

Zinnia Stook's

## From the Larder

Hobbit Cuisine

Sharon Helms



### Raspberry Jam

*"Now we are all here!" said Gandalf. . . "Quite a merry gathering! I hope there is something left for the latecomers to eat and drink! . . . A little red wine, I think for me."*

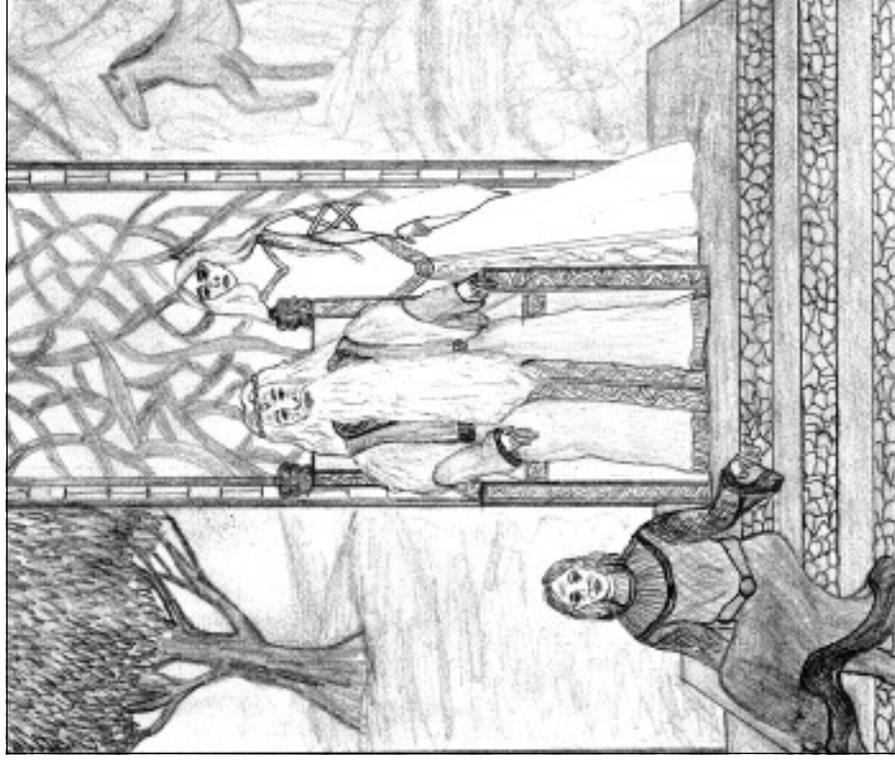
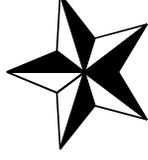
*"And for me," said Thorin.*

*"And raspberry jam and apple-tart," said Bifur"  
Tolkien, J.R.R., The Hobbit,  
"An Unexpected Party"*

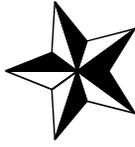
It is essential to the jam that the fruit picked be of the best quality, fully ripe and undamaged. Using unripe berries or windfalls will spoil the flavour of the jam.

Wash and pick over the berries, mash in a kettle and when they have boiled a short while, add half a cup of sugar to a cup of fruit, then boil half to three-quarters of an hour. (Blackberry and strawberry jams are prepared this way also.)

Carefully pour the hot fruit mixture into clean glasses, to within a quarter inch of the top. Spoon a thin layer of melted beeswax over the surface of the jam to seal out the air. This layer is to be one sixteenth to one eighth of an inch thick. Too thick a layer will cause the jam to leak around the edges of the wax. Hold the hot container with a pot holder and rotate slowly so the wax will cling to the sides of the vessel. Prick any air bubbles. Let stand until the wax is hardened. Store cooled jam in a cool dry space - a larder or pantry on the side of the hall without windows would do nicely. (And remember to date your jam jars and use the older dates first!)



# Minas Tirith Evening-Star



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## Table of Contents

Tolkien in Academia .....	page 3
David L. Dettman .....	
Snowmane's Tale .....	page 11
Fiction by Melanie Neer .....	
Hugo's Bookshelf .....	page 20
An American Tolkien Society News and Review Feature .....	
Updated ATS Dues Structure .....	page 23
Zinnia Stook's From the Larder .....	page 24
Hobbit Cuisine by Sharon Helms .....	

**Front cover:** The Two Towers, 4 by Melanie Neer.

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450,000 entries matching "Lord of the Rings swords." Some of these companies, such as [www.cbswords.com](http://www.cbswords.com) and [www.sharpedgetrading.com](http://www.sharpedgetrading.com) are actually offering clearance prices for licensed reproductions of the swords (and other artifacts) from the films. If you've been wanting a copy of Sting (or Anduril, or Glamdring, or Guthwine, etc.) but have been intimidated by the prices, check out on line sales sites while things are on clearance!

More next issue!

