

# Folkien Journal



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Tolkien Notes and Editorial

Well, we're just as late this time as we were last issue, but at least no later. The next one should be more on schedule. One consolation is that we got four issues out this year.

Lots of things going on now. In the paperback best seller list for November in The New York Times, we were first. Take all sales, total volumes, of The Lord of the Rings, divide by three to get sets sold, and it's still a better seller than such less costly books as The Hotel and The Rabbi.

January 3rd is Professor Tolkien's seventy-fifth birthday. The Tolkien Society of America is planning a special project for the occasion, the nature of which will be published next issue in this department. It will be sure to please everyone, the Professor not least.

We are sad to report the rumored demise of Entmoot, our sister Tolkien

magazine. Greg Shaw, its publisher, has reportedly not found the time or motivation to continue his noble effort. It is a great loss if Entmoot will not appear again, for it helped to fill the gap between The Tolkien Society and science fiction fandom.

Hopefully, the gap will be filled, at least occasionally, by I Palantir, the official organ of The Fellowship of the Ring, the oldest extant Tolkien fan organization. I Palantir appeared recently for the first time since 1964, and only the fourth since the founding of The Fellowship in 1960. Bruce Pelz complains that his hang-up was material. I Palantir has been a rather more elaborate publication than either Entmoot or the Tolkien Journal. Issue 4 contained a cartoon-format version of the journey through Moria, several articles on Tolkien fandom, and a musical comedy "pirated from many" entitled Hello Frodo!. Perhaps the best thing about this play is the cast, which includes the Beatles as the four hobbits, Ringo as Frodo; Boris Karloff as Gandalf; Tom Smothers as Sauron; and the Rolling Stones and the Animals as the Nine Nazgûl. The Fellowship is a somewhat exclusive organization; membership costs one dollar plus approval by Bruce Pelz. The latter is somewhat difficult to obtain, but for those who have a photographic knowledge of the books, it may be worth a try. Bruce Pelz's address is Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles. Don't write just for the sake of writing; Bruce won't appreciate it.

Also, Niekas is still going strong. At fifty cents the copy, its probably the best buy in science fiction fandom. It was nosed out at the World Science Fiction Convention by ERBdom, the Edgar Rice Burroughs fanzine, but this was largely due to bloc voting and a special issue of ERBdom. It (Niekas) has Tolkien and Gilbert & Sullivan news as specialties, with the normal run of SF news as well. Write Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif.

The Tolkien Society now has the new six-color Ballantine map of Middle-earth. It is completely accurate, having been edited by the Society's historian, Bob Foster, and "beautiful." (C.J.R. Tolkien) \$1.50 ppd.

We also have Gandalf for President campaign buttons for 25¢ each. Nothing like starting early, and we do need a candidate, don't we?  
 address (sorry) 159 Marlborough Rd., Brooklyn, New York 11226.

For J. R. R. Tolkien  
by  
Julian Davidson

In the world of  
Middle-earth, I find  
ecstatic joy,  
touching sorrow,

a requiem for old &  
beautiful times past, the  
courage that is man's greatest,  
most noble aspect.

Middle-earth, plus my own eyes,  
has taught me that  
each of us carries  
within himself

the One Ring, &  
few, if any,  
have the courage  
to destroy it.

WARNING: DO NOT READ THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE  
UNTIL YOU HAVE FINISHED THE LORD OF THE RINGS.

The Role of Gollum in J.R.R. Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings  
by Alexis Levitin

In his trilogy The Lord of the Rings, J.R.R. Tolkien has meticulously constructed an other-world in which the struggle between good and evil overshadows all lesser concerns. His tale concerns the attempt of a host of speaking-people to destroy a ring of limitless power. The fellowship that undertakes this task is composed of two Men, four Hobbits, an Elf, a Dwarf, and a Wizard. Middle-earth, the land in which they live, is in grave danger of falling completely into the grasp of the Enemy, a rarely seen but frighteningly powerful evil being named Sauron. Scattered throughout the land are rings of varying powers, but there is "One Ring to rule them all". This One Ring of such vast power cannot be used for good with impunity, for it was made to serve evil. Attempting to use the Ring for good will finally result in the Ring's becoming the user's master, and the master becoming its corrupt and evil slave. It is decided, in the light of this knowledge, that the Ring must be destroyed. A fellowship bands together for this purpose. Their quest in reverse, involving a desperate journey to Mount Doom, situated in the heart of the land of the Enemy, the one spot at which the destruction of the evil ring can be accomplished, provides the basis for the action.

