

Zínnia Stook's

From the Larder

Hobbit Cuisine

Sharon Helms



Yule Dinner

This issue, we're considering recipes for Hobbitish favourites for Yule Dinner. Remember: Yule is a two day holiday falling between Foreyule 30 and Afteryule 1. (Hobbits are very sensible about their calendar!) However, Yuletide in full is six days long, beginning Foreyule 29 and continuing through Afteryule 2. There should be plenty of time for these and other recipes in a six-day holiday given over to feasting!

Roast Beef with Shire Pudding

Place **four pound beef rib roast**, fat side up, in a shallow roasting pan. Season with **salt and pepper**. Insert meat thermometer, avoiding bone. Roast, uncovered, in a 325° F oven about 2.5 hours or till meat thermometer registers 140° F for rare, three hours or 160° F for medium, and 3.25 hours or 170° F for well done. Remove meat to heated serving platter; keep warm. Reserve **0.25 cup drippings**. Increase oven to 400° F.

Combine **four eggs, two cups milk, 2 cups flour** and **one teaspoon salt** in a bowl (a mixer is handy for this). Beat for 1.5 minutes. Pour **half** of the reserved drippings into each of two 9 X 9 X 2 inch baking pans. Pour **half** the batter into each pan. Bake in 400° F oven 30 minutes. Serve immediately with roast. Makes eight servings.

(Continued on page 23)



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Bell Goodchild Gamgee's Plum Pudding

Soak **four slices bread**, torn into pieces in **one cup milk** and beat to break up. Stir in **six ounces ground suet**, **one cup packed brown sugar**, **two slightly beaten eggs**, **0.25 cup orange juice** and **one teaspoon vanilla**. In a bowl, combine **two cups raisins**, **one cup snipped, pitted dates**, **0.5 cup diced mixed candied fruits and peels**, and **0.5 cup chopped walnuts**. Stir together **one cup flour**, **two teaspoons ground cinnamon**, **one teaspoon ground cloves**, **one teaspoon ground mace**, **one teaspoon baking soda** and **0.5 teaspoon salt**. Add dry mixture to the mixed fruits and mix well. Stir in bread-suet mixture. Pour into well-greased two-quart mold (do **not** use ring mold or tube pan!). Cover with foil and tightly tie foil on using string.

Place the mold on rack in deep kettle; add boiling water to the kettle to a depth of one inch. Cover and steam the pudding 3.5 hours; add more boiling water if needed. Cool the pudding about 10 minutes before removing from the mold. Serve the pudding with hard sauce. Makes 16 servings.

The Gaffer's Favourite Hard Sauce

In a bowl cream together (that mixer will be handy again) **two cups sifted powdered (confectioner's) sugar** and **0.5 cup butter, softened**. Beat in **one beaten egg yolk** and **one teaspoon vanilla**. Set aside. Wash beaters. Beat **one egg white** till stiff peaks form. Gently fold into butter mixture. Cover; chill. Makes 1.75 cups. Serve over plum pudding.

These Shire favourites, particularly the puddings, are less familiar to American readers than many foods mentioned, and we hope any who try the recipes will enjoy them.

Happy Yule!

reviews and meeting notices. Number 308 (November) has a new editor and a new look. Ginger McElwee is the new editor, and has resolved their issues over postage on an interim basis by mailing the 8.5 X 7 (inches) publication folded in half, to 4.25 X 7 (inches), tabbed as a self-mailer. Contents include reviews and meeting notices. www.mythsoc.org

We have received five issues of *Beyond Bree*. August is chiefly occupied with reviews, letters, and information on events. September retains a similar focus. October is similarly reliable, with the addition of some anime-style art by Octo Kwan. November includes an essay, "Aragorn and the Arnor Plot" by Gene Hargrove. December includes "Knighthood in Middle-earth" by Nancy Martsch (condensed from a paper presented at Mythcon). <http://www.cep.unt.edu/bree.html>

Dark Seat

The Dark Lord wants to rule forevermore.
 Wouldn't you, in his dark seat, feel the same?
 Full of immortal and impressive lore,
 The Dark Lord wants to rule forevermore.
 His golden youth he's eager to restore.
 He's serious about his evil game.
 The Dark Lord wants to rule forevermore.
 Wouldn't you, in his dark seat, feel the same?