- PWH

## Updated ATS Dues Structure

### New On-Line Rate!

The Board of Founders (BOFFins) has agreed upon a revised dues structure for the Society. We are now offering a rate reduction for those members who choose to receive our journal by e-mail. Rates for other types of service remain the same:

E-mail .....	\$10.00 US
Hard copy by Mail: U.S., Canada, Mexico, and Zip Codes in Puerto Rico .....	\$12.50 US
Hard Copy by Mail: Other Nations .....	\$15.00 US
RTF file on diskette: U.S., Canada, Mexico, and Zip Codes in Puerto Rico .....	\$12.50 US
RTF file on diskette: Other Nations .....	\$15.00 US
RTF file by E-mail .....	\$10.00 US

The website now includes a membership application form in PDF format, and a downloadable MSWord form. We expect to have an online form and arrangements to accept online payment in place very soon - possibly by the time this issue reaches your mailbox!

## Other Fannish Publications

We continue to receive monthly subscriptions to *Mythprint*, the bulletin of the Mythopoeic Society, which chiefly contains news of the society's events and reviews, and sometimes entertains an essay or two.

*Beyond Bree*, the newsletter of the American Mensa Tolkien Special Interest Group also arrives quite promptly each month. Depend on this one for news and notes, reviews, short essays, poetry and some fannish art. One of the more reliable sources for news and notes in fandom, though occasionally a blooper slips through. Their April issue mentioned our new website, but gave a garbled address. For the record, our site is <http://www.americantolkiensociety.org> - and to return the favor, their website is <http://www.cep.unt.edu/bree.html>

We also appreciate receiving the *Lembas* Lustrum Edition, from Tolkien Genootschap Unquendor in the Netherlands. We can say a lot about it, as it is in Dutch, but it's nicely produced and bound, and a lovely publication.

Slaski Klub Fantasyki in Poland recently sent us *Aiglos* the Tolkien Almanac, another beautifully produced, perfect bound collection - this time in Polish, so we can't attempt to comment on the content. The also sent *Kalendarz Parmadilich* for 2006, a nicely produced, comb bound calendar which incorporates and coordinates three of Tolkien's calendars with the mundane system - also in Polish.

*Amon Hen*, the bulletin of The Tolkien Society (England) - website <http://www.tolkiensociety.org> - always includes information and registration forms for their events, such as the Oxonmoot scheduled for September 15 - 17 at Somerville College, Oxford. A recent issue also included ordering information for limited edition prints by Ted Naismith and a volume of art by Ruth Lacon. They also mentioned. . .

## Middle-earth Swords (and stuff)

The Mithril Armoury ([www.mithrilarmoury.com](http://www.mithrilarmoury.com)), a website selling licensed swords, armor and weapons generally. This set us on a quest on line, and we discovered well over



# Tolkien™ in Academia

David L. Dettman

In a recent article on Tolkien and Beowulf and modern reactions to both, Ruth Morse commented that "it has taken a long time to learn to read (Tolkien)" (Morse, 2004). She is talking about the academic community, and how important the polarization that occurred over Tolkien's popular works was in the culture wars of the late twentieth century. Times have changed significantly in the last two decades - from a point where many disparaged Tolkien's writing and viewed it as escapist, derivative, and having no place in English literature to a wide spread acceptance of his work as a legitimate subject of study.

There has always been a slow trickle of publications discussing Tolkien's works (See the numerous bibliographies listed in West, 2004 for a survey of academic publications on Tolkien). But in the last decade Tolkien's writings have seen a significant increase in academic discussion and publishing. This increase is in part due to the popularity of the films, but also because of the rise of a new generation of academics who grew up reading Tolkien and have ended up in the academic profession because of the inspiration of Tolkien's works. These scholars are much more willing to take Tolkien's works seriously and devote considerable efforts to understanding his fiction in relation to his scholarship and in relation to our reading of and reaction to *The Lord of the Rings*. This trend has been aided by the great broadening of academic disciplines since the first publication of *The Lord of the Rings*. English literature no longer focuses only on "serious literature" (whatever that may have meant) but it now encompasses many types of literature, and is

much less concerned with evaluating the “quality” of a work, but more with the uses of, reaction to, and micro-culture of a text.<sup>1</sup> There are also whole new disciplines – such as popular culture (or film studies) that not only see Tolkien as a legitimate topic, but view his writings as part of the core works in the canon they discuss.

The number of recent works on Tolkien in academic publishing is striking. A good half-dozen volumes of collected essays have appeared in the last four years, a new peer-reviewed<sup>2</sup> journal focusing exclusively on Tolkien has been started, and one of the old fan-journals (*Mythlore*) has recently made the jump to peer-reviewed status in a bid to increase the impact of articles it publishes. In addition there has been a sharp increase in the Tolkien-related articles in other journals. Many academics are no longer reluctant to discuss Tolkien. A good example of the new generation of academics willing to acknowledge Tolkien’s popular writings as an important influence is Michel Drouot, a specialist in Old English at Wheaton College. He tells the story of signing up for his first course in Old English because he recognized some of the terms used by the Rohirrim in the course description (Tolkien, ed. Drouot, 2002, p. 3). I was almost a good example of this. I went through my undergraduate degree and an MA in History specializing in Medieval Scandinavian language and literature and English history. Then I got side-tracked due to the personal vicissitudes of employment and life, ending up in geochemistry. But throughout my life I have continued reading academic research in these areas, a lifetime interest nucleated by the love of Tolkien’s writings.

