our hearts, deploring maybe evils done by the way, but approving the high and ultimate purpose: Knowledge, Rule, Order; all the things that we have so far striven in vain to accomplish, hindered rather than helped by our weak and idle friends. There need not be, there would not be, any real change in our designs, only in our means.¹⁴

It is of interest to note the striking similarity of Saruman's proposal to certain political doctrines which have gained widespread influence in the twentieth century.¹⁵ That the resemblance is not accidental becomes clear when one remembers Tolkien's introductory statement that this work is "presented to Men of a later Age, one almost as darkling and ominous as was the Third Age that ended...long ago."¹⁶

NOTES

¹The quotes all come from Louis J. Halle's article, "History through the Mind's Eye," which appeared in the Saturday Review, XXXIX (January 28, 1956), pp. 11-12.

2||, 455. 3|, 473. 4|, 352.

5|, 352-353. 6|, 456. 7|, 472.

⁸Cf. W. H. Auden's articles, "At the End of the Quest, Victory" in New York Times Book Review, January 22, 1956, p. 5, and "Good and Evil in The Lord of the Rings" in Critical Quarterly 10 (1968), pp. 138-142.

9|, 79. 10||, 254. 11||, 243.

12|, 350. 13||, 104. 14|, 339-340.

¹⁵Cf. James Robinson, "The Wizard and History: Saruman's Vision of a New Order," Orcrist 1 (1966-1967), pp. 17-23.

¹⁶Fellowship of the Ring (Houghton Mifflin: New York, 1954), p. 8. All other quotations from Lord of the Rings in this paper are taken from the revised Ballantine edition, but this foreword was not retained by Tolkien in the second edition.





"REPORT FROM THE WEST: EXPLOITATION OF THE HOBBIT" by BONNIEJEAN CHRISTENSEN~

Commercialization of the Hobbit theme has been kept at a minimum because of Tolkien's withholding approval in most instances. The Ballantine posters and map of Middle Earth have enjoyed a good and a legitimate sale. Buttons and bumper stickers have been produced on the East and West Coasts by private entrepreneurs, but their messages have generally been of a joyful nature, and what hobbitomane could object to being assured that "Frodo Lives" or being urged to support "Gandalf for President"? The most serious objection has been that the West Coast for a while harbored a man selling buttons purporting to be in Elvish but having incorrect vowel pointing.

Unfortunately, the West Coast has the stigma of harboring other individuals equally willing to take advantage of the interest in Tolkien's creations, advantage that is tasteless in execution and immoral in intent and result. This report from the West will deal with a dramatic script, a musical for children, and a radio station advertising play.

The script, available in the Los Angeles Public Library, is based after a fashion on The Hobbit (Patricia Clark Gray, J. R. R. Tolkien's "The Hobbit", Chicago: Dramatic Publishing Co., 1968) and claims to have the author's approval, though this is incredible. In this 87-page horror Bilbo Baggins is literally a squealing rabbit capering on the stage, saved at one point by a fairy queen--complete with magic wand--and at another by a triumphant Thorin in the treasure hall who stabs Smaug to death. It can only be hoped that this perversion of Tolkien's treatment of heroism will be overlooked by teachers and other earnest adults who have the care of children and who desire something exciting and violent for their charges to perform.

Such adults this past spring (1969) supported a presentation that claims to be a musical inspired by The Hobbit. It was shown to student theatre-goers all over the Los Angeles area as part of a Saturday culture-kick encouraged by well-meaning adults lacking judgment. An organization--such as the Inglewood Junior Programs--sees to local advertising, sending fliers home with elementary school children, and supervising the children who attend the programs at local high schools. The productions are slick and the young actors competent at dancing if not at singing.

A Tolkien fan may not have children bringing home fliers that are pretentious enough to list The Hobbits [sic] as a "reference work," but he can still learn of the production through the newspaper. "Come to Middle Earth" announces a title under the heading "Children's Theatre" in the entertainment section of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. He buys his ticket at the door but does not get his program until the conclusion of the program, apparently because the ladies in little red capes ranging up and down the aisles do not trust the theatre manners of the youngsters. At the conclusion he learns the names of those responsible for the outrage:

DON AND FRED BLUTH PRESENT
DOWN IN MIDDLE EARTH
AN ORIGINAL MUSICAL BY FRED BLUTH
Inspired by the J. J. [sic] Tolkien book 'The Hobbit'

The cast, in order of appearance: Gandaulf [sic]; and Poke, Put, and Scratch--three hobbits who sing about the "now generation" and later double as the three wargs; Phoebe, a girl-hobbit they are in love with but who of course is in love with Bilbo, who wanders about looking distractedly at a large paper butterfly in his hands; three butterflies named Aphrodite, Butterfly No. 1 and Butterfly No. 2; Flip, with snapping fingers and silver tights, accompanies the butterflies; and Voulfgone, who seems to be a senior warg or junior cossack in black coat and ratty kaftan.