- Tom Riley

The Shire

When all
 goodness is gone
 there's always the morsel
 no greedy hand can reach down at
 bag's end.

- Shawn Bowman

Tolkien™ in / Tolkien™ and Academia



David L. Dettman

It is commonplace knowledge that Tolkien wrote *The Lord of the Rings* to be a "Mythology for England." But this apocryphal quotation (no one can provide the original citation), makes a set of claims for *The Lord of the Rings* that don't really hold water. Anders Stenström originally pointed this out¹ – that the quotation was imaginary and he questioned whether Tolkien would have really thought of his work as a cycle of mythology. I agree with Stenström's suggestion and think it is highly unlikely that Tolkien, who was immersed in the various medieval genres all his life, would have thought of *The Lord of the Rings* or *The Silmarillion* as mythology. He would have placed them in Legends or Romance, not either Myth or Epic.² But this is a discussion for another column. Today I want to talk about one of the best books I have read in a couple of years. It is a study of English romance motifs from the end of the Anglo-Saxon era to Stuart England – Helen Cooper's *The English Romance in Time: Transforming motifs from Geoffrey of Monmouth to the death of Shakespeare* (Oxford University Press, 2004). The

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1. Stenström, Anders, 1995, A Mythology? For England? In *Proceedings of the J. R. R. Tolkien Centenary Conference*, ed. P. Reynolds and G. H. Goodknight, Mythlore v. 80 pp. 310-314.
 2. Parts of *The Silmarillion* are mythic and parts are epic, but the majority of the work falls into the category of romance.

reason it is pertinent to those of us that think about Tolkien is that she doesn't really stop with the death of Shakespeare, but continues the narrative and analysis through John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* to the Twentieth Century and Tolkien.

The book traces the major motifs of medieval romance and shows how they changed through time. Cooper discusses 'memes' – major plot elements that recur in romance, are familiar to most readers and lead to a set of expectations and expected outcomes. The way in which these plot elements are treated from the Eleventh Century to the Twentieth Century can show surprising continuity, given the changes in English society across that time. And yet changes did occur as individual writers modify memes, the reasons to read romance changed, romance readers' social status changed, and new discussions of social issues developed in romance texts. Cooper covers motifs in these broad areas: the quest and pilgrimage; travel across the sea and being lost/abandoned at sea; magic and how it exists in the romance world; elves, fairies, and Faërie; love and sexual desire; women accused and on trial (for adultery); restoring the rightful heir to a kingdom; and the happy ending. The writers of these works use some or many of these themes unproblematically or they may contradict the expectations established by the appearance of a motif.

It is fascinating to see how these motifs appear and replicate through time. Some are still going strong, such as the quest and the rightful king in Tolkien or C. S. Lewis. Others have faded from our reading of romance. Cooper's book opens with the famous stage direction in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, "Exit, pursued by a bear." This line is notable because a modern reader of the play is completely unprepared for it. There is no discussion or even mention of bears by any character up to that point in the play. Later we hear of the bear cruelly devouring Antigonus, but the sudden first appearance of a bear in a stage direction is a surprise. It was not a surprise for the Elizabethan audience who first saw the play. Antigonus is in Bohemia to abandon a child in the wilderness. In many the popular romances of the time, bears and wilderness and child abandonment were very strongly associated. Cooper's book