We are informed that, long ago in the previous age, rings of power were forged under the instruction of Sauron. There were nineteen lesser rings forged, and when that work was complete, Sauron himself forged the

One Ring to rule all the others. He forged it in the flames of Orodruin, later called Mount Doom, and only there can it be destroyed. This Ring was taken from the defeated Sauron after a tremendous battle. The temporary defeat of Sauron and the taking of his Ring mark the end of the Second Age.

Within two years of Sauron's defeat, Isildur, the king who took the Ring, was killed, and the Ring was lost. It remained at the bottom of the river Anduin for many years. And then, one day, two hobbit-like creatures, innocuous enough, went fishing and nosing about the river banks together. Suddenly a great bite on his line pulled one of them down into a deep pool where he saw something shining. He came up and found a beautiful golden ring in his hand. Immediately the Ring began its work. Gandalf, the wizard, tells of what passed:

Sméagol had been watching him from behind a tree, and as Déagol gloated over the ring, Sméagol came softly up behind.

"Give us that, Déagol, my love," said Sméagol, over his friend's shoulder.

"Why?" said Déagol.

"Because it's my birthday, my love, and I want it," said Sméagol.

"I don't care," said Déagol. "I have given you a present already, more than I could afford. I found this, and I'm going to keep it."

"Oh, are you indeed, my love," said Sméagol; and he caught Déagol by the throat and strangled him, because the gold looked so bright and beautiful. Then he put the ring on his finger.

(I, 62)

Sméagol returned home, but became unbearable to his own family, as a result of the petty nastiness which grew in him due to the Ring. Expelled from his home, he wandered in loneliness, finally settling down in a watery fastness deep within the roots of the Misty Mountains. There, over the course of bitter years, he developed into a slimy, loathsome beast, obsessed and completely possessed by his Ring. His name, since the time of his earliest character change, has been Gollum.

We are told that Gollum never used the Ring for any grandiose and evil designs, but rather for trickery, petty wickednesses, and to aid him in obtaining food. As a result of his limited use of the Ring, although he becomes its slave, he has not become profoundly evil, calculating, and malicious. He doesn't really want to wield power; he only wants, in fact needs, to have his Ring. He is not concerned with domination over others. When imagining his grandeur should he regain the Ring, he says to himself, "Perhaps we grows very strong, stronger than Wraiths, Lord Sméagol? Gollum the Great? The Gollum! Eat fish every day, three times a day, fresh from the sea." (II, 241) His desires remain unprepossessing, in fact they are startlingly plain. The limited extent to which he has become evil is due to the fact that he began as a rather humble, simple creature. Unfortunately, Gollum has had the Ring well over four hundred years before Bilbo takes it away, so it is highly unlikely that he can ever be given back his freedom. But Gandalf says to Frodo, the Ring-bearing hobbit of the

fellowship, before he ever leaves the Shire, "I have not much hope that Gollum can be cured before he dies, but there is a chance of it." (I, 69) It is this possibility that he may be saved that makes Gollum such a fascinating creature. We cannot be sure at any moment whether he will become free of the Ring and help destroy it, or not. We do know that he both hates and loves his Precious, as he calls it.

Gollum responds favorably to Frodo's relatively humane treatment. He begins to feel for Frodo an emotion unlike anything he has experienced in hundreds of years. At one point he has a painful debate between his Gollum nature, that which he has developed since finding the Ring, and his Sméagol side, his former self which has been partially reawakened by the decency and unexpected consideration shown him by Frodo. Torn between a desire for the Ring and a desire to keep his promise to help Frodo, Gollum and Sméagol argue back and forth. It is significant that in the debate he uses, for the first time, the singular form when speaking of himself: "But Sméagol said he would be very very good. Nice hobbit! He took cruel rope off Sméagol's leg. He speaks nicely to me." (II, 240) When his better self speaks he temporarily becomes the ordinary being he would have been if the Ring had never entered his life. It has been a trait of Gollum's speech, developed since he obtained the Ring, most probably, to speak to himself as we. This we results from his bondship to the Ring--he cannot conceive of himself as separate from his Precious, so when he speaks to himself, he also speaks to the Ring.