The plot, if I may use the word, concerns the love pentangle and the theft of the Ring from the hobbit palace (!). All the hobbits are too frightened to go after the wargs, so Gandalf invites Bilbo to come into Bilbo's mind where he can become a hero by knowing himself and thus getting the Ring back. The fuzzy allegory proceeds through the exploitation of the considerable dancing ability of the four black teen-agers in the cast. There are two sides warring in Bilbo's mind, but they do not represent clear opposites of Good and Evil as they would in a Faustus. The two sides are lechery and, I think, hunger or death or something. Lechery is easy to identify. It's represented by Aphrodite and her companion butterflies. The three nubile girls, graceful and sexy, are distinguishable from each other only by the extremeness of their naturals. They are joined occasionally by a hip-talking Flip who shows Bilbo Truth and Beauty. They also sing of their desire for man or gorilla, so long as he turns them on like Godzilla (my apologies for my loose translation, but it is not as loose as their song). The audience is not taken aback, since it has already adjusted to--or been equally oblivious to--the homosexual allusions made in the opening scene by the hobbits Poke, Put, and Scratch. Anyway, Bilbo is carried about on stage, a la Sir Laurence at the conclusion of his Hamlet, until the wargs and their cossack (a retreated Gandalf) appear and scuffle about with the butterflies. Bilbo at last triumphs, shadow-wrestling with himself, against a backdrop enlarged from the Ballantine covers and psychedelically lighted in flashes of white and blue. After he has knocked down and driven off butterflies, Flip, the wargs, and the wandering Russian, he comes to himself in time to receive Gandalf's wisdom: You can always be a hero by repressing your thoughts. After accepting this dubious bit of psychiatric counseling, Bilbo--in physical possession of the Ring regained inside his head--presents it to Phoebe, thereby becoming the Lord of the Ring.

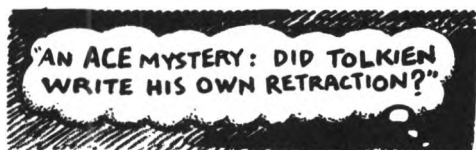
Although this plot is incredible nonsense, its summary is more coherent than the production. The production does violence to the events Tolkien records, but more serious, it does violence to Tolkien's vision



of Middle Earth. It is absurd and--because its victims are children--vicious. They are exploited by adults who concoct such tasteless performances and by well-meaning ladies in the community who apparently lack standards of judgment, literary discrimination, and sensitivity to children.

FM radio station KPFK often provides programs of great public interest and of wide literary appeal. Apparently the manager has doubted that quality is sufficient inducement for listeners, for in the fall of 1968 he distributed leaflets advertising a series of readings from The Hobbit. The pitch was to listen to a work by a "controversial" writer, by a "fascist." I objected to the inclusion of such questionable biographical material and was invited to make a tape for broadcast denying the allegation. Such a tape would only have added fuel, and I could only answer that a response to an irresponsible charge is fruitless.

No excuse can be manufactured for what is happening in the West, and I fear elsewhere, but the reason is obvious: The Hobbit is current and the name is synonymous with profit for those willing to exploit it.



Much space has been given in the Tolkien Journal, Publishers' Weekly, and National Observer to the dispute between Tolkien and Ace Books over royalties. We recognize his voice in the letter quoted by Richard Plotz in TJ: "[The law] says in effect [that] if any property is left unguarded, by inadvertence or otherwise, a person who appropriates it cannot be called a thief, even if he can be shown to have known to whom the property in justice belonged."¹ We also accept as his the "Statement from the Author" found on the back cover of the Ballantine editions of The Hobbit and Lord of the Rings: "This paperback edition, and no other, has been published with my consent and cooperation. Those who approve of courtesy (at least) to living authors will purchase it, and no other." But can we accept as his the letter that Ace Books attributes to him in a press release early in 1966? The press release, announcing that an agreement has been reached with Tolkien, concludes with this citation:

Gentlemen:

I am happy to accept your voluntary offer to pay full royalties on all copies sold of the Ace editions of THE LORD OF THE RINGS trilogy, even though you have no legal obligation to do so.

You may advise those who may be interested of our amicable arrangement.

Yours sincerely,
(signed J. R. R. Tolkien)²

Could Tolkien have written that letter? I think not. He might have agreed to it, for the sake of ending debate and assuring royalties, but he could not have written it. The tone is not his. The letter writer is abject, servile, hewing to a legalistic line. The facts are not those that can be sifted from the various publications and understood from Tolkien's published comments. And the text of the letter is not in his style: it lacks his personal voice, his characteristic use of subjunctives, his normal way with prepositions, and his methods of medial sentence modification. In addition it refers to The Lord of the Rings as a "trilogy," a term he abominates for his work and would not be likely to use.

I suggest that Tolkien merely signed a release prepared by an American lawyer in Ace's employ, and I urge that this letter not be admitted to the canon of Tolkien writings.

NOTES

¹Tolkien Journal Vol. 1, No. 2 (1965), pp. 1-2.

²Tolkien Journal Vol. 11, No. 2 (1966), unpagged.



The INSURRECTION of THE TOOLIES

from *Twee*
by Joe Snow

being a recently unearthed fragment of an epic poem that had been prosified in the Red Book and zealously handed down from generation unto generation of wise men who formed the League of Lorekeepers to preserve the wisdom of old in the Southlands of Middle-earth. The central action of the poem, though incomplete in the form we possess, is generally thought to have occurred sometime in the dawn period of that Age known to all Middle-earth historians as Gloomdays. The prose rendering of the epic appears in a fairly legible folio, carefully illuminated by a meticulous scribe in Gentian blue, chromium ochre and a vivid crimson: this alone accounts for its being one of the prized treasures of the Southlands *Memorabilia*. Alas, the final folios (we adduce a minimum of three) seem irretrievably lost and we can but sigh and surmise their contents from the prose accounts following, prose accounts which in effect summarize the poetic source material. Our episodes are from the end of the *Mornland Annals*, vol. III, Book 2, chapters 21-23 and appear to illustrate the inestimable labours of the Ents to restore peace after the outbreak of the Great War. The Ents unite the epic structurally and the individual heroes who fought and died are not listed until the finale, or what we assume to be the *denouement*, cut short by the missing folios. In the battle sequences (of which we have only one *exemplum*) the anonymity contributes a sense of community solidarity, for which we know the Toolies were renowned and which they revered in their villages above all other values. Surely, their kind is sorely missed in the councils of the lands of Middle-earth.