Publications Received

We have received three issues of *Amon Hen, Bulletin of the Tolkien Society*. Number 206 marked "70 Years of The Hobbit." Contents include several short essays and a longer one, "Elvish and Heroic: Can We Love *The Silmarillion*?" by Lin Davies; reviews of the musical, and of The Plants of Middle-earth, and information on upcoming Society events. Number 207 includes "a Gondorian fairy tale" by Sally England, "Reading Tolkien: The Sensory and Moral Topography of Middle-earth" by Efe Levent, "Tolkien The Fascist?" by David Doughtan, "The Functions of Dream in *The Lord of the Rings*" by David Grayson, a deal of rather good art, some poetry, and a long letter. Number 208 announces Henry Gee as new editor of *Mallorn*. Other contents include "Flesh and Stone: Dualism and the Druedain" by Michael Cunningham and a number of reports. Also received: Tolkien Society Trading Ltd. Catalogue. <http://www.tolkiensociety.org/>

We have received three issues of *Lembas* from Tolkien Genootschap Unquendor. Number 130 (August) includes a review of "Shadows of Angmar," a massively multiplayer online role playing game (MMORPG) and reports on what seem to have been several events. Number 131 (October) has a new cover design: "Turin slays Glaurung" by John Howe. Contents include a report on the Indonesian society, Eorlingas; an article which seems to suggest mundane world parallels to Middle-earth sites, reviews and reports. Number 132 (December) repeats the Hoew cover. Contents include "In de voetsporen van Hobbits? een analyse van de keuze voor het Kwaad onder de Hobbits" by Joeri Pacolet. This looks like a very interesting essay, but lacking the language, one cannot say much more. This issue does include three reviews in English! (Lembas is normally in Dutch.) Also received: 2007-2008 directory and 2007 annual report. www.unquendor.nl

We have received three issues of *Mythprint*, the monthly bulletin of the Mythopoetic Society. Number 305 (August) announces the Mythopoetic Award winners and includes meeting notices and reports on Mythcon. Number 306 (September/October) includes information on Mythcon,

Hugo's Bookshelf

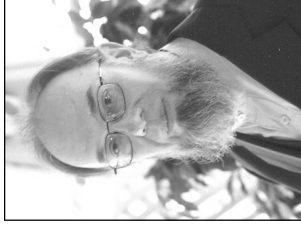
An American Tolkien™

Society News and Review

Feature

edited and selected by

Philip W. Helms



The Hobbit Film News

In an article by Jake Coyle, the Associated Press reports that Peter Jackson has agreed to produce two films based on *The Hobbit*. No director has been named at this writing.

The two films will be shot simultaneously, as Jackson did with *The Lord of the Rings*. It was reportedly Jackson's idea to divide the story into two films. There has been no indication where he will choose to divide the plot. Production will tentatively begin in 2009, with films to be released in 2010 and 2011. No writers have been named yet, and production may be delayed by the current writers' strike.

The films will be produced and distributed in North America by New Line Cinema (Time Warner, Inc.) and distributed internationally by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM); a consortium including Sony and Comcast). The two firms will reportedly split financing and distribution costs.

This announcement was made possible by the December 18, 2007 settlement of the lawsuit by Jackson against New Line regarding the amount he received for *The Fellowship of the Ring*.

www.TheHobbitBlog.com <http://tbhl.theonering.net>

works to restore "literary competence" to the modern reader of medieval romance, to help us read these works with an understanding of some of the assumptions and common knowledge that medieval and early modern readers had. She does an excellent job and I can see myself re-reading this book every few years as I try to digest medieval and early modern writers.

Romance is hard to define precisely and Cooper has a nice discussion of some of the problems in articulating a definition. She eventually concludes that readers of romances knew what they are and could easily recognize them because of their common motifs. She draws an analogy with family resemblances; there are many similarities in appearance of individual members of a family, as well as many differences. There is usually no single feature that is identical and establishes family resemblance, but a varying group of overlapping similarities. "The romance genre – any genre, indeed – is best thought of as a lineage or a family of texts, rather than as a series of incarnations or clones of a single Platonic Idea"³ Romance is a genre that readers recognize by the plot and subject matter. Writers produce romance by interacting with prior works in the genre. So if a work has a quest, a true love, a true king to be restored, and a happy ending it is clearly a romance. It is important to note, however, that any (or many) of the motifs common to romance can be absent or contravened in the story and the work remains solidly in romance territory. Cooper, although she limits her detailed discussion to works prior to the Mid-Seventeenth Century, does have a number of things to say about Tolkien and the modern descendants of the medieval romance, Fantasy and Science Fiction. Those are what I will concentrate on here, but I'll reiterate here that I would wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone who wants to get a grasp of the popular and fantastic literature of the Middle Ages.