Frodo feels that he must trust Gollum, and refuses to keep him tied up or restricted in any other manner. He even sleeps soundly in his presence, without taking any precautionary measures. At the edge of Mordor, Frodo says to him:

Sméagol...I will trust you once more.  
Indeed it seems that I must do so,  
and that it is my fate to receive  
help from you, where I least looked  
for it, and your fate to help me whom  
you long pursued with evil purpose.  
So far you have deserved well of me  
and have kept your promise truly.  
Truly, I say and mean...for twice now  
you have done no harm to us. Nor  
have you tried to take from me what  
you once sought. (II, 248)

Gollum cannot help but appreciate this attitude, especially as it contrasts so vividly with that of the overly careful, prudent, suspicious Sam Gamgee, Frodo's devoted servant. Gollum, after guiding them through the trackless marshes north of Mordor, through the woods bordering the Anduin river, and finally to the base of the mountains ringing Mordor, finds himself in a terrible dilemma. He sees that Frodo is bringing the Ring toward danger. He knows that Sauron covets the Ring, and that every step of their journey brings them closer to that Evil One. But Gollum cannot leave them, for he is drawn by the Ring, his Precious, which is all of life for him, literally and figuratively. When first captured by the hobbits, he says, "Poor, poor Sméagol, he went away long ago. They took his Precious, and he's lost now." (II, 223) Later, on the slopes of Mount Doom, he pleads for his life: "Let

us live, yes, live just a little longer. Lost lost! We're lost. And when Precious goes we'll die, yes, die in the dust." (III, 221) Without the Ring, Gollum cannot exist. On the other hand, he is bound by his promise to Frodo, in the name of the Ring, to serve him faithfully. Doubly tied to the hobbits, he cannot in any way leave them.

Planning treachery, Gollum guides them toward Shelob's lair, where he hopes she will kill them and give him the Ring. But he encounters a climactic moment of hesitation, in which he almost repents. Returning to the hobbits, most probably from an interview with Shelob, he finds Frodo asleep with his head cradled in the lap of Sam, who also sleeps: Peace was in both their faces.

Gollum looked at them. A strange expression passed over his lean hungry face. The gleam faded from his eyes, and they went dim and grey, old and tired. A spasm of pain seemed to twist him, and he turned away, peering back up toward the pass, shaking his head, as if engaged in some interior debate. Then he came back, and slowly putting out a trembling hand, very cautiously touched Frodo's knee--but almost the touch was a caress. For a fleeting moment, could one of the sleepers have seen him, they would have thought that they beheld an old weary hobbit, shrunken beyond the years that had carried him far beyond his time, beyond friends and kin, and the fields and streams of youth, an old starved pitiable thing. (II, 324)

At this point, Sam awakes and speaks harshly to Gollum, who responds by withdrawing into his usual character. We are told that "the fleeting moment had passed, beyond recall." (II, 324) This moment represents Gollum's closest approach to an escape from the Ring. In this moment of affection for Frodo, he seems almost cured. Whatever dim hope there was for Gollum's salvation rests in the balance for those few moments. When the blessed spell is broken, hope for Gollum's redemption is over.

Although Gollum fails to free himself from the Ring, he proves instrumental in its destruction. When Frodo finally reaches his destination, he finds himself unable to throw the ring to its destruction. Standing on the edge of the Crack of Doom, Frodo says, "But I do not choose now to do what I came to do. I will not do this deed. The Ring is mine!" (III, 223) The intrepid hobbit who has borne the dread Ring so far is finally overcome. It is at this juncture that Gollum leaps forward to play his role to the end. He struggles for his Precious with Frodo, and succeeds in biting the Ring off Frodo's hand. In an ecstatic madness, clutching his Precious in his hand, he dances on the brink of the chasm, and then falls to his death, carrying the Ring with him, to its doom. After Gollum and his Precious disappear into the Crack of Doom, Frodo says to Sam:

...do you remember Gandalf's words:  
Even Gollum may have something yet  
to do? But for him, Sam, I could  
not have destroyed the Ring. The  
Quest would have been in vain, even  
at the bitter end. So let us  
forgive him! For the Quest is  
achieved... (III, 225)

Gollum, although at the last uncured, still subject to the Ring,  
proves of central importance in the determination of events. In  
spite of himself, he puts the necessary finishing touch to the grand  
pattern being enacted. Without Gollum, the Fourth Age, the Age of  
Man, might never have arrived, and certainly would not have begun in  
hope, as Tolkien assures us it did.

Quotes are explained by parenthetical numbers immediately following.

I--The Fellowship of the Ring

II--The Two Towers

III--The Return of the King

All page references are to the trilogy The Lord of the Rings, by J.R.R.  
Tolkien, published in London by George Allen and Unwin Ltd, 1962.

The numbering given is valid for all hardcover editions of The Lord of  
The Rings. The following are the corresponding page references for the  
Ballantine edition, in order: I, 84; II, 304; I, 93; II, 304; II, 313;  
II, 283; III, 273; II, 411; II, 411; III, 274; III, 277.