This writer's task has been first to translate the hauntingly musical prose of the strange and ancient language of Twee, whose status as a moribund language is a just cause for lament. "Truly hath beauty passed out from the tongues of Man!" Such translations are not easy and extreme care has been taken to avoid travesties of the kind once so pitifully common amongst the devotees of the school of Missaker. This writer's second task was, once having suspected the dependence of the chronicler on a poetic source (and just how these suspicions came about will be commented upon presently), to then isolate that section and attempt a reconstruction of the epic archetype, at least that part of it utilized as evidence by the chronicler in hopes that it would find favour amongst the *literati* of this age. Value to the historians is minimal since the *Twee Histories* have been accorded full-scale attention for well over seventy-five years. It is our scanty knowledge of the literary activities in the Gloomdays epoch, especially in the Outlands Territories, that has been a constant sorrow to those who have found unrivaled charm and a certain touch of greatness in the deceptively simple lyric voice that sprung from that soil. The discovery of an epic voice is cause for rejoicing, rejoicing! It is with an emotion not far short of transported exaltation that this writer presents to the admirers of the pure, ingenuous and powerful songs

of the Ancient Days this artless *lai* which, to our knowledge and to that of the most learned of my colleagues is the first authentic evidence of epic activity in the Twee tongue. Perhaps after all it is a matter of 'suspicions confirmed' for such a trippingly lofty language could never have attained to such perfection and grace were it not for a definitive corpus of great poetic song. Today marks the first taste of water from a spring which we sincerely hope is just beginning to show promise of its capacity to satisfy the thirsts of so many for whom it may well mean a neo-Renaissance of creative efforts in academic fields so long fallow.

A NOTE ON THE VERSION: It must be indicated from the outset that it was the curious pattern of interlocking rimes of which the chronicler (bless him!) was unable to rid his prose rendering of our epic source that started me along the path of felicitous discovery. Quite unlike *all* of the prose on which I had been working until that moment, the rhythmic flow and the sound and sense patterns caught my unbelieving and startled inner ear totally by stunned surprise. Trembling hands and quickened pulse. Vertigo. A rush of blood to the temples. Fear. Fear lined with a joy that could not find itself. A gulf seemed to open before me and a shadow dimmed my eyes and I do not hesitate to admit that I swooned, overcome for the first time in a lifelong quest for an impossible fulfilling of self. I awoke in a feverish state, dimly aware as of a distant, vacillating shape of the enormity of my discovery. Rather slowly, by afternoon tea, I emerged from my marvelous trance and was able to adjust to the new world around me which was never to be the same. I began, with some deliberation, to organize my thoughts.

And the tumult and the repercussions of these last seven months are known to all. The word, as it is said, went on the winds to all the corners of all the lands of Middle-earth, awakening the expectation which now this publishing venture hopes to partially satisfy. I have chosen to work without collaboration for I deem it essential that the epic reconstruction maintain a single tonality throughout, brief though the recension be. What follows is meant for the general reader: the original text is therefore not reproduced. This task has not been a facile one. The impossibility of establishing a definitive archetype after all was a disappointment of the greatest personal magnitude. But with the clues of plot action, however truncated, and the structural key revealed to me in the interlocking rimes I have attempted to adequately translate a poem none has ever seen into the harsh language we now employ -- a language quite lacking in the tonal purities of Twee. Adopting the quatrain, I rimed the 2nd and 4th lines (which will reproduce to some degree the feel of the Twee original) and have also attempted in those same lines to lock in a hemistich rime that would echo the end rime of the preceding 1st and 3rd lines respectively, thus:



This format seems to me to serve the dual purpose of retaining a poetic form with basic structural similarities (this is, naturally, in the way of being an educated conjecture) to what may well have been the form of the original epic song while at one and the same time positing the germ of an unfamiliar series of fantastical-sounding adventures of a faraway age of heroism. Lost? Yes, sadly, lost! But in the heart of man, not extinguished, not extinct. The upward, innate yearnings that shape the spirit of Humankind will respond ever to the fleeting intuitive glimpses of truth that so rarely are captured, as here they are, in mere words and shadows of those Eternal Mysteries we vainly seek to solve.

Now, I beg the reader to judge for himself. I ask him to look deep into the texture of this modest verse-rendering in order to see if he cannot himself feel (and be truly touched by) the beauty and the truth that pervade all of human experience and how sweetly they merge into oneness when invested and endowed richly by the simple genius of Art. I give you, then, the reconstructed fragment, which for me has been a labour of love, and leave you with these words: grilseni ton arki! [Twee-ish. Freely rendered, it means, "May it live within you."]

Perhaps, as a reading suggestion, it could be recommended that the poem be read aloud to savour its full effect.