She portrays Tolkien and C. S. Lewis as the bridge

between modern fantasy and the romances so common up through the Seventeenth Century. Romance faded significantly in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, until the genre was revived by Tolkien and Lewis. Both were scholars of romance and took romance seriously, recognizing that, for over 600 years, romance was the vehicle that authors used to discuss critical moral and social issues. Tolkien did the same – addressing *in story* highly unfashionable topics such as duty, honor, wartime sacrifice, and service to others. This struck a strong chord in readers of the last half of the Twentieth Century, but early Tolkien critics missed the point and didn't see the seriousness of his literature.⁴ Romance was not simple escapist literature and, as we know well, neither is Tolkien's (or Lewis') writing. On an interesting side note, Cooper points out that the most fantastic of romances were still strongly connected to the real world. If a knight travels in the realm of Faërie, he eventually comes home having learned a lesson or proved his worth. He returns to the known world to report his experiences, giving the author and readers a chance to talk about what they mean. Here is one area where Fantasy and Science Fiction, with their otherworldly settings, may be diverging significantly from romance.

Questing is hugely important in both Tolkien and in romance. There are many, many variants on the quest and, like medieval authors of romance, and Tolkien plays with variations on the quest motif. Frodo and the fellowship are questing to dispose of something, not find it. Tolkien also adopts an important feature of medieval Arthurian romances, interlace. As characters multiplied in the questing knight tales, their stories began to be told simultaneously with the narrative moving back and forth between different characters. *The Lord of the Rings* fits very comfortably in the interlaced frame. Questing westward is also a strong theme in medieval romances, where the western ocean held islands of wonders. One example is the voyage of Brendan, who was guided by

4. As discussed by Tom Shippey in the afterword to *J. R. R. Tolkien Author of the Century*.

his neck, and crying, flung it there to valiant Rúmil (he for whom it was permitted to have a name which honored of the bard of Valinor). Cried Dior: "Take, Rúmil! Fetch Elwing and go to Cirdan. Keep safe the bride price of my mother fair! Let it not off thy person!" And the valiant Rúmil flew. He fled down the passage twisting, went through the labyrinth to find the secret gate.

But it happened that Feanor's sons did overtake the Royals, and found the nobles hastening thither with their spouses. And they prayed the children in nurseries got them safely out with guards. Shrieked and screamed the folk, cried the sons of Feanor, and horses' neighing filled the halls. For these battlers hewed from steeds; they struck the helpless without mail. And the guards and warriors of the Kingdom fought them in the passages of Menegroth, marring all the walls with blood.

Yet Dior, singing, fought before his dame with sword.
Sang He:

She let her flying raiment sweep
enmeshed with woven spells of sleep
as round the dark void she ranged and reeled.
From wall to wall she turned and wheeled. [L. 301]

[S]o befell the second slaying of Elf by Elf.
There fell Celegorm by Dior's hand. and there fell
Curufin, and dark Caranthir; but Dior was slain
also, and Nimloth his wife, and the cruel servants of
Celegorm seized his young sons and left them to
starve in the forest. Of this Maedhros indeed
repented, and sought for them long in the woods of
Doriath; but his search was unavailing, and of the
fate of Elured and Elurin no tale tells.