\* \* \*

SONG OF THE FOURTH AGE  
by Cathleen Collett

This is a song that was much sung in the first reigns of the  
Fourth Age, called by the common folk "The Queens Cry" but by the  
minstrels "The Swansong of Arwen Undómiel". Legend has it that Arwen  
herself made it before she lay down on Cerin Amroth, but this I  
greatly doubt. Quite apart from style or psychology, it is in the  
Common Tongue, not the Sindarin of Rivendell, nor the Quenya of the  
great Elf-lays. Far more likely it is that some minstrel, or even  
some woman at her loom or wheel, made the song and sang it in sorrow  
for their lost Queen, than whom no lady was ever fairer or more  
beloved.

(Note: It is possible that I have taken liberties with the  
cosmology and eschatology of those times. I have rendered "rings  
of the world" as "creation's rim" without knowing if the world was  
held to be a creation or an occurrence. Also, on the basis of  
Aragorn's statement (III, 344; Bal III, 428) that "we are not bound  
for ever (emphasis mine) to the circles of the world", I have assumed  
that what translates literally as "the meeting of the dead" is far  
away in time, not (or as well as) in space, and rendered it "rising  
day" without knowing if a literal resurrection is meant.)

The Queens Cry or The Swansong of Arwen Undómiel

The Sun has turned up in the sky.  
Soon Middle-earth knows spring;  
They'll cast the seed upon the land,  
And happy songs they'll sing.  
    But here is nothing more to come,  
    And little left to go;  
    And the leaves about Lothlórien  
    Fall silently and slow.

On Elvenhow, the ever green,  
Upon the tender grass,  
The flowers kissed our naked feet  
As we went walking past;

And there his lips were heated steel  
And mine were honeyed wine--  
And there Estel took me for his  
And I took him for mine.

And there we swore till skies shall crack  
And on beyond time's end  
We should be one another's--  
Ah, it seemed easy then.  
    Now Elessar sleeps far away,  
    And that was long ago,  
    And the leaves about Lothlórien  
    Fall silently and slow.

Well, never came we there again  
A-walking side by side,  
And seldom did I look on him  
Until I was his bride--

And then--lost joys remembered  
Are worse than any knife,  
For bitter is the boon of men  
Across a happy life.

Today my love lies slumbering  
Beyond creation's rim,  
Now as he came to me that day  
So I must go to him--  
    Yet rising day is far away,  
    And that was long ago,  
    And the leaves about Lothlórien  
    Fall silently and slow.