Once upon a not-faraway time
(A sinister clime, you see)
The industrious Toolies, to anger slow,
Let anger grow, in Twee,

And sudden built a tow'ring fence.
This perplexed the Ents, good neighbors
And not for all the green in shires about
Could they figure out the silver sound of sabres,

Nor the baleful glints in Toolies' eyes
When the moon was a-rise, but yet...?
Never when the sun was high, such a very
Great shift from customary, from ways once set!

And as those first night shadows slink
O'er the dancing brooklet Twink, and grow
Long 'cross all the countryside, the Ents
Take measures for defense, and silently know

That a heavy mirk will soon be loosed
And cruelly used, 'gainst all the folk
Of Middle-earth, to spread a poison pow'r
And wilt each lovely flow'r, and with sooty cloak,

To foul the sliding streams and clog
The air with murd'rous fog: these evils they foresee--
Those ancient Ents--, though this never
Had happened, ever, in a land of laws so free.

But, warn the hapless, valiant Tweemen
Of the venomed Demon oozing forth
To spill its spite to West and East,
To flail unleashed 'pon South and North!

And the warning wail takes to the breeze,
Gently rustling in the trees, and then to work!
Just as the Toolies forward come, in stealth,
All the earth's wealth to plunder, berserk.

Will the dreaming folk of Twee be roused,
Each sleepily housed, anon or late?
And will the message on the leaves
Come with speed, and halt the creeping, crawling hate?

It does! It works! The Tweemen rise
And each man hies what he can reach:
A candlestick, a beam, a poker, a stone,
And together, none alone, they headlong rush into the breach.

With stinging eyes, those hardies fought!
None better ought, once the story's told,
Cast doubt on the songs that will be limned,
The battle dimmed, the years of peace grown old.

The clash of steel, the clink of swords
Send sparks in hordes to pierce the night
That rims the tattered band that stays,
Tired, undismayed, ever in the fight.

The Toolies' magic sabres ring above the roar
Of selfish war, and no Tweeman pierced the fence
That stood rock-firm in its place. But hark!
As from the dark, a rising rustle, forest-dense

O'ertakes the ears of all in deadlocked duel;
It sounds to Toolies cruel, but in no sense
But joyful to the stalwart lads of Twee,
To see...the marshalled, marching army of the Ents,

Moving swift to shatter all the plans
Of the Toolie clans whose evil intents
They turned awry, as grappling roots
And thrusting shoots brought down the tow'ring fence!

[Here two stanzas are left out. The MS is badly worm-damaged at this spot and the fall of the Toolies and its specific manner are not now possible to ascertain.]

The ashes of the war are hardly cold,
But the story's told, the end is known:
The Toolies swept away, no evil one is left,
And Tweemen weep, bereft, for Ents and for their own.

Now gone to Westernesse, to endless joy and fame,
Their names, as lessons to the young,
Are registered in marble and in gold
And this catalog of heroes old, we dare not leave unsung...

Here we leave the present project. What follows is a matter for the historians, not for poets. The catalog of names is long and uninspiring for few details are known of the lives and deeds of these heroes. It is not fitting that we despoil the grandeur of their collective venture with the minutiae of their private lives. Rather, as poets, we should only be interested in these uncommon moments when their individual promise of greatness, exactly as we have seen, was fulfilled communally by the press of events far greater than themselves, by the monumentality of the odds against them, and by the need for unity in the face of Evil. The world they inhabited was left pure for a while and now, thanks be to our anonymous bard, we have had the rare privilege and pleasure to inhale the fragrance of that sweet air through this fragile and exquisitely lovely fragment of their epic art.

.....medieval graffiti.....

HRODGAR IS THE LORD OF THE RINGS
A Eþelræd Unræd
BEORN RUNS AROUND BEAR
Cuchulainn is a son of a bitch

~ Satire ~
by

Paulette
Carroll



Place: The living-room of an apartment in the Eleanor building, with a couch and several chairs.
Time: The day after Saloon.

(When the curtain rises, Paulette is alone on the couch, drinking cider, eating potato chips, and reading a book. Enters Dick-the-teacher.)

Dick-the-teacher: Is anyone else coming to-night?
Paulette: Shh...I haven't finished Phantastes.
Dick-the-teacher: O.K....I'll count on you for the discussion. I haven't prepared anything.
Paulette: I know.

(There is a long silence. Dick sits down and seems lost in meditation. After a while he sighs and exits to the kitchen.)

Dick's anguished voice, from the kitchen: My cider!
Paulette: Yes, it's very good. A bit expensive, though. You should buy it at the supermarket near my home.
Dick's voice: Well, I might as well have a nice glass of water.

(He reappears with a paper cup which he holds very awkwardly, trying unsuccessfully to separate the handle from the cup.)

Dick: Paulette?
Paulette (Paying no attention to him): This book is boring.
Jared (Suddenly bursting through the door): I quite agree. (Dick spills his water all over himself.) We should have read That Hideous Strength instead.
Paulette (looking at Dick): Aren't you glad now I drank your cider?

Jared: I think that in Phantastes, the struggle of Good against Evil in the framework of the author's Episcopalian...

Paulette: How do you know he was an Episcopalian?
Jared: Well, I have here (pulling a piece of paper out of his briefcase) a letter from Jenifer Conley.
Paulette: Jenifer Conley?
Jared (very condescendingly): The granddaughter of his cleaning woman, of course. I once even had a friend whose cousin lived next door to...