But the study of Tolkien’s works is not the only aca-

1. Shippey has a good discussion of the problem of JRRR’s works in literary studies during the 1950s to 1980s in the Afterword to *J.R.R.* Tolkien, Author of the century.
2. Peer-review is a quality-control system where a paper is reviewed by other specialists in a field. It is standard practice in virtually all academic publications. I will use peer-review as a basic criterion for

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## ***The Lord of the Rings Musical***

We would welcome a review by a reader who has attended a performance. The review by Michael Kuchwara for the Associated Press characterizes the whole as “lavish yet disappointing” and “severely condensed and flattened, drained of much of the spirit emotion and peculiarities that make the Tolkien novels so appealing. . .” If you’ve attended, or are planning to do so, consider sending us your reactions.

## **Music from The Lord of the Rings**

We attended a March performance of *Peter and the Wolf* and music from *The Lord of the Rings* by the Flint (MI) Symphony Orchestra. The Music from *The Lord of the Rings* was presented in three suites corresponding to the three volumes (or films), arranged by John Whitney, Jerry Brubaker and Victor Lopez, respectively. The orchestra was conducted by David Mairs, with opening narration (the *Rings* poem) by David Wigston, and vocals at the close of the first suite by Kyle Anderson. Anderson’s performance is worthy of particular note for the purity of his soprano - possibly a better choice than Enya, whose vocals accompanied the film’s closing title.

As with the films, the first and third suites were far more satisfying, while the second seemed somehow muddled or uncertain in its themes.

On the whole, the performance was most enjoyable, and we encourage readers who may have a similar opportunity to enjoy a live, symphonic performance of this music to avail themselves of the opportunity. And since this was somehow deemed a family (for which understand children’s) event, ticket prices were modest!

saw her. I saw her coming toward me, running wild and free as she had done so many, many years ago. I saw her. Finlas . . . my mother.

*The End*



# Hugo's Bookshelf

*An American Tolkien™ Society*

*News and Review Feature*

*edited and selected by Philip W. Helms*

## Lecture at Marquette University

Marquette University Libraries will host a lecture by Tolkien scholar Eduardo Segura of the Universidad Católica San Antonio, at 3:00 p.m. on September 26 in the John P. Raynor, S.J., Library, 1355 W. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee. Dr. Segura is the author of three books on Tolkien's fiction and has translated numerous works to Spanish. Professor Segura's presentation, "Tolkien, Lewis, and Hollywood: What Images Cannot Say" will center on differences between literature and cinema as artistic means from Tolkien and Lewis' outlook, as well as with the idea of creation from language, and the incapability of images to communicate metaphorical meaning - even of those brilliant scenes that Hollywood has recently released. A question and answer session will follow. This lecture is free, but members of the general public must register

demio area that has undergone a huge expansion in publishing. All subjects have seen an increasing number of publications every decade in the post-World War II years, and it is not clear when this escalation will end. Some estimates have described the number of publications in the humanities as doubling every 20 years. Therefore if one is interested in the academic topics that were the focus of Tolkien's professional career (e.g. Germanic Philology), there is a lot more to read than in Tolkien's day. This is both good and bad. There is much more information easily available to the interested reader, who does not have the time, access or language skills to work with the original source materials. The downside of this publication explosion is relatively minor. It makes it harder to sift through published material for what one is looking for, it has perhaps stifled creativity<sup>3</sup>, and it has moved debates in academia from larger issues to minutiae.

Through this column, I will discuss and review recent academic publications in areas that are of interest to readers of Tolkien. Foremost, of course, will be Tolkien's writings as a topic of research and discussion. Secondarily I want to explore current academic work in the areas that Tolkien focused on during his life, medieval northern European history, philology, and folklore. In this case I will review a recent book or a limited group of texts that are accessible to the non-specialist reader who is willing to work a little. Finally there will also be columns that focus on particular academic journals, discussing their scope and recommending a few recent articles of interest.