Thus was Doriath destroyed, and never
rose again. But the sons of Feanor gained not what
they sought; for a remnant of the people fled before
them, and with them was Elwing Dior's daughter, and
they escaped, and bearing with them the Silmaril
they came in time to the mouths of the River Sirion
by the sea. [S 236-7]

upon the sides of Thangorodrim. Some days he felt there his hand still; and the agony of Fingon cutting for to save him. Mighty Maedhros, whose hair be shot with gray, set faggots on the fire. He was thousands old as if they had been counted by the Sun. He had stature some slighter than a man's, yet was tall. He looked as would a man of mayhap forty winters. And graven was his face with sorrows, sufferings, of the years. And his oath, it weighed on him.

Then, as fires rose in the hall (and smoke did issue out the hole above), Maedhros looked in the blaze. . . and saw the swan ships burning. He saw their timbers cracking, licked with flame. And his father down there laughing. Maedhros in shame and dread did wonder on him thinking, 0 why must we our friends desert? Why leave on farther shore those who stood by us? And Feanor knew his thoughts and laughed.

Now Maedhros staring in the flames thought, *Why? Why passion and such grief as we here know? Passions such do harm us. 0, my brothers, o.*

But he waited in the hall, upon the Lonely Hill, for his brothers to appear.

Now, in having upstream forded the Elven River, the thundering horses of Feanor's sons do cross the stone great bridge. And their servants climb the doors to break apart the lattice (through which nightingales of Melian had upon a time entered in and out the halls of Thingol). And now the battlers swarm the transom and do enter in to fight. And, within, they open up the portals. And enter all the host upon their mounts, and clatter down fair passages (which gleamed with inlaid metals and cut precious stones). And the rushes blazing on the walls do flicker in their passing. The hue and cry descend, so that with haste the folk do gird for war within. And others see to little ones, if they might perchance to save them.

And it happened that Dior Eluchil and Nimloth the beauteous hastened toward passages from thrones whereon they governed. And the Silmaril did coolly shine from the breast of Beren's son, as Dior yet ran. And he took the Nauglamir with haste from off

God to a land full of marvels, and then ordered to return to Ireland after only a few days in this paradise. The islands to the west are magical and holy, if they can be found. I had never realized that there was such a large literature on wanderers at sea and the providential assistance of God. Clearly there are broad parallels in Tolkien's work.⁵ The echo of Christian resurrection that some readers see in the travel to Tolkien's Western Isles has precedent in medieval romance and in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

Another surprise was that magic is relatively rare in medieval romance. Magic is often a kind of embellishment or decorative thematic material, but it does not play a significant role in the plot or the solution to the problem. In most romances it is the hero or heroine who makes decisions and follows through with action that leads to the solution. I would argue that this is also the case for Tolkien's work. Magic is present, but peripheral - especially in *The Lord of the Rings*, where almost all the magical items could be done without. The Ring is important as a plot device, of course, but it is not to be used by the good characters. What else is there? *Palantiri*, *lembas*, the elvish cloaks, Gandalf's magic flashlight, the other rings, the creation of orcs as a race. These are useful, yes, but really relatively marginal to the core of the plot, in which men, hobbits and the other free peoples join together in a moral and military struggle. It is decision and action that resolve the problem. In this way the works are very similar to medieval romance.

Tolkien's treatment of women has received a lot of attention. There are many parallels between his women and those of medieval romance. Cooper notes that, especially in English romance, there is very little sex in stories of romantic love. Most romances required faithfulness on the part of both

5. Cooper notes that Lewis' *Voyage of the Dawn Treader* has strong parallels with a number of early medieval works where the sea voyage was to experience wonders, not for personal or imperial gain. As time went on the focus of the western sea quest changed, looking more like imperial expansion in Elizabethan times.

male and female protagonists. Continental romances were more tolerant of adultery, but in English texts pre-marital sex was usually just that, pre-marital. Tolkien is true to form in leaving sex out of his text. Romance leans heavily on true love, surviving tests of loyalty, to be eventually realized in the end. The women of romance did not just sit passively and pine for their knight, however - they took action, often as a part of an interlaced plot. The triangle of Aragorn, Arwen, and Eowyn fit a little uncomfortably into this pattern, but some of the themes of romance can be seen: loyalty to and sacrifice for true love, the testing of the man, waiting for one to prove worthiness, and a woman disguised as a warrior in battle.