Dick: Shouldn't we wait till the others are here?
Jared: Who else is going to come? (Dick acknowledges the blow.)

Paulette (to his defense): Well, I know Bill plans to come...

Dick (With a bright smile, after a glance at his watch): It's only 8:00 p.m.! The class is not supposed to start before 7:30, you know...

Paulette: I hear footsteps!

Dick: Oh, my God! (He rushes to the door.) Hello, Andrea! (Andrea enters, walks straight to the couch and opens a book. She does not say a word all evening and very rarely looks at anyone. Short



silence.)

Dick: I think someone else is coming. It's probably Bill.

Paulette (looking at her watch): I doubt it.

Dick: My goodness, a whole crowd! (Enter Julie, Jerry, Carol, and a small fraction each of Rick, Bob, and Jim. The latter 1.08 persons walk to stage front and address the audience in chorus.)

Rick, Bob, and Jim: Forgive us, dear audience, for being only partly here, but this is supposed to be symbolic. The author of this tragedy is trying to portray an average class, and our attendance has been rather sporadic. It would not have been fair to leave us out, especially since this piece is supposed to be read at a party at which we might well be present, in our entirety, and we might feel offended if we are the only ones not to be satirized. If we won't say much during the remainder of the play, it is merely because the author doesn't know much about us. We wisely kept our distance. (They take their seats.)

Jared: We should have read That Hideous Strength instead. (Silence)

Dick (to Paulette): Are you sure that Bill is coming?

Julie: Yes, isn't it getting a little late, even for him?

Jared: I hope he hasn't had an accidental goodness.

Dick: I hear footsteps! (He rushes to the door. Enters Bill. Paulette immediately reaches for a cigarette.)

Julie: Would you like a light?

Paulette (shocked): What kind of girl do you think I am?

Bill (self-consciously): Hi, everybody! (He lights Paulette's cigarette.)

Dick: What happened to you, Bill?

Bill: Well, I was half an hour late to start with...

Dick: Get to the point, will you?

Bill: I had forgotten that we were no longer meeting in Van Vleck.

Dick: But we changed two months ago!

Bill (sheepishly): I know...

Dick: I can't understand how people can be so absent-minded.

Jerry: I was late because I thought we were meeting in Dick's room.

Dick: What gave you that silly notion?

Jerry: You told me so on the phone this afternoon.

Dick: Oh, really? Well, anybody can make a mistake.

Bill (to Paulette, aside): Have you noticed how much self-confidence Dick has gained from constantly having to fight Jared in this course?

Paulette (idem): I think it's mainly having just been elected president for another year.

Carol: What are we discussing tonight?

Dick: Phantastes.

Julie: I'll have to read that some day.

Paulette: Oh, here, Bill, you can have your Phantastes back.

Bill: Must you return it so soon?

Paulette: It breaks my heart. Sorry about that grease mark. It's oil and vinegar dressing. I mistook that page for an artichoke leaf today at lunch. Shall I buy you another...

Bill: No, no, don't do that. A little oil never hurt. Besides I'm sure Julie wants to borrow it. (He hastily gives it to her.)

Dick: Well, Phantastes was written in...

Jared: I'd rather talk about Malory. (He produces a letter from his briefcase.) You know, it's hard to get a letter from Malory these days. He doesn't answer his mail anymore.

Paulette: Don't try to make excuses. He just doesn't answer your letters.

Jared (ignoring her): But I have here a personal letter from Christopher Malory, his descendant...

Bill: In which he explains that Malory's work is based on Episcopalian theology?

Dick: Phantastes was written in...

Jared: What have you got against Episcopalian theology?

Dick: Jared, please!

Jared: I know nobody here loves me because I am a Christian. (He sulks.)

Jerry: I'd like to talk more about The Once and Future King.

Julie: That's a good idea. I haven't read any of that other stuff.

Jared: I disagree. We should have read That Hideous Strength instead. But as long as we're going to discuss White, let me say in one sentence the final truth about his book. Arthur's tragedy is that he had to burn Guenevere for adultery.

Jerry: Why did he have to burn her?

Jared: Because it was the law.

Carol: Who made the law?

Jared: Arthur.

Paulette: Why?

Jared: Because adultery is wrong.

Julie: Why is adultery wrong?

Jared: That's Episcopalian theology. We can't question it.

Dick: What about White's point of view on the subject?

Jared: I'm afraid that if pushed into a corner, he would have to admit that he agrees with me.

Bill: I don't doubt it, Jared. You are a hard pusher.

Jared: In fact there is plenty of evidence on my side. The cousin of White's gardener...

Dick (with sudden determination): Phantastes was written in... (his voice is drowned by a sudden shout from the crowd in the street. Tear gas starts infiltrating the room. Everyone starts coughing and sniffing. Andrea almost says something.)

Bill (sniffing): I brought some vinegar with me. Here, help yourselves!

Jared: I need something more potent. How about writing a satire of this class, Paulette?

THE END



A Proposal for a Doctoral Dissertation
in the Department of Comparative Literature
of the University of Wisconsin-Madison

Deborah Webster Rogers
This proposal was accepted 19 May 1970

Title of the work: *The Use of Medieval Material in the Fiction of J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis* (This is the working title; it will get a more evocative one.)

Aim of the work: to study how these two medievalists and fiction writers draw on their field of scholarship in their creative writing.