**I**n the limited space remaining I want to look at one of the most important recent developments in Tolkien scholarship. In 2004 West Virginia University Press launched *Tolkien Studies: An Annual Scholarly Review*. The journal, which produces one very nice (and moder-

3. I have long wondered if Tolkien's notable ability to change the dominant trends in scholarship would have survived if he lived and worked in recent years. I suspect his spectacular creativity in both academic and popular writing would have been severely constrained if he worked in today's academic environment.

ately expensive) hardcover issue per year, is a project assembled by Douglas Anderson, Michael Drout, and Verlyn Flieger. This journal quickly became one of the primary venues for the publication of Tolkien scholarship, as the only journal singly devoted to his writings. The first three volumes have produced over 750 pages of mostly very exciting scholarship focused on Tolkien. This is an outlet for serious Tolkien research that was sorely needed, and the number and quality of papers shows that there was a pent up demand for this kind of journal. This time around we will look at Volume 1, which contains one Middle English text by Tolkien, seven articles, two bibliographies, and two short notes.

Of great interest to those who read Early English literature is "Sir Orfeo: A Middle English version by J. R. R. Tolkien," edited by Carl F. Hostetter. Although this small pamphlet had no indication of the author, Hostetter makes a convincing case that it is Tolkien's work. The date is a little uncertain, but it seems that sometime in the mid 1940s Tolkien prepared a 20 page pamphlet that presents his preferred version of the text of *Sir Orfeo*. Only five copies of this pamphlet survive. The text, of course, follows manuscript versions of *Sir Orfeo* very closely, but there are a number of differences between this text and the surviving manuscripts. Tolkien has returned the text to a south-eastern Middle English dialect, removing confusions and emendations introduced as the poem was transmitted through copyists speaking different dialects of Middle English, resulting in a poem that (if Tolkien's view of the history of the poem is accurate) "is closer to what must have been the original form of the poem than any of the three surviving manuscripts." The pamphlet was part of the English Literature course prepared by Tolkien in 1943 and 1944 for cadets in the British Navy. The version presented here is a useful document showing all points where Tolkien's interpretation of the text differs from other standard editions. Tolkien's modern English translation of *Sir Orfeo* is based on this text (with a few differences). For those of us not well versed in Middle English, the pairing of this text with Tolkien's translation is an excellent opportunity to try one's hand at reading Middle English poetry.

souls.

We were far from complete victory, but we knew we would win this battle. Nothing could stop us. But, oh! How I wished I had the gift of foresight, or could have had some foreboding of what was to come. Unknown to either of us, my master's every move was being watched, and little could we have known that this evil watcher had personally marked my master for death.

Suddenly, the brightness of the sun's morning rays diminished, and darkness seemed to have crept upon the land again. But, it was no cloud that hid the sun, for as I looked up into the sky, I saw a fast approaching shadow being cast down from a creature that was bird-like. Yet, this was no bird; it was a hideous evil being, the likes of which I had never seen before. As it came closer, and closer to where my master and I were, this creature gave off a foul stench that filled the air, a stench like putrid, decaying flesh, and the sound it made was like the cry of death itself.

Terror, sheer terror as I had never known before seized me, yet my terror was not so much for myself, but for my master. I reared, standing high on my back legs, and with my front legs I tried to fight off this evil villain, to make my master safe. But, oh! Pain! Agonizing pain did I feel. Something had pierced me and I fell. I fell upon the very one I was trying to protect. I fell upon my master, my king.

And so it was, here, on the field of Pelelmor, during the greatest battle Middle-earth had ever known, that for the final time I was to feel a deep, despairing sorrow. No, my grief was not for myself, for I knew I was dying. It was for my master. King Theoden hadn't died, slain in battle; I had caused his death. I knew I had killed him instantly when my body fell upon his. His body was shattered, broken.

Oh, how could I have done it? Never before had I felt such remorse, such guilt. I was almost glad that I was dying, to put me out of my misery. I could feel the life draining away from my body. My heartbeat slowed, slowed, slowed. My breaths, the very last I'd ever take, became shallower and shallower. My eyes were beginning to close, but before they did, I

bling, despairing panic raced through every fiber of my being, and I'm certain this same sensation surged through each and every one who beheld the horrible sight before us. In the pitch darkness, a fiery glow could be seen, lighting up the sky as if it were day, yet day it was not. A foreboding sense came over me that, alas, we were too late; for it seemed that the great City of Kings was perishing in flames before my eyes. Yet, my master did not seem to feel the same fear; instead he urged us onward, until we reached the outer walls of this grand, noble City. Here and there, we were met by the enemy; surprised no doubt by our appearance, and many were slain; those that weren't, were driven away. Still, we did not stop, but continued to ride to the vast, open, spacious field of Gondor.