Fairy land, Faërie, is set apart from our world and the border between the two is hazardous. The nature of fairies and their world is a topic of much discussion in romance. In some texts elves and fairies were a fourth order of beings, not angelic, or demonic (i.e. fallen angels) and not human. They inhabited a fifth place, not heaven, hell, purgatory or our earth. They also seem to sit outside Christian theology. This set-apart world for immortal beings has obvious parallels in Tolkien's legendarium.

Another romance feature that Tolkien incorporates is the quest for the true king. Romance almost always subscribed to the notion that there is one true heir to the old king.⁶ The legitimacy of the true heir is endorsed by God. In romance this most often became a plot element when the crown was unjustly seized or there was contention for the throne. In that case one had only to find and bring the true heir back from exile; a sign from God will prove who is to be king. In these stories the challenge is finding the character or getting him back to the kingdom. In *The Lord of the Rings*, the true king is also hidden and there is contention for the throne. Through heroic deeds the rightful king is made obvious. Lineage and worth were held secret, but never really in question.

6. One exception was in Elizabethan England, where this motif faded due to the very questionable legitimacy of the Tudor claim to the throne.

the door and looked out for Green Elf, but he was gone. Said he to Bar, "May thou return now to thy post, with thanks." And he shut the door.

Into the bedchamber went he, wherein Nimloth lay dreaming. He looked on her but a moment, as she lay in beauty. But he took him to the hearthside stool, yet holding the casket. And he studied the box: 'Twas bound with twigs, living twigs; and living leaves did grow there. 'Twas of apiece with things Green Elven, and Dior knew the work. He waited but a moment, in reverence, to open it. He took hold then of the twigs which stayed, and lifted up the clasp, catching of his breath as the coffer opened. Forth came radiance! Spilling in the room.

And the dream of Nimloth went to Aman; and she stood gazing upon which she never gazed: up, upon Two Trees.

But in that coffer lay the necklace of the Dwarves, wherein was set the Silmarils; and Dior looking upon it knew it for a sign that Beren Erchamion and Luthien Timuviel had died indeed, and gone where go the race of Men to a fate beyond the world.

Long did Dior gaze upon the Silmaril, which his father and mother had brought beyond hope out of the terror of Morgoth; and his grief was great that death had come upon them so soon. But the wise have said that the Silmaril hastened their end; for the flame of the beauty of Luthien as she wore it was too bright for mortal lands.

Then Dior arose, and about his neck he clasped the Nauglamir; and now he appeared as the fairest of all the children of the world, a threefold race: of the Edain, and of the Eldar, and of the Maiar of the Blessed Realm. [S 236]

It was now full winter, and in one rude hall of stone upon Amon Ereb. Within stood Maedhros, a mighty Elf and dark, the eldest of Feanor. He fed the fire where it blazed in the midst of this cold stone hall. Powerful his shoulders, arms, yet one arm was mighty more, by reason of its hand. He had but the one hand, having lost t' other

And he looked long on great shadowed portals wherein once the outlaw Beren entered. That one had asked for Luthien, to have her for his marriage. Now, so thinking, watched this rainy Elf. And he held hidden in his breast a curious small casket. He fingered of its living leaves and twigs with his hand. Yet now, he advanced to the door.

In his chamber there within the Thousand Caves, sat Dior Eluchil. And dreaming Nimloth lay upon his bed (as though a blossom white within the shadows of the curtains). Quite still sat the Lord of Doriath, waiting for he knew not what. He sat watching those flickerings of the firelight from the hearth of mortared stone. He had sat just so for many nights, waiting for he knew not what.