Need for the work: grounds for its existence and observations on its current non-existence.

This century's leading writers of fantasy have, interestingly enough, both been medievalists: I mean C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien.

I propose an investigation of how their intimacy with medieval literature shows itself in their fiction. There are two major angles to pursue: attitudes and borrowings. Attitudes are vaguer: this author writes fiction which reflects his turn of mind, this scholar soaks himself with joy in medievalia, the two must be related if they are so highly congenial to the same person. (Pleasure in the medieval as well as in fantasy is also common, though not universal, among Tolkien's and Lewis' readers.) One soon sees that Tolkien displays his medieval sources more purely, Lewis with more admixture of the classical. This diversity will let us show two aspects of the middle ages: their originality, and their status as heirs of classical culture (of which they were well aware:

Qu'an Grece ot de chevalerie
Le premier los et de clergie.
Puis vint chevalerie a Rome
Et de la clergie la some,
Qui or est an France venue.)¹

The more easily traceable angle is that of plain borrowing. Artists tend to borrow from other artists whom they like and admire anyway; and it happens that the middle ages are a period which smiles particularly upon artistic borrowing. Even an author who was making up a work would ascribe it to some source. "Professor Tolkien has said himself that his medieval studies serve to fertilize his imagination, that his typical response to medieval literature is to write a modern work in the same tradition."² A small and a large example of borrowing spring to mind: several of the names of Tolkien's dwarves (Nain, Ori etc.) come from Snorri Sturluson's *Prose Edda*. And a weightier matter is the narrative technique of *The Lord of the Rings*. Any reader will notice that the tale has a lot of meanwhile: our attention is led from one group of characters to the simultaneous adventures of another. A trained medieval reader, such as Mr. West in the article already quoted, will recognize this as the medieval narrative technique of "interlace" (Ferdinand Lot and Eugene Vinaver's word), reminiscent of Malory and Spenser.

Secondary works, especially on Tolkien, have been multiplying in the last few years, as his stories and the vivid interest which they engender have hit the public eye. They have been elegantly bibliographed by Mr. West in his *Tolkien Criticism: an Annotated Checklist* (Kent State University Press, 1970). I shall be using his numbering to refer to other works. Mr. West is now at work on a Lewis bibliography.

Most of the secondary works have been articles, some dealing with the stories' popularity more than with themselves (e.g. West B33, B63).

My proposed thesis takes up a topic which has not yet been well explored; for, though many of the articles³ examine some medieval parallels, none can do so in extenso and none deal with Tolkien and Lewis equally. Lin Carter's book *Tolkien: a Look behind the Lord of the Rings* also talks of Tolkien's medieval sources, but one must observe that Mr. Carter is sloppy and spotty on his research. The two valuable books of criticism which are out are both collections of essays: Neil Isaacs and Rose Zimbardo, *Tolkien and the Critics* (University of Notre Dame Press, 1968) and Mark Hillegas, *Shadows of Imagination* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1969), which includes essays on Lewis and Charles Williams.

Method for the work: I shall concentrate on the major fiction of each author, that is to say:

Tolkien:

The Hobbit
The Lord of the Rings
The Fellowship of the Ring
The Two Towers
The Return of the King

Lewis:

The Deep Heaven trilogy
Out of the Silent Planet
Perelandra
That Hideous Strength
the Narnia chronicles
The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe
Prince Caspian
The Voyage of the Dawn Treader
The Silver Chair
The Horse and his Boy
The Magician's Nephew
The Last Battle

References to their other fictions (*Farmer Giles of Ham*, *The Screwtape Letters*, etc.) will be incidental.

As for works of medieval literature, it is from Lewis and Tolkien themselves that I shall learn which ones merit special attention in connection with this thesis. First, because their published non-fiction directs us to certain works: Lewis' *Allegory of Love* to the *Roman de la Rose*, Tolkien's "Monsters and the Critics" to *Beowulf*, etc.; one sees where the writer has applied his attention. Besides pursuing this lead, I shall try to get the curricula for Lewis' and Tolkien's courses in medieval literature. This tells one what a teacher has been in daily contact with, and it is likely to affect him.

Having the pertinent medieval works in hand, then, I shall explore two ways in which Lewis' and Tolkien's medievalism is shown: attitudes and "matiere." The thesis is to consist of eight chapters in three divisions:

- I. Lewis and Tolkien
 1. introductory chapter on their educational background and work in the medieval field.
- II. Six chapters on borrowings:
 2. narrative structure
 3. places
 4. objects
 5. names
 6. characters and figures
 7. occurrences or plot-elements
- III. Conclusion
 8. Attitudes

The chapter on narrative structure will describe the techniques of Lewis and Tolkien and then compare them. Mr. West has already studied Tolkien's interlace, so I shall devote more time to Lewis. It must be pointed out that both men are writing prose narrative, which form has so far usually shown up at ends of

periods (the Golden Age, the prose Reynard and the prose Arthurian romances are all late).

Examining motion in the story would work the transition between narrative structure and the chapter on places. Arthur's knights leave his court for adventures and return to tell about them, hobbits travel "there and back again," but where does this pattern take place?