Then, a different light could be seen, rising steadily but surely. It was the light my master had been waiting for; the morning's light. I felt my master straighten himself upon me, rising tall with pride flowing through him again; the warrior spirit had once more seized hold of him, and in a voice, loud and clear, I heard him say;

*"Arise, arise, Riders of Theoden!  
Fell deeds awake; fire and slaughter!  
spear shall be shaken, shield shall be splintered,  
a sword day, a red-day, ere the sun rises!  
Ride now, ride now! Ride now to Gondor!"*

My master rode up to his banner-bearer, seizing his battle horn and blew upon it, shattering the silence; and, with that, all the horns followed suit, and were sounded. The time for quiet, for stealth had ended. My master urged me on, to ride forth with the swiftest of speed that none of his men could catch up with him. I could feel the strength in my master, the blood-lust of the fighting warrior. And now, the darkness of the night dissipated, for as we rode full speed to Gondor, morning had finally come into full light. And, oh, how the very sight of us filled the enemy with terror; many fled for their lives, more were slain, and the men of Rohan began singing as the thrill of the battle flowed into their veins and into their

The excellent lead article is by Tom Shippey, "Light-elves, Dark-elves and Others: Tolkien's Elvish Problem." Although one may not always agree with some of his conclusions, Shippey's articles are always fun to read, very clear and free of jargon. Here he discusses the problem of what elves really are in Germanic mythology, and Tolkien's response to this problem. The true nature of elves is highly ambiguous in both Old English and Old Icelandic writings. In *Beowulf* and other Old English texts elves are not favored creatures, but are descended from and associated with evil. However, in the Old English lexicon and in names, there are very positive associations with elves. In Old Icelandic writings, especially Snorri Sturluson's *Prose Edda*, elves are not described as evil or good. Actually very little is said about what elves are, although Snorri presents a rather elaborate classification of elves, designating Dark Elves, Light Elves, and Black Elves. Shippey discusses Tolkien's attempt to find consistency within the various manuscript traditions. As he often did in his mythic creation of Middle-earth Tolkien developed a much more ancient elvish tradition that would eventually evolve into the various manuscript traditions preserved in Northern Europe.

Almost any reader will find something of interest in this volume, as there is a wide range of topics and approaches. The remaining six articles and two notes discuss Tolkien's prose style, literary influences on his writing, his plans for unfinished works, and the reception his writings have received. Michael D. C. Drout's article, "Tolkien's prose style and its literary and rhetorical effects," is simultaneously concerned with stylistic and thematic parallels between parts of *The Return of the King* and Shakespeare's *King Lear*, demonstrating Tolkien's sophistication in manipulation of styles, and defending Tolkien's style against the attacks of critics who believe Tolkien's writing is hackneyed and arbitrarily archaic. He examines Tolkien's rhetorical strategies in the confrontation between Eowyn and the Lord of the Nazgûl. Parallels between this passage and *King Lear* lead to a discussion of Denethor's madness and how various royal characters respond to despair in the Return of the King. Although Gergely Nagy's paper, "The

adapted text: the lost poetry of Beleriand,” is sometimes annoyingly difficult to read, it gives us an intriguing discussion of stylistic techniques hinting at verse precursors of prose passages of *The Silmarillion*. Because Tolkien was familiar with early English prose redactions of older (now lost) poems, he was familiar with the poetic traces (alliteration, parallelism, poetic meter) they leave in prose rewritings of the stories. These poetic traces were embedded in many prose passages in *The Silmarillion* and are often marked by sudden changes in prose style.

Although many critics discount the value of the treasure-hunt that is literary source tracing in Tolkien’s works, this kind of research is an awful lot of fun (I have done quite a bit myself) and we need a venue to publish the results. Fortunately *Tolkien Studies* cooperates with this need and publishes this type of work. Tolkien’s reading was, of course, very wide-ranging and his use of the most obvious sources has been thoroughly discussed, so papers of this sort are difficult to present in an interesting way. The papers here are variable in success. Particularly notable is Mark T. Hooker’s “Frodo’s batman” which uses a few short stories inspired by English writers’ World War I experiences to describe the position of an officer’s batman. The pairing of a lower-class enlisted man as the personal attendant (i.e. servant) of an officer is a phenomenon of which the modern American has no experience and does not easily understand. However, this was one of the many aspects of the WWI experience that remained with Tolkien during the writing of *The Lord of the Rings*, and it is important for the understanding of the master/servant upper class/working class relationship between Sam and Frodo during the long journey.

Ann Petty surveys the strong influence that the *Kalevala* had on Tolkien in the creation of the myth and legends of Middle-earth in “Identifying England’s Lönnrot.” She looks at Elias Lönnrot, the editor and compiler of the *Kalevala*, as a model to emulate in Tolkien’s collation and arranging of the material of the *Silmarillion*, at both writers’ linguistic innovation, and catalogues many parallels between plot features of the *Kalevala* and the *Silmarillion*. She concludes with a discus-

war against the rising evil of Sauron. What did upset my master, that made him tremble, was the reality of it all, upon a certain event that came to pass.