MIDDLE-

EARTH

CROSSWORD

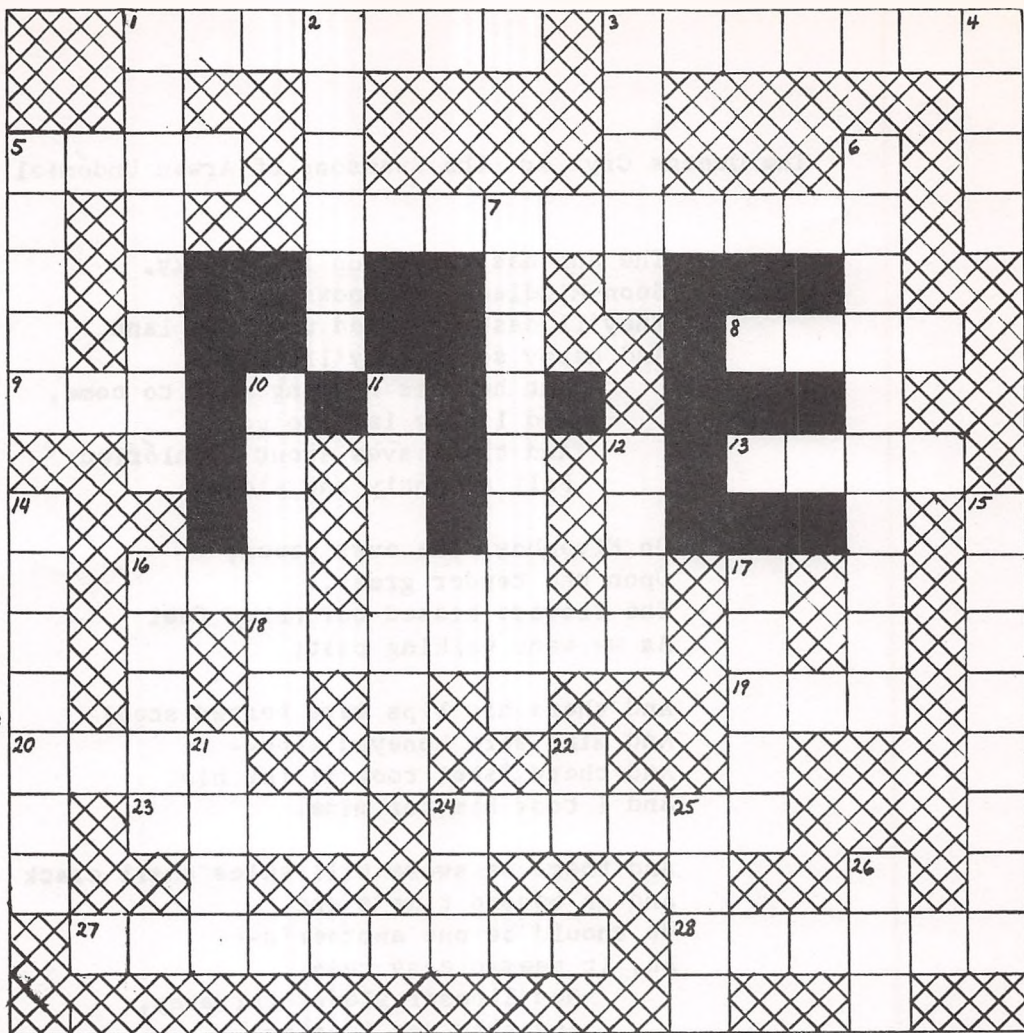
NAMES

AND

GENEALOGY

by Scott Smith

[Try to do this  
without looking  
things up in the  
books.]



ACROSS

1. Overthrown at the end of the First Age.
3. Aragon.
5. Sister-in-law of Primula Brandybuck.
10. Husband of Lobelia.
11. Grandfather of hobbit Frodo scuffled with after the Party.
13. First mound was raised in the Mark for him.
16. Only dwarf-woman mentioned in TlotR.
18. Original name of Brandybucks.
19. Gimli's uncle.
20. Fell fighting in Dale.
23. Great-great grandfather of dwarf who returned to Moria.
24. Lost the last of the Seven Rings at Dol Guldur.
27. Four foot five.
28. Founded refuge of Imladris.

DOWN

1. Holdwine.
2. Fourth bearer of the One Ring.
3. Faded in the Third Age.
4. After Bilbo disappeared, "called loudly to Frodo to send the wine around again."
5. Very close to Frodo.
6. Assailed Valinor--brought downfall of Númenor.
7. Only Bilbo surpassed him.
10. Father and son of "roper".
11. Cut the Ring from Sauron's hand.
12. Most prominent line of the Southfarthing.
14. Founded the Realms in Exile.
15. Gave his ring to Elrond.
16. Seven of them.
17. One of Thorin's companions.
19. Gimli's great-great-great-great grandfather.
21. Fell at Nanduhirion at age of 134.
22. Prefix of second line of Numenorean kings.
24. Ended with Calmacil.
25. \_\_\_ bard and \_\_\_ bold, sons of the Old Took.
26. One of the trolls Bilbo met in The Hobbit.

The Fall of Uglúk  
by Judy Quinn

From Saruman's halls, cold iron chained pillars  
Where the fork of the Isen lay  
To Rohan they came, black-hearted, white-branded  
The fighting Uruk-hai.

Red were the eyes that glowed in the moonlight  
In bodies fell and grim.  
Long grew the claws that clutched the swords  
And they marched to Rohirrim.

Leading the horde was Uglúk, commander:  
Iron-plated, bloody-handed, and proud.  
He called to the throng with yellow fangs glaring,  
Cursing, then laughing aloud.

"Forward, my lads, the White Hand is waiting.  
We'll reach the long river by day.  
Kill all but the halflings, the word has been spoken.  
Now faster, or death be your pay."

The pace never failed as the wet grass they trampled,  
And joining them, mountain Orcs came.  
For vengeance, from Moria, great Khazad-dûm  
Its caverns now bursting with flame.

Their hoarse cries and clank smote the air of the forest  
As all creatures fled from the din.  
And Uglúk jeered the "mountain maggots"  
As they neared the Anduin.

At dawn from the mists spoke a voice deep and evil  
"Stand forth, our search is the same!"  
His shield was ringed with an eye of red,  
And Grishnakh was his name.

So Mordor joined with cave and tower  
To trace the steps of the prey:  
Small Shire-folk, ill-fit for meeting  
The fighting Uruk-hai.

Two high shrill voices calling wild  
Made Uglúk's eyes grow bright.  
And through the clearing ran the forms  
Not half a man in height.