Medieval works to a great extent occur in the real universe in which we live. Not that their "real universe" corresponds to what our era means by that phrase. The setting may be as tangible as Ronceval, but the universe also includes Heaven (or the Heavens) and Hell. Nor were they strangers to the device of setting a story inside the characters' heads (Roman de la Rose). And then there are such realms as Asgard and Faerie, where one cannot say for sure what the writer believes and what he means as fiction. On the other hand, as contemporaries of Lewis and Tolkien, we know what they are making up and what not: we can distinguish fact (the clouds of Perelandra), extrapolation from fact (green on Mars interpreted as Handramits), and fantasy (the Wood between the Worlds).

Lewis' Deep Heaven trilogy is clearly located: in the planetary system of Sol, on the second, third and fourth planets, with the terrestrial scenes in England, in a fictional region. The Narnia chronicles hint at a myriad universes (The Magician's Nephew), and most of the tales start on Earth in England, but the greater part of the action takes place on the world (flat) and the continent which contain the country of Narnia. Pauline Baynes has done some mapping.

Of all the settings for the works under study, Tolkien's Middle-earth is the most precisely worked out. He and his son and cartographer Christopher have spared no pains to give their readers clarity on the 4,000,000 square miles involved. Some questions remain, in that this region is not the whole of the world referred to, and in that the relation of Middle-earth to this planet is not clear. Tolkien has said that it is in this world, leaving his studious readers to debate over where and when.

Within all these universes there are regions, and within these regions features, both natural and artificial. There are high places: celestial bodies, mountains, hills; low places: caves, mines, underground realms; waters: springs, streams, seas; woods and trees; islands; kingdoms of earth, air, fire and water. These stories are hotbeds of archetypal places. There is the enclosure, be it garden or university. There are towns, castles, houses, bridges. Our study of artificial places such as these will lead into the chapter on objects.

This chapter will have several sections:
vehicles of transportation
vehicles of communication
food and drink
clothes and colors
ornaments
weapons
utensils etc.

Under each section there will be two main divisions: natural, and supernatural or magic. This chapter is to discuss the objects in themselves; their effects on the plot will be taken up in chapter VII. The procedure in each section will be to study these objects in Lewis and in Tolkien, and compare how they use their medieval sources.

Vehicles of Transportation. Miss LeMoine has pointed out that Tolkien uses more natural, Lewis more supernatural means of transportation; also Tolkien more walking, Lewis more floating or flying. I hypothesize that this is in exact proportion to Lewis' stress on

Providence and Tolkien's on doing it (one's mission) oneself.

Vehicles of Communication. Here it is Tolkien who has more magic means, what with palantiri and moon-runes. The dream or vision is always a possible vehicle of communication, but Lewis and Tolkien both rely primarily on the word. Their love of words is shown by the precision of their usage, by Tolkien's frequent bursting into poetry, by Lewis' unremitting campaign against those who debase the language (see especially Weston's speech and Ransom's translation before the Oyarsa of Malacandra).

Food and Drink. They are both a practical necessity and a sign of fellowship and rejoicing. The latter could be called their sacramental use. Under it, for both Lewis and Tolkien, one must include tobacco (pipe tobacco).

Clothes (also Nakedness) and Colors. The middle ages had a regular code of color symbolism (green for hope, blue for constancy etc.). One consideration in this section will be whether Lewis and Tolkien have such a code, and whether it is their own or the medieval one.

Ornaments. Besides being natural or magic, they can be natural (flowers, stones) or artificial (metal-work, embroidery).

Weapons. Like clothes and ornaments, they may be an allegory of their bearer (e.g. Aragorn's broken sword). A vehicle or utensil may become a weapon (e.g. the bulldozers at Edgestow).

Utensils, etc. The most outstanding object in this category will be the Grail. Some others will be fire- and light-producing objects, tools, wands and staves.

The next chapter will deal with names and the Adam privilege of the subcreator. Tolkien is especially gifted at naming. Names can belong to persons or beings (Gimli, hross, Babieca), places (Broccilande) and things (Durendal). Five categories seem to be called for: titles, such as Cid; names which simply are that person's name (Charles, William); names made up for their sound (the giant Rumblebuffin, the mouse Reepicheep); names taken from other names (Filli and Kili from Snorri's dwarves; Mark [Studdock] from Mark the evangelist, the young man who was almost captured⁴); and--and this will be the most interesting--names chosen for the meaning of their root-words (Frost, Wither, Gandalf, Aslan).

The chapter on characters and figures will naturally follow the section on names. It will have six sections, and under each of them Tolkien, Lewis and the medieval works will be examined in turn:

the Hero
the Lady
the Magician
the Villain
the Companion
Non-Human Beings.

Matters to consider about the hero include the question of perfection, the question of size, and the question of class. Perfection: is he already perfectly fit for the job he is doing? Examples are Aragorn, Ruy Diaz, Beowulf. Is he fit for his job except for one flaw? Roland's pride, Gawain (in Gawain and the Green Knight)'s fear for his life. Is he, and this is most important, becoming fit, growing into his herodot? All Tolkien's hobbits do this, and nearly all Lewis' heroes (e.g. Ransom and Eustace Scrubb). The outstanding medieval example is Perceval.

That brings us to the question of size: is your hero a healthy adult human male of outstanding status? That is a large hero (Egil, Siegfried, William of Orange). Is he, on the other hand, a hobbit, a child, or perchance a fox? That is a small hero. Concern with the small hero is said to be characteristic of the twentieth century, but in view of *Reynard* this cannot be strictly true. There remains the question of class, and I don't mean is he an aristocrat or not, I mean what kind of a hero, what is his *métier*? Ruler, warrior, scholar, lover? Or, of course, a combination. Charlemagne, Njal, Professor Ransom the Pendragon, Troilus.