At the encampment, set upon the Hold of Dunharrow, was a large, roomy, spacious pavilion. Inside, there was set a table, and seated around it were my master; his niece, Eowyn; his nephew, Eomer; Dunhere, the lord of Harrowdale; and, of all things, a hobbit who had gained my master’s favor. Being tethered outside the pavilion, I was privy to the conversations going on within. Suddenly, I saw a lone rider make his way to the pavilion. As he dismounted, I saw he was carrying an object in his right hand. Conversation came to a halt as the man entered; all was silent, until I heard my master’s voice say loudly, “The Red Arrow!” There was a shaking in his voice as he said those words, and I began to shake as well. Long ago, amongst the talk between the riders who fetched their horses in the stable, I had heard them mention this arrow. The Red Arrow had not been used in anyone’s memory; it represented the most urgent of all signals, surpassing even that of the beacon fires; it was a signal of the most dire need for aid in war. The mighty Minas Tirith, the City of Kings, was calling for our help, least it perish to rubble.

It was only the hour of the mid-day sun when my master briefly returned to Edoras for a gathering of forces, before riding for Gondor. A melancholy gloom had settled like a shroud, not only in the sky above us, but in the hearts of all; even my own. Oh, how could we possibly win this war? Word had reached my master, that the enemy’s force attacking Minas Tirith was beyond reckoning or imagination; far, far greater than the six thousand of our bravest warriors. But then . . . how could we not fight? We were fighting for the very existence of life in Middle-earth itself.

Seldom did we stop, but for a brief repast and to gain our strength. Otherwise we rode, and we rode, and we rode; not brashly to herald our coming, but silently, and stealthily, often during the cover of darkness. And so it was, with the deep, blackness of the still night sky, that we finally arrived where we would fight the greatest battle of all time. A trem-

down the long causeway, crashing and plunging through the enemy, driving them away. Oh, what a grand gesture it was! But there were so many of the enemy, and so few of us left. Then, two miracles occurred. The first was the appearance of a thick, lush forest, where previously there had been none. There were so many trees, one couldn't begin to guess how many there were; all stood side by side, like sentinels, silently waiting.

Then there was the second miracle. I heard the sound of a veritable chorus of battle horns being blown, and looking up at a ridge, I saw at least a thousand men on foot - our men, and all were ready for battle. Amongst them was a rider in blinding white attire; the rays of the rising sun shone upon him, creating a glow that could be seen for miles around. It was his horse, however, that drew my attention. I had to blink my eyes several times to make sure that I wasn't seeing things. It was Shadowfax, the greatest of my kind! Just seeing him, the king of horses, made my heart soar. I now knew deep in my heart, that all was not lost. We would win this battle, and win we did! The appearance of the men and of the White Rider made the enemy tremble with fear, and all fled into the thick of the forest, where never again were they to be seen.

Oh, how I wish my feeling of elation over the victory at Helm's Deep and of seeing Shadowfax could have lasted. We had barely rested from battle, and would have enjoyed the chance to celebrate, but only a little more than a week was to pass by, when once more we would be engaged in battle.

**B**efore heading back to Edoras, my master and some of his company made an encampment to rest at Harrowdale. News had reached our ears that the beacon-hills had been lit. One by one, their roaring flames surged into the sky; first Amon-Din, then Eilenach, Nordol, Erelas, Min-Rimmon, Calenhead, and lastly, Halfirien. This was not good news. Not good at all, for the beacon were never lit unless there was a dire need; a call for aid between the realms of Gondor and of Rohan. Yet, with it all, this news didn't upset my master. After all, we were at war;

sion of how Tolkien's work tries to enter into the spirit of Nationalistic Folklore, the (sometimes) politically powerful nineteenth century idea that a people's character is derived from their myths, and a group with a legendary history should be an independent political entity. Although Tolkien's desire to "create a myth for England" has been described many times, I have always been uneasy with this idea as a true motivation for Tolkien. He was only too aware of the profound losses of pre-Christian myth and legend in northern Europe and his creation always seemed too personal and too full of philological in-jokes to fit this description. I won't deny that Tolkien's letters sometimes refer to this motivation, but I think Tolkien would have been profoundly uncomfortable with Petty's article which elevates Tolkien to an equivalent status with Elias Lönnrot.

Two short notes also propose possible sources for some of Tolkien's writing. Dale J. Nelson writes about Algernon Blackwood's short story "The Wendigo" as a possible source of some characteristics of the Nazgûl and their winged steeds. He also comments on a probable connection between the writing of Lord Dunsany and the poem "The Mewlips." Thomas Honeyger also adds "A note on Beren and Lúthien's disguise as werewolf and vampire-bat," suggesting a source in the <sup>fourteenth</sup> century Middle English romance *William of Palerne*.

Verlyn Flieger writes about what might have been if Tolkien had the time and inclination to finish his time-travel project which has seen very fragmentary publication as *The Notion Club Papers* in volume 9 of the *History of Middle-earth, Sauron Defeated*. In her essay she describes the approach Tolkien developed to tie his ancient legends to the literature and history of ancient Britain and how these legends were to be preserved through racial memory and lineal bloodlines into the present. She succeeds in bringing together a number of relatively cryptic notes in the manuscript collection published by Christopher Tolkien and gives us a pretty good picture of where Tolkien wanted to take these stories.