Madness had seized their pounding hearts,  
One name was on their lips.  
Until they stood a shadow away  
From black and clawing grips!

Drawing their bright and elvish swords  
The two stood back to back.  
Yet closer drew the deadly ring  
Not heeding the attack.

A sudden blast turned black hearts cold,  
A horn's unearthly blowing.  
And tall and fey a warrior came  
With blade and grey eyes glowing.

Proud Boromir of Gondor's tower  
Seeking only his doom.  
A debt he owed the Hobbit-folk  
Though Rauros be his tomb.

The demon arrows filled the sky  
And fell like blackened rain.  
Yet Boromir's sword smote down a score,  
Its blue steel Goblin's bane.

Young Denethor's heir sent one last call  
But only echoes came.  
Then Uglúk drew his darkest arrow  
With straight and deadly aim.

The halflings now in darkness fell  
As Boromir's horn was cloven.  
Triumphant yells rebounded far...  
The traitor's plot seemed woven.

Yet hardly had the march begun  
Back to the Wizard's Vale  
When mountain Orcs of Moria  
Sought vengeance on the trail.

But Uglúk's flat sword hewed three necks,  
The rest in terror fled.  
"Curse Isengard", came Grishnakh's growl,  
"To Mordor we should head."

The fiery quarrel smoldered on,  
Yet Uglúk's might was feared.  
And so they ever swiftly ran,  
The captives whipped and jeered.

The Eryn Muiil was left behind,  
The grassy plains stretched wide.  
Green valleys of the Rohirrim  
Where hidden horsemen spied.

The Orcs ran now at blinding speed  
Toward forest's shadow growing.  
Deep Fangorn, older than the hills,  
And Entwash, ever flowing.

But now the earth begins to throb,  
Off helms the sun's ray glances.  
The Riders of the Mark have come,  
Wind wailing through their lances.

Éomer, Marshal, sister-son  
Of Theoden the King.  
"Forth Éorlingas!" comes the call,  
The fair-haired horsemen sing.

Hard pounding hoofs and ringing cries  
But not a full attack.  
Though arrows whined and shrilly struck  
The Orc-force from the back.

In depths of night wait Uglúk's tribe  
With fangs and fierce eyes shining.  
The watch-fires of the Mark burn long  
Beneath black branches twining.

At dawn's first glow the riders charge,  
They make the dark horde reel.  
And golden grass is stained with red  
As goblins fall to steel.

But fighting Uruks form a wedge  
With Uglúk at the lead.  
Blasting through to Fangorn's edge  
And smiting man and steed.

Then from the dense trees stepped a form  
Streaked with a bloody bath.  
And Uglúk felt the chill of death  
When he saw Éomer's wrath.

The bright swords sparked as blows they matched,  
Both masters of the art.  
Till Uglúk felt a thrust strike deep  
Into his blackened heart.

Now helms are shattered and lances shorn;  
The smoke and the ashes blow grey.  
North points the White Hand, but East burn the pyre  
Of the fighting Uruk-hai.

\* \* \*

#### LETTERS

Gentlebeings:

Barry Tunick's remarks on "social philosophy" (II:2) simply beg to be refuted. I do hope he will think through this matter of the relationship between art and ideology. His is the kind of belief which, when carried to its extreme, produces socialistic so-called realism: an official art which represents what the official line says human relations ideally

should be. And how could he be so wrong on every point? I almost think his piece is a put-on and I am making a fool of myself refuting it: but it is so authentically sophomoric. So...I'll comment on it point by point; I don't think I have to quote chapter and verse for every reference to the Works.

Conservative: the word has a good sense embodied in the word conservation. It does not mean "reactionary". The concern of Gandalf and the leaders of the West is to preserve whatever may pass through the storm of war unscathed. It is each man's duty in his time to oppose what he sees as evil. The story-teller is intensely aware of history: the rise and fall of nations, changes in the conditions of life that require new responses. It is not the nature of anything good to be fixed and everlasting. History has continued from the four ages of Middle-earth to our time, in which we have our duties. And they are anything but obeying the dead hand of tradition. But there are traditions which we must recognize as wholesome; without them life would be barbarous.

As for the archaic, other-world setting, it is simply the proper setting for an heroic romance. The hobbits (the true heroes of our story) are farmers and artisans. It is true, though, that Bilbo has no known occupation--and after his trip, he and his heir are independently wealthy. Sam is a gardener; Pippin and Merry are excused on account of their youth. As we move through the story, we are constantly reminded of the proper occupations of men; war is to them an unmitigated disaster.