Next to the hero one studies the ladies, bless 'em. The first question is, is this female a figure or a character? One finds both in both periods. La haulte amle of courtly lyric is always a figure; so are the *maumariées*, day-dreamers and mistresses of *chansons de toile*, *lais* and some romances. Tolkien's Arwen is a figure. Lewis is impressively free of girl paper dolls; the quartet of Grace Ironwood, Mother Dimble, Camilla Denniston and Ivy Maggs could be called figures, but compare them with Arwen and you will see that even in minor personages, characterization is a very strong suit of C. S. Lewis. The most important ladies are characterized as fully as anyone in their stories: Guiborc is a character, so is Eowyn, so are Jane Studdock and Lucy Pevensie (Lucy is almost a hero). One must also consider the question of whether the lady is good or bad (see also the magician and villain categories). If Lasaraleen were a character rather than a figure, she would be insufferable, and could hardly help but be detrimental to any plot in which she had a central role. Susan Pevensie's character develops in a sad though quite conceivable way.

The magician can be good or bad, also male or female. Examples are Merlin, Jadis, Gandalf, and the N.I.C.E. gang. You didn't think the latter were magicians? They are what Screwtape said was his party's most longed-for man: the materialist magician.

The villain can be a magician (Uncle Andrew), but he or she can be any number of things besides: a jaloux, a losenger, a traitor, a coward, a liar, an envier, a despoiler, a luster after power. The worst thing about villains is that they pervert qualities or powers which could be applied to good ends: Ganelon's cleverness, Weston's scholarly prowess and perseverance, Saruman's might of wizardry. The morally neutral description "doing her job and no frills" describes Dr. Ironwood, but also the abhorrent Fairy Hardcastle.

"Bare is brotherless back." We must also study the character of the hero's companion (friend, guide or faithful servant). He has two main functions: first, simply to extend the hero's possibilities of action; to form, in a way, a composite hero. One could so regard the Round Table, the household of St. Anne's, or the ninefold fellowship of the Ring. Puddleglum stands in this relation to Jill and Eustace.

More interesting is the situation when the companion's character has qualities which the hero's lacks: "Roland est fort et Olivier est sage." No author whose concern is character will make the companion a carbon copy of the hero (hence Puddleglum's pronounced and memorable personality), but cases of specific complementarity are rarer. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are one, also the provocative trio of Frodo, Sam and Gollum. Hence also the skeptical MacPhee at St. Anne's.

After these categories, we are still left with a lot of non-human characters and figures. Some of these will have been considered already: *Reynard* the fox under heroes, Shift the ape under villains, Jadis the giant-jinn cross under magicians, and so on. We shall devote some attention to plain beasts (lions, horses, dogs etc.) and some to old or new mythological creatures

(e.g. elves, ents, hrossa, centaurs, nazgûl): their beauty or menace, their looks and habits.

The transition between the study of characters and that of plot-elements would be an examination of the processes of change in a character: growing up, gaining self-knowledge, performing or not performing a task, perversion, conversion, perdition, redemption. I have mentioned Perceval under growing heroes and Susan under degeneration. Edmund, Mark and Gimli (in relation to elves) are notable converts.

Other categories of plot-elements emerge, which can most clearly be shown in outline form (this list is not exhaustive).

Conflicts	e.g.
wars	crusades
battles	Five Armies
single combats	Peter-Miraz
quarrels	Jill-Eustace
temptations and seductions	Weston-Tinidril
Magics	
transformations	witch-snake
appearances and disappearances	Ring
renewed youth	Ramandu
oblivion	Lucy and spell
psi qualities	clairvoyance
Damage	
missing persons or things	entwives
betrayal	Ganelon
killing and maiming	Fisher-King
Voyages	
quests	dwarves' treasure
Communications	
visions	dreams chez Bombadil
prophecies	men to rule Narnia
messages	dead nightingale
conversations and councils	at Rivendell
Rewards and punishments	Rabadash
Tests	Lancelot in cart
Captures, rescues and escapes	statues chez witch
Recognitions and not	Balin & Balan
Mistakes	"safe" cave
Rejoicings	
feasts	passim
dances	Narnia
weddings	Aragorn-Arwen
courtesy	passim

An examination of the endings of our stories would lead from plot-elements to attitudes. Have they a eucatastrophe or a dyscatastrophe? Why?

The chapter on attitudes will fall naturally into two sections: the author's taste, and his view of the universe. Taste is the things the writer shows a personal liking for. Lewis and Tolkien, besides being contemporaries, medievalists and fantasists, were friends, so they share many of these: pipe tobacco, food, fellowship. Lewis manifests a particular love for beasts.

In the section on views of the universe, Christianity will be prominent, since that is the backbone of the medieval *Weltanschauung* and also the religion of the modest Tolkien and the outspoken Lewis. Not always overtly religious, but of moment to medieval as well as twentieth-century authors is the question of "wie man zer werlte solte leben," i.e. the writer's values and ethics. These also will be studied in this final chapter.

Given the studies and the fictions of Tolkien and Lewis, my proposed topic is clearly a fertile field, and it is not yet overfull of folk. I would request your gracious leave thither to direct my explorations.



1111