Finally there is a fascinating article by Olga Markova, "When philology becomes ideology: The Russian perspective of J. R. R. Tolkien," on the development of Tolkien studies and

fandom in the former Soviet Union. This short article describes the early translations and adaptations of *The Lord of the Rings* and the Soviet State's response to a growing Tolkien fan activity. She describes the tendency of translators in the 1990s to emphasize the power politics and use of brute force in the conflicts of *The Lord of the Rings*. Although she cannot describe it in detail, this article shows the power and importance of the translator in the reworking of Tolkien's world to into the issues and culture important to modern Russian readers.

Two Bibliographies finish out the volume. Douglas A. Anderson has compiled a listing of Tom Shippey's writings on Tolkien. And there is a bibliography of Tolkien criticism published in 2001 and 2002. This cumulative bibliography will become a regular feature in future issues of the journal.

This is a very auspicious beginning. The two issues of *Tolkien Studies* that have appeared since 2004 show that this new venue will continue to produce many interesting observations and ideas in the area of Tolkien studies.

Information on purchasing Tolkien Studies can be found on the West Virginia University Press web site: <http://www.wvupress.com/journals/>. An individual subscription is \$60 per single-issue volume, and \$150 for three years. You may be able to request single articles through your local library's interlibrary loan. Electronic copies of the articles are available to some libraries through Project Muse.

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could smell the scent only spring has; a certain freshness, a newness, that herald's that the world was renewing itself and becoming alive again after winter. I was munching on some feed that the stable boy, Garlon had given me; lost in melancholy gloom, when suddenly the stable doors burst open. At first, I took no real note of it, as the Rohirrim were a noisy lot and always tended to make a grand entrance whenever they came in to fetch their horses. But then my ears picked up a voice, that I hadn't heard in so many years. Could it be? Was it possible? I looked up, and yes! It was! It was my master! And, oh my, he looked so handsome. His appearance wasn't that of an old man as I had heard, but he appeared almost as he had on that very first day I met him. As he approached me he had the most stern, intense look on his face, but then, as he stood before me, he gave a great smile that reflected in his eyes. Garlon quickly adorned me with my armor, and when I was fully attired in my splendor, Theoden mounted me, and led his men out of the stables. We had a mission to fulfill, so it seemed. We were going to a place called Helm's Deep.

**A**ll did not go well at this place, a place that from time immemorial had never before been breached. Helm's Deep was impenetrable until then, for breached it was. We were surrounded by thousands upon thousands of fighting Urak-Hai, a horrible race of creatures created by the Dark Lord, and by thousands of the race of man who had given their allegiance to the traitorous wizard, Saruman.

Despair was felt amongst all the men of Rohan, even my master felt all was lost but he refused to give up for the fighting spirit was still within him. Upon the break of the third day of the battle, when the gloom of defeat was felt by all, Theoden King commanded that the great horn of the Helm be sounded, and so it was. Upon hearing the blast of this mighty horn, pride once more surged through the men of Rohan, giving them strength and courage to continue their fighting efforts.

My master mounted upon my back, and with a warrior's spirit who refused defeat, shouted, "Forth Eorlingas!" With him were a host of men who rode out with him

were always brief. He would come up to me, without saying a word, while gently patting me on my head or neck, looking directly into my eyes with the utmost sadness. Oh, how helpless I felt. I wanted to comfort him somehow. I wished that I had the gift of human speech, for I wanted to tell him that I understood his sorrow; that I too, had experienced the loss of someone dear to my heart. But what could I do? I was just a horse.

His last few visits filled me with horrific alarm as well, for before my eyes I saw the drastic change that had dramatically altered his appearance in a relatively short time. Instead of a relatively young man in the prime of his life, he now looked like a man in his golden years. There was only one time that he rode upon me again, and that was to take a long ride to fetch his niece, Eowyn, and his nephew, Eomer after the deaths of both their parents - they were to live at Meduseld. After that, he never rode on me again for many a year to come.

I cannot tell you how many years were to pass by, for in truth, I soon lost count. I felt so abandoned, so alone once more in my life. I never left the stable, never saw the outside world, yet I would be able to sense the changes of the seasons by the way the air felt and smelled. The other horses with whom I shared the stables were no company for they ignored me. I got no comfort or attention from the other riders either, who from time to time would enter the stables. I think they pitied me and my situation. On and off, I'd catch the conversations they had between themselves. They never bothered to lower their voices, as they thought I couldn't understand their words; but I did. It filled me with dread whenever I heard talk about how rapidly my master's physical condition had further deteriorated. From what I could gather, this was particularly so soon after the arrival of a man that none of the riders favored. They seemed to despise this man, who had somehow wormed his way to become my master's counselor. Even his name sounded loathsome to me - Grima.

Then, upon the dawning of one day, my fate was to change. I could sense that it was early spring. There was a slight chill to the air that could still beckon snow to fall; yet I

# Snowmane's Tale

Melanie Neer

I have known sorrow and grief three times in my life; unbearable sadness that has permeated my very soul and being; to affect me with such torment that my heart felt as if it were being wrenched out from my body, and shattered into minute pieces.