Authoritarian: The potential for good vs. evil action in each being, and his freedom of choice, are constantly emphasized. Nobody is immune to temptation; and nobody, no matter how corrupted, is without the potential of repenting. Power still corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Violent: War is not glorified: consider, for example, the difference between Boromir and Faramir. Gandalf warns Frodo against dealing out death. No person rejoices in the death of his enemy. Only orcs and trolls are soulless and may be destroyed without compunction.

TLotR differs from heroic romances of the past by the intense reality of its setting. Every scene is complete by its own distinct language and weather, and the physical needs and vexations of man and beast are not forgotten. Let me mention only the midges of Midgewater. People do indeed forget what they were supposed to say (or not to say), sometimes with unpleasant consequences. Only the decorum of story-telling forbids the mention of those details which are the delight of "naturalistic" writers. Remember that word: decorum. A certain decorum is also demanded of us when we would like to fill in those details of Middle-earth which were not part of the tale. Science or pseudo-science has no part of it.

Selah.

Now I'll ask one. Whatever happened to the Book of Mazarbul? Surely Gimli didn't carry it with him all through the wars?

Yours,

Dainis Bisenieks  
1033 Pomona  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Tolkien Society of America,

I have innocently attempted to bring THE MESSAGE to those who are still numbered among the unbelievers, by inserting a small notice in our smaller newspaper stating in simple terms: "Frodo lives; all is not lost." NOW, to my astonishment, I am involved in an invidious plot to overthrow the strong bulwark of our nation. I am already lost, so I am writing you this letter in the hope that I can warn future Zealots of Tolkien, as I am, to keep silently their counsel. Mention no words of the Middle Earth, no names of that brave time in the history of life, or all will be lost.

I am now supposed to be the top man in a plot devised by the Communists. The people that interrogated me were convinced that Frodo (and what a Russian name that is!) is really the code name for this organization, and that I am really the leader in order to gain WORLD CONTROL.

Witness my surprise when, phoning the want ads of our local newspaper, I attempted to read the secretary my desired message.

"Hello? I would like to place a small personal notice."

"Yes sir, and what will it read?"

"Well, uh, it should read FRODO LIVES. Frodo,...you spell it f...r...o...o..." (long silence on the other end) "Miss, are you there?"

"Hey, mister, what is that, some kinda code? Listen, I'm not gonna stick any codes in this paper. We gotta rule...ya can't be too careful. Ya know somebody might put in a spy message or something."

"Ma'm, I assure you this is not a spy message. I simply want to have you print FRODO LIVES in this paper. Now that is spelled F...r...o...d...o..., and lives, the verb, you understand?"

"Just a minute, I gotta call the supervisor. Be back inna sec."

Then I heard a male voice. "Yes, sir, and what can I do for you?"

"I simply want to place the message FRODO LIVES in the paper. I really don't understand why it is taking so long. FRODO LIVES...it's sort of a catchword, I suppose you could say."

"Oh...a secret organization, you mean?"

"Well, I suppose so, yes. You see, it's this club made up of the followers of Tolkien."

That was my undoing. The government officials, I have since found out, dote on SECRET ORGANIZATIONS (the caps being theirs). And when I mentioned being a FOLLOWER of someone, well that to them is like declaring yourself an anarchist. All of this spices up the otherwise dull life of a government agent. Anyway, I now find myself, against my will, in a major crime lab, my criminal mind being studied by various geniuses. SO, I BEG YOU.....FELLOW TOLKIEN FOLLOWERS... do not submit to the impulse to educate the masses. Do not follow my example and yield to your impulse to tell the world.

The world does not care.

Merril Squier  
9522 N. Green Bay Rd.  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Dick,

Enclosed is a list of reviews of TLotR. It does not cover essays or scholarly discussions, just reviews of the work as literature, most of them

written at the time of the book's publication. It isn't even complete in that field, but it will do as a starter. All the publications are available in large libraries; I found them at the Rutgers University library and at Princeton University's Firestone Library. The ones in the London Times, the Hudson Review, and Time and Tide are especially good. Incidentally, the summary of the plot given in Time magazine's review is worth quoting, it's so typical of Time. More or less word for word: The ring gives various powers. A simple soul can slip it on and become invisible; a tyrant can slip it on and rule the world. The drama of the book springs from the fact that a simple soul has the ring and a tyrant wants it.