At last then came that gentle knocking, signifying someone who knew the hour and was loath to disturb his lord. Went now this son of Beren to the outer chamber. He was careful then to close the door between, lest Nimloth should be decomposed. And Dior Aranel was now within the outer door.

So he opened. There bowed one who stood by a mantled Elf, and dripping. "Pardon me this late intrusion, lord," said the esquire. "Yet here is one, a lord of Green, who wishes speech with thee. He desired not a chamber warm, nor garments dry, such as we would give, if he but so willed. And he would not."

Said Dior, "'Twill do then, Bar. Thou may stay without the door, as we can yet have need of thee."

Then Bar bowed, and stepped away. Came the Green Elf in the door, which then Dior shut. He looked now upon the messenger, and knew him. Said Aranel to him, "You come from afar, Lord Barad. And I have been a'waiting. Something's doing; I cannot say what."

Now swiftly and in silence that one drew the casket forth from his bosom. Saying naught, he gave it into the hands of Eluchil. Yet, again in silence, bowed that one and left the chamber (leaving naught to show he had been, save the casket in Dior's hands, and a pool upon the flags).

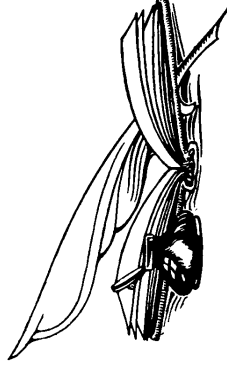
The lord stood but a moment looking on the pool and puzzling, the casket knobby in his hands. Now he opened up

I'm afraid this survey has devolved into a simple listing of parallels. Given the space here there isn't the opportunity to be more expansive. But I will encourage you to do some exploring yourself. Cooper's book is a tremendous introduction and detailed survey of romance motifs. While she doesn't talk about Tolkien very much, her detailed tracing of motifs and their treatment under various authors gives us a glimpse of a world that Tolkien knew intimately. Reading one of the chapters, and thinking about the parallels in Tolkien's Middle-earth leads to speculation on how Tolkien viewed the important social issues discussed in romance. How does Tolkien comment on these same issues in the plot of *The Lord of the Rings*? This is an opportunity to listen in on Tolkien's dialogue with the literature of the Middle Ages.

This column concludes the six-part series Dr. Dettman originally agreed to provide. The column will go on hiatus, and may return on an irregular basis. Meanwhile, if you've missed any installments, all are available online at www.americantolkienociety.org

Shiretalk

An American Tolkien Society Letter Column



I received the Summer-Autumn issue of *Minas Tirith Evening-Star* and enjoyed it, especially the poem "Frodo's Delirium" by Sarah Deckard. She really wrote a well-crafted, rhymed poem.

The first line of my poem should read "Wielding a mighty axe," not "Wielding a might axe."

- Matthew Anish
Brooklyn NY



In the Hall of Fire

An American Tolkien™ Society

Poetry Feature

Through Fire and Flame

I have fallen
Through Fire
and flame.

Down to the abyss
Of darkness,
But by no design of mine.

I fought valiantly,
Against foul
Creature of sheer darkness.

It took me down,
As the bridge broke
from beneath me.

I fell with it,
Fighting still,
I refuse to relent.

It will not avail me!

Dior Receives the Silmaril

Susan Dorman

Twas a night of autumn, full of falling leaves and rain; in Doriath. Yet now, since the slaying of her lord and Melian's departure, 'twas no more that Land of the Fence enchanted. This land was changed and made to dwindle. And Mablung, too, had died in defending the holy gems while fighting Dwarves in deep Menegroth, which said Dwarves then bore away. (Is not all this told in Beren's story, and, too, of how he slew the Naugrim to gain again the Silmaril?) Thus now was Dior Eluchil, meaning Thingol's heir (who was son of Luthien the fair), seated on its throne. Thus he ruled in Doriath with Nimloth, a princess of the Sindar. And Elwing was their daughter.