Oh? You didn't think an animal capable of such emotion? We of the animal world feel the same emotions as you, who possess and walk upon this earth with two legs. We may not be able to shed tears as you can, but we feel the pangs of sorrow every bit as you do. We can also feel great joy, elation, love and fear with the same amount of intensity as you are able to.

My name is Snowmane, and I was sired by Lightfoot, one of the full-blooded *Mearas*. It was upon his many wild wanderings, that my father came across, and instantly fell in love with Finlas, a beautiful, dazzling, pure white mare, with a gentle, loving heart, who was to become my mother. Though I was only a half-blood of the *Meara* race, I inherited many of my father's traits, particularly that of great speed and of longevity.

My first experience of agonizing grief came to me when I was only one year old. My father, mother, and I were enjoying a peaceful, frolicking run across the vast open stretches of land in Rohan. It was a delightfully cool spring evening; stars glittered like sparkling jewels in the night sky, and our gleaming white bodies glowed by the light of the full moon. Oh, how carefree we were as we ran, feeling the spirit of freedom surge throughout our beings; quite unaware of any menace or danger. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, we were suddenly besieged by a small army of orcs mounted upon hideous wargs. Unknown to us, they had hidden themselves behind

a cluster of tall rock formations. The chase was on!

My father and I had no difficulty in outrunning these horrid creatures, for we ran with the speed of the *Meara* blood coursing through our veins. Oh, but my mother! Poor mother! She was of ordinary equine blood, and couldn't run nearly as fast. My father and I urged her on to run, run, run. Run for your life, Finlas! And, oh how she did try. She really did, but she just wasn't fast enough. A great distance separated my father and I from my mother. It was then, at that moment, as I turned around to see how far behind she had gotten, that I witnessed to my horror several arrows fly up into the air in a wide arc, then come plunging downward and pierce my mother's body. Instantly, she fell to her death. I halted abruptly. I just stood there. A rush of anger filled me as I watched these vicious orcs surround my mother and begin kicking her body for their amusement. I started to run back to where my mother was, but my father intervened. He said, "Son, it will do you no good to go to her, and you may well be killed yourself. I couldn't bear it, if I were to lose you as well." I started to protest, but my father said sternly, "There's nothing you can do for her. Come. We must go." He ran off ahead of me, while I continued to stand there for a few more moments. He was right. There was nothing I could do for my mother. An overwhelming sorrow hit me, a sorrow I had never felt or known before. I continued to stare at my mother's dead body for awhile longer, then said to her with a voice carried by the wind, "Good-bye my mother. I love you." Then I ran off to join my father.

A few years passed. My heart still grieved over my mother's death. I felt alone. Very alone. I hardly ever saw my father anymore. His was a wild and solitary nature and he preferred to be alone now. Perhaps, he was in deep grief as well, and didn't want to share his feelings with me. It was in my third year of life, that he told me that it was time for me to be on my own, and so I was. It was on a rather, dull, sullen, grey overcast summer day, that my life was to change. I was nibbling on some grass, lost in thought, yet in one of those states of mind where I wasn't

thinking of anything particular. So wrapped up in myself that I wasn't as alert as I should have been. Suddenly, I felt something loop around my head, then neck. The rope tightened around my neck. I was surrounded by a group of men, and one of them spoke.

"My Lord Thengel, this horse will make a magnificent wedding gift for your son."

"Aye, that he will. He's a beauty, is he not? He reminds me of that elusive Shadowfax," said King Thengel. He came closer to me, and looked directly into my eyes. I saw a warmth in those eyes, and I felt no danger from this man. I could have attempted to bolt away, run for my freedom. but I didn't. Oh, how my father would've been ashamed at my lack of resistance.

I was kept in what the men called a stable, and tethered. I thought I had been abandoned, forgotten, as I remained there several days, all alone, with the exception of times when Garlon, the stable boy, came to bring me fresh food and water. Then, one day, only an hour after the sun's rising, Garlon came in along with King Thengel. Garlon was carrying something in his arms and was commanded by the King to attire me with it. It was a full, highly decorative armor befitting a horse of the future king, the young Theoden who was to be my master.

When I was presented to Theoden by his father, I immediately saw the same gentleness in his eyes that I had seen in his father. And, oh! What a handsome man Theoden was, and at that moment, I could sense his uttermost joy and happiness, for he had just wedded the woman he loved beyond measure, Elfild. Alas! Theoden's happiness in life was not to last long. Upon the birth of his son, Theodred, his cherished, beloved wife died. Theoden was never the same again for many a year to come; nor was I.

Theoden's grief was overwhelming; he plunged into deep, dispiriting depression that was beyond measure. I could feel no joy at all in his heart, and I seldom saw him. No longer did he take daily rides upon me in the country, as he had done while Queen Elfild had been alive. His rare visits to the stable