Probably most of the Society's members have found it out already, but for those who haven't, the address of George Allen & Unwin is 40 Museum Street, London, W.C. 1. [all correspondence to Tolkien should be c/o this address.] Sir Stanley Unwin, by the way, has written a book about his life as a publisher. It's called The Truth About a Publisher (Macmillan, 1960) and in it he calls TLoTR "a book for all time." After The Two Towers was published, he says, "never in fifty years of publishing have I received so many letters from the public--some intensely humorous, more resentful, but all complaining that they could endure the suspense no longer...."

I'm going mad with the effort to construct a crossword puzzle consisting entirely of names from TLoTR [see this issue; keep trying though.]. If I ever get it done I'll send it in. I'm also working on watercolor sketches of the flags of Gondor, Mordor, Rohan, Harad, and Dol Amroth. The last is rather difficult-- what exactly does a "ship, swan-prowed," look like?

How about "Frodo Lives" car stickers? [They exist, but they're so illegible they're likely to cause accidents from tailgating and inattention. We don't carry them.]

My best to all fans,  
Christine Jones  
Box 1000  
Princeton, N.J. 08540

[Here is the list of reviews.]

<u>Publication</u>	<u>Page</u>	<u>Issue</u>	<u>Vol. Reviewed</u>
Commonweal	154	11/V/56	All
Hudson Review	598	IX, 1956-7	All
Illustrated London News	612	9/X/54	I
" " "	156	22/I/55	II
" " "	976	3/XII/55	III
London Times Literary Supplement	541	27/VIII/54	I
" " " "	817	17/XII/54	II
" " " "	704*	25/XI/55	III
Nation	312	14/IV/56	All
New Republic	24	16/I/56	All
New Statesman and Nation	331	18/IX/54	I
" " " "	835	18/XII/54	II
" " " "	585	5/XI/55	III
Newsweek	106	29/XI/54	I
N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review	5	14/XI/54	I

<u>Publication</u>	<u>Page</u>	<u>Issue</u>	<u>Vol. Reviewed</u>
N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review	5	8/V/55	II
" " " " " "	3	5/II/56	III
" " " " " "	3	9/V/65	All**
" " " " " "	7	31/X/65	All & Hobbit
N. Y. Times Book Review	37	31/X/54	I
" " " " " "	4	1/V/55	II
" " " " " "	5	22/I/56	III
" " " " " "	78	31/X/65	All
New Yorker	218	13/XI/54	I
" "	170	14/V/55	II
Saturday Review	11	28/I/56	All
Spectator	408	1/X/54	I
"	744	25/XI/55	All
Time	106	22/XI/54	I
Time and Tide	1082	14/VIII/54	I***
" " "	1373	22/X/55	All

\*Letters from readers on pp. 743 and 777 of the same volume.

\*\*Actually a review of Tree and Leaf, but Eiseley has a lot to say about TlotR.

\*\*\*This is a review of The Fellowship, but in it Lewis mentions the Ents!

\* \* \*

FLASH!!! As we go to press, we find that Entmoot lives! Write to Greg Shaw at 2707B McAllister Street, San Francisco, California.

\* \* \*

The January issue of Seventeen magazine will feature an interview of J. R. R. Tolkien by Dick Plotz. Don't miss it.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY OF AMERICA WILL BE HAVING ITS SECOND AFTERYULE MEETING ON THE EVENING OF WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, AT 8:30, IN THE MARIE ANTOINETTE ROOM AT ONE FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. FEATURED SPEAKERS WILL BE DICK PLOTZ, WITH COLOR SLIDES OF HIS RECENT TRIP TO ENGLAND AND AN ACCOUNT OF HIS INTERVIEW WITH TOLKIEN; AND PROF. C.S. KILBY, WHO WORKED WITH TOLKIEN ON THE SILMARILLION LAST SUMMER AND WILL SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT THAT ENTERPRISE. WE ALSO EXPECT W.H. AUDEN, IAN BALLANTINE, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED GUESTS TO BE PRESENT. HOBBIT FOOD WILL BE SERVED. TO COVER COSTS (THOUGH INADEQUATELY) THERE WILL BE AN ADMISSION CHARGE OF ONE DOLLAR FOR NON-MEMBERS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR MEMBERS WITH THIS NOTICE. COME, MEET OLD FRIENDS, FIND OUT ABOUT THE SILMARILLION, AND ENJOY THE BEST HOBBIT FOOD ACROSS THE WATER. MAY THE LIGHT OF EARENDIL'S STAR GO WITH YOU UNTO THE END OF DAYS. TENNA!

*Dick Plotz*





*Black Rider*

TOLKIEN SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
159 Marlborough Road  
Brooklyn, New York 11226



FIRST CLASS MAIL