Now upon this night, without the Thousand Caves, it rained; it rained. And the leaves of great Hirilorn now ran with rain, in whose boughs once dwelt Thingol's daughter. Rain fell in running Esgaulduin, where once Daeron, angered, left his little boat beneath the bridge. Rain shone in lamp-lit puddles there upon the bridge and upon the eaves of stone on high; pouring, pouring down the slates.

Through these cold rains came one Elf, neither weathered nor wayworn (being long used to rain and travel). He glistened with the falling rains, as one who dwelt outdoors. E'en so, he was with quiver, arrows, covered in soft raiment; a mantle brown and green. And he felt the rain even through his vesture, and was not discouraged.

He stood upon said bridge of stone in pools of water.

who is disguised
as Ranger is perfect
for this mission: he does not trust
himself.

Although his marksmanship
is unmatched, Legolas
concedes: Frodo is Middle-earth's
best shot.

The rest
know that they can
change things at every turn,
things change. The rest know that they can
not rest.

All know
friends should listen,
and talk to each other,
out loud, because the I can be
deceived.

- **Shawn Bowman**

Dwimorberg

Deep down
in the caverns
of our mountainous souls
all men have taken an oath
to life

- **Shawn Bowman**

I possess the secret fire!
This beast will never win.

And so I smote it.
And, now I lay. . . .
Exhausted and so weary.

But now I feel my
Strength return.
I'm now being refined.

There's more to do,
My task is incomplete.

- **Jonathon Svendson**

Story

Hawks ride the wind above the mountain
Much as the eagles I remember who rode
The mist that hung to the lip of Autumn
Back in the days of the Third Age.

Children beg me to tell the story soon
Then gather in circles of their own making
Around the appetizer tales:
They test themselves as storytellers
With guitars, flutes, and keyboards
For ballads about trees that talk
Or songs in praise of a hearty pint
Tell us the story now?

They'll have to wait until other
Concerns are put aside:
The dishes cleaned and stacked
Floors swept, fires safe

Then it'll be down to the statues at the well
 In the center of town
 Where one and all wait, itchy and anxious,
 Tell us the story now, Great-Uncle?

*Here is how the Ring of Power came
 At last to Frodo and how he and Grandfather Sam
 Had a great adventure because of it*

Is how I'll begin and the long night
 Will take the shape of a story
 And the hawks will attend to it as they hunt
 Above the mists that hang
 On the very lip of Autumn,
 As in those days at the end of the Age.

- Donald LaBranche

Renunciation

*'I pass the test,' she said, 'I will diminish,
 and go into the West, and remain Galadriel.'*

"Galadriel was wrong. Renunciation
 Is not the way to futures we can bear.
 Expansion and determined exploitation
 Are how we show the stubborn world we care.
 The world just doesn't care. You have to stare
 It down, and, if it stares back, kick its face.
 If of these simple truths you are aware,
 Renunciation finds in you no place.
 Onward to bigger, better things you race.
 Bigger and better yet must you become.
 Pretty soon you embrace the endless chase
 And see the limited as pretty dumb.
 Sure, she'd have ceased to be Galadriel.
 But isn't fixed identity sheer hell?"

- Tom Riley

The Dark King

"All blades perish that pierce the Dark King."

Kingwraith - Morgul Lord
 Veiled in shadow
 Riding on a dark black steed
 Prisoner of his own desire for power
 He has become a slave of Mordor
 Once proud leaders of mortal men
 The nine rings drew them to the Necromancer
 Now they must do his bidding
 The most powerful of the nine rides forth
 Seeking the One
 Which their shadowy master
 is searching for
 Nine walkers sent out against
 the Nine Riders
 The leader of the Dark Riders is a wraith twisted by
 lust for power
 The nine walkers have one who resisted temptation
 who still soon be dressed in white
 The darkness versus the light
 Thus it is now
 Thus it has ever been

- Matthew Anish

The Fellowship

Gandalf
 knows the power
 of power for evil.
 The good wizard trusts all to a
 hobbit.